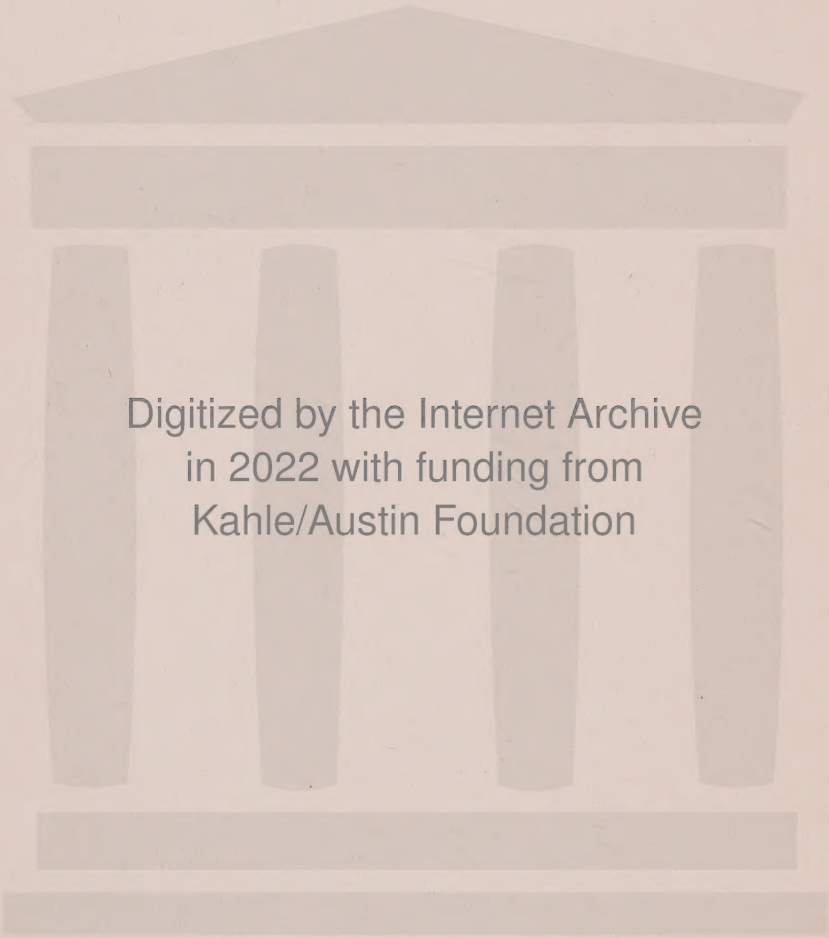

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2022 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

https://archive.org/details/munseysmagazine0015vari

Hon. Anderson
Toronto

3 2022 17000960 5

R 051 MUN V.15
Munsey's magazine.
1894-1929. --

CE Sm 958155
Special Collections
Hamilton Public Library

CESM

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XV.

APRIL TO SEPTEMBER, 1896.

NEW YORK:
FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER,
111 FIFTH AVENUE.

1896.

INDEX TO VOLUME XV.

SPECIAL ARTICLES.

		PAGE.
ALL ALONG SHORE		387
AMERICAN PRINCESS, AN	ELISABETH W. P. LOMAX	355
DAUGHTERS OF MEXICO, THE	JEANNIE A. MARSHALL	713
GENERATION OF WOMEN AUTHORS, A	CAROLYN HALSTED	524
IN A GIRLS' GYMNASIUM	JEAN PARDEE-CLARK	737
IN THE WHITE HOUSE	ALICE EWING LEWIS	643
LEADER OF THE AMERICAN BAR, A	FRANK A. MUNSEY	81
LITERARY WORKERS OF THE PACIFIC COAST	HELEN GREGORY FLESHER	97
MODERN RELIGIOUS PAINTING	PHILIP R. PAULDING	3
OHIO'S NEW SENATOR	FRANCIS B. GESSNER	59
OUR GREAT SUMMER PLAYGROUND		259
OUR SCHOOLBOY SOLDIERS	WHIDDEN GRAHAM	459
PATRIOTIC SOCIETIES OF THE CIVIL WAR	DR. MARCUS BENJAMIN	322
PROMINENT AMERICAN FAMILIES:		
III—The Lees.	VIRGINIA COUSINS	217
IV—The Goulds	T. S. HEBARD	448
V—The Livingstons	WM. F. LIVINGSTON	585
STRONG MEN OF CANADA, THE	EDGAR MAURICE SMITH	344
TOLSTOY AS HE IS	ISABEL F. HAPGOOD	555
WAUTERS AND HIS PORTRAITS	FRANCIS T. BUCK	608
WOMEN ON HORSEBACK	LEONORA BECK	23
WORLD AWHEEL, THE		131

SHORT STORIES.

DAUGHTER OF ISHMAEL, A	LEONORA BECK	285
DAVID ALL OVER	JULIET W. TOMPKINS	571
FORBES' MISTAKE	NEVA L. WILLIAMS	542
HER LETTER	EDNAH ROBINSON	668
IN HOWARD COUNTY	FORTUNE L. STORR	564
IN SALEM TOWN	ELEANOR DUNCAN WOOD	690
LOBSTERMAN, THE	E. E. NEWBERT	433
MY MOTHER'S DIARY	JULIET W. TOMPKINS	160
ROSE OF REDDEST HUE, A	EDNA B. KENTON	724
SARA CREWE'S LITTLE GAME	GRACE STUART REID	729
UNMAKING OF AN ACTOR, THE	ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL	83
VOW OF MARCUS SABINUS, THE	CHARLES C. SARGENT, JR.	595

SERIAL STORIES.

IN THE REIGN OF BORIS	ROBERT MCDONALD	403, 530, 657
PRIVATE CHIVALRY, A	FRANCIS LYNDE	33, 203, 332, 437

SONGS.

THERE'S MANY A GIRL	GILBERT TOMPKINS	700
WINNING TOUCHDOWN, THE	GILBERT TOMPKINS	470

INDEX TO VOLUME XV.

POEMS.

		PAGE.
ABSENT	CATHARINE Y. GLEN	712
APRIL	FRANK D. SHERMAN	64
ASHES OF ROSES	FRANK D. SHERMAN	742
BROOK, THE	HENRY B. CULVER	284
CONTRASTS	FRANK D. SHERMAN	22
DRIFTING	WILLIAM R. HEREFORD	402
FLOCKS OF SPRING, THE	CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS	82
FLOWER AND THE SWORD, THE	WILLIAM E. CAMERON	721
FOOTHILLS, THE	JULIET W. TOMPKINS	563
HEAVEN'S MIRROR	MAURICE BALDWIN	343
HESPERIA	GUY WETMORE CARRYL	736
IMMORTALITY	GUY WETMORE CARRYL	598
IN A GARDEN	BLISS CARMAN	177
IN MAY	GUY WETMORE CARRYL	162
INSUFFICIENCY	BESSIE GRAY	458
LOVE'S VISIT	ADELINE M. BANKS	358
MOON FLOWERS	HATTIE WHITNEY	741
MORNING RIDE, THE	CLINTON SCOLLARD	728
MY PASTORAL	MARY DAWSON	584
NARCISSUS	BESSIE GRAY	231
OLD STORY, THE	H. L. FLASH	594
SONG OF LONGING, A	CLINTON SCOLLARD	354
SWEET ARE THE NAMES	ROBERT LOVEMAN	694
SWEET SIXTEEN	NORMAN H. PITMAN	65
TRANSFORMATION	ELLA WHEELER WILCOX	553
TWO SONGS	KENT KNOWLTON	230
TWO SPHERES	CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS	415

DEPARTMENTS.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK	48, 186, 312, 416, 515, 680
ETCHINGS	124, 253, 381, 509, 637, 761
IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY	126, 255, 383, 511, 639, 763
IN THE PUBLIC EYE	66, 178, 303, 481, 545, 649
LATEST FADS	114, 243, 371, 499, 633, 758
LITERARY CHAT	118, 247, 375, 503, 626, 754
STAGE, THE	104, 232, 359, 489, 615, 743

STORIETTES :

Back to Arcady—Graciosa	GUY WETMORE CARRYL	88
Cavalry Horse, The	ANNE HALL	599
Chord of Love, The	MAUD H. PETERSON	90
Conscience	ANNA LEACH	476
Difference, The	ANNA LEACH	92
End of Her Waiting, The	GILBERTE HOLT	478
Exercise on the Bike	TOM HALL	480
Final Resolution of Miss Katharine Trent, The	TONY SCHULTZ	697
Fortune Told, A	VIRGINIA NICHOLLS	164
Little Blue Bonnet	HATTIE WHITNEY	476
Love's Foes	MARY C. FRANCIS	602
Man in Black, The	JEROME C. BULL	698
Marriage—A Failure	JULIE C. KENLY	603
Mediator, A	FLORENCE EVE OWEN	695
Model for the Madonna, A	VIRGINIA R. COXE	90
Mr. and Mrs. Barrister	G. HORNE	600
One Woman's Judgment	MABEL M. THOMPSON	477
Peter : A Study in Red	WILLIAM W. COOK	168
Twisted Affair, A	MYRA W. JARRELL	164
Two Letters	ADELAIDE L. ROUSE	166
Unattainable Woman, The	MARGARET E. O'BRIEN	88
Where the Blackberries Grow	EMMA H. WIGHT	479

TYPES OF FAIR WOMEN	74, 169, 297, 426, 577, 673
WORLD OF MUSIC, THE	93, 195, 294, 467, 605, 704

April girl with April eyes,
Gleaming with a shy surprise,
We assert
When you pass us laughing by,
Since you smile and since you sigh,
You're a flirt!

Lady herald of the spring,
Buds and bees and birds now bring,
Promise, too,
Of the shining summer hours;
April girl of sun and showers,
Hail to you!

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"Our Lady of Lourdes."

From the painting by Lionel Royer—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XV. APRIL, 1896. No. 1.

MODERN RELIGIOUS PAINTING.

THE CHARACTERS AND EVENTS OF CHRIST'S LIFE ON EARTH, AS THEY HAVE BEEN INTERPRETED BY THE BEST CONTEMPORARY ART.

AS the art of the Greeks centered about their splendid temples, so that of modern Europe had its origin and birthplace in the Christian churches. The age that built the first great cathedrals learned to decorate them with the work of the early masters of painting. From that day to this, religious art has typified the aspirations, the ideals, the spiritual needs of each successive generation. The history of its development, its new departures, its changes —and they have been many and notable—is part of the story of human thought. It shows us the mental atmosphere through which men of different lands and different ages have looked upon the tremendous life drama which nineteen hundred years ago revolutionized the whole condition of the world.

It has been said that when Christ arose from the tomb the loving eyes of Mary Magdalen did not instantly recognize him, because he was transfigured, glorified; he had thrown off "the tent like ours" of common clay, and shone not as a man but as a God. Religious art touches the mood of exaltation, and gives us a glimpse of unknown glories; yet this is not the aspect of the Saviour of mankind that brings him nearest to our hearts. It is the human Christ, who came into the world as a little child, who toiled along the common path, bearing the burdens of men, showing them how to overcome their difficulties, that is

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"The Girlhood of the Virgin."

From the painting by Gabriel Max—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

"The Annunciation"

Drawn by C. G. Pfannschmidt—Engraved from a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

humanity's most precious possession. It is the human mother, who had in her own nature no spark of the divine except that which comes to all motherhood, that the devout painter loves best to portray.

The object of Christian art is to bring the spirit of Christ as a living, modern force, to the consciousness of every human soul. For this reason it is fortunate, perhaps, that there exists no authentic portrait of Him or of His mother. As a result, every nation, every epoch, has seen the divine types through the prism of its own temperament, and has created its own ideals of the figures of the gospel history. Every period has had its own sacred art, a faithful mirror of the mind of the time.

To the early masters, art was religion, painting a form of worship. They went to their easels with fasting and prayer, and labored in a religious ecstasy. Today, when art performs a thousand ministries apart

"The Virgin and Her Child."

From an engraving by T. L. Atkinson after the painting by F. Goodall, R.A.—Copyrighted by William Schaus, New York.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"Blessed Art Thou Among Women."

From the painting by Frederick Shields.—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

"The Virgin Attended by Angels."

From a copyrighted engraving of the painting by Bouguereau, published by M. Knoedler & Co., 355 Fifth Avenue, New York.

from her service as the handmaiden of the church, much of the old spiritual glow has faded into the light of common day. We are too practical to be mystics and dreamers. Yet through the ages the first element of religious art has been its symbolic quality. The modern painter may care less for the details of the old traditions, he may work in a more critical and less purely enthusiastic spirit, but he strives no less earnestly to

"Alma Parens."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors after the painting by Bouguereau.

express the great actualities of the Christian faith, and he brings to his task a wider intelligence and experience. If he can show, in the face of his Madonna, brooding, happy maternity, sheltered and protected, and can foreshadow, in that of the Child, leadership of men and the most sublime sacrifice of self, he has painted an epitome of Christianity.

The first scene of the living drama, the Annunciation, is a favorite one in religious art, and one that is full of meaning. It is the foundation of the belief in enlightenment from Divinity. It symbolizes the capacity of humanity to receive divine life from Heaven itself. There is a tradition, preserved by St. Bernard, that when the angel came, the Virgin was reading the Book of Isaiah, and had reached the strange prophecy, "Behold, a Virgin shall conceive and

"Obedient to the Law."

From an engraving by Samuel Cousins, R.A., after the painting by F. Goodall, R.A.

bear a son," when she heard the greeting, "Hail, Mary! Blessed art *thou* among women." In most of the pictures of the Annunciation, the Virgin is shown with the book—which, it may be noted, is seldom or never the parchment roll of antiquity. Another emblem is the stalk of lilies, which the early Italian fresco painters added as a sign of purity. Rossetti, in his beautiful sonnet, says:

> So held she through her girlhood, as it were
> An angel watered lily, that near God
> Grows and is quiet.

Then, after the Nativity—the event from which modern civilization dates, the dawning of a new day on the earth—we find the Madonna and her child. These, the type and ideal of motherhood and infancy, are the figures art oftenest shows us. The greatest works of Rafael, greatest of the old masters, are the famous series of Madonnas he painted for the popes and princes of his day. But not less remarkable in their way, and certainly not less beautiful, are the types of the Virgin given us by the French, German, and English artists of our own

"The Childhood of Jesus."

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by H. J. Sinkel.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CO. 257 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK.

"The Virgin's Dream."

From the painting by Elisabeth Sonrel.

"Christ's Farewell to His Mother."

From an engraving by P. Habelmann, after the painting by B. Plockhorst.

time—those of Bouguereau, Royer, and Hébert, those of Max and Plockhorst, and the exquisitely human conceptions of Goodall. In some of these paintings we can see in Mary's eyes the shadow of her coming sorrow, but in most of them her expression is that of peace and happiness, and of joy, like any mother's, in the beauty of her child. Sometimes a visible choir of guardian angels surrounds them; sometimes the young St. John is with them, a sturdy boy, the skin about his loins foreshadowing his future as a prophet voice crying in the wilderness.

We have very little knowledge of the boyhood of Christ. He was subject to His

"The Madonna of Deliverance."

From a copyrightea engraving published by M. Knoedler & Co., 355 Fifth Avenue, New York, after the painting by E. Hébert.

"The Two Marys at the Tomb."

From an engraving by Carl Becker, after the painting by Anna Schleh.

parents, we are told—the idea that Sinkel expresses in his well known painting, in which Jesus points to the Fourth Commandment. In these years, only one glimpse of Him is given in the gospels, when at the age of twelve He went with Joseph and Mary to the Temple at Jerusalem, and there, sitting with the doctors of the Jewish law, first showed knowledge of His divine mission. Up to that time He had been the little human child. Now He must "go about His Father's business."

Of the farewell scene when He left His mother, to take up the ministry that was to end upon the Cross, Plockhorst has painted a beautiful picture. Even in that sad

"The Saviour Calling."

Drawn by C. G. Pfannschmidt—Engraved from a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company.

"Easter Morning."

From an engraving by P. Habelmann after the painting by B. Plockhorst.

moment, the hopeful heart of Mary can believe only that He is king of men, and that He will find His kingdom. The faith and the trust in her face make it pathetic, while in that of her son we see the great sorrow to come. The disciples wait for Him, and He looks farewell into her eyes.

The Christ who suffered was not depicted by the early Christians. Crucifixion—the terrible death of the convicted criminal—was a disgrace, and it was not until the fourth century, when the Emperor Constantine was converted by the apparition of a cross in the sky, that this feeling wore

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"The Good Shepherd."

From the painting by Sybil Parker—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

away. Artists hesitated to represent the living Christ as dead. The emblem of the crucifix came later, and there has always been a school of thought to criticise its use.

Mr. Ruskin, too, has lifted his voice against the portrayal of the anguish of Calvary. He speaks of the "wasted emotion" of the millions of women who

"The Marys at the Tomb of Christ."

Drawn by C. G. Pfannschmidt—Engraved from a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company.

Ah, foolish crowd! The world's thick vapor whelms
Your eyes unworthy of this glorious show,
Blind to His splendor, bent upon His shame.

have wept over the bodily pains of one who said, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children." The spirit of revenge for

the suffering of Christ was the moving idea of the medieval persecutions. Today we understand the gospel of peace and toleration, and it is reflected in our art.

This, this is *Thou!* No idle painter's dream
Of aureoled, imaginary Christ,
Laden with attributes that make not God;
But Jesus, Son of Mary, lowly, wise,

"He Is Not Here, but Is Risen."

Drawn by C. G. Pfannschmidt—Engraved from a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company.

The human side of Christ is better expressed by modern painters than by the earlier masters. It was of a modern picture —one of Holman Hunt's—that Miss Mulock wrote:

Meek, as the meek that shall inherit earth,
Pure, as the pure in heart that shall see God.

When the Marys weep at the tomb, in Anna Schleh's characteristic painting, they weep for the human Jesus. They have not

"The Virgin, the Infant Jesus, and St. John the Baptist."

From the copyrighted engraving published by M. Knoedler & Co., 355 Fifth Ave., New York, after the painting by Bouguereau.

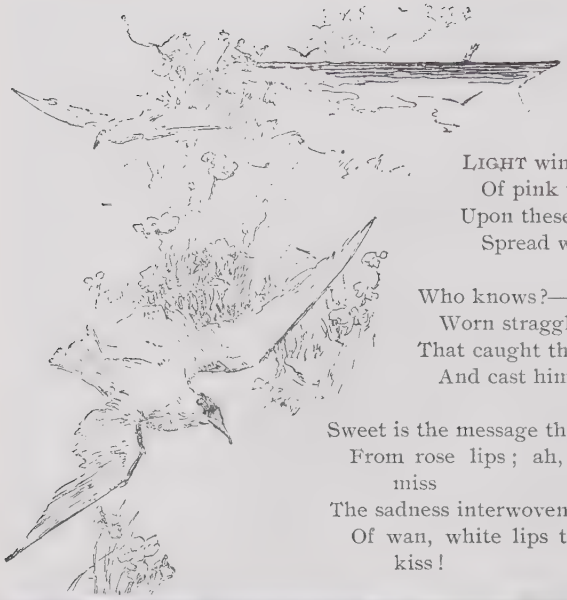
"Lo, I Am with You Alway, Even unto the End."

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Otto Knille.

lost their faith in the God, but they have the sorrow of a great and overwhelming personal loss.

It is only within the past few years that artists have gone to Galilee and Jerusalem to study the actual scenes of Christ's life, and to paint it with its appropriate surroundings. Hitherto, we have had Madonnas with purely decorative or conventional accessories, or sometimes with Italian landscapes, Dutch interiors, and French peasant scenes. They have worn the faces of the nationality of the artist. Almost never have Mary and her divine son been represented as Jews. The early painters seldom left their homes. They knew only the costumes and faces of the people they saw. And it can scarcely be doubted that this adoption of the Holy Family as a part of itself, as it were, by each country, has aided the acceptance and understanding of Christ by the masses of the people. It has set Him before them more vividly, more closely. Therein has lain the strong and subtle influence religious painting has exercised upon successive ages.

Philip Rodney Paulding.



CONTRASTS.

LIGHT winds that waft the fragrant words
Of pink wild roses on the moor—
Upon these viewless tides the birds
Spread wide their wings and sail secure.

Who knows?—these idle winds may be
Worn stragglers from the storm's wild host
That caught the sailor on the sea
And cast him dead upon the coast.

Sweet is the message that they bear
From rose lips; ah, but who can miss
The sadness interwoven there
Of wan, white lips the salt waves kiss!

Strange will of nature: ever so
She weaves the shadow with the sun.
Only so far our dreams may go,
And joy and sorrow they are one!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

"Not This Time!"

Redrawn from a painting by John Sturgess.

WOMEN ON HORSEBACK.

THE HEROINES OF HISTORY, OF ROMANCE, AND OF POETRY, WHO HAVE RIDDEN TO FAME IN THE SADDLE—QUEEN GUINEVERE, DI VERNON, ELFRIDE SWANCOURT, MARIA THERESA, FLORA MACDONALD, AND THEIR EQUESTRIAN SISTERS OF FACT AND FICTION.

IN an age when romance rules, women ride on horseback, and when a novelist or a poet wants to give to his heroine a charm, a dash of spirit that yet is not boldness, he sets the plumed hat on her head—he hasn't paid much attention to the later fashions—gives the reins into her gauntleted hands, and shows her as the conqueror of the prancing steed.

Something in the thought of a beautiful woman on the back of a spirited horse stirs the blood and tingles along the nerves. The slight touch of mannishness that *Di Vernon* invented has a piquancy and coquetry, when seen on horseback, that it can never have anywhere else. The bicycle rider may strive after it, but the matter of fact utility of her dress is as different in effect from the "habit" as the horse is different from the wheel. One is pulsing, living; the other is commonplace, useful, dead.

The procession of beauties who have ridden through song and story is almost endless. Nothing in the Æneid so humanizes Vergil's story as the chase that *Dido* arranges to hold her Ilian hero in Carthage a little longer. After the prating gods, after heroes as stiffly carved as an old frieze, after harpies, Cyclopes, and varied mythological horrors, we come upon this modern bit in the very heart of the story, and enjoy every detail of *Dido's* costume and her horse's gorgeous caparison. We see the nobles of Carthage awaiting the beautiful queen as she lingers over her toilet, while her charger in this purple and gold trappings paws the ground. She comes at last with her maids all about her, a mantle of Sidon on her graceful shoulders, her hair enmeshed in gold, her arrows in a golden quiver, and her purple robe clasped with golden buckles. Even the gods cannot draw *Æneas* away.

A German Princess and Her Knights.

Redrawn from an altar piece at Ghent, painted by Jan van Eyck.

Tennyson has given us an immortal picture of *Guinevere* in her youth and happiness riding through the forest:

Then, in the boyhood of the year,
Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere
Rode thro' the coverts of the deer,
With blissful treble ringing clear.
She seemed a part of joyous spring;
A gown of grass green silk she wore,
Buckled with golden clasps before;
A light green tuft of plumes she bore,
Closed in a golden ring.
As she fled fast through sun and shade,
The happy winds upon her played,
Blowing the ringlet from the braid;
She looked so lovely, as she swayed
The rein with dainty finger tips,
A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips.

Innocence, springtime, and awakening love, the new breath of the forest, the exhilaration of joy, all make an environment in which we love to remember the fair queen. It is not the pitiful *Guinevere* of later days, the wretched, sinning woman, riding away to hide her misery in convent walls, but the slender, green suited, happy girl, moving along on her cream white palfrey, with no more weight of sorrowing humanity than any other piece of joyous spring.

In "Daniel Deronda," *Gwendolen Harleth* expresses the tingling delight of riding when she paces along beside *Grandcourt's* black *Yarico*, on *Criterion*. She is telling the man whose money tempts her always to ride like this, in peace and comfort:

Yes, indeed; I never like life so well as when I am on horseback, having a great gallop. I think of nothing. I only feel myself strong and happy.

Poor *Rex* looked at her as she rode in that memorable chase and "thought that she had never looked so lovely before; her figure, her long white throat, and the curves of her cheek and chin, were always set off to perfection by the compact simplicity of her riding dress. He could not conceive a more perfect girl."

George Eliot felt feminine beauty as a man feels it, even if she knew a woman's emotions as only a woman can know them. She gave the fascinating accomplishment of horsemanship to many of her heroines, besides *Gwendolen*. *Rosamond Vincy* rode with spirit and grace. Poor *Dorothea* found

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"Going Well."

From the painting by Thomas Blinks—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

"so pagan a delight in the saddle" that she denied herself the pleasure for her soul's sake. *Celia*, the kitten, and pretty, prim *Miss Nancy Lammeter* rode, if not dashingly, yet very well.

Dickens did not mount his women on horses. He knew comparatively little of the classes who ride. Jean Ingelow lingers by the sea too long to saddle a horse, and William Black puts his heroines in boats. But Scott understood the rare joy of a matchless steed bounding beneath his touch and sweeping him over plain and fell, through

Tennyson makes his heroines ride as naturally as they walk. It is not only *Guinevere*, *Vivien*, *Enid*, and the women of the mystic, enchanted age of Arthur's court who flit past on chargers, but *Maud* first stirs her cynical lover as she rides by him on the moor. The demure and stately *Princess Ida*, too, with her band of attendant scholars, rode out on her scientific expeditions:

> That afternoon the princess rode to take
> The dip of certain strata to the north.

The women who rode in poetry nearly

"Showing the Way.

Redrawn from a painting by John Sturgess.

dale and glen. *Flora McIvor* bewitches us as she flashes by us in her mad rides, and lovely *Di Vernon* leaves an indelible mark upon our hearts. We can see her as her lover first saw her, with her man's hat and coat, her jet black steed under her, her brilliant face alight. No author has known better than Scott how to dress his heroines for artistic effect. He gives *Di* an individual style that will make her admired, wherever "Rob Roy" is read, as a woman who could not only ride on horseback down the centuries, but who could be ever modish.

Then there is *Constance de Beverley*, the perjured nun who loves *Marmion*, and

> bows her pride
> A horseboy in his train to ride.

Clare de Clare, too, *Rebecca* and *Rowena*, *Quentin Durward's Isabella*, and *Anne of Geierstein*, are all riders.

always wore green from Chaucer's heroines down.

> Ipolita, the fayre queen,
> And Emelie, yclothed all in grene

went on their springtime hunting. *Guinevere* and her court went maying "green suited." Miss Ellen Terry gives a beautiful representation of the legendary queen's maying, but we do not see

> Her cream white mule his pastern set,
> Now on some twisted ivy net,
> Now by some tinkling rivulet,
> In mosses mixed with violet.

Tennyson gives a vivid picture of *Lynette's* flight:

> But after sod and shingle ceased to fly
> Behind her, and the heart of her good horse
> Was nigh to burst with violence of the beat.

Thackeray knew a fair mount as he knew all the tricks and manners that heighten a woman's charm, and he understood exactly

The Dowager Empress of Russia in the Hunting Field.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by J. von Chelminski.

A French Queen in the Saddle.

how to put a heroine on horseback. *Beatrice Esmond* is glorious in the saddle, and even *Mrs. Major O'Dowd* can put her foot in a stirrup.

Bulwer ignores horsemanship as an accomplishment for women, and probably his son, the late "Owen Meredith," would have done the same had not Georges Sand written the story of "Lucile" for him to translate into verse. He has given us a brilliant picture of *Lucile*, with the passionate grace of the tropics, riding up the Pyrenean ridge into the storm and back into *Alfred Vargrave's* heart.

Then *Matilda* comes to us—

In her habit and hat, with her glad golden hair,
As airy and blithe as a blithe bird in air.

Byron knew more of the beauty who dreams her life away in the harem than of the hearty Anglo Saxon dashing across the country in the face of wind and sun. If Byron had only known a *Di Vernon*, or even a *Vixen*, life might have been a different thing to him.

We get an inspiriting glimpse of happy *Vixen*, coming with thud of hoof and flash of gray, calling a note of warning, half sweet, half shrill, like a bird, and then leaping the gate. Miss Braddon may not be a novelist of the first rank, but *Vixen* takes her near it. We see her again riding along on *Bullfinch*, her lover's horse beside her, the moon shining down on them both as they go through the glades of the forest, his arm around her waist, and her head upon his shoulder, their horses pacing close together.

Spenser gave us a faerie pageant in which women in coifs ride along through enchanted landscapes on Barbary steeds. Keats puts only one woman on horseback, *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*, and then it was only to increase her terrors.

Thomas Hardy shows us the svelte figure of *Elfride Swancourt*, her of the "Pair of Blue Eyes," as she coquettishly asks *Stephen* if she seems to him like Keats' *Belle Dame*; and she quotes:

I sat her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long.

It is in a riding habit that the decisive moments of life come to poor *Elfride*. Mr. Hardy tells us that when she changes her dress she is like a new edition of a delightful volume, and he leaves the riding edition as the most popular. We have her galloping away from *Stephen* like a bird, her hair flying out behind, coming back to coquet between gallops. Then there is the vacillating *Elfride* riding away to marry her lover at seven o'clock in the morning, the heather at its purplest, the furze at its yellowest, and the heart of *Elfride* at its liveliest—"sitting at her ease upon *Pansy*

Maria Theresa Reviewing Her Troops.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Co. after the painting by Camphausen.

in her orthodox habit and nondescript hat, she looked what she felt." It is her horse that decides her, and leads her on to that disastrous journey : "Pansy went, like the steed of Adonis, as if she told the steps."

It is on *Pansy* she rides again with that other lover who gives to her for the first time the intensity of love that is a burden. Then at the last it is on horseback, riding always with his two little girls beside him, that *Lord Luxellian* wins her consent to be his wife after love seems dead, and nothing is left in life. It is the picture of her on horseback that *Unity* paints for her two old lovers when they come back together to find her the dead wife of another man.

The new romantic school of writers who turn over the pages of history for subjects know the value of a steed. Stanley Weyman shows us how the women of the court of the Great Henry could ride, sometimes through strange adventures, with scraps of masks upon their faces. The fair charge of the *Gentleman of France* knew how to ride for days without fatigue, and the Princess of Condé, with her green habit and white feather, fleeing through the woods of Fontainebleau, led Henry a pretty chase. The sister of the proscribed noble, in "Under the Red Robe," can ride well, as she can do everything else ; and the picture of her on the long journey toward Paris, as she sat beside the man she loved, yet despised, her heart torn, yet her will firm, is one of the best Weyman has ever drawn.

Conan Doyle has given an entrancing

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"A Fair Lead."

From the painting by Thomas Blinks—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

picture of *Lady Maude*, as she first appears to *Alleyne*, in her light gown slashed with pink; and when she rides away, with her fluffy, draggled falcon on her wrist, she takes the young scholar's heart along, and gallops with it from the monastery into the fullness of life.

"Ouida" has always been mistress of every turn and tack of a woman's enchantments. Whatever their earlier education, moral and mental, Miss de la Ramée always insists that her heroines shall do three things well—dress with splendor, use their eyes with effect, and ride with grace and courage. Her *Napraxines*, *Natalies*, and *Ysaultes* can all ride.

George Macdonald gives us the happy, fresh faced English girls who gallop over the downs in the early morning. *Ethelwynne* in the "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," is one of these.

The American story of the West and South is incomplete without a horsewoman. Bret Harte's heroines—his flesh and blood heroines—were born to the saddle. Mary Hallock Foote has given us pictures, with pen and pencil, of sweet, sad faced young girls with the width of the rolling prairies in their dark eyes, stopping their horses by some gully. Captain King races his army girls through every post in the West. Helen Hunt Jackson shows us *Ramona* fleeing on horseback with her Indian lover.

A Study for "Elfride Swancourt."
From a photograph by Dupont, New York.

In the South, every child is taught to ride as she is taught to walk, and every writer of Southern stories puts his heroine on horseback. Constance Fenimore Woolson sends *Horace Chase's* wife on a long ride through the mountains to tell another man that she loves him, and when her dream is over she rides home again. *Dr. Sevier's Mary* makes our hearts stop beating, as she takes that night ride through the hostile lines, bullets flying about her, her baby clasped close in her arms.

But the riding heroines are not all in fiction. In America, we have had beautiful Mrs. Blennerhassett dashing through the alleys of her beautiful island in the Ohio, her long white feather touching the shoulder of her scarlet habit. In Scotland there was Flora Macdonald, fleeing with Prince Charlie to a place of safety, and Mary Stuart, most beautiful of warrior queens, riding at the head of her cheering soldiers; riding into blackest treachery and in an unworthy cause, but full of the exquisite fascination of womanhood. Elizabeth of England, too, loved a mount as well as any Tudor king, and was never so regal a figure as when she reviewed her troops from the back of a great war charger, or led her court in the chase. Maria Theresa of Austria, the foe of Frederick the Great, was another queenly figure at the head of her army—or kingly, we had almost said; for it was with the cry "We will die for our king, Maria Theresa!" that the assembled chivalry of Hungary drew the sword to support her threatened crown.

The one deathless equestrienne, the one whose memory will never be allowed to die, is that sweet virgin warrior, Joan of Arc, who saved France. She never grows old. We shut our eyes to the sad ending of her bravery, to the faggots and the martyrdom. In our recollection she rides on for-

"The Lost Scent."

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by J. von Chelminski.

ever, her banner in her hand, the light of stern purpose in her eyes, the savior of her fair country.

From this warlike figure, this virgin saint, it is a far cry to an English country lane where two middle aged lovers, newly wedded, jog along together. Dear old Samuel Johnson tells the story with great naïveté :

"Sir," he says, "it was a love marriage on both sides. Sir, she had a notion that a woman of spirit should use her lover like a dog. So, sir, at first she told me that I rode too fast, and she could not keep up with me ; and when I rode a little slower, she passed me, and complained that I lagged behind. I was not to be made the slave of caprice ; and I resolved to begin as I meant to end. I therefore pushed on briskly until I was fairly out of her sight. The road lay between two hedges, so I was sure she could not miss it, and I conceived that she should come up to me. When she did, I observed her to be in tears."

Wasn't it Browning who wrote "The Last Ride Together"?

> What if we still ride on, we two,
> With life forever old, yet new,
> Changed not in kind, but in degree,
> The instant made eternity
> And heaven, just prove that I and she
> Ride, ride together, forever ride.

Leonora Beck.

A PRIVATE CHIVALRY.*

By Francis Lynde.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I TO XVIII.

BRANT, a repentant sinner, loves Dorothy Langford, whose sister Isabel has refused Harry Antrim. Brant has evidence which will hang James Harding, a gambler, who has debased Dorothy's brother William, and who afterward plots with Ike Gasset against Brant. Brant's past finds him out. Forbidden to visit Dorothy, he falls into evil again. Antrim goes wrong, and Isabel confides in Dorothy, but through a misunderstanding she leaves her sister to believe it is Brant whom Isabel loves. Forsyth, editor of the *Colorado Plainsman*, gets an inkling of the Harding-Gasset plot, and summons Brant, who tells the editor his story. He gets good counsel and resolves to try again. Next he meets Dorothy by chance in the Rev. Mr. Crosswell's study, and is about to declare himself when the clergyman comes in and the talk is broken off.

XIX.

COMPARING it with the fortnight of yesterdays, Brant reckoned the day of his interview with Dorothy as one worthy of anniversaries. In good truth, his confession had stopped short of the all important declaration and the coveted personal absolution; but it was enough to remember that he had spoken plainly, and that she had bidden him go forward hopefully. There could be no reasonable doubt of her full and complete understanding of his parable and its application, he argued. As to that, he would have been a dullard indeed not to have read his answer in her flushed cheeks and eloquent eyes, in her maidenly reserve, in the half shy and wholly bewitching charm of her evident embarrassment. Of a surety the nail had been well driven; and if the good clergyman had given him but five other uninterrupted minutes, it might have been duly and properly clinched.

So much for the good; and as for the ill, when all was said, the rebuff at the church gate went for little. It was only what he should have been prepared to expect; and being so well assured of the daughter's sympathy, he could easily afford to tax his patience for reinstatement in the good graces of the mother. All things come to him who waits; and faithful perseverance in the course he had mapped out for himself would bring even this. Women, even such women as Mrs. Langford, are not implacable, he reasoned; and when he should have shown how sincere he was, her resentment—her natural resentment, he was willing to call it—would be allayed, and she would see the injustice of her sentence of ostracism. Wherein he showed forth an unknowledge of womankind, common to very young men, and to some older ones whose walk in life has led them much apart from women of their own class.

Superadded to these comforting reflections was the subtle complacency which, even in the most chastened penitent, is fathered by a certain prideful joy consequent upon the doing of a good deed. The affair of the money was a simple act of restitution, and this he knew; none the less, he was human enough to glory in it, and to hail the prompting thereto as a healthful symptom and a broad step toward moral convalescence.

Taking it all in all, he could scarcely realize that he was the same man who, but two days before, had gone about deliberately seeking occasion for an offense against the proprieties; but touching this, he was very firmly convinced that he was now safely beyond the danger of falling again into that pit. The relapse, and all that led up to it, was well on the farther side of the gulf bridged by Dorothy's sympathy; and whatever befell, there should be no more backslidings.

In the exuberance of his self congratulation Brant lost sight of the one redeeming thread in the thought woven fabric of that afternoon. This was a brotherly concern for Antrim, and a half formed resolve to do what he might to rescue his friend. From what he knew of Antrim, he was quite sure that some unusual trouble was at the bottom of the sudden outbreak—indeed, the chief clerk had admitted as much; and since a physician must first know the disease, he tried to break through Antrim's reticence at the supper table. For good reasons the effort went for naught; and Brant, skilled in diagnosing the symptoms of bottle sickness, saw with alarm that An-

* *Copyright, 1895, by Francis Lynde.—This story began in the December, 1895, number of* MUNSEY'S.

trim was tottering on the verge of the abyss.

When Antrim left the table Brant followed, meaning to keep his friend under surveillance until he was safe in bed. Hence, when Antrim went up stairs, Brant, whose room was just across the corridor from the chief clerk's, went too, and presently mounted guard with a light, a book, and with his door ajar. For a long time there was no stir in the opposite room; but just as he was beginning to hope that Antrim had gone to bed, the door opened and the chief clerk went out.

Brant's first impulse was to follow and bring him back without ceremony; then he reflected that it is an ill thing to meddle, even in the affairs of friendship, and so cast about for a plausible excuse. Fortunately, he found one ready to his hand. The papers containing the evidence against Harding were in the drawer of his writing table, and in view of the mysterious actions of the two unknown plotters, it would be well enough to put them under lock and key. There was a safe in Antrim's office, and he would seek the chief clerk, and ask him to take charge of the packet. The errand would give him a chance to probe Antrim's wound, and haply he might be able to find and remove the bullet, or the arrowhead, or whatever it might be that was rankling therein.

So he put the papers in his pocket and went out. Supposing, as a matter of course, that Antrim would make straight for the nearest bar room, he lost half an hour or more in a fruitless search among the drinking places. When he had widened the circle of investigation to the farthest limits of the *quasi* respectable district, outside of which Antrim would not be likely to venture, he stumbled upon Jarvis and stopped him to ask a question.

"Say, Jarvis, have you seen anything of Harry Antrim this evening?"

"Yes, I saw him heading for his office half an hour ago, plugging along with his head down and his hands in his pockets. What's struck him lately?"

"I don't know," replied Brant, truthfully enough; "much obliged;" but when he would have gone on, Jarvis turned and went with him.

"Going to hunt him up? I'll mog along with you. The old man says the president of the C. E. & W. is coming in on a special, and I'd like to get the facts for an item."

"Can't you telephone?" asked Brant, repenting him of the impulse that had led him to question the reporter.

"Suppose I could, but I don't mind the walk. Say, it's queer about Harry, ain't it? Never saw a man let go all holds at once like he did."

"He'll get over it; it's nothing worse than a fit of the blues," said Brant, taxing his ingenuity for an expedient which would rid him of the reporter.

"Blues nothing! Fit of the 'jimmies' if he don't pull up short. He isn't built right to carry bug juice in bulk, and that's just what he's trying to do."

"What was it you said to me about preaching last night?" asked Brant jestingly, as they climbed the stairs to the railway offices.

"Never you mind about that; you were preaching at me, and I didn't need it. Now, with Harry it's different—"

They were at the door of the train despatcher's room, and Brant paused. "Better ask Disbrow about the special," he said, with a glance at the darkened transom of the superintendent's office. "Harry doesn't seem to be here."

The reporter acted upon the suggestion; and when he was alone in the corridor Brant went quickly to the door of the darkened office. It was ajar, and when he pushed it open the light from the hallway fell full upon the chief clerk, lying inert and helpless across the open desk. Brant took in the situation at a glance, closed the door softly, and walked back toward the despatcher's room. Jarvis was a good fellow, but he already knew too much about Antrim's affair, and he must be gotten rid of at all hazards. He met the reporter as the latter was coming out of Disbrow's door.

"Get what you wanted?" he inquired.

"No. You railroad fellows are all of a piece when it comes to giving up anything that the public would care to read about. Disbrow says he don't know anything about a special train—didn't know the president was coming. Between you and me and the gatepost, I think he don't know much of anything."

"Then you'll have to forego the item."

"Forego nothing! I'll hang round this old shack till morning, now, but what I'll find out about that train."

Brant laughed. "I like your persistence even if it is a little out of proportion to the object. Come into my office here and sit down while I try my hand at it. I owe you a good turn, any way."

Brant unlocked the door of the chief engineer's office, and telling the reporter to make himself comfortable while he waited, left him. Moreover, since it was no time

for half way measures, he took the precaution to set the catch of the night latch as he closed the door, locking Jarvis in.

Hurrying back to the superintendent's office, he turned on the light and tried to rouse Antrim, shaking him roughly, and sparing neither blows nor abuse. Nothing coming of this, he was beginning to despair of any measure of success which should antedate the end of the reporter's patience, when his eye lighted upon the unfinished letter to the train despatcher. Written, as it had been, in the dark, it was barely legible, but he succeeded in deciphering it, pieced it out with Jarvis' information and Disbrow's ignorance, and, knowing much more about building railways than about operating them, jumped at once to the conclusion that the special train was rushing onward to certain destruction. Thereupon he forgot the imprisoned reporter, overlooked the very obvious expedient of notifying the despatcher by word of mouth, and fell upon Antrim with renewed buffetings, to which the presumed exigencies of the case lent stinging vigor.

No sudorific could hold out long against such a heroic antidote, and with the first sign of returning consciousness, Brant dragged his patient to the wash basin in the corner of the room and held his head under the faucet. Antrim came up gasping, and struggled feebly with his tormentor, but Brant thrust him down again and held him until he found speech and sanity wherewith to protest.

"For heaven's sake, let up—you'll drown me!" he gasped, and Brant desisted.

"Got your grip again so it will stay?" he inquired grimly.

Antrim staggered back against the wall and groped for the towel, which Brant handed him.

"I should hope so; what's the matter—what have you been doing to me?"

"Matter enough. Drop that towel and come over here." Brant dragged the chief clerk back to the desk. "Read that letter and tell me what to do, quick, before somebody gets killed!" he commanded.

Antrim sank into the chair with a groan. "Great Scott! I feel as if I'd been brayed in a mortar!" he exclaimed. Then he took up the letter and read it.

"Well," said Brant impatiently, "pull your wits together and tell me what I'm to do—or is it too late to do anything?"

The chief clerk blinked at the clock, and was evidently unable to see its dial. "Will you tell me what time it is?" he said. "I can't see very well."

"It's eight thirty five."

"'Between eight and ten,' he said; maybe there is time enough. Brant, can you run a typewriter?"

"Yes; after a fashion."

"Then let me give you a letter; I couldn't write it with a pen to save my life."

Brant jerked the cover from the machine and thrust in a sheet of paper. "Go ahead."

Antrim passed over the unfinished letter. "Just copy that, will you, and I'll tell you what to add."

"Man alive!" exclaimed Brant. "Have we got to sit here and fool with red tape while every minute may be worth a dozen lives?"

"It isn't so bad as all that," replied Antrim gravely. "The train can't get past Lone Pine without orders; but I'm a ruined man if Disbrow doesn't get that letter before Lone Pine calls him up. Do you understand?"

"No, I don't."

"Then I'll explain. The general manager is on that train, and he wired this office this morning asking for regardless orders over this division. I answered that they would be given—and they haven't been. If there's a balk at Lone Pine, every operator on the line will know that some one has fallen down; and you can trust the general manager to find out who that some one is. When he does, I'm done."

"I see," said Brant, and forthwith he turned and fell upon the typewriter. When he had written to the end of the unfinished letter, Antrim dictated:

—will reach Lone Pine Junction between eight and ten this P. M., and you will arrange to give it right of way to Denver over all other trains.

Brant finished with a flourish and jerked the sheet out of the rolls. "Can you manage to sign it?" he asked.

"I guess so," responded the chief clerk, and he dipped his pen and made the supposition good, though with no little difficulty. "Now, if you'll copy it in that book and tell me how I'm to get it to Disbrow without giving myself away, we'll see what comes of it."

Brant took an impression of the letter, and made his plans meanwhile.

"Can't trust Disbrow, I suppose?" he asked.

"Yes; but he'll hold it over me."

"Then we won't give him a chance. Let me have an envelope."

When the letter was inclosed and addressed, Brant told Antrim to sit still and wait for him. He was back in a few min-

utes, and the chief clerk did not need to ask if his errand had been successful.

"How did you manage it?" he queried.

"Never you mind about that; I got two letters in the train mail today that didn't belong in our office."

"Oh. What did Disbrow say?"

"Nothing much; swore a little on general principles, and said it was lucky I found it before the old man had time to raise Cain. It took longer because I had to go and bake it over a gas jet; it was wet, you know."

Antrim swallowed a lump in his throat, and pulled himself together to meet the demands of the occasion.

"Brant, you've been a good friend to me tonight. You've pulled me out of a deeper hole than I ever got into before."

"No, I haven't; but I'm going to. Now tell me how the thing happened."

Antrim told the story of the day's miseries, concluding with the curious experience in the darkness.

"How do you account for it, George? Did I know what I was about? Or was I just crazy drunk?"

"A little of both, I guess," said Brant; and as he spoke the key of the incandescent lamp snapped and left them in the dark. Brant laughed, and got up to turn it on again.

"That's the snap you heard, and it accounts for the blindness. As for the rest, your brain was simply making another hunt for the missing link. Now, Harry, make a clean breast of it, and tell me what you're making a fool of yourself for."

"Because I haven't any better sense, I suppose," replied Antrim, hanging his head.

"That don't go; give me the facts."

"There is only one to give: Isabel won't marry me."

"Oh, she won't? And so you're going to make a howling wilderness of yourself because a woman doesn't happen to know her own mind!"

"But she does," Antrim protested.

"Oh, nonsense! You're no boy, and you ought to know better. If you love her, and I take that for granted, all you have to do is just to hang on and wait—and that's exactly what you're going to do, if I can make you."

Antrim smiled wearily. "The way I feel just now, anybody could make me do anything. I'm as weak as a cat and as sore as if I had been through a prize fight—what in the world is that?"

"That" was a furious pounding on a nearby door, and Brant sprang to his feet and overturned his chair.

"It's Jarvis—that's what it is!" he exclaimed. "Blest if I didn't forget all about him! Sit in the dark a minute, will you?" and he turned off the light and went to liberate the reporter.

"Nice fellow, you are!" began Jarvis wrathfully, when the door was opened; "lock a man up while you go off and go to sleep——"

Brant broke in with an apology which ran smoothly and without a break until he had walked the reporter down the stairs and out into the street. Then he gave Jarvis the required information about the special train, and hastened back to Antrim to explain the interruption.

"You see, I had to do something with him," he concluded. "He's a good fellow, but he talks too much, and the less said about this business of yours the better."

"I should say so," agreed Antrim, adding ruefully, "but I suppose the whole town knows about it by this time."

"Oh, no; not necessarily. Man doesn't fill the public eye quite as much as he's apt to think. Besides, you're going to break it off short and be your old self again. When did you eat last?"

"Supper, last night."

"Humph! I thought as much. No wonder you had wheels in your head. Let me help you into your overcoat, and we'll go up to Elitch's."

"I don't believe I could eat anything if it was to save my life," objected Antrim, getting up laboriously.

"Yes, you can—you've got to; and then you are going to let me take you home and put you to bed, and if we hear of any more foolishness you'll come in for a manhandling that you won't get over for a week."

Antrim reached backward for the sleeves of the coat and groaned piteously. "Great Moses! I feel as if I'd had that already. What the mischief do you suppose makes me so stiff and sore?"

Brant laughed unsympathetically. "It's one of the after effects, I guess; look out you don't bring it on again." Then he tucked Antrim's arm under his own, and led him up town, carrying out his program to the letter and playing his new rôle of mentor until he had seen his friend safely deposited in bed.

When he reached his own room he found the packet of papers still in his pocket, and tossed it carelessly across to the table. Then he thought better of it, and put the envelope back in his pocket.

"It's climbing into the plane of responsibilities, and my conscience isn't clean enough yet to handle it," he mused. "Just now, I feel as if I'd like to burn the stuff and give the beggar a chance for his life; and yet I suppose there are plenty of purists who would say that I'm an accessory after the fact for not giving him up. I wonder what *she* would say about it? If I knew, that's what I'd do. Heigh-o; it's a queer old round world, any way, but since the morning and the evening of this blessed day, I'm rather glad to be in it."

After which he went to bed to dream that he was about to be hanged for the murder of Henry Brinton.

XX.

THE next morning Brant thrust his head into Antrim's room while the latter was dressing.

"How do you pan out by this time?" he inquired.

"Better, thank you; only I'm black and blue in spots, and too sore to talk about. Say, George, I must have been in a fight last night; but I don't remember anything of the kind."

"I did it," said Brant, grinning, "trying to straighten you up, you know. Need any help?"

"Oh, no, thank you; I'll be down directly. Wait for me, if you're not in a hurry; I'll eat with you."

Brant waited, and after breakfast they walked down town together. It was a delightful autumn morning, with a crisp, clean wind blowing fresh from the range, and a marvelous clarity in the atmosphere that seemed to bring the distant peaks within easy speaking distance. On such a day it was good to be alive, and Brant said something to that effect.

Antrim agreed conditionally. "Yes; if a fellow's head could be as clear as the atmosphere."

"Fellow shouldn't roil his brain with muddy firewater."

"No; but I didn't mean just that—that's only a consequence."

"A very unnecessary consequence, in your case. You know you haven't a peg of an excuse to hang your villainy on, Harry."

"I suppose not, when you come down to the marrow of the thing. A man never has a decent excuse for making a donkey of himself. But I tell you it was a facer, George. I'd been banking on a certain kind of happiness ever since Isabel and I used to go to school together; and then to have to give it up—well, it just knocked me out, that's all."

"But you are not going to give it up, unless you're a donkey sober as well as a donkey drunk."

"What am I going to do?"

"You are going to brace up and get back into the old rut forthwith. How long is it since you've seen the young woman?"

"A week."

"Take my advice, then, and go over this evening just as if nothing had happened. Keep your wits about you, and see if Isabel isn't quite as glad to see you as you are to see her."

"I know, George, that's the way it looks to you; but you see I've known her all her life, and——"

"And therefore you think you know it all—but you don't. I've seen a good deal of the Langfords in the last three months, myself, and if you haven't a mortgage on the younger daughter, no one else has."

"I know that well enough, but art has."

"Oh, art be hanged! Once in a thousand years or so you may find a girl who is an artist first and a woman afterward, but you haven't run up against the exception. If you'll bear with me, I'll venture to assert that Isabel is the merest dilettante; she can't paint a little bit."

"She can't, eh? That's all you know about it!" Antrim retorted hotly. "What the dickens do you pretend to know about art, any way?"

Brant chuckled. "Nothing, my son; less than nothing. I did but skewer you to see if you were really jealous of Miss Isabel's poor little passion. Go in and win, Harry; and may your house be decorated in many colors—as it's sure to be."

In such gladsome manner began a day fraught with many happenings. Brant completed the map in good time for the purposes of the general manager, and it was scarcely off the drawing board before Colonel Bowran came in, summoned by wire to meet the other officials of the railway company. And since the chief engineer brought back the missing notebook, the enforced idleness which the draftsman dreaded more than anything else was pushed back into an indefinite future. The colonel was well pleased with the work done on the yard map, and gratified to find that Brant had gone ahead with it on his own responsibility. Moreover, unlike many employers, he did not hesitate to say as much; and what with this, and the blessings which belong rightfully to those of the

helping hand, Brant won through the day on the crest of the wave.

Outside of the narrow range of the draftsman's vision, however, other things were happening which were to bear heavily on his future. For one, the train from the region of mining camps was bringing Hobart and his wife to Denver; for another, Antrim's purposed visit to the Langfords' was postponed by a tour of inspection in the Aberystwyth, on which the chief clerk did the honors of the division in the absence of his superior officer. Again, late in the afternoon, Mrs. Langford wrote a letter which she put into the post office with her own hand; and, about the same hour, two desperate men met behind a locked door in a West Denver lodging house to lay the train of a mine in which the explosives were already stored. In this conference there was a slight disagreement, arising in a very natural reluctance on the part of one of the plotters to play cat's-paw for the other.

"Comin' right down to brass tacks, Jim, I don't see why I want to monkey with your end of the game, anyhow," said the cat's-paw. "All I keer is to git even with him for knockin' me out, an' I kin do that first time I git the drop on him, 'thout mixin' up any in your deal."

"Yes, an' get yourself choked with a rope for doin' it," said Harding. "Now, if my deal goes through, the sheriff'll do the evenin' up business for you, an' you can read about it in the papers next mornin'."

"Yes, 'if,' but the 'if's' bigger 'n Pike's Peak. You think if ye kin git hold o' them there dockyments it'll be all plain sailin' an' ye kin chuck Plucky George plum into your shoes, but there's a heap o' holes in a skimmer; ye kin bet high on that."

"I know what I'm doin'," Harding asserted confidently. "As the thing stacks up now, it's between me an' Brant, an' them papers give him the pull. Once let me get hold of them, an' he'll have a bully good time provin' that *he* didn't kill Hank Brinton."

"I don't savvy it that way, but that's your funeral—not mine. What is it ye want me to do?"

"You know."

"Why don't you do it yerself?"

"It's out o' my line. I don't happen to have been over the road for house breakin'—like a certain pardner o' mine—an' I ain't up in that branch o' the business."

Gasset scowled at this but finally asked:

"Well, when?"

"Quicker the sooner—first night we can catch him out."

"Reckon he keeps 'em in his room?"

"Sure; where else'd they be?"

"I dunno; 'pears like if it was me, I'd lock 'em up som'eres."

"You might if you thought anybody was likely to take 'em; but he don't."

"All right; it's a go. I'll swipe the papers fer ye, an' after that we're quits. I tell ye right now, though, I'd ruther play it alone."

"Do what you like after you get the papers. When you hand them over to me it's a cool hundred in your clothes. After that, if you'd rather take the chance of dancin' on nothin' 'stead of lettin' him do it, why, go ahead; I'm agreeable."

"Don't see why ye shouldn't be; you've got everything to gain an' nothin' much to lose, as I kin see. Better try it tonight?"

"The quicker the sooner, as I say. That duck up in Leadville that's doin' the advertisin' might catch on to something."

"Keno; let's go an' have a drink on it."

"Not too many of 'em, Gasset, for God's sake. Keep your head clear till this job's done an' then you can fill your skin to the queen's taste, if you want to."

They went out together, and Harding locked the door. In a neighboring bar room, while they were drinking to the success of the scheme, Gasset asked another a question.

"How did ye put it up to find out if the coast's clear?"

"Spot him from the time he leaves his office," rejoined Harding, "and it's about time to begin that now. Come on."

Brant's equanimity, buoyed by hope and a degree of self satisfaction known only to those who have climbed suddenly from the depths of despair, carried him safely through the day and up to the time when the mail carrier, making his final round, handed the draftsman a letter in a square envelope bearing the city postmark. Brant went to the window and read it by the failing daylight; and when he had picked out the writer's message from the tangle of fashionable angles and heavy down strokes, the solid earth slipped from beneath his feet and left him dangling once more over the nether depths. The letter was terse and formal, but it went straight to the point with unpitying directness.

"In view of his clandestine meeting with Miss Langford yesterday," it began, "Mr. Brant will not be unprepared for such interference with his plans as the writer is constrained to make. Up to the present time

she has carefully refrained from discussing, even in the family circle, a subject which is as repugnant to her as it must be humiliating to Mr. Brant; but if that gentleman does not find it convenient to relieve her of further responsibility in the matter by leaving Denver at once, it will become her unpleasant duty to take her daughters into her confidence—a duty which she trusts Mr. Brant will have the discretion not to make obligatory."

There was no signature, and none was needed. Brant read the letter through twice and then tore it slowly into tiny fragments. This, then, was the end of all his fine enthusiastic resolves: to be banished like an unclean thing—a moral leper whose lightest touch was contagion. He opened the window and brushed the bits of paper out into the twilight, watching them as they disappeared like circling snowflakes. Then he raised his clenched hands above his head and swore a mighty oath. If there was no place of repentance to be found for him, if the world of decency and good behavior would have none of him, then let society look to it. He would go to his own place, and if the world were the worse for it, the blame might lie where it would.

He closed the window and sat down to plan his recantation as deliberately as, an hour earlier, he had builded the wall of good resolutions. He would wait till the morrow, till Colonel Bowran came back from the tour of inspection; then he would drop out quietly and as nearly without explanations as might be. After that, there was the world to choose from—the under world of sin and iniquity, at least—and he would go and bury himself where he listed; in the mining camps, he decided, after a little. There he would find lawlessness and freedom from restraint, and a lower depth of degradation profound enough to quench the spark of saving grace lighted on the altar of his love.

And meanwhile? Meanwhile he would borrow oblivion, as a desperate man should; as many a better man had done before him. The bottle imp was always within call, and he would invoke it once again, as he had many times in the grim past. He got up and spread the dust cloth over the drawing board, folding it smoothly down at the corners as one might drape the pall over the corpse of a child. The thought suggested itself in the act, and he broke out bitterly.

"That's just what I'm doing—it's a pall, and it covers up the corpse of my little nursling of decency; the dead body of honest ambition slain by the sword of overrighteousness. God help me! Two hours ago I little thought I'd be putting away the tools of my profession to take up the devil's playthings."

Thereupon all the good there was in him rose up and pleaded strenuously for a little respite, for a few hours of sober second thought in which the soul destroying possibilities of the contemplated plunge might be weighed and measured; but he hardened his heart and drove out the suggestion with cursings bitter and blasphemous.

"No, by God!" he muttered. "I've listened to that story for the last time! From now on, there's nothing to do but to forget; and that I'll do if I have to smother myself in the reek of the bottomless pit to bring it about!"

As he passed the chief's desk on his way to the door, his hand sought the train mail box from force of habit. There were two letters in it, and he took them out and dropped them into his pocket.

"I might as well take these to the train; it's my last day's work, and I'll finish it up right."

The masthead electric lamps over the open platform at the Union Depot illuminated a busy scene as he made his way toward the baggage car of the outgoing train. It was before the day of gates and gatekeepers, and an unquiet crowd filled the open space opposite the arched vestibule, a fountain head from which little rivulets of humanity broke away to trickle up and down between the half dozen trains headed in either direction. A symphony of sound, pitched in the key of preparation, rose upon the still air of the evening. The hum of human voices; the rumbling of the baggage trucks piled mountain high with luggage; the monotonous "Look out!" of the baggagemen as they pushed the loaded trucks slowly through the throng; the measured beat of the air brake pumps on the engines, punctuated at irregular intervals by a cacophonous blast from an overborne safety valve. It was a din rather pleasant than discordant, but Brant was in no mood to find pleasure in anything; and when he had mailed the letters he pushed his way aggressively through the narrow side aisle between the trains, intent on getting out of the crowd. At the steps of the sleeping car he jostled a man so rudely that the offended one turned to resent the affront. It was Hobart; and when he recognized Brant resentment gave place to gladness.

"By all that's good, this is lucky, George!" he exclaimed. "I'd given up all hope of finding you, this trip."

Brant shook hands with his friend because he had to, but his greeting was anything but cordial. "I'm not hard to find; I guess you didn't look very much," he said ungraciously.

"I used up every minute of time I had, any way; went to your boarding house and your office, and asked everybody I could find who knew you. I've been in town only an hour and a half, all told, and a good part of that was used up in taking Kate over to Judge Langford's. How are you, and how are you making it? Why don't you write once in a while?"

Brant slurred over the questions and went back to the statement of fact. "Are you acquainted with the Langfords?" he asked eagerly.

"Why, yes; didn't I tell you? I meant to have sent you a note of introduction. The judge is one of the stockholders in our mine—the vice president, in fact."

"And you say Mrs. Hobart is there?"

"Yes; I brought her down on a visit—too much altitude for her on Jack Mountain. But tell me about yourself; how has the world been using you?"

"As well as I deserve, I suppose," said Brant briefly—so briefly that Hobart knew not what to make of it. Then the conductor's cry warned him that he had but a moment more, and he took a card from his case and scribbled a line on the back of it.

"Take this and go over and make yourself known to Kate," he said. "Any one can tell you where the Langfords live. Kate'll be glad to meet you, and she'll put you on a footing with the family. They're good people to know, and it'll be just like you to fall in love with one of the girls." Hobart tossed his hand bag to the porter and turned back for a last word. "Now, don't put it off, but go soon"—and seeing that Brant seemed to hesitate, he added in an undertone—"Kate knows nothing about you save that you're an old chum of mine."

Brant pulled himself together, and mustered up grace enough to thank his friend. Then the wheels began to turn, and there was only time for a hasty leave taking. He stood watching the receding train until the two red eyes of the tail lights disappeared around the curve on the farther side of Cherry Creek; then he turned and walked up town with his hands deep in his overcoat pockets and his eyes on the sidewalk.

There was nothing hopeful to be gotten out of the brief interview with Hobart. On the contrary, what he had learned made his new formed resolution even more binding upon him. Setting aside Mrs. Langford's threat, there was now added reason for his leaving Denver at once. He could not remain long without giving Hobart some reason for not calling upon his wife; and if the threat should be carried out, there was further abasement in the thought that his friend's wife would be made a party in Mrs. Langford's confidence.

One grain of comfort, and but one, was he able to pick out of the talk with Hobart. The letter to his friend had evidently gone astray, and Hobart had not ignored his appeal for encouragement. It was something, but it was not enough to keep him from going into a saloon and buying a bottle of brandy; and with this in his pocket he went to his room and locked himself in. What he meant to do was to drink enough to enable him to pull the beard of misfortune; but before drawing the cork he set the bottle on the dressing case and flung himself into a chair at the window to ply the lash of remorseful retrospection for the last time.

It was a sorry business; and when he had scourged himself into a condition of apathetic indifference, he fell to watching the shifting tracery of blue black shadows cast by the trees under the electric lamp opposite. There were few passers at that hour, and for that reason he could not fail to remark the curious movements of two men on the nearer sidewalk. They passed and repassed, stopping now and then to look up at the house, and Brant was not long in reaching the conclusion that they were watching his window. He guessed at once that they were the two unknown conspirators; and when this supposition was turned into certainty by a glimpse of the bushy red hair and beard of the taller, he rose, put out his light, and went back to the window to await developments, with the big revolver laid across his knees.

A few minutes later the men disappeared—whether up or down the street, or beneath the shadows of the opposite trees, Brant could not tell. Nevertheless, he kept his vigil until, as he sat motionless with his eyes fixed upon the dancing tracery, he fell asleep. And thus the morning sun, shining broadly in at the casement, found and aroused him; and he rose up and went forth to face the ills of a new day, telling himself it was his last in Denver.

XXI.

THE Aberystwyth did not come in from the tour of inspection until four o'clock in the afternoon, and Brant wore out the day

as best he might, chafing irritably at the delay, and treading out the time in restless trampings up and down the long apartment which served as the work room in the chief engineer's suite. All through the weary hours he did not once uncover the drawing board; neither, on the other hand, did he yield to the suggestions of the importunate devil of dissipation. He would quit clean handed and clear headed, he said to himself; until the colonel should release him, he would remain, as nearly as might be, the man whom the colonel had befriended.

When the chief engineer came at last, Brant announced his determination immediately and without circumlocution. He had made up his mind to leave Denver at once, he said, and he would be glad if the colonel would give him a time check and let him go.

"But, my dear fellow," protested the colonel, who valued a capable man when he found one, "what's gone wrong with you? Is it a case of too much work, or not enough pay?"

"Neither," said Brant laconically. "It's nothing that you've done or failed to do. I've always been a rolling stone, and the time has come for me to move on again; that's all."

"Well, well—I'm sorry. But you don't have to go right away, do you? You can stay on a few days till I can look around a bit?"

"I'm sorry to say I can't," Brant began, and then the entrance of the postman interrupted the colloquy. There were letters for the colonel and one for Brant; and the draftsman opened and read his while his employer glanced through the others. Brant's was a dainty note, and it appeared to move him strangely; his cheek flushed and his eyes kindled as he read; and when the talk was renewed he promptly stultified himself.

"You were asking if I could stay until you found some one else," he said. "On second thought, I don't know but I can, if it would be an accommodation to you."

The colonel was too well pleased with the sudden change of front to show his surprise, though he could not help putting two and two together and wondering who was the writer of the letter which had evidently countermanded Brant's marching orders.

"It will certainly be an accommodation," he rejoined. "I've got to go back to the Extension tonight to figure on Hurlcrow's estimates for next month, you know; but I'll come in as soon as I can, and if you're still of the same mind, why, I'll look around for some one to relieve you. But I hope you'll find it possible to reconsider. I like you; and your work is as thorough as I knew it would be when you told me you were coached by my old friend Thirlwill."

Brant bowed, and the chief engineer tossed the pile of opened letters into his desk and drew down the roll top. "I shall be with the general manager till train time," he went on, "and tomorrow you can reach me at the front. Take things a bit easy while I'm gone, and see if you can't make up your mind to stay with us."

Being just then devoured with an impatience in comparison with which the restlessness of the long day was but a sedative, Brant did not seek to prolong the conversation; and when he was once more alone he read and reread his letter until he could repeat it word for word. It was from Dorothy; and she had kept her promise to call upon him in the time of need.

"Dear Mr. Brant," she wrote, "you were kind enough to offer to help us again if the occasion should arise. It *has* arisen. Will left home yesterday afternoon and we have not seen him since. Mamma is wild with anxiety, and my father is so greatly discouraged that he will do nothing. Won't you please try to find my brother again?

"P. S.—Mrs. Hobart, whose husband is a friend of yours, is with us, and she will be glad to see you when you find it convenient to come."

When he had quite committed the note to memory, Brant set about answering it. Whatever else he was or might become—and he considered that question settled beyond peradventure of doubt—he was none the less Dorothy's loyal liegeman; and while he could serve her, the future, good, bad, or indifferent, might wait for its havings. Therefore he wrote:

MY DEAR MISS LANGFORD:

Your note, which makes me both sorry and glad, has just found me. Be assured that while I grieve with you in your present trouble, I am only too glad to place myself at your service. Be of good cheer. I trust we shall speedily find your brother, and that nothing serious has befallen him. If he should not come home tonight, send me a line in the morning; and believe me, now as always,

Most sincerely your friend,

GEORGE BRANT.

He read it over when it was written, and was minded to tear it up. It seemed so cool and formal—so wretchedly inadequate to the measure of his love, that it was little

less than insulting. Then he reflected that he must guard against the possibility of the answer falling into unfriendly hands, and so let it go, ringing for a district messenger and cautioning the boy to deliver the letter to no one but the lady addressed.

That done, he made his plans for a second search for the missing youth. The finding of him was likely to be as simple an affair now as on the former occasion; but since young Langford had become Harding's ally, Brant doubted much whether anything he could say or do would be sufficient to induce the young man to go home and behave himself. In this dilemma a happy thought came to him, with Harry Antrim as its objective, and he went at once to seek the chief clerk. Antrim was just closing his office to go to supper, and Brant went with him.

"What are you going to do tonight, Harry?" he asked, when they were free of the down town six o'clock crowd.

"I mean to go back and work a while. Why?"

"I want you to do something for me, if you will," said Brant.

"After what you did for me last night, you've only to ask," answered the chief clerk gratefully. "State your case."

Brant stated it at some length, omitting none of the details save a definition of his own motive in playing the knight errant. "I think I know where to look for him," he said in conclusion, "but I'm more than afraid that any argument I could bring to bear on him would be wasted eloquence. I want you to go along; and when we find him it'll be your part of the job to get him to go home."

"He hasn't much use for me, as I told you," objected Antrim, "but I'll go and do what I can. It is a great pity the judge doesn't set him to work at something."

"What's his bent—or has he any?" asked Brant.

"I don't know that he has any, now. At school, he was the best mathematician in his class; and at one time he wanted to study your trade. Mrs. Langford was quite willing until it came to field work, and then she put her foot down. Her son was not to go careering around all over the world with a lot of rough engineers, she said."

"Oh, no, of course not," assented Brant scornfully. "She was quite right—we're a hard lot."

The emphasis was so bitter that Antrim glanced up in surprise. "Has she been giving you a lecture on the subject?" he asked quizzically.

"Who—Mrs. Langford? Certainly not," denied Brant, hedging promptly. "She has never so much as mentioned my present occupation to me."

"She will some day, especially if——" but Antrim was not sure of his ground in the matter of Brant's leanings, and he broke off abruptly to go back to the former question. "I suppose you'll want to start out right after supper?"

"Yes," said Brant; and they went into the house and entered Mrs. Seeley's dining room together.

After the meal, Brant went up to his room and had a small struggle with his sense of the fitness of things, which, in view of his recantation, was little better than trivial. It concerned the big revolver; and it turned upon the propriety of going armed like a desperado on Dorothy's errand.

"I'll be hanged if I do it!" he said finally, putting the weapon with the bottle of brandy in the drawer of the dressing case. "If I find the boy with Harding, there'll be a row; and while I'm about her business, I'd rather suffer wrong than do it." Then he ran down stairs and joined Antrim; and together they set out on the quest for William Langford.

Contrary to his assumption, the first half of the undertaking proved more difficult than Brant had expected. Beginning with resorts of the Draco type, they went from bad to worse, working their way downward through the substrata of vice until Antrim held his breath, and hoped, for Isabel's sake, that the search for her brother would be unsuccessful in that direction. And so it proved to be, though Brant was indefatigable, and dragged his companion from place to place until the chief clerk was half intoxicated with the mingled fumes of tobacco and alcohol.

"Good Lord! and this is what I was coming to!" he gasped, as they emerged from a particularly noisome den. "Let's give it up, George, and go home; I'm sick and disgusted."

"Not yet," Brant objected; "we're pretty sure to find him, sooner or later, and it's early yet."

Antrim looked at his watch. "Eleven o'clock," he said; "I call it late, but go on; I'll stay with you."

Eleven it was, and the policeman whose beat included the quiet neighborhood of which Mrs. Seeley's select boarding house for young men was the center, had finished his round and dropped into the Opera House bar for a bite of bread and cheese and such other refreshment as the bartender

was wont to set unasked before the guardians of the city's peace.

"You have a picnic on the up town beat, don't you, Sam?" said the licensed dispenser of stimulants, passing a second glass of beer to the officer.

"You bet; might mog round up here all night an' never see nothin' out o' the way," replied the civic soldier, helping himself to another sandwich; and yet, not ten minutes before, he had met a man carrying a ladder in a quiet street within an hour of midnight, and had not thought the matter curious enough to be worth questioning.

If the policeman was unmoved, however, the man with the ladder was not. On the contrary, he was greatly disturbed, and was only deterred from casting down his burden and taking to his heels by the fear that a bullet from the officer's pistol might outrun him. When the danger was overpast he rested the ladder against the fence and took a long pull from a black bottle.

"Blast the whole shootin' match!" he growled, stopping to take breath and glancing up at the darkened windows of the Seeley mansion. "I'll jest about git my leg pulled for twenty years before I git through with this deal! Run right square ag'inst a cop after I'd been dodgin' him for a half hour."

The bottle gurgled again, and then the ladder was lifted and dropped quietly into the yard, to be reared presently behind a screen of vines at the end of Mrs. Seeley's front veranda. A minute later the man appeared at its top, and made his way cautiously over the tin roof, which bulged and crackled under him until the sweat of fear made him damp and uncomfortable. He paused before Brant's window, and inserting a thin edged bar beneath the sash, tried it gently.

"Fastened, *of* course," he muttered; and a knife blade was slipped between the upper and lower sash. There was a click, and then the window opened noiselessly. Once safely inside, the burglar's first care was to shut the window and draw the curtain. Then he lighted a dark lantern, and flashed its beam around the room. "Bully for us!" was his comment; "camp cached and nobody to home. Now for the grubstake!"

He took another pull at the black bottle as a preliminary, and then proceeded to ransack the apartment with the skill and rapidity of one to whom the craft was not new. The belongings of a man's room are soon overhauled. Brant's impedimenta were of the lightest, and in a short time the burglar came to the end of his task without finding anything more to the purpose than a large revolver and a bottle of brandy. Laying the weapon aside, he uncorked the bottle and sampled its contents.

"Brandy—ten year ol' cony-ack, 'r I'm a liar! Whoop-ee; here's to ye, Mister Snapshot Brant, an' may ye live happy an' die suddint—w'en I git the drop on ye!"

The brandy paid the penalty of the toast at a frightful cost, and the burglar smacked his lips and wiped them with the sleeve of his coat. "Blast 'im, he knows what good liquor is—I'll say that much for him. Now then, I'll have a squint among the togs."

He dived into a closet and came out with an armful of clothing. When the pockets yielded nothing, he broke out in a monologue of blasphemy under his breath, and again had recourse to the brandy. "Jest wot I 'kspected," he grumbled, his tongue thickening with the lisp of inebriety; "no dockyments, no lerrers, no nothin'. Wot'm I goin' to git out o' this—thass wot I'd like t' know!"

A bright idea occurred to him, and he held up Brant's best suit and examined it with great gravity by the light of the lantern. Then he struggled out of his clothes, kicked them into the depths of the closet, and arrayed himself in the suit of black. It was a thought too large for him, but he ignored the misfit, and, turning the lantern so that it illuminated the mirror, surveyed himself with unalloyed satisfaction.

"Ain't we a pair o' bloomin' doods, now?" he said, addressing the weaving figure in the looking glass. "Couldn' we two fellers—hic—you 'n' me—go an' work the town for a donation to the—hic—heathen? Jest you hol' on a minnit till I git that gun, an' then we'll—hic—vamoose, pap'rs 'r no pap'rs."

He slipped the revolver into his pocket, and sat down upon the edge of the bed to finish the bottle of brandy. There was more left in it than he had supposed or hoped; and before he found the bottom of it, he was so far afield as to be persuaded that he was sitting upon the edge of his bunk in the West Denver lodging house. That being the case, there was nothing to do but to go to bed; and, suiting the action to the suggestion, he crawled under the covering and was presently snoring brazenly with his head on Brant's pillow.

XXII.

It was between two and three o'clock in the morning when Brant yielded to the urgings of his weary companion and con-

sented to give over the search for William Langford. The little journey through the realm of Abaddon was a bitter but wholesome corrective for Antrim, whose late aberration lay heavy on his self respect. He shuddered when he saw the true breadth and depth of the abyss upon whose brink he had been staggering, and his gratitude to Brant increased accordingly. Some expression of this he tried to put into speech on the way home, but Brant cut him off with a word.

"Let up on that!" he broke in roughly; "you don't owe me anything."

"Yes, I do," insisted Antrim.

"I say you don't, but if you choose to think so, you can square the deal by helping me find the boy."

"I'd do that, any way, and without charging it to your account. He's Isabel's brother."

"Yes—and Dorothy's." The last two words said themselves, and no sooner were they spoken than Brant wished he had bitten his tongue before the unruly member had slipped the leash. And yet Antrim's quick apprehension and sympathy were not wholly unwelcome.

"I thought maybe she was the power behind the throne," he said, linking his arm in Brant's. "You know my story, George; tell me yours."

"There's nothing to tell," replied Brant curtly; and then he cuffed his ill humor into subjection—"that is, not anything out of the ordinary. I think a great deal of Miss Langford—I suppose you guessed that long ago; but there is nothing between us—of the sort you imagine, I mean. And there never will be. When I have found her brother, I shall go away, and I'll probably never see her again."

"Go away?" echoed Antrim. "I thought you'd given up the idea of leaving. What's that for?"

They had reached the house, and Brant turned on the doorstep and put his hands on Antrim's shoulders. "Don't ask me, Harry," he said gently. "Passing your own words back to you, it's a thing I can't talk about, even to you. You'll know all about it, some day, perhaps, and then you'll understand—if you don't go over to the enemy, horse, foot, and artillery."

Antrim laughed. "I'm not much on making rash promises, and talk is cheap; but when that day comes, George, you'll have one friend if you haven't another on earth."

"Don't commit yourself blindfolded," said Brant, fitting his key into the night latch. "The chances are that you'll be ashamed to admit that you've ever known me."

They climbed the stairs quietly, so as not to disturb the house, and Antrim entered his room and closed the door. While he was lighting the gas there was a tap on the panel, and Brant came in.

"Will you give me a shakedown on your lounge till morning?" he asked. "Mrs. Seeley evidently thought I was going to make a night of it, and she has put some one into my room."

Antrim made haste to be hospitable, but he looked mystified. "I don't understand that a little bit," he said; "it isn't at all like Mrs. Seeley."

"No; it is rather odd, isn't it?"

"I should say so. Are you sure there's somebody there?"

"On the evidence of two separate senses. I struck a match and saw a man in my bed; and besides that—listen!" The subdued murmur of the burglar's snoring could be plainly heard, and Brant went on, "Moreover, the man's been drinking; the room reeks like a pot house."

"That's queer," said Antrim; "maybe it's one of the boys gone wrong and couldn't find his room—but I can't think who it could be."

"Nor I," rejoined Brant, stretching himself wearily on the lounge. "Never mind; we'll find out about it in the morning."

But they did not. When they went down together to a late breakfast, and mentioned the matter to Mrs. Seeley, the good lady was quite as astonished as Brant had been. Moreover, she was touched in a tender part, and her inn keeping pride resented the imputation put upon it by Brant's suggested explanation.

"Why, Mr. Brant!" she protested; "to think that you'd suspect me of doing such a thing! Why, never in all my born days did I——"

A chattering shriek from the upper regions cut the protest in two, and the three occupants of the dining room rushed into the hall in time to meet the housemaid flying down stairs, wide eyed and incoherent.

"A man! A man in Misther Brant's room!" was all she could say, and Brant and Antrim ran up to the second floor three steps at a bound. They found an empty room, smelling strongly of brandy, an open window, and a little heap of Brant's clothing in the middle of the floor. Antrim made a dash for the window, and disappeared on the tin roof of the veranda. He was back in a moment with the light of discovery in his eye.

"What did you find?" demanded Brant.

"A ladder standing against the end of the porch; that's how he got away."

"Yes, and it's how he came," rejoined Brant.

Then the explanation of the mystery flashed upon him, and his hand went quickly to his pocket. The papers were there, safe enough, and to avoid taking any more chances he gave the packet to the chief clerk.

"While I think of it, Harry, take this and lock it up in your safe. I'll tell you later what to do with it. Now we'll go down and get the fellow's description from Mary."

That was easier said than done. The housemaid was too badly frightened to be successfully cross examined. The intruder was tall, he was short; in one breath he wore a beard, and was a very pirate in general appearance; in the next he was smooth shaven. Picked out and pieced together, her story contained but two facts of which she was sure: she had seen a man dressed in black clothes; and he had rushed first at her and then toward the window.

Mrs. Seeley and Antrim badgered the servant for further data, and sank deeper into the mire of wonderment at each fresh rendering of her adventure; but Brant stood aside and followed out his own clue. The room had evidently been searched, and for what? The papers, doubtless. That being the case, the burglar was either Harding or his emissary, and Brant favored the alternative. Harding was no Rechabite in the matter of strong drink; but in playing for so great a stake he would never have allowed his appetite to defeat his end and make a fool of him. And that was evidently what the person in question had done; no other hypothesis would account for his going to bed in the room he had burglarized, to be found there by the housemaid at nine o'clock in the morning.

Setting Harding in his proper person aside, who was the cat's-paw who had been willing to run a penitentiary risk for any bribe the impecunious gambler might be able to offer? Brant passed the list of possibles, so far as he knew them, in mental review, rejecting each in turn. Beyond question, there were plenty of ex-criminals among Harding's familiars, but what one of them all was bold enough to venture, and at the same time foolhardy enough to get drunk in the midst of the undertaking? Certainly no professional house breaker would do such a thing; it was more like the reckless prank of a devil may care boy.

Brant's train of inductive reasoning stopped short at the word. The clue had led him to a certain conclusion which the housemaid, who was beginning to recover from her fright, might be able to refute or confirm, and he waited his opportunity to question her in private. It came when Mrs. Seeley went up stairs to view the scene of the invasion, telling the others to follow. Brant lagged behind with Mary McCarthy.

"You say the fellow wore black clothes, Mary; are you sure of that?"

"'Deed I am that, sorr."

"Did you have time to notice the kind of coat he had on?"

"I did that; it was as like to the wan ye're wearin' as two peas in a pod. On'y but I knowed ye'd come down to breakfas', I might 've been misdeluded entirely till I saw the oogly face av him."

Inasmuch as both garments had been cut by the same tailor from the same measurements, there was every reason for the similarity; but Brant did not know this, and he tallied his score and went on.

"At first you said he had black hair, and just now you told Mrs. Seeley it was brown. Take time to think about it, and tell me which it was."

"'Deed, sorr, it was both—lastewise it was that darrk it might be ayther wan."

"Was it long or short?"

"Nayther the one nor the other—joosht betwixt an' betune like."

"Exactly"—Brant nodded assent. The answers came so readily, leading step by step up to his assumed conclusion, that he forgot his caution and permitted himself to ask a leading question.

"Pull your wits together now, Mary, and try to remember his face. He was a young fellow, wasn't he?—smooth faced and rather thin, with heavy eyebrows, a straight nose, and a mouth turned down a little at the corners."

"That's it—that's joosht him! 'Deed, an' ye might be readin' off from his photygraph, Misther Brant."

Brant asked no more questions. Slipping a dollar into the housemaid's hand, he put his finger on his lips. "Mum's the word, Mary, and I'd be glad if you'd let the thing die out as soon as it will. I think I know who it was, and, if I'm right, it was only a bit of boys' play, meant to frighten me instead of you. You'll help me keep it quiet, won't you?"

"'Deed, an' I will, then. It's a fine gentleman ye are, entirely, Misther Brant, an' it's niver a wan intilligint wurrud will they get out o' me forninst the b'y."

Brant thanked her and ran up to his room, where Mrs. Seeley and Antrim were debating the proper steps to be taken, and the landlady appealed to the draftsman.

"What do you think about it, Mr. Brant? I was just asking Mr. Antrim to notify the police, but he thinks we ought to know first what's been taken. Will you look through your things and see if anything is gone?"

Brant made a perfunctory examination, missing nothing but the revolver and the bottle of brandy, and trying meanwhile to think of some way of killing the proposed investigation.

"There's nothing gone—nothing of any consequence," he said finally. "If I were you, Mrs. Seeley, I shouldn't call in the police. If we had lost anything valuable it would be different; but as it is, we should gain nothing but a lot of newspaper notoriety, and that would hurt the house. Don't you think so?"

Mrs. Seeley demurred at first. She did not like the idea of having her house broken into, and then to be denied the poor consolation of stirring up the lazy, good for nothing police; but when Antrim added his word to Brant's, she yielded. On the way down town, Antrim asked a single question and no more.

"Tell me one thing, George. Did you give Mrs. Seeley your real reason for wanting to keep the thing quiet?"

"No," said Brant, and as he volunteered no further information, the chief clerk dropped the subject and took up another.

"I suppose you'll keep on hunting for Will Langford?"

"I shall; if he hasn't already turned up at home. I asked Dorothy to send me a note this morning, and if he's still missing I shall keep on till I find him."

"All right. Let me know what she says, and I'll do what I can to help."

Dorothy's note came just before noon. She had been delayed by the difficulty in finding a messenger, she wrote. Her brother had not returned, and the situation at home was becoming most trying. Her mother was sick with anxiety, and her father would hear to nothing less harsh than the turning of the matter over to the police. Mrs. Hobart had not been told; and, altogether, the household was in a most grievous state. Wouldn't Mr. Brant send her a line?

Most certainly he would, and he sat down at once to indite it.

"I was not able to find your brother last night," he wrote, "but I have every reason to believe that he is alive and well; indeed, I may say that I have had speech with a person who saw him as recently as nine o'clock this morning. From this person I obtained a clue to his whereabouts, but, owing to the peculiar nature of the affair, it cannot be followed up until tonight. Again I say, be of good cheer; and by all means dissuade your father from calling in the aid of the police."

The note was signed, sealed, and despatched by a special messenger; and then Brant drowned the remainder of the day in hard work over the drawing board. It was the best antidote for impatience; and as his task chanced to be more or less mechanical, he was able to lay his plans for the evening while he transferred Grotter's notes to the sheet of profile paper. Following out the theory verified by Mary McCarthy's answers, the mystery of Will Langford's disappearance was easily accounted for. Harding had doubtless broken his parole and returned to Denver. He had managed in some way to get hold of young Langford, and, with the help of the bottle imp, to turn the boy into a burglar.

One small fact, and one only, refused to fit into the chain of circumstantial evidence. It was this, and to one less familiar with the progressive stages of the liquor disease, it might have appeared trivial. Brant had found the empty brandy bottle beside his bed, and it seemed incredible that a mere boy, in the beginnings of the case hardening process, could consume so much liquor in a single night. Stubborn as the fact was, however, Brant did not allow it to upset his theory. It was William Langford who had broken into his room; and it was James Harding who had instigated and planned the raid. Therefore, when he should find the gambler, his search for the boy would be at an end.

With these premises he renewed the search in the evening methodically and with set purpose. He took Antrim into his confidence, but only so far as to intimate that Will would be found in the company of a man whose description was thus and thus; and the chief clerk's part in the plan of campaign was to make the round of the hotels and lodging houses.

Reserving the more dangerous quest for himself, Brant went first to Draco's; and when Deverney assured him that nothing had been seen of Harding since the night of his banishment, he bethought him that the man, if he were not actually in hiding, would be likely to keep up the fiction of respectability with young Langford by taking the boy to some less public resort. Acting

upon this suggestion, he began the search anew among the more exclusive gambling houses and "clubs," making guarded inquiries of door keepers and dealers, and using his reputation with the craft unsparingly as a pass key to unlock doors which would otherwise have been dead walls.

Since any appearance of haste might have defeated his object, it was a slow process; and it was well upon midnight when he finally ran his quarry to earth. It was in the "Osirian Club" in Sixteenth Street; a very palace of the goddess of chance, fitted with costly and magnificent paraphernalia, and occupying two floors of the building. The door keeper was known to Brant, and when questioned he answered in the affirmative. Two men tallying with Brant's description had come in early in the evening; they were still up stairs in one of the private rooms, the man thought.

Brant followed his directions, and presently found himself in a large apartment richly furnished, with a high wainscot of polished mahogany, and walls and ceilings of bronze pacrusta wrought into curious designs centering in clusters of softly shaded incandescent lamps. The central space, which served as a vestibule for a series of ceilingless private rooms built out from the walls, was fitted as a club parlor; and Brant made his way noiselessly over the thick carpet to the room whose number he had obtained from the attendant in the corridor. The door was closed, but since the walls of the card room were merely an extension of the high wainscoting, there was no obstruction to sound; and Brant heard the clicking of ivory counters and the swish of cards across the table as he laid his hand on the door knob. At that moment the noise ceased and a boyish oath dropped into the gap of silence. Brant held his hand.

"I won't pay it—that's all there is about it!"—this in the voice of the oath—"by Gad, I'm tough enough, Mr. Harding, and I don't like him any better than you do; but I'm not a sneak thief yet!"

"Don't see but you'll have to pay it, Willie—debt of honor, you know," said the gambler insistently. "You put up your promise for a stake, an' you lost, fair an' square. 'Twon't be no trouble—knowin' him as well as you do."

"But you don't understand—or rather you won't understand. I can't do a thing like that, tough as I am, and nobody but a cursed cad like you would try to make me. And, by Gad, I believe you cheated me, any way. Let me see those cards."

"Oh, you do; an' you're goin' to kick out, are you? You're a nice little innocent kid, you are! Now see here—you've gone too far to back down, an' by hell, you know too much! You're a going to do just what you promised to do 'fore you played this game, 'r I'll give you dead away for what you done las' night—no, you don't; just keep your hands on the table!"

Brant guessed rightly that the boy had tried to draw a weapon, and thought it time to interfere. When the door opened under his hand the picture of the small interior stamped itself with photographic accuracy on his memory.

The walls of polished mahogany; the square card table in the midst, lighted by a single incandescent globe bracketed from the partition on a level with his eyes; on the farther side of the table, the gambler, glaring up at him with mingled ferocity and terror yellowing his lean face and burning in the evil eyes; and, facing Harding, William Langford, flushed and angry, with his hands on the table and his fingers twitching nervously; all this Brant saw and could afterwards remember with the clearest distinctness of detail; but of what followed the picture was blurred and incomplete.

There was a dim premonition of impending danger; a fleeting impression of a double reflection on the polished surface of the opposite wall; a swift intuition that Will Langford was about to take advantage of the interruption, exactly coincident with an irresistible impulse that made him start forward and crouch instinctively. In obeying it his hand struck and broke the globe of the electric lamp; and at the same instant the air jarred with the concussion of a pistol shot.

There was a moment of ringing silence and semi darkness, succeeded by a sudden burst of light from a suspended chandelier, and a rush of the attendants and habitués of the place. They found Harding sitting bolt upright in his chair, with a clean cut hole in his forehead, from which the blood trickled in a thin stream. Young Langford had started to his feet, and was standing with his hands held up as if to ward off a blow. Brant was leaning against the partition near the broken lamp bracket, his eyes fixed on the upturned face of the dead man, and his arms folded across his breast.

That was all, save that on the floor, midway between Brant and Will Langford, lay the pistol with an empty shell in one chamber and its barrel still warm from the heat of the discharge.

(*To be continued.*)

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK

THE DEATH OF LEIGHTON.

Sir Frederic Leighton—or Lord Leighton, as he became in his last days—was one of the few English painters whose death will be recognized everywhere as a loss to the cosmopolitan world of art.

Leighton was much more than a brilliant painter. He was a many sided man—an authority on most forms of art, a linguist, a graceful speaker, a man of wealth and culture, one of the social and intellectual lights of London, whose society was prized by the earth's greatest. For seventeen years, as president of the Royal Academy, he had been the official head of his profession in England. Numberless stories are told of his magnanimity toward rival painters, his generosity to the less fortunate, and his devotion to the duties of his really onerous post. At his last Academy levée, though he was almost a dying man, he insisted on standing to receive guests for the regulation period—from nine o'clock until a quarter past twelve. At thirteen minutes after midnight he was urged to retire. "Yes, in three minutes," he said—for it was always his practice to remain one minute beyond the appointed time.

Leighton's body has been laid in the crypt of St. Paul's. Benjamin West and Sir Christopher Wren are beside him, and his feet are close to Turner's head.

FOREIGN DECORATIONS.

A little piece of red ribbon may have no great intrinsic meaning, and yet the recent decoration of three American artists with the insignia of the Legion of Honor is a noteworthy incident. It shows the fact that our native painters are welcomed and appreciated in the capital of modern art, and it helps to explain the way in which Europe has attracted to herself so much of our best artistic genius by giving it a recognition it seldom finds at home.

It is further noteworthy that the two painters thus honored—Walter MacEwen and Gari Melchers—are Western men, hailing from Chicago and Detroit respectively, though Paris has been their headquarters for a good many years. Both of them are now at work there upon decorations for the Congressional Library. The third new chevalier, Frederick Macmonnies, the sculptor, is a Brooklynite—a fact that supplies another argument for the annexation of Brooklyn to New York.

Mr. Abbey's election as an associate of the Royal Academy is another incident of similar import. It is a gratifying compliment to an American artist, and at the same time a tie that binds him more closely to the European country which has been his home for most of the last twenty years.

MILLAIS AND A RUSTIC CRITIC.

It is generally expected—and the expectation may be verified when this reaches the reader—that Leighton's successor as "P. R. A." will be Sir John Millais, whose "For the Squire" is reproduced on page 51.

A story is told of an encounter between Millais and an unappreciative Scotchman, who might have been one of the weavers in Mr. Barrie's town of Thrums. The painter was making a study for his well known "Chill October" among the reeds on the banks of the Tay, near Perth, when a voice came from over his shoulder:

"Man, did ye never try photography?"

"No, never," Millais replied.

"It's a deal quicker," the voice continued.

"Ye—es, I suppose so," the painter admitted.

"And it's a deal liker the place."

MR. GARRETT'S RUBENS.

Mr. Robert Garrett, of Baltimore, informs us that a reference, made in this department last January, to a Rubens that he imported some time ago, did not fit the facts of the case. It seems that the only question raised by the custom house authorities was whether the canvas was dutiable as a single picture, or duty free as part of a collection of antiques; and that the courts decided in Mr. Garrett's favor. We were misled by an inaccurate newspaper report.

THE AMERICAN WATER COLOR SOCIETY.

Public spirited citizens who establish funds for the purchase of prize pictures have had many strange things foisted upon them by the juries to whom they intrust the selection of the lucky paintings; but never, perhaps, anything stranger than W. L. Lathrop's "Twilight in Connecticut," which received the Evans prize at the recent exhibition of the American Water Color Society. Not that there would

"Phyllis."

From a copyrighted engraving of the painting by Luke Fildes, published by M. Knoedler & Co., 355 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"In a Roman Kitchen."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by A. Raynaud.

"For the Squire."

From an engraving by George H. Every after the painting by Sir John E. Millais.

be anything strange about Mr. Lathrop's production were it not a prize picture. It is a small, square composition, with an unshapely barn in the foreground, a shapeless hillside in the background, and a streak of paint, probably intended to represent a road, winding across it. And that is all. Being a late twilight scene, it has little drawing and less color; to beauty or interest it makes no pretense, and only an art jury would be likely to discern in it any special claim to technical merit. The average beholder would like it just as well if it had been called "Midnight in Con-

"Hail, Bacchus!"

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by J. Coomans.

necticut," and had consisted of a square of total blackness.

Apart from this unaccountable award, however, the display was an admirable one, unquestionably the best the society has ever made. The best work shown was perhaps that of Messrs. Henry B. Snell, Morgan McIlhenny, E. A. Abbey, and C. Y. Turner; but among the six hundred paintings in the Academy galleries there were scores that deserved to be classed as notable and interesting. Special mention should be made of F. H. Lungren's realistic studies of far Western life. His "Thirst"—in which a frontiersman, lost in an alkali desert, crouches face to face with a horrible death—is a striking picture, almost too sensational for water color.

THE $5,000 ELKINS PRIZE.

The five thousand dollar prize offered by Mr. Elkins, of Philadelphia, drew in-

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO., 257 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

"Zuleika's Pet."

From the painting by G. Ferrier

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CO., 257 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

"The Days That Are No More."

From the painting by William Bouguereau.

creased attention to the recent Academy exhibition in the Quaker City, but it does not seem to have had the result of bringing any new talent to the front. The artists between whom the money was divided—Messrs. Abbott Thayer and E. C. Tarbell—are men whose names have been familiar for years in the catalogues of picture dis-

"The Frigidarium."

From the painting by L. Alma Tadema.

"A Florentine Baptism."

From the painting by Jacques Wagrez.

plays. Mr. Thayer is well known as one of the most serious and dignified of American painters; Mr. Tarbell as a master of technique, and as the principal instructor in the schools of the Boston Art Museum. Both of them studied in Paris and are members of the Society of American Artists; neither is an Academician, though both are exhibitors at the Academy, and Mr. Tarbell has twice been a prize winner there.

THE JORDAN GALLERY.

If the dry goods stores have departments for books and bicycles, why should they

"The Garden of the Hesperides."

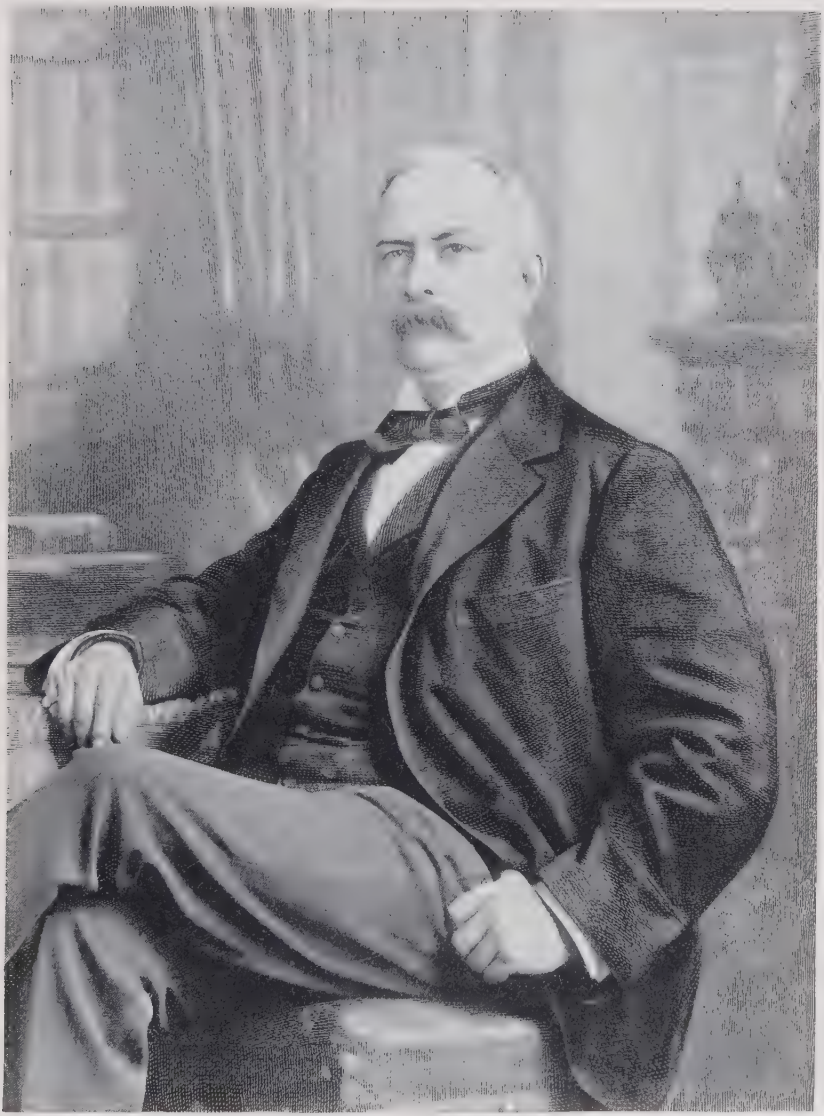
From a photograph by Aa. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clement & Co., Successors) after the painting by François Gorguet.

"Winter in Arden."

From the painting by Louis Anshi.

not also have picture galleries? The "Jordan Gallery," in Boston, managed by the well known house of Jordan, Marsh & Co., is an established and successful institution. Last winter it was occupied by a first rate collection of French paintings, chiefly Salon canvases, arranged by a Parisian art association. Wagrez' "A Florentine Baptism," engraved on page 56, was one of the two hundred and forty pictures exhibited, and among the other artists represented were such men as Bonnat, Béraud, Alfred Stevens, Cormon, Merson, and Clairin. During March, April, and May there is to be a display of work by New England artists, the third of the kind that has been held. Any picture that has never been exhibited in Boston may be submitted to the jury, no commission is charged for sales, and Messrs. Jordan, Marsh, & Co., will themselves purchase paintings to the value of $3,000.

It may be added that admission to the gallery is free, that the weekly attendance is forty or fifty thousand, and that sales are numerous. Are the great department stores going to follow up their victories over their trade competitors by absorbing the business of the art associations?



From a photograph by Landy, Cincinnati.

OHIO'S NEW SENATOR.

JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER, UNITED STATES SENATOR ELECT—HIS HOME, HIS FAMILY, HIS CAREER AND PERSONALITY, AND HIS STRENGTH AS A POWER IN THE PARTY POLITICS OF THE NATION.

ON the 4th of next March, when Joseph Benson Foraker takes his seat in the north wing of the Capitol, as the successor of Calvin S. Brice, he will enter the United States Senate more nearly a representative of the people than any other member of that body. He was nominated for the Senate by his party in convention assembled at Zanesville, last May, and the voters of Ohio emphatically ratified the choice at the November election. The campaign was fought on old issues, save

Mrs. Joseph B. Foraker.
From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.

that Foraker was a new and living issue as opposed to Mr. Brice, who would have been reëlected by the Democrats had they succeeded in carrying the Legislature. The result was that while the Republicans elected their governor, Asa Bushnell, by a plurality of nearly 100,000 votes, their aggregate majority for members of the Legislature was almost 200,000—a striking testimony to Foraker's popularity.

For thirty years, practically, John Sherman has been the sole Republican Senator from the Republican State of Ohio. There have been insinuations that Mr. Sherman has not especially regretted this anomalous condition of things, which has given him no colleague of his own party to divide the Federal patronage. In years when he himself was not seeking reëlection, he has been accused of displaying a masterly activity in doing nothing for Republican success. Now that the dashing and magnetic Foraker has reached an equal political rank with the veteran statesman there may be interesting developments, and Mr. Sherman may possibly find leisure and inspiration for another volume of his somewhat vengeful reminiscences.

Foraker is a remarkable figure in the politics of the day. His friends claim for him that he possesses the qualities that made Blaine a leader of men, but happily lacks the wavering elements that made the "Plumed Knight" weak at certain points of his armor. Like most of our political leaders, he came from the farm. When the civil war broke out he left his father's homestead in Highland County, Ohio, to enlist. He entered the ranks a boy of sixteen, and came home a captain before he was of age. He was in Sherman's signal corps in the march to the sea, and earned the old warrior's notice and regard. He had no political influence at home or in

Washington to gain him promotion; the straps upon his shoulders were won by gallantry on the field of battle. In a public speech he once delivered at Cincinnati, General Sherman aroused his hearers to the wildest enthusiasm by addressing glowing words to Foraker, who sat upon the stage. The general told how, on one of his most fiercely fought battlefields, the boy soldier braved desperate risks to carry to his commander's hands certain despatches which saved the day to the Union cause. Before a great audience General Sherman predicted that the gallant young fellow would some day be President of the United States.

Miss Florence M. Foraker.

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.

His army career gave Foraker new ambitions. He left the farm, attended college at Delaware, and went thence to Cornell, where he graduated in the first class sent out from the Ithaca university. His commencement thesis was called "Three Hundred Lawyers." The odd title was suggested by one of the formative incidents of his life. During his last vacation at his old Highland County home, he spent a day in Cincinnati. It was the first great city of his youth, and as a boy he had looked forward anxiously to the day when he might leave the farm and be a resident of Ohio's metropolis. He resolved to look about him, and decide on a place in which to practise law. He went along Third Street, looking up at the lawyers' signs. He saw so many that his heart almost failed him, for fear that Cincinnati was already overstocked with attorneys. Meeting some one he knew, he inquired, "How many lawyers are there in this town?"

"Oh, about three hundred," was the reply.

"Three hundred lawyers!" repeated Foraker. "Three hundred lawyers!"

And the words kept haunting him all the way home. He wondered how he could hope to succeed against so many competitors. Then he remembered the old proverb

about "room at the top," and as if by inspiration it occurred to him that "three hundred lawyers" would be the very topic for a thesis on commencement day. It is not difficult to imagine the lines on which the practical minded graduate treated his subject.

At Delaware young Foraker had met Julia Bundy, who is now his wife. Her father, the late Hezekiah S. Bundy, was one of the prominent men of southern Ohio. He had been in Congress, had large business interests, and was widely known as the "Iron King." He had great faith in the ambitious young lawyer who wished to become his son in law; but he advised Foraker to seek an easier field than Cincinnati for his start in life.

"Ben," he said, "don't begin practice there. You'll starve to death—they'll eat you up. Stay up here in Jackson County, and in a few years you may get to be a judge."

Nevertheless, Foraker would not swerve from the plans he had formed for himself. Admitted to the bar, and established in Cincinnati, he was not long in carrying out his resolution to set himself in the front rank of his profession. In a year he felt himself able to marry. In nine years he had stepped prominently into public life, and was judge of the superior court. In thirteen years he was the Republican candidate for the governorship of the State.

Miss Clara Louise Foraker.

From a photograph by Dana, New York.

His political career has not been an unbroken succession of triumphs. He has had his hard fights and his defeats, as well as his brilliant victories. His first important campaign was unsuccessful, Hoadly beating him in the race for gubernatorial honors. Two years later Foraker retrieved his fortunes, and was elected governor. He served two terms at Columbus, but when nominated for a third was defeated by the meteoric Campbell. Yet in 1892, when John Sherman's fifth term in the Senate

expired, Foraker came near wresting from the veteran politician the seat he had held so long. In the same year he took his place at the head of his State's delegation in the Presidential convention that renominated General Harrison. His leadership of Ohio Republicanism was enthusiastically reaffirmed last April, and seems likely to continue.

Senator Foraker's present home is a pleasant yet modest dwelling in the Cincinnati suburb of Walnut Hills. Mrs. Foraker is a typical matron of the middle West—tall and handsome, intellectual and full of energy. Brought up a Methodist among Methodists, and educated in the Methodist seminary at Delaware, her interest in seconding her husband's career has been combined with active devotion to church and missionary work. The eldest of their five children is Joseph Benson Foraker, Jr., a young man of much apparent promise, who not long ago graduated at Cornell, and is now practising law in his father's office. The three daughters, whose portraits are given on the accompanying pages—Florence, Clara Louise, and Julia—are likely to be prominent in Washington society when their father enters upon his duties at the national capital. The baby of the family is Arthur St. Clair Foraker, a boy of four, who was named after General Arthur St. Clair, the Revolutionary soldier,

The Foraker Residence in Walnut Hills, Cincinnati.
Drawn from a photograph by Howland, Cincinnati.

Joseph B. Foraker, Jr., and Arthur St. Clair Foraker.
From a photograph by Howland, Cincinnati.

Miss Julia B. Foraker.
From a photograph by Core, Cincinnati.

and one of the early governors of the Northwest Territory.

The Senator himself displays little fondness for society. He says that he has no time for it. He is always busy; he has the reputation of being the most indefatigable worker ever known at the Cincinnati bar. His practice there, since he left the governor's chair, has been a very large one—undoubtedly the largest in southern Ohio. His partner is Charles E. Prior, who was formerly his private secretary.

Foraker is a man who may reach the highest political honors. His energy and ambition are boundless. He has complete control of his party in an important and influential State. Promotion is not likely to come to him this year, but he is scarcely fifty yet, and who knows what he may accomplish?

Francis B. Gessner.

APRIL.

UNSEEN, alone, young April stood in fear
And watched to see the white plumed hunters go
Raiding the hillsides and the vales below—
March and his mad marauders of the year.
Gray hung the skies, and bleak the world and drear,
When, far away, she heard his bugles blow
Ever more faintly. Then did April know
The time of her long waited quest was here.
So forth she went with all her timid train,
Bearing new joy unto the ravished world,
Music and gladness, blossom, leaf, and wing;
And where she stept, gold sun and silver rain
Followed, and on the earth once more unfurled
Her glorious banners in the court of spring.

Frank Dempster Sherman

I.

At sweet sixteen, with roseate hue
The blushing morn comes into view,
And kisses with surpassing grace
The beauty of a maiden's face.
Oh, blushing morn, would I were you!

II.

The maiden smiles, with love light true;
Oh, would that love were *entre nous*,
And in her heart I had a place.
At sweet sixteen.

III.

If she but felt, if she but knew,
The love which thus her beauty drew,

IV.

Then smiling o'er her happy face,
I'd never leave the morn a place
To touch those lips, where Cupid flew,
At sweet sixteen.

Norman H. Pitman.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

THE WAR OF RACES IN AFRICA.

In view of recent events in South Africa, it is curious to recall that a year ago Cecil Rhodes and his lieutenant Jameson were in London, enlisting financial and political support for their colonization projects. They were the lions of the hour. Rhodes was summoned to visit the queen, and was made a privy councillor. Jameson lectured —of course on the marvels of South African progress—at the Imperial Institute ; a group of such notables as Lord Knutsford, Lord Playfair, and the late Sir Frederick Leighton sat with him on the platform, and the Prince of Wales made a special journey from Sandringham to London in order to take the chair.

It would scarcely have seemed credible, then, that Dr. Jameson would next visit England as a prisoner sent home for trial, and Rhodes on a mission of self defense under a cloud of accusation and insinuation. Yet such was to be the next development in the strange drama of African events, the latest scene of which has just been played before the eyes of the world.

Sir Hercules Robinson, Governor of Cape Colony.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

Paul Krueger, President of the South African Republic.
From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

The history of this feud of races began two and a half centuries ago, when the Netherlands, then at the height of their prosperity, were England's rivals for the world wide maritime supremacy that Spain was losing. At about the same time the Dutch flag was planted on four continents —in Java, at the Cape of Good Hope, at Demerara, and on Manhattan Island. At three of these four points it was fated to yield to the banner of Britain. In Africa, the original settlers—known as Boers, which means "farmers"—were less tractable under the conquerors' rule than were their kinsmen, the Knickerbockers of New Amsterdam. When the officious Britishers refused to allow them to hold the natives in slavery, there was an exodus into the vast unknown region to the northward. Boer pioneers "trekked" beyond the lines of settlement, and in Natal and the Orange River State declared themselves independent. The English government asserted that its own territorial rights stretched inland indefinitely, and annexed Natal. The Orange State was first annexed, and then permitted to resume its separate existence.

Many Boers had gone further yet, beyond the Vaal River, and there set up the state which is far better known as the Transvaal than by its official name of the South African Republic. Its existence was by no means an untroubled one. The country was arid; the settlers were few, scattered, and poor; the natives were numerous and hostile; it was a struggle to maintain a civilized government. In 1877 the Boers, left almost helpless by internal dissensions and national bankruptcy, were threatened with annihilation by the most formidable of

African tribes, the Zulus, when the British —with their usual kindly readiness to manage other people's affairs—stepped in, and on the strength of a rather dubious agreement with the Volksraad, or Boer parliament, declared the country to be a part of Queen Victoria's dominions.

A new era at once began for the Transvaal. The English soldiers confronted the Zulus, and conquered them after a fiercely fought campaign. Order was restored, roads were built, commerce was introduced, and the first discoveries of gold were made. But the majority of the Dutch settlers never willingly accepted British rule, and after three years of it their smoldering discontent burst into flame. A small detachment of redcoats, ordered to Pretoria, the capital, at the first rumor of trouble, was ambushed by Boers, who shot down more than half of the men, not sparing some women who accompanied them. General Colley, who hurried forward from Natal, was badly defeated at Majuba Hill, where some five or six hundred men of his little army were utterly routed by the deadly marksmanship of their foes.

There was consternation at the Cape and in England. Volunteers went to the front, a naval brigade was landed, troops were summoned from India, and twenty thousand men were ready to march upon the Transvaal, under the command of Sir Evelyn Wood, when Mr. Gladstone took a very remarkable and characteristic step. He decided that the Boers were entitled to their independence; that to deny it to them was immoral, to subdue them by force of arms would be "bloodguiltiness." So, on the easy condition of acknowledging England's "suzerainty" in supervising its foreign relations, the South African Republic was born anew.

Colonel Rhodes, the Uitlander Leader in Johannesburg.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

It celebrated its fifteenth birthday on the 27th of February, the anniversary of the fight at Majuba. How many more it will

Sir John Gordon Sprigg, Premier of Cape Colony.
From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

celebrate under existing conditions, it would not be easy to say. Political forecasts are proverbially uncertain, but it seems inevitable that sooner or later, in spite of statesmen like Paul Krueger and soldiers like Piet Joubert, the English speaking race will dominate the Dutch in Africa as it did long ago in America. But for the opening up of the great gold reefs of Johannesburg, the Boers might have maintained for a century the isolation they covet. Those rich deposits have attracted such an immigration that today the British population of the Transvaal greatly outnumbers the Dutch. The latter must either grant civil rights to the hated "Uitlanders," as they call the immigrants, and be outvoted ; or they must continue to deny them, and court such outbreaks as the reckless and disastrous raid of Dr. Jameson, and the threatened revolt of the Transvaal's only considerable city, Johannesburg.

At the moment, the wonderful career of Cecil Rhodes has received its first setback. He felt called upon to resign the premiership of Cape Colony, but his successor, Sir John Gordon Sprigg, is his close political associate. His great chartered company has been ordered to turn over its military establishment to the imperial government; but Rhodes and Earl Grey, who is one of his titled supporters, have been appointed to control its wide territory. Joseph Chamberlain, the all powerful colonial secretary, has indorsed him, and Sir Hercules Robinson, the British commissioner who prevented a revolt in Johannesburg, is his friend. He has a little army of able lieutenants—chief among whom are his brother, Colonel Rhodes, whose portrait

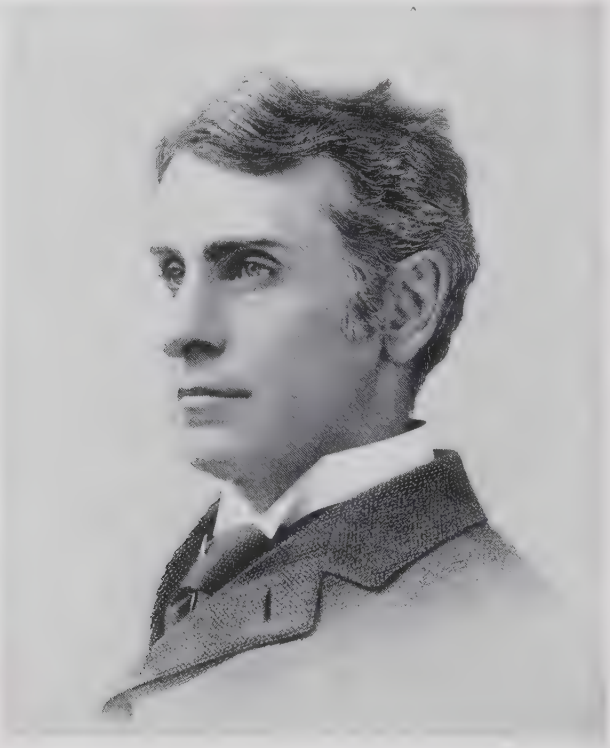
is given on a preceding page, and John Hays Hammond, the American engineer. The world is prepared to watch his next steps toward the realization of his vast project of building an English speaking empire in South Africa.

TWO REPUBLICAN GOVERNORS.

The most surprising result of last year's elections was the installation of Republican governors in the two Democratic strongholds of New Jersey and Kentucky. Their remarkable success has turned the eyes of the political Warwicks, as their party's national convention approaches, to Messrs. Griggs and Bradley as at least vice presidential possibilities.

In Mr. Bradley's case there is a serious drawback. The jubilant supporters who at first heralded him as sure of a place upon the Republican "ticket," discovered, to their dismay, that Kentucky's new constitution does not allow the lieutenant governor to fill a vacancy in the gubernatorial chair, but requires a new election. The Kentucky Republicans are naturally unwilling to risk losing the fruits of their first victory in all the history of the State, by putting their political fortunes to the touch so soon again.

Governor Bradley was an active politician before he was old enough to vote. When he was fifteen, in the second year of the civil war, he enlisted in the Union army, but his father brought him back from the camp to his school books. At seventeen he passed the examination for admission to the bar, and a special act of the Legislature enabled him to practise three years before he came of age. For nearly thirty years he has been a leader of Kentucky Republicanism—a leader whom a long series of defeats could not discourage. Again and again he has accepted a nomination that was merely a complimentary one, and always he has fought the battle out with persevering energy. Years ago he told his colleagues of the national Republican committee that with judicious attention and patient effort the Blue Grass State could ultimately be won from its time honored allegiance. At first his persistence was ridiculed, but the laugh is now with Mr. Bradley.



John W. Griggs, Governor of New Jersey.

From a photograph by Kemp & Smith, Paterson.

At Chicago in 1880 he was one of the "306" who stood by Grant, and he has been Kentucky's delegate at large to each subsequent national convention of his party. In that of the present year he will be a conspicuous figure. Whether he himself is a candidate or not, his voice will command attention.

Kentucky has never before elected a Republican chief magistrate; New Jersey has done so only once. Governor Griggs, the hero of a victory almost as remarkable as Mr. Bradley's, is, like the Kentuckian, a lawyer, well on in the fifth decade of life. He is a native Jerseyman, a graduate of Lafayette, a busy and successful practitioner of his profession, and a former member of the State Assembly and Senate. His reputation has hitherto been local, but it is an unblemished one. In the somewhat troubled waters of New Jersey politics he has always stood for the most honorable traditions of his party, and his success is distinctly a triumph for its best elements.

Governor Griggs' law office and home are in the city of Paterson, famed for its silk mills and locomotive works. He is a man of cultivated tastes and frank, unassuming manner, and though there is nothing of the demagogue about him he is especially popular with his neighbors. Business and politics do not absorb all his energies, for he is an expert amateur of such widely different sports as golf and chess. He is married, and has a son who is nearly of age, besides several daughters.

William O'Connell Bradley, Governor of Kentucky.

From a photograph by Klauber, Louisville.

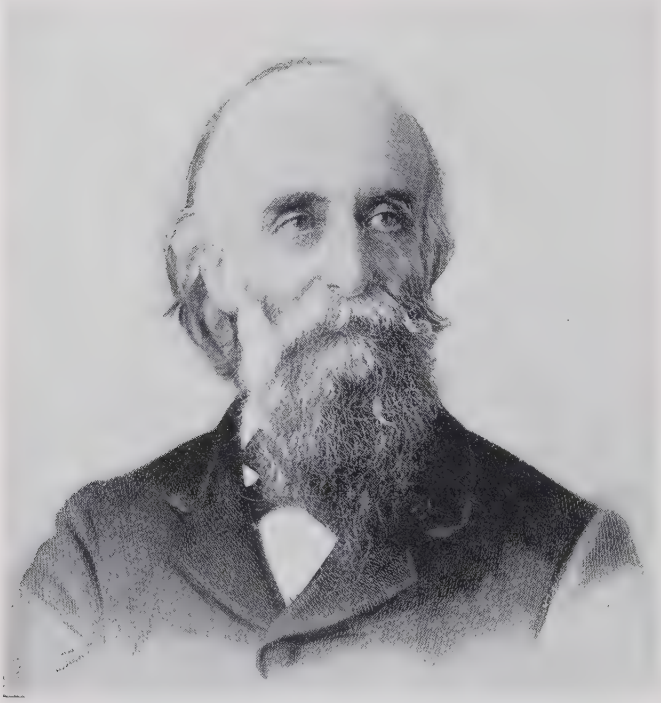
BEECHER'S SUCCESSOR.

To stand in Beecher's pulpit—or, rather, on Beecher's platform, for there is no pulpit in Plymouth Church—to hold the place so long held by one of the first orators and most magnetic personalities of his age, is an inspiring and yet a trying position. That Lyman Abbott's pastorate of the famous Brooklyn congregation has been a thoroughly successful one is a fact that says much for Dr. Abbott. Without Beecher's

wonderful oratorical gift, he is yet a preacher of great power. His sermons and speeches are full of ideas. He has a remarkable capacity for work. Besides his preaching, he is constantly lecturing, writing, editing, and organizing.

Dr. Abbott celebrated his sixtieth birthday last December. He was brought up for the law. Two elder brothers were lawyers, and when he graduated at the University of the City of New York he entered their office; but though his legal career began with promise of success, he felt himself called to abandon it for the ministry, and just before the war he became pastor of his first church, in Terre Haute. His longest pastorate was one of seventeen years at Cornwall, from which he came to New York to become editor of the *Christian Union*, now the *Outlook*. He has been at the head of Plymouth Church since 1888.

Dr. Abbott comes of an intellectual family. His father, Jacob Abbott, was well known as a professor at Amherst, as a Congregational clergyman, and as the author of the "Rollo Books" for boys. His uncle, John S. C. Abbott, a minister of the same church, wrote popular histories of Napoleon and Frederick the Great that were widely read a generation ago. His eldest brother, the late Benjamin Abbott, was a jurist and legal writer of some distinction; and another brother, Austin Abbott, who has also contributed to the literature of the law, is dean of the University of the City of New York's law school.



Dr. Lyman Abbott, Pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.
From a photograph by Parkinson, New York.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

Princess Beatrice has been one of the least conspicuous members of the English royal family. Her married life was one of quiet domesticity. Her husband had no political position, and may be said to have been a prince by courtesy only, as the offspring of the morganatic marriage of a petty German royalty. Her chief importance is in her influence upon her mother, whose favorite daughter she has always been, and with whom all her life has been spent.

The princess is very fond of the stage, and is the best musician of a family whose taste for music is a marked hereditary trait; and by reviving her mother's interest in matters dramatic and musical she did much

Princess Beatrice of Battenberg.
From a photograph by Mendelssohn, London.

to draw the queen from her long seclusion after the death of Prince Albert. While her marriage to Henry of Battenberg was regarded as a mésalliance by most of her kinsfolk, and especially by her nephew the Kaiser, her mother approved it because the young prince's position, or rather his lack of position, was such that his bride could still remain with the widowed Victoria.

For Beatrice it was wholly a love match. Her bridegroom brought her neither prestige nor wealth. His income was his lieutenant's pay of five hundred dollars a year, and his principal possession a pair of mustaches said to be the finest in England. The newspapers made fun of him, by no means fairly, for the chief reason of his failure to win any sort of distinction was his total lack of opportunity. When he volunteered for service in the pestilential swamps of Ashantee, and fell a victim to fever, his death evoked general and genuine sympathy.

TYPES OF FAIR WOMEN

AMERICA is famous for her fair women. To hold up a faithful mirror to our own times, we propose to give pictures of contemporary loveliness, and to leave a record of the womanly charm of our generation.

In the South people love to trace a pretty girl's features back along her ancestral line, and when Miss Lucy Cook Peel of Atlanta made her début last winter, she called up reminiscences of ancestresses in hoop and powder and patch, whose fame had come down the years. Miss Peel unites in her charming person many of the historic families of the South, and some in England. Her grandmother, Elizabeth Stapleton, was descended from the Yorkshire family whose seat is Carlton Castle, and whose present head is Lord Beaumont.

Miss Lucy Cook Peel.

From a photograph by Condon, Atlanta.

Lady Grey Egerton (née Miss Cuyler).

From her latest photograph by Bassano, London.

Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough.

From her latest photograph.

Miss Cornelia Roosevelt Scovel.
From a photograph by Dupont, New York.

Miss Peel visited her relations there last summer, and added to the reputation of the typical "American beauty."

Lady Grey-Egerton, who was Miss Cuyler, of Morristown, New Jersey, is one of the most popular of the young American matrons on the other side. Her girlhood acquaintances who visit her bring back enthusiastic descriptions of the happy life at Oulton Park, in Cheshire, where the beautiful hostess is surrounded by the same sort of admiring worship that she knew as a girl.

Admiration for the new American duchess, who was Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, has become something of a fad abroad. Her gentle dignity, her tall and willowy figure, and the girlish graces which made her loved at home, are changing some foreign ideas concerning the American girl.

Miss Cornelia Roosevelt Scovel is of distinctly American parentage, and when she recently made her formal début in New York, it was into the society that had known her family for generations, although

she was born in Paris and had lived most of her life abroad. Miss Scovel has the *blonde cendre* hair so much admired by the French. Her foreign education has given her perfect ease with the language and people of most of the European countries.

Mrs. James Clinch-Smith is another American who has been spending the past season abroad, but she has made a point of seeing and hearing the best musicians rather than of accepting her invitations to social gaieties. Mrs. Clinch-Smith, who was Miss Bertha Barnes of Chicago, is not only known to her friends as a clever composer, but has published music that has become popular. She is tall and handsome, with a serious and earnest face, and a regal manner.

Mrs. James Clinch-Smith.
From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

At the Richmond Kermess, which was

Miss Lucy Waller Wormeley.

From a photograph by Homeier & Clark, Richmond

the chief social function of the past season in Virginia, one face and figure dominated every group she joined—that of the beautiful Lucy Wormeley, daughter of Lightfoot Wormeley, whose name carries memories of the historic days of the Old Dominion.

Oh, South, whose fair, unclouded guise
The charms of colder climes defies,
One dear possession still outweighs
The spell of all thy wondrous days;
Ah, more than these thy children prize
A Southern girl!

Joseph H. Choate.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

A LEADER OF THE AMERICAN BAR.

JOSEPH H. CHOATE, THE FOREMOST LAWYER OF THE DAY—HIS PERSONALITY, AND THE TALENTS THAT HAVE WON HIM FAME IN THE HARD FOUGHT BATTLES OF THE COURTS.

NEW England's strongest representative in New York is Joseph H. Choate; New York's strongest representative at the bar is Joseph H. Choate; the nation's strongest representative at the bar is Joseph H. Choate.

The names that stand out brightest in the history of the American bar are those of Webster, and Choate, and Evarts, and Choate again. Of these four men, two are of one blood and one name. Rufus Choate and Daniel Webster shared the honor of being the two foremost lawyers of their time. Choate had the brighter mind; Webster the more profound. Greatness gathers strength with passing generations. We are wont to look upon the great names of history with an admiration that the living cannot command. In this sense, and in this sense alone, Rufus Choate looms larger than his cousin of today.

Men are great comparatively. Rufus Choate never had to strike the pace that a lawyer must strike today to hold first place in the metropolis. There are vastly more skilful fighters now to measure swords with than in the day of the elder Choate. The demands upon one are incalculably greater. The practice of the law is reduced to a finer science. It calls for wider reading, a better knowledge of affairs, and a more subtle reasoning. The responsibility, with men of highest grade, is augmented a hundredfold. Millions and tens of millions are now the stake for battle. The warfare is conducted on broad lines. The best legal skill is enlisted. Money without stint is thrown into the balance. Not one, not two, but half a dozen of the keenest minds must one face in the conduct of an important case. Every word the advocate utters is measured, every advance he makes is noted, every expression, gesture, attitude, is recorded. A false move, and the opposing counsel would pounce upon him like a pack of wolves, and millions might be swept away. His associates cannot help him. He must force the fight alone—one man against six; one cool, clear, certain mind against six.

It is in scenes like this that "Joe" Choate has won his greatest laurels. Here he has no equal. If Rufus Choate could come back, and, at his best, meet Joe in the arena, he would probably have to acknowledge that in his young cousin he had at last found an antagonist with whom he could not cope.

Choate fixes upon the salient point of a case, and makes that the basis of his argument. He thinks that cases should not be decided on insignificant details. The common sense of the thing, sustained by good law, is his telling weapon. He makes far less use of citations than other lawyers. He is a student of people and affairs, as well as of Blackstone. His inimitable humor, the keenness of his satire, the blandness of his voice, the charm of his smile, and his matchless mastery of himself and of his theme make him the peerless advocate of the bar. There are more profound students of the law than Choate, but they are not the verdict winners. Choate "gets there"; he has the habit of being in at the finish, and the man who is in at the finish is the man on whom we are wont to bank. This is why Choate has the largest income from the legitimate practice of law of any member of the American bar.

The Choate family is one of the oldest in New England. Rufus was the first to give his name especial distinction, though for generations the family had been noted for its strength of character and mental vigor. Rufus' father and Joe's were cousins. It is remarkable that the four strongest lawyers the country has produced should have come from New England; it is yet more remarkable that two of them should have come from one family.

Joe came from that old Puritan town where they hanged witches a few generations before his advent. He was born on the 24th of January, sixty three years ago. He looks to be a decade younger. It would

be well nigh impossible to find a finer example of the physical and intellectual man. At the last annual dinner of the Ohio Society of New York, where Choate was making one of his delightful speeches, one of the guests, a clever newspaper man, turned to his friends and said, "Choate is the most superb specimen of man in the world." The remark went.

Choate's fame, unlike that of his cousin and Webster and Evarts, has been won almost wholly at the bar; theirs was lifted to greater heights in public service. Choate has never been in politics; he is not a politician. He is independent, fearless, and bold; he has no favors to ask, no promises to give. Hence politicians have no use for him. Otherwise, he might be governor of New York today, and well in line for the Presidential nomination.

A man like Choate would bring dignity, genius, and learning to the White House. He would stand as the representative American; as a type of modern civilization in its best development. He would stand for right and justice and honor—stand for the people and the people's interests. By the grace of his manner and the subtlety of his reasoning, he would command the admiration of diplomats, and the nation would be proud of his splendid intellect and superb presence.

Frank A. Munsey.

THE FLOCKS OF SPRING.

WHEN winter is done, and April's dawning
Shatters the dark of the year,
And the rain fed rivulet under the bridge
Again runs clear,

And the shepherd sun comes over the hill
To let out the flocks of spring,
With laughter and light in the pastures of air
The flocks take wing.

They scatter on every lingering wind—
The perfume, and the bee,
And the whispers of the jostling grass,
Glad to be free;

The minstrelsy of the shining pools,
The dancing troops of the hours,
And over the sod in a sudden rapture
Flame the flowers.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

THE UNMAKING OF AN ACTOR.

WHEN Stanton Lord, of the stock company of the Majestic Theater, on upper Broadway, became leading man in the company of Anne Delafield, the distinguished English actress, he abandoned himself to a debauch of enthusiasm.

The occasion was a marked one. Anne Delafield, whom the critics were hailing as the younger sister of Duse and Bernhardt, had signed a four weeks' engagement with the manager of the Majestic. She was to bring her own company, while the stock company of the Majestic retired into the obscurity of Harlem. At the last moment she cabled from London that her leading man, a creature of infinite resources, had been taken seriously ill. Could the Majestic supply his place?

"Stanton Lord or John Belmont?" the manager asked himself.

Stanton Lord had been on the stage for ten troubled years. Ever since he left college and his salad days behind him, he had been working, with blind and dumb persistence, to justify the step he had taken. It was not to the world that he cared to justify it, but to his family, made up of a skeptical father, who had sent his son to college for any reason under heaven but that the young scapegrace should turn actor before his B. A. had passed its second summer; a tender mother, who believed in the boy's belief that he was the coming *Hamlet*; and a little sister, whose matrimonial prospects might be injured if her brother remained a third rate actor.

The young man plodded. He played third or fourth parts with the intensity of a star. After nine years of toil and travel, travel and toil, putting up at one night stands and forever moving on, with an occasional return to New York and its refreshments; after nine years of "pot boiling," he found himself one of the stock company of the Majestic. There he played third or fourth parts with such delicate precision and subtle force that the play was often thrown out of perspective. The house and the manager seeing this, Lord was promoted and his salary and spirits raised. He was now thirty two, a prime age at which to begin to succeed; and, indeed, success peeped at him from corners, and even seemed on the point of coming forward and shaking hands with him. His photographs were shown in Broadway windows. He began to have rivals—men who were neck and neck with him, and, as a natural consequence, did not love him overmuch.

Of these, the most clearly defined was John Belmont. He was a younger man than Lord, but he had had a longer and more cosmopolitan experience, and was more flexible and more superficially brilliant than the college graduate. Stanton Lord had always a certain contempt for Belmont, whose highly colored mind had not been tempered by an acquaintance with the classics.

The manager, weighing the two men in the balances to judge of their fitness to play *Armand Duval* to Miss Delafield's *Camille*, decided that Lord's serious face—which was something between that of the typical actor and a priest's—would appeal to the matinée girl more strongly than Belmont's round, good humored countenance. An hour after the great decision he said to Lord:

"You're in luck, Lord. Delafield's a great woman. She doesn't stand by Duse or Bernhardt this year, nor next, but give her five years and she will. The *Chronicle* saw that last year when she was playing to poor business up in Harlem. This season it will be different."

Stanton Lord was both inspired and cast down by his great opportunity. On the night before the first rehearsal he strolled down Broadway, after the play, intending to turn in at the St. James' for a quiet smoke over a bottle of claret; but he was so possessed by the thought of the next evening that when he became conscious of his surroundings he found himself in Union Square, opposite Sarony's. He paused before the lighted window, and looked at the photographs of the actors and actresses shown there. It was a motley collection. Cissy Fitzgerald with her sauciest wink, side by side with the refined little face of Maud Adams; Ada Rehan, in a big hat, gazing tenderly at John Drew; the Gothic features of Henry Irving next to the mere prettiness of a music hall dancer; his own physiog-

nomy, and, near it, Anne Delafield's. Hers was a type not often seen among actresses; a serious face, with thought in the large eyes, and in the lines of the large, sensitive mouth.

"Mature!" was Lord's first comment. "She has lived—off the stage as well as on. I shall be your lover tomorrow, *Camille*, and something beside, if the gods are good! Ten years are enough to get ready in. Good night, *Camille!*"

The rehearsal went off well. Before the first act, the manager introduced Stanton Lord to the leading lady. Anne Delafield, in her street dress of brown cloth, with her heavy hair parted and drawn down over her brows, looked more like a young professor in a girls' college than an actress. She greeted Lord coldly, and had nothing to say to him. They were soon on the stage, in all the exotic warmth of the play. Lord was too much absorbed in his part to be conscious of Anne Delafield's manner of playing hers. Only her voice, low, rich, with a peculiar intonation, pierced the atmosphere of his concentration, at times, and made his heart leap.

Her voice haunted him that night, though he did not think of her. He had never been strongly drawn to women on the stage. A certain fastidiousness of temperament—supplying, as it often does, the moral sense—had made an unconscious *Sir Galahad* of him, a *Sir Galahad* who found most pleasure in the society of married women with ideas, or of young girls with ideals. He had been in love with married women and with young girls, and once or twice with a stage beauty; but where his heart had gone, his head had not always followed, and it was a rule with Stanton Lord that all his acts must receive the double sanction; else he doubted; and can one doubt and love?

The first night of "Camille" came before he was altogether ready for it. He was in the middle of the first act before he realized that the curtain had risen on his "great opportunity." During the supper scene, where his part was to gaze at *Camille* with a lover's eyes, and to keep a lover's silence, he found himself looking at her with the eyes of Stanton Lord. Underneath the exaggeration of her make up, he read an unexpected beauty. Was it the trick of the lovely gown she had on, or a sudden revelation of the woman to the man? The question died as soon as it was born. He did not know, nor care. He was *Armand Duval*. In the absorption of his part, he could not feel how wonderfully she played hers, or note the depth of passion blended with the exquisite self restraint. In her love making she was the *Camille* of Paris whose heart had suddenly been probed. He was dimly conscious of her long fingers in his hair, of her cheek against his, of her soft, quick breath in his face, of her low voice saying, "I love you—ah, much too much!" but the play, on the whole, passed like a dream in which he was the only man awake.

Next morning, the newspapers praised Anne Delafield, as a matter of course; but they also praised her leading man in the vague and exuberant phrase compelled by merit, where merit had not been looked for. A little sketch of Lord's past on the stage was appended to one of the notices, as if the writer had turned to it for some explanation of his *Duval*. He laid special emphasis on Lord's fine sense of proportion, which led him, while playing his part with justice and energy, to keep it all the while subordinate to Miss Delafield's.

Lord read these criticisms at an early breakfast, and digested them with his coffee and rolls. Then he cut them carefully out, and mailed them to his people in Connecticut, with a sense of having done much to clear up a ten years' misunderstanding. He strolled down Broadway with the self confident air of a man who has suddenly possessed himself, after a long period of uncertain tenure. He refrained from entering a cable car, lest he should embarrass its occupants. He bought a bunch of double violets to pin on the ragged coat of a street gamin. He dined at Delmonico's, and asked the poorest friend he had to share the dinner. They had a good brand of champagne, which the poor devil of an actor drank as if it were the water of oblivion. He became affectionate and sentimental toward his benefactor, and wanted to swear everlasting friendship. But by that time it was theater hour, and Lord forced himself away after a kindly handshake with his unfortunate brother, who turned light steps toward a certain frowsy theater on the Bowery.

Lord played well that night and the next. If Anne Delafield had been aware of the existence of her leading man, all might have gone on smoothly, and a great interpreter of *Hamlet* might eventually have been given to the world. Off the stage, however, Miss Delafield did not see Stanton Lord. She passed him by behind the scenes, with never a look or word. She did not mean to be unkind. She was absorbed in the part she was about to play, or had played. For the time being she was the part; from

an hour before the curtain rose to an hour after it fell, she moved as one possessed.

Stanton Lord, with his new dignities fresh upon him, was piqued by her behavior. Imperceptibly to himself, an ugly little spirit of resentment began to cloud the first light of his triumph. Yet how was this spirit compatible with another—the desire to feel her nearness to him in the love scenes of the play, to realize it with more than the actor's realization? On the fourth night he played unevenly, and was sharply called to account for it by a friend whose privilege it was to speak the truth.

"She will never know or care how I play it," he said to himself in an access of unreasoning anger. "I am only a lay figure for her to exercise her art on."

The next performance was a matinée. At its close a strange thing happened. Miss Delafield fainted. The curtain was hastily rung down, but the other actors, who were grouping themselves about the dying *Camille*, kept their positions for a moment, as if they did not realize that the white, helpless figure on the boards before them was no longer an actress, but an unnerved woman. Stanton Lord was the first to grasp the situation. He knelt beside Miss Delafield.

"The woman's been working too blamed hard!" said the stage manager, who came up a second later than Lord.

The leading man felt a wave of tenderness pass over him. He lifted the girl's head from the floor gently, as if he feared to awake her. But consciousness was already returning. She opened her eyes, put her arms out feebly, and then fell to sobbing like a little child. At that moment a strong arm drew him away. It belonged to a stalwart actress, who had figured as one of the guests at *Olympe's* ball. Her make up looked like war paint.

"Go in front of the curtain, Lord, and tell 'em anything you please," she said. "Only give us a chance to do something for her."

Lord went obediently, with a strange sensation of having given over a holy thing into profane hands.

That night he made up a box of flowers for Miss Delafield, choosing, without knowing why, certain simple blossoms, pansies, single violets, delicate sprays of mignonette, primroses, and even scarlet geraniums. He placed his card among them, with a line upon it, regretting her illness. Then he sent it off by a special messenger; and before and after it went a troop of confused fancies, chief among which was the fear that he might never again have a chance to act the love scenes of *Camille* with her.

But he had. She was better the next day, and could play in the evening. She met Lord in the wings a few moments before the curtain rose, and thanked him for the flowers. As she did so, she raised her eyes to his face, and regarded him "with some human interest," as Lord said to himself afterward, when he was trying to fix the light of her glance forever in his mind, that it might illumine him in dark hours.

He passed, trembling like a lover, into the first love scene of the play. Fortunately, he had not much to do. Miss Delafield did it all. She drew a low stool beside the chair on which he was seated, and nestled down beside him, drawing his head down to hers, and pressing his cheek to hers with delicate passion.

"Love you?" she said tenderly. "Ah, much too much!"

The old words, heard again and again in rehearsal and play, stifled him with a sudden joy which held anguish in its depths. Was he on the stage of the Majestic Theater? Was this woman beside him, in her gown of lace and silk, *Camille?* Were they not rather alone together, hidden close and deep in some still paradise, where the cold faces of the audience could never stare upon them?

The voice of the prompter awoke him like the voice of fate. Miss Delafield gave an uneasy movement. His blood ran cold, when he became conscious that he must say something, and he had forgotten what. In an instant she had whispered the words to him. He repeated them like a parrot, and with an ugly jerk was back again in the mechanism of the play.

What a consummate fool he had been to lose his grip on the part, simply because a strange actress had played a love scene artistically! The mortification of his blunder made him abjectly self conscious. He played the remainder of the piece execrably. Once he imagined that Miss Delafield looked at him with curiosity and some annoyance. It might have been only imagination. The moment the play was over he flung out of the theater, walked up to the park, and paced in and out of its dark avenues until after midnight. He called himself every name of obloquy in the calendar. He blushed in the dark, as the mordant memories of the evening hurt and hurt him, and hurt him again. Out of the tumult of feelings that hewed and hacked at one another, one remained sane and whole. He owed Anne Delafield an apology,

an explanation. He must go to her in the morning, and tell her—what?

Miss Delafield had just finished her breakfast, when Stanton Lord was announced. She came into her little parlor in a loose morning gown of white, which, as white or black will do, brought out the intellectual lines of her face. She was again the young professor, the young nun, or anything but the actress.

She held out her hand to him, and looked him in the eyes, as she had done before, with wonderful directness. Stanton Lord felt himself, like the knights of King Arthur, half blinded by the coming of a light that the world had never seen before. On a sudden, he had nothing to say to her, so she spoke.

"You are well, Mr. Lord? I am glad to see you."

"I came to ask you to forgive me, if you can, for the terrible botch I made of my part, last night. God knows where I was in that scene!"

She looked up brightly, about to say something conventional, when she read in his eyes something that made his simple words suddenly assume weighty and complex meanings; confessions of a past singularly free from passions; lightning flashes of a new future, inextricably entangled with the mysterious law of love; the downfall and the uprising of old and new forces; and in the midst of it all, as a pivot of life, some woman, herself or another.

"Where were you? Try to think," she said, on the impulse of that instant's revelation. "You must not go there again."

"I was in some paradise—whether an angel's or a fool's, I can't say; probably a fool's."

"Or just a mere human being's? I suppose we should die if we didn't sneak into them sometimes. Most of us haven't any business there, I dare say. Don't do it again. It isn't good for you, to say nothing of the play."

"Yes, to say nothing of the play. It wasn't good for the play."

"No. It wasn't good for the play," Miss Delafield repeated.

Did she guess the riddle that had been put suddenly to him? He thought not, and he was right. She was asking herself whether it was herself—or another woman? Her devotion to her art had left her little vanity. She had not the exaggerated sense of self importance common to women whose misfortune it is to have nothing by which to measure themselves. Yet, as she thought of the possible other woman, she felt a sense of discomfort, of vague envy of her who should have this man for a lover.

She turned her face away, and looked down, through a nearby window, on the bustle of the street, as if to recall herself sharply from dalliance with a fantastic emotion. Stanton Lord saw the look, and misread it.

"I will not detain you longer," he said with some stiffness, and in another minute he was gone. Anne Delafield went to her desk, and began to write conventional notes to this person and that. The tone of his voice at parting had hurt her, and she wished to forget that she was hurt, since the feeling held an element of absurdity.

That afternoon Stanton Lord sent her a box of pansies and mignonette, and the next moment he regretted that he had sent it. That evening he was Stanton Lord, of the stock company of the Majestic Theater; she was Anne Delafield, an English actress. He pulled himself together for the part of *Armand Duval*, driving his heart out of his own body, that it might lodge under the coat of the hero. He acted indifferently well, but he could not dwell long on the success or failure of his playing. Her face came between him and the house, on whose favor he had staked so much but a week before. Off the stage, he gave himself up to her, as he had given himself up to loving *Camille* on those first golden nights.

This could not last long. The love of Stanton Lord for Anne Delafield was stronger than that of *Duval* for *Camille*. Art dropped from this man in the clutch of nature, as an elaborate raiment from one intolerant of its weight. Nature is not for the stage. He became more and more awkward in Miss Delafield's presence. He was conscious of her, not of *Camille*, at every turn, and, in consequence, the audience soon became aware that he was not *Armand Duval*, but some one else, who threw the play out of harmony. The newspapers, catching the spirit of the house, made mouths at Lord in the dramatic columns. He found himself dethroned in a night, as he had been set up between two midnights. One amiable critic begged the audiences at the Majestic "not to throw things at the leading man; he is probably doing the best he can."

Lord read this attempt at humor without any feeling of bitterness. He did not grasp its full significance until he received a note from the manager an hour later. It curtly informed him that he must give up the part of *Armand Duval;* the theater could not afford to suffer, the letter went on,

through his damnable acting, which even made a laughing stock of Miss Delafield. John Belmont would take the part that evening.

Stanton Lord awoke as from a dream. He did not call himself names this time, but he went out into the clear winter sunshine with the shrinking of a man disgraced for life. His first thought was not of what this meant to himself, to his family, his friends, but of what *she* would think. How could he ever hope, now, that she would grant him the supreme request of his soul? Would she not turn away from him, as from one whose treachery to his art stamped him traitor in all other relations of life? That his love for her had ruined his acting would never excuse him in her eyes.

"I shall never see her again—never," he said over and over to himself. He would never dare to face her. She had been kind to him once, but he could not take alms from her. His bitter reveries were sharply ended by his meeting John Belmont himself. The young man was flushed and excited, and it was with a visible effort that he toned down his manner on meeting his defeated rival.

"Awfully sorry, Lord, but it's devilish good luck for me. It's an ill wind, you know. I've just been up to see Miss Delafield—not professionally. A mutual friend introduced us last week. Oh, yes, it's a great thing for me. Going to sue anybody, Lord?"

"No, I think I shall study the law," Lord answered drily. His first warm desire to kill Belmont, then and there, in the glare of the avenue, changed suddenly to a dreary sense of the uselessness of everything—even of love and hate. He turned into the nearest hotel, to write to his father that he would begin the study of law as soon as possible in the Columbia Law School. He had an odd sense, as he wrote, of taking up the thread of his life where he had dropped it ten years before. It had been the dream of Lord's father that his son should be a lawyer.

"Camille" and the other plays of Miss Delafield's repertoire gained by the accession to her company of Mr. John Belmont, who displayed his ability to play the rôle of a lover both on and off the stage. If his *Duval* never attained to the heights reached by Lord on those magical first nights, at least his playing never distracted, by its atrocities, the attention of the house from Delafield. Off the boards, his love making was robust and full of assurance. Anne Delafield, with her usual noncommittal kindness, tolerated the young man, in spite of his vast and varied stores of wearisomeness. Perhaps he diverted her, at times, when some other feeling, constantly beaten back, and constantly rising again in fresh strength, pained her too much for her patience—and even for her self respect, she sometimes told herself. But she could not permit him to tell her that he loved her. If ever again a man should tell her that he loved her, it must be—who—who, indeed?

Many men had told her that she was cold, and she had answered complacently that that was easily explainable; all the energies of her life had gone into her art, and would continue to do so.

"Now I am judged for my self confidence," she thought.

Her engagement in New York came to a successful close, and to crown a number of material good fortunes, her leading man arrived from London to end the reign of John Belmont. But though Belmont's appearance as her lover on the stage was at an end, outside the theater he was still the lover, assured and bustling. It was he who put her on her private car in Jersey City, and who said again and again, because her manner held him from saying more, that he would see her in Chicago within a few weeks. She made no answer, but busied herself with the cards on the flowers that filled the car. A porter came in with a tiny bunch of purple pansies. He said they had been left for her by a gentleman who would not give his name, a tall, dark gentleman.

"Might have been Lord," Belmont suggested flippantly. "Poor devil!—it was a big come down for him. I see him occasionally, if you'd like to send him your good by, Miss Delafield——"

"Yes, you can give him a message from me," she answered, "if you will promise me, on your honor, that you will give it word for word."

"'Pon honor? Yes, with pleasure."

She halved the bunch of pansies.

"Give him these, and tell him that I understand. Tell him that he has my very dearest love."

Five years later Lord Stanton, lawyer, married Anne Delafield, "one of the world's greatest living actresses." On their wedding day she said to him:

"You were undone as an actor, beloved, because of your love for me. If ever you cease to love me, you can go back to the stage."

But he remained a lawyer.

Anna McClure Sholl.

STORIETTES

THE UNATTAINABLE WOMAN.

A WOMAN came to the Wise Man.

"Out of your wisdom, teach me a secret," she said. "You see that I am beautiful, yet men admire without loving me. I wish to be loved—I would have men's hearts to burn at sight of me and break at parting. You know the secrets of the human soul; teach me this one."

He looked earnestly at her for a moment, and then replied, "*Make yourself unattainable.*"

Hearing him, she lingered as if in deep thought, and then went in silence.

* * * *

When she came back, she was grown older, and her eyes were troubled.

"What cheer?" asked the Wise Man.

"Barren your wisdom, for all the years it has taken you to acquire it!" she answered scornfully. "I say this, who have heard your counsels and found them valueless."

"What! Do not men love you?"

"Love me? Vain question! I tread not except on hearts."

"Was not that your desire?"

"To be unattainable is to love not; the need of my life is not love, but *to love.* What weighs the love of a world of men if I cannot waste my heart on one of them? You know nothing of the science of hearts!" And she went away disdainful.

The Wise Man bent to his scroll with a strange, inscrutable smile. Every woman that had ever been born had asked him the same question. Only one had not come back—one whose iron will had dominated her heart, and she had died obeying him.

Margaret E. O'Brien.

BACK TO ARCADY.

I—GRACIOSA.

PERHAPS 'twas boyish love—yet still,
O listless woman, weary lover!
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill
I'd give—but who can live youth over?

IN the light of maturer contemplation I am compelled to the belief that in Graciosa's novelty lay her greatest charm. I had always been a lonely little boy, and my conceptions of girlhood were singularly vague, being limited to dim ideas of beautiful princesses, captive for the most part, and melodious mermaids with golden hair. When, then, Graciosa dawned upon my horizon, her very unexpectedness doubtless served to procure my immediate thraldom.

She had, even at that early age, well developed domestic tendencies. When I first came upon her she was making tarts of mud and small pebbles, and the inherent love of hearth and home common to all men stirred perceptibly in the depths of my heart. Never before had I beheld so radiant a damosel, and never since have I discovered a nature so fond, so capricious, and so bewitching.

The uppermost object among the treasures in my old desk is a narrow blue ribbon, much wrinkled in places, which, I dare not say how many years ago, bound the firm plait of her brown hair. And here in the twilight she comes to me again in the small pink pinafore I loved so well, and, clear as a memory of yesterday, I hear the words with which she greeted me, "Boy, go away." Time is as nothing. Graciosa is once more making mud tarts, and once more I am bidden to "go away."

It was an inauspicious beginning. I hesitated and stood watching her, painfully conscious of my unworthiness to approach. The pause was a tribute to the superiority of her sex, and she seemed to divine its significance. After all, there is much usefulness in man, and she was in need of a helping hand.

"Boy, take this down to the brook and get me some water. Then I'll make you a tart."

She was holding out a blue tin pail, and I obeyed her behest as I would heed the call of the angel Gabriel. The spell was upon me, and the intoxication of her favor ran riot through every vein. I do not ever remember noticing the songs of the birds before that day, but as I stooped and dipped her pail in the brook a burst of melody came from above me, and I stood up straight and looked away across the meadow, drawing a deep breath. I was madly happy!

That first glimpse of Graciosa, her voice, her great eyes, had transformed all the world, and, without knowing or caring why, I knew I loved her. I have heard older ones, grown grim with years and forgetful of Arcadia, laugh at this love of little children, and I have pitied them for their blindness. For my own part I believe there is no sweeter, purer passion to be found along the road of life than the first love of child for child. In it there is no care for the future, no grieving for the past, but only the rapture of the moment, the confidence of innocence, the infinite privilege of saying, "I love you," at an instant's notice, and falling at once to housekeeping of an hour's duration, with only mud tarts for sustenance.

And I loved Graciosa! Bewildered at her condescension, I watched the compounding of the tart, and marveled at her dexterity. The materials were at hand, and she manipulated them skilfully. Pie crust was magically evolved from the water and the roadside dust, and plums of exceeding durability lay thickly all about us. In the delirium of the moment I believe I completely lost sight of the un-

reality of the edible, and was about to devour with a right good relish the toothsome morsel which she graciously offered me. But the plums were impossible even to a lover's palate, and I desisted shamefacedly.

"I can't eat it," I confessed. "It tastes gritty."

Graciosa withered me with a glance.

"Silly!" she said. "It's only make believe."

Make Believe! Oh, wondrous land, where pebbles are plums and mud the staff of life! What magical mysteries abound within thy borders, what fairy palaces are thine! Let cynics sneer if they will. I have spent too many golden hours in thee not to love thee for thine own sake, and for Graciosa's, whose was the dearest heart in all thine enchanted ways.

"This," said Graciosa, "is my house."

I saw nothing but a stone wall, gnarled apple trees, and sumac bushes, but if Graciosa declared these to be a house, a house they should be, and one of regal magnificence at that.

Graciosa took me by the hand, and led me into the mazes of the sumacs.

"This," she added, "is your room, and this"—indicating a space invisibly partitioned off—"is mine. And now we're married."

The suddenness of this did not surprise me. It seemed but natural, since I loved her, that we should be married and live in a sumac mansion. I took it quite as a matter of course, and am convinced I surveyed the prospect of matrimony with far more complacency than I could now summon at the mere possibility thereof.

Graciosa supplied me with a bunch of plantain leaves, by courtesy a book, and I was instructed to read while she prepared dinner. I am not sure that I found the plantains either instructive or amusing, but I perused them dutifully, pausing now and again to watch my consort, after the fashion of the newly wed, to whom the sight of their wives in the throes of culinary handicraft is a spectacle at once novel and fascinating.

Our attitudes were prophetic. It was always Graciosa who moved as leader along the highways and byways of that land of Make Believe, and always I who was content to do her bidding and duly follow in the paths which she marked out.

The flight of time has served to eradicate the acidity of the "sourgrass" salad which formed the only edible dish of that first meal in my married life; and so vivid was Graciosa's imagination and so varied her assortment of viands that it seemed to me incredible that the dinner which she then and there concocted was not the most sumptuous banquet in my experience. And while we partook of it my helpmate diligently questioned me of my name and my good and evil qualities, and gave me her own small history in return. So satisfactory were these mutual confidences that my ardor was no longer to be restrained, and burst down the flood gates of conventionality to inundate my soul with a torrent of adoration.

"I love you!" I cried impetuously.

Graciosa smiled indulgently.

"Silly boy," she said, "of course you do. Every one loves me."

"Then," I added with all tenderness, "I must kiss you."

"O, listless woman, weary lover!"

No one, it is true, can live youth over, but no one, unless his heart be made of adamant, can forget his first kiss.

There, under a sky than which no fairer ever shone on plighted troth, I kissed Graciosa. The sun was already far upon his downward way, but I heeded him not. There were but two in all that land, and they loved each other. I kissed her, I took her little hand in mine, and we sat side by side in the doorway of our house and looked out in still contentment on the world.

In my rapture I knew only that something wonderful had happened to me, something which I did not seek to understand. An hour before I had been a monster who ruthlessly ran ants and spiders to their lairs along a doorstep and there slew them, exulting in their gore. My loftiest ambition was to hoard tadpoles in a glass of water until I should see the unknowable transformation which made them four footed beasts; my greatest sorrow the untimely death of these my captives before the accomplishment of so enchanting a miracle. Now all these were forgotten.

I was alone with Graciosa, her hand was in mine, and all the witchery of love enfolded us. From time to time I kissed her, timidly and with much summoning of resolution; and Graciosa looked at me with wonder in her eyes, seeming to marvel at the greatness of my love. I doubt me much whether in later years I have ever found such ecstasy as this.

Lachesis, thou who spinnest the ominous thread of life, in all humility I pray that the blackest strand in all the warp and woof of thy contriving may signify the destiny of a maiden aunt! Such a creature it was that broke in upon our paradise, and barred the way to bliss with a flaming sword. I would, with the best will in the world, have slain her where she stood, even as I slew other ants of less power but kindlier hearts.

She came upon us suddenly, breathing vengeance. Graciosa had been lost, and they had been searching for her more than an hour. Even in the first shock of my surprise, I had a firm conviction that this must be the end. But a moment had passed, and in that brief space Graciosa had been slapped, and I, her lawful spouse, had been called a "dirty little boy."

Yes, it must be the end. I beheld her, dissolved in tears, led away, and when a turning in the lane hid the avenging fury and the pink pinafore from view, I was sure I had seen the last of my love.

Sadly I turned back into my ruined mansion. The flush of the setting sun seemed reflected in the flaming leaves of the sumacs, and the wind crept sorrowfully through my roof tree,

but the presence that had made my home a heaven was gone. The toothsome tarts were but mud after all, the dishes flat stones, the salad a few shreds of dusty grass.

The dream was over, and I could but go homeward and endure in gloomy resignation the scolding which, the supper hour being past, was inevitable. Yet there is a silver lining to every cloud, and before I left the sumac house I found the blue ribbon which had bound her hair, and which I hold in my hand tonight.

Dear little Graciosa! I wonder where she may be now, or if she has already gone to a land where her rosiest dreams have paled before the radiance of better things.

Alas, of all my loves that I must say—
Where art thou now, sweet love of yesterday?

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

A MODEL FOR THE MADONNA.

He had poked his inquisitive English nose into every nook and corner of old Madrid, and was about to bid farewell to the world famed gallery of pictures, the gay Prado, and the restless Puerta del Sol, when he saw *her* coming down the cathedral steps in the glorious sunlight of a Spanish morn. She was tall, supple, matchless of form, with great dark, southern eyes, a soft white throat, and a mouth whose childish innocence and rich vermilion lines were beautiful enough to vanquish the peace of any man. Her head was erect, and the light of heaven itself seemed to linger in her eyes.

"Unpack my boxes, Pedro," he said to his attendant, as soon as he reached the hotel. "I shall not leave today. I have found the model for my Madonna; I shall begin my great picture at once. Ye gods, I do not marvel that the Spaniards put their souls upon canvas with such women for their inspiration!"

"You have found her, senor? What you have so long sought?"

"Yes, what I have prayed for ever since I crossed the Pyrenees—a woman with a face beautiful, chaste, ethereal enough to pose as the Virgin for my masterpiece. Until today I have seen only the sensuous type, the women of blood and muscle, of feeling and passion. Today I met a saint, an angel—a breathing emblem of sanctity and purity. She seems too divine for earth, with the light of the beyond in her beautiful, spiritual face; and the breath of heaven has caressed her soul and sent its luminous welcome through her eyes like a promise of redemption and salvation.

"It was quite accidental—the meeting. I went to San Francisco el Grande to take a last look at old Ribera's work, and on the threshold I met her coming out. I did not enter the church—it seemed too sacred to be desecrated by any man; I stood spellbound until she had passed from sight. As she dropped some money into a child's hand I heard her say something about the morrow. I shall go again tomorrow, feast my eyes on her loveliness, and learn who she is. Prepare the great canvas, Pedro; I must begin my picture at once—my Madonna, the dream of my life!"

On the morrow he was before San Francisco's sacred portals again, accompanied by an old professor who had lived all his life in Madrid, and knew, by sight, every man, woman, and child in the city.

"There she comes!" the painter exclaimed breathlessly, as the great doors swung open, and a superb creature, straight as a palm, and with all the dazzling beauty of her race in every curve of form and feature, walked slowly down the marble steps. "Tell me her name; present me to that woman, and I will give you a thousand pesetas," he whispered eagerly to his companion.

The professor learned forward an angle or two, and then smiled.

"*Felicito á V!* That is easy, senor; you shall know her before nightfall. That woman is Senorita Junita Castelar, our most famous *torera*. She will enter the arena tomorrow, senor, to kill six bulls, and she is here today to prepare her soul in case of an accident—they always do that, you know—although she will not fall, for she has killed as many as two hundred bulls. You will see her tomorrow, senor; it will be a great fight. Only Luis Mazzantini, the greatest *espada* the world has ever known, can equal her daring and the skill with which she buries her sword, up to the hilt, in the neck of the bull. Ah, it is a grand sight. All Spain is mad about her!"

"Pedro," said the Englishman, half an hour later, "you need not unpack my boxes; we will go today. I shall never paint the picture of the Virgin."

Virginia Rosalie Coxe.

THE CHORD OF LOVE.

Miss Van Cortland drew the small tea table nearer, and rearranged the dainty cups with fingers that trembled in spite of herself. Once or twice she glanced at the clock on the mantel—nervously, expectantly. Then she sat down and began to think—to think of "him," of the years that had flown since last they met. And he, after a silence of ten years, had written to her that he would call today. It had been like a voice from the past. She looked thoughtfully into the glowing coals in the grate. Would he find her changed? How would he look? Did he still care? She hoped not, for time is a great softener of all things; and then—he was married!

There was a ring at the door. She rose and stood before the mirror that hung above the mantel, and looked at herself. Time had dealt gently with her, but then she was only eight and twenty, after all. There was a knock on the door. She turned suddenly, and heard Parker's bland, well modulated voice.

"Mr. Geoffrey Goddard to see you, ma'am. Shall I show him up?"

"Yes."

Parker bowed, and the curtain fell behind him. Miss Van Cortland stood where she was.

with an expectant face turned toward the door. She wondered how she could be so calm. The slight nervousness of half an hour ago had vanished completely. She heard steps on the stairs. Yes, she was glad that she had arranged to see him here in her own little den—alone! It was more cozy than the library, less formal than the drawing room. A figure stood within the doorway for a moment, passive, still, until Parker had announced him, and left. Then he advanced out of the shadow of the curtain, went straight to her, and took her hand.

"Eleanor!" was all he said. It was only one word, but in spite of the control he had put upon himself, there were in it all the agony and regret, the passion and the love, of a lifetime.

"Eleanor!" he repeated.

"It is good to see you again—ten years is a long while for friends to be parted," she said quietly. Her tone and gesture were cordial, but that was all. He could hardly have expected anything different, and yet——

"Sit down here," she went on, "and tell me all about yourself. What have you been doing? Where have you been living? And your wife—I hear you are married."

"Yes, I am married," he said. "But you are Miss Van Cortland still. Why?"

Eleanor looked at him, and a slight flush rose to her face.

"Oh, you see, I am such an old maid now, no one will have me."

"Nonsense," he replied seriously. After a moment's hesitation, he went on. "We are old friends—such old friends; will you not tell me the real reason? Is it because you once loved, and—and it ended?"

"No," she said, speaking without emotion.

Goddard toyed with a cup and saucer on the table. Miss Van Cortland continued:

"It is only in novels that men and women remain single all their lives, mourning for an early love. It is not so in real life." The man dropped his eyes before her steady gaze. "You see that sort of thing is romantic—and unnatural," she added.

"Is it?" he asked absently.

There was a long silence. Miss Van Cortland lighted the little alcohol lamp beneath the copper kettle.

"You must have a cup of tea," she said. "Afternoon tea is such a sociable custom. Don't you think so?"

Goddard did not answer. He rose, went over to where she sat, and laid one hand gently on her own.

"Eleanor," he said, "why keep up this farce? I have come to see you, to talk about yourself, myself, the past. You *must* listen."

"Geoffrey"—it was the first time that afternoon that she had called him so—"oh, Geoffrey, can't you see it is not right for you to do this? Your wife——"

"She does not love me," he replied. "I do not love her. We are wretchedly, miserably unhappy. I love only you, Eleanor. I have loved you all my life!"

The woman rose and faced him. There was a touch of scorn in her voice.

"And yet you left me for her."

"Yes, I was mad, blind!"

The woman looked into the fire. She spoke softly, as if to herself.

"That summer—you and I—the little ring!"

"Where is it now?" he asked.

"Locked away," she said gently—"locked away with the other childish things I have outgrown."

"You did wear it, then—after I went away?"

"For a time, yes."

"Then you did care?"

Eleanor rested one hand on the table, and looked down upon it.

"No, I did not care," she said. "'Care' is too slight a word. I loved you as I thought no girl had ever loved before."

There was a silence. The faint humming of the little copper kettle was the only sound that broke the stillness of the room.

"We knew each other always," she went on; "but somehow I never thought of you as anything more than a friend. You were more like my brother until that summer."

Goddard bowed his head. He did not speak. He could not. The woman's voice went on—so low, so tender, yet without a note of passion or longing in it.

"And then my heart awoke and it was good to live—to live and love. You went away, and I waited for you to come back. Every day I learned to love you more. But you, man-like, forgot."

Goddard's face was pale and drawn. "And you have no reproof for me?" he asked.

"Not now."

He went up to her and caught her in his arms. "Not now!" he repeated. "Does that mean that you no longer care? And you said you loved me. Can such love die? Tell me it is not true. Tell me you love me yet!"

Eleanor wrenched herself free. "How dare you?" she said.

"Forgive me," he said humbly.

"Yes—this once I will forgive you."

"Will you answer me one question?" he asked.

"I will try."

"If I were free again, and I came to you today and asked you to be my wife, what would you say?"

"If you were free and should come to me today," she answered gently, "and ask me to be your wife, I should say no."

"Are you sure, Eleanor?"

"Yes, quite sure. In the first months of your married life, when I schooled myself to do without you, I did not learn the hard lesson in vain."

"Then if some other man were to come, and you found you loved him, you would marry him?"

"Yes."

"And the reason you have remained single is because he has not come?"

"Yes."

"I hope, for your sake, he may soon be here;" and he stooped and kissed her on the forehead gently, tenderly, reverently. In another instant he was gone.

Eleanor went back into the empty room, and stood gazing thoughtfully into the dying embers. Then she crossed the room and extinguished the little lamp.

"Happiness may come to him yet, but love is not for me," she said. From a distant corner a photograph looked down upon her as she spoke. It was a man's likeness. Was it but the flickering of the dying firelight, or did it really smile?

A year rolled round, and lo! a master hand came and struck the chord of love, and its music was more mellow and more sweet for lying mute so long.

Maud Howard Peterson.

THE DIFFERENCE.

He was driving home in his well appointed brougham, his finely shaped, clean cut head stiff on his shoulders, and his arms folded close.

Away back in years so far gone that they seemed like another man's life, he had feared to enter upon a public career on account of the shadow of that old folly; but even its memory had been dead for a decade. The thought of it had been loathsome to him, and he had buried it. How could others remember when he had forgotten?

They had not remembered accurately. His ears had been split for hours by the cries of newsboys whose wares told the miserable story to the world. It had been telegraphed all over the country, and it might at this critical time change the politics of a nation. But the story had been taken by the wrong end. He could show that some of it was false, and the bare skeleton left would not seriously injure him in the last instance.

But there was Edith! As he thought of his wife his marrow seemed to freeze. His beautiful, stately wife, who had exchanged her proud old name for his, which he had dragged from obscurity by mere personal force! It was with a grain of comfort that he remembered that all the truth had not been published, and he could attack part as false. A loophole remained to him. She might consider him a victim. After all, she was a woman, and women listen to explanations from those they love. He was a victim. Why should his correct middle age suffer for the folly of a boy? It was horrible injustice.

She sat at home and waited. Her sister, her mother, and her dearest friend had come and gone. Her family had wearied her with their indignation and anger. Her friend had been cool, philosophical, as her close friends must be. This one was famous as a woman who despised sentiment. She had advised a calm, chilly, dignified demand for penitence, with a prospect of forgiveness. Incidentally, she mentioned cynically that she herself had tried this plan of treating an erring husband, and had found it efficient. She advised against divorce. It was vulgar; and, besides, one did not want to live eternally alone, and in the long run one man was much like another. He would pay for his folly; he was paying for it now, in the publicity. Then the friend had lifted her perfumed fur and gone away, her carriage making way for the husband's as it drove under the *porte cochère*.

And as she, up in her dressing room, heard the roll of the brougham, she smiled. She had been trying to keep from smiling all day, and had hidden her face that they might not see. The bare twigs in the park were putting out swelling buds, that filled the damp evening air with fragrance. She drew it in gladly. Spring was in the air. She still wore the white silk *negligée* she had put on in the morning. The gas was unlighted, but the electric light in the park filled the room with a moonlike radiance.

Her husband opened the door and came in, walking with confidence. She did not move, and he stooped as if to kiss her. She rose to her feet, away from his caress—beautiful, tall, and white, wraith-like against the frost of the curtains.

"Henry," she said—and he thought he had never heard her voice so full and rich, the contralto note so thrilling—"there is something I ought to have told you long ago. It was only today that I could. You are a just man, too just, I have thought sometimes." The simple words "too just" could not express the pent up feelings of those years when she had never seen one deviation from the path of rectitude, when she had feared to let an impulse show itself to this cold and perfect man.

Her husband still remained silent, and folded his arms.

"Do not think I mean to say one word to add to your—worry." Her voice almost broke, and then went on rapidly. "I am not sorry. I know—nobody can understand so well as I—what temptation may have come to your youth. It—it—" she let her proud head fall—"I can forgive you. I have nothing to forgive. It also came to mine. I was a child. I loved another man before I knew you; and then, when I came to know you—he was dead. I loved you, and I could not tell you, you were so good. It has been a bar between us all these years. Ah!"—she held out her arms, and the tears were on her cheeks and in her voice—"we can say to each other, 'Forgive me, as I forgive you.' We were both human children."

The man sprang toward her and grasped her arms in a vice.

"Edith!" he said, and his voice was full of anger, unbelief, and horror. "Are you mad? What are you saying? Those lies have turned your brain!"

And then, as he realized all of her meaning, he flung her from him as he had flung that degraded sin of his youth, and with a curse in his throat turned and left her there.

Anna Leach.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

SEXES AND PRICES AT THE OPERA.

One thing has been clearly proven in New York this winter. It is women who love the opera. At every matinée all the tickets were sold, and in many cases twice as many could have been disposed of. Looking over the house at night, too, it was easy to see that women largely predominated.

It seemed to a casual observer that an injustice was done to the band of students and music lovers, mostly women, who pay a dollar a seat in the highest gallery. They have the poorest seats in the house, where it is difficult to see, and where the *vibration* of the music never comes. Nothing is made convenient for them. Half the time there are no programs, and yet when a gala night comes, the prices of their seats are doubled, while the people in the orchestra, to whom such expenses are presumably trifles, have only about forty per cent added to the cost of their chairs.

The Metropolitan company asked much less for seats in Boston than in New York. Where New Yorkers had to pay five dollars, the Bostonians were taxed but $3.50—a gratifying concession of a dollar and a half to New England thrift.

A NEW OPERA HOUSE IN NEW YORK.

As was mentioned in an earlier issue of MUNSEY'S, Mr. John Schoeffel has hitherto refused to join his two partners, Henry Abbey and Maurice Grau, in the production of grand opera. He said that it was too speculative a business to expend six or seven thousand dollars for one evening's performance, with the chance of losing it if a singer had a sore throat. But the operatic bee has stung him at last, and Abbey's Theater will become an opera house after this season. It will not attempt to rival the Metropolitan, but will be managed upon the lines of the Opéra Comique in Paris, producing such operas as "Maritana," "Martha," and "The Bohemian Girl," presumably with such singers as Sybil Sanderson, whose voice cannot be heard beyond the footlights in the larger building. In many cases the librettos will have to be translated, as Mr. Grau has promised that all performances shall be in English. Arrangements are being made for the formation of a permanent company which will be at the theater most of the year. It will open an entirely new field to a class of singers who do not care to sing in comic opera, and whose voices are not equal to the great rôles. New Orleans has had something like this for a number of years, but it has never been seriously tried in New York.

NEVADA AND PREVOST IN PHILADELPHIA.

This season, for the first time, Philadelphia has had a season of French and Italian opera. Nearly thirty operas were produced, and Mme. Nevada was seen in ten different rôles. It was evident that the Quaker City wanted "hurdy-gurdy" music. The popular operas were "Mignon" and "Trovatore," while "Sigurd" fell flat.

Compared with the work that Melba, Nordica, and Calvé do at the Metropolitan in New York, Mme. Nevada's voice is light and ineffective. It is doubtful if she could sing the modern operas. But in the parts that she undertakes she is equal to any prima donna singing today. Her voice is full of a sweetness which surpasses strength; and she looks as young and as pretty as when she was the Parisian favorite years ago. She is an actress, full of coquetries, of fresh, unwearying charm. Prevost ably supported her in most of her rôles. His *Tell* was one of the hits of the season.

AMERICAN OPERA.

Since the success of Mr. Damrosch's opera founded upon Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," there is some talk of his organizing a company to sing American opera. We have not many native music dramas of a serious character. Only one had appeared before Mr. Damrosch's, and that was a very old one based upon James Fenimore Cooper's "Spy." But the start only needs to be made. News has come from Berlin that the very conservative and exclusive opera house of the German capital has accepted a one act piece by an American, Henry Waller. Mr. Waller is the author of a light opera, "The Ogallallas," which was produced with some success by the Bostonians. The new work is taken from a story by Young E. Allison, the libretto being written by H. L. Wilson and W. L. Hubbard. It is called "Fra Francesco; a Monastic Episode." It is humiliating that an American should go to a foreign country to ask them to produce his opera, when the artists of the world crowd to America for expression—and payment.

RECENT GERMAN OPERA.

When "Hansel und Gretel" was produced here last autumn, few people realized that it was one of the most successful German operas of the past twenty years, leaving out the Wagnerian dramas. For two decades not many good operas have come into the field. One reason is that people care more for whom they hear in opera than for what they hear. The old pieces are made new by each generation of artists.

"Hansel und Gretel" was received here as a fairy play for children as much as anything else, and while it was much discussed among artistic and musical people, the public generally did not know that with "Das Goldene Kreuz," "Die Königin Von Saba," and "Der Trompeter

von Sakkingen," it stands at the head of German opera today.

To this list may be added a new opera by Dr. Wilhelm Kienzl. It is called "Der Evangelimann." The author calls it a musical drama, as the music is distinctly intended to interpret the libretto. Like the work of one of America's popular writers, it is more or less imitative of most of the masters of music, but it is popular and pleasing. It has been heard, or soon will be heard, in every large opera house in Germany, and was lately brought out in Vienna. The composer is an Austrian by birth, his father being burgomaster of Gratz, in Styria.

The plot of the opera is interesting. It was taken from the notebook of an Austrian lawyer, whose practice had been chiefly in the criminal courts. The story Dr. Kienzl has used is that of two brothers who lived in a village on the banks of the Danube. The girl they both loved preferred the younger, and arranged to meet him one night. The elder brother fired the house where the lovers were concealed. They escaped with their lives, but the younger brother was accused of arson, and condemned to twenty years' imprisonment. His sweetheart killed herself in despair. After his release her lover became an *Evangelimann*, a sort of religious beggar, and came at last to his brother's deathbed. With this thread the composer has made some charming scenes that have proved extremely popular with German audiences.

The principal part was sung, at Vienna, by Van Dyck, who has made a great reputation as *Faust*. One of the surprises of the production was the success of an American girl, Miss Edith Walker, in a comparatively small rôle. Miss Walker has a fine contralto, and has been engaged for three years at the Vienna Opera. She was educated in Dresden with one of the famous old singers there, and spent years in perfecting her rich and beautiful voice.

RICHARD WAGNER'S SON.

Frau Cosima Wagner and her son Siegfried have already begun their rehearsals for next season's opera at Bayreuth. Walter Damrosch makes the curious observation that certain parts of Wagner's operas which formerly could always be depended upon for a startling effect, are falling flat with the present season's audiences. This is particularly true in parts of "Tristan und Isolde." It must be that the peculiar class of emotions which some parts of Wagner arouse are not entirely popular in the West, where the operas were played early in the season.

Siegfried Wagner was lately called upon by his father's old friend, Hans Richter, to lead the orchestra at the Vienna opera house. His appearance there created a sensation. The son of Wagner, and the grandson of Franz Liszt, Siegfried Wagner has an inheritance of musical genius and of striking features that gives him a remarkable personality. He conducted the "Siegfried Idyl," which was dedicated to him by Richard Wagner when he was a babe in his cradle. As his baton rose and fell, tears were brought to his eyes by memories of his father, of whose tenderness and genius the music was created. There were tears, too, in the eyes of the older artists in the audience, who saw in the young man the strong cut features of two well known old friends.

TERNINA CRITICISES BAYREUTH.

Fräulein Ternina, who is with Walter Damrosch's opera company, first sang her famous part of *Brunnhild* under the direction of Anton Seidl in Bremen. She is a dark skinned brunette woman, strong and full of life. The singers in the German company are by no means as handsome as the galaxy of American, French, Austrian, and Polish vocalists who come to the Metropolitan Opera House, but as a rule they are infinitely better actors.

Fräulein Ternina has rather scorned the pretensions of some of the singers who feel that they have had the seal of approval set upon their ability to sing Wagnerian rôles by having been invited to Bayreuth. She says that while Bayreuth is still regarded with honor in Germany, it has by no means the prestige which it enjoyed before the death of the master. She insinuates that singers have appeared on that famous stage who were brought there for other reasons than their vocal or dramatic ability.

A ROYAL MUSIC LOVER.

Queen Margherita of Italy is a finished musician, and one of the best musical critics in Europe. She has expended great care upon the cultivation of her voice, though it has never been very strong. She plays the piano with great expression, and has composed some charming piano music, which she gives to her friends in her own manuscript.

But it is as a student of music and its history, and as a collector, that the queen is chiefly remarkable. She has gathered together a collection of musical scores that is one of the best in the world. She recently presented a number of sixteenth century madrigals to one of the Italian public libraries. The madrigal was the most popular music at the period of the Renaissance, and those of Palestrina are enjoying a sort of revival at the present moment. They were complimentary odes, written in the daintiest poetry, often by the best poets, always addressed to some lady, and set to music by famous musicians. They were written to be sung without any instrumental accompaniment, and usually for four or six voices. Later, instruments were added. Tasso, the Prince of Venosa, and many of the famous men of the day wrote madrigals, and they were sung in Italian gardens among the marble temples and clipped bushes which heard the Decameron.

CALVÉ AND TRILBY.

Mascagni says that at least fifteen hundred librettos are composed in Italy every year, and of these about two hundred are sent to him. And yet it is the old stories that are told and retold on the operatic stage. However good,

strong, and dramatic a play may be, it is always looked at askance as a libretto by those who must invest money in its production. Every man who can string rhymes thinks he can write a libretto.

The latest one by Henri Cain is said to be made on Du Maurier's irrepressible "Trilby," and it is rumored in Paris that Emma Calvé is to have the title rôle. A woman who can make herself up to look blue eyed, as she does in "Mefistofele," can look like *Trilby* or anybody else.

It is said that a manager has offered Calvé $2,500 a night for a season of "Carmen" in America next year. The country is full of people who have heard of her incomparable *Carmen*, and every city would supply audiences to hear her.

A BELATED FAREWELL.

Patti says that a million francs have been offered her to make another "farewell tour" in America, but she refused. It is well. We do not deny that the offer has been made, but the man who made it would certainly lose money if it were accepted.

A reputation counts for a great deal in America. People with artistic tastes create the reputation to begin with, and it takes time for their opinion to make its way into the knowledge of the untaught millions who know only what they are told by those in authority. It takes about as long for the adverse decision to go down; yet when an American is distinctly bored, he may not complain, but he will find some excuse for staying away.

One of the values of a reputation was shown by a curious incident at the Metropolitan this winter. Maurel came on the stage and sang for fifteen minutes before he was recognized. When the audience at last realized that they had before them "the first baritone in Europe," they let him know that his reputation was worth something, even if his voice was not.

But the general public is not going to hear Patti any more. It has found her out. She is still a favorite in conservative England, where they continue to admire a voice because their grandfathers did; but American taste is more restless. We are still trying to tell ourselves that Jean de Reszke's voice is as thrilling and beautiful as it ever was, but even that will not last for more than a few seasons longer.

AN IRISH BALLAD SINGER.

Mr. Plunkett Greene is again in America, singing his way into the hearts of his listeners. This phenomenally tall young Irishman, who trembles like an aspen when he sings, and who appears to place his large white hands where their vibrations will be most visible, is more original than the casual listener might suppose. Take up a sheet of one of his old ballads, and the music looks most unpromising. The whole effect is in his manner of singing it.

He brought a collection of old German religious songs this year which are unique, and in some cases tenderly beautiful. But it is in "Go and Call the Cattle Home" that the exquisite quality, not only of his voice, but of his interpretation, is most fully exhibited. In songs like this Mr. Greene gains something of the personal feeling which goes out to a favorite actor in drama or opera. He creates a scene. His sea songs, and the familiar Irish ballad in which we are asked why "all the gaiety" should "go to the laity," are full of humor, every point of which is brought out by the singer. Mr. Greene is in great demand in the smaller cities. He is an artist who does not require an artistic audience to be thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed.

A NEW POLISH PIANIST.

Miss Janotha has been a very prominent feature of the world of music in New York during the past few months. She brought to America a talent which was immediately recognized, and which had the addition of a most charming personality. She is of Polish ancestry, and like many of her nation began her musical career at so tender an age that she was looked upon as a prodigy. Through some thread of relationship she is said to be connected with the old royal house of Poland.

At the very edge of her babyhood her musical education was begun, and all of her life she has had the very best instructors. Rubinstein was a friend of her family, and was the early adviser of the child's studies. As she grew a little older she was sent to Mme. Clara Schumann. One night, at a great concert in London, Mme. Schumann was ill, and the young Janotha, with no little nervousness, went on and filled her place in the program. Instead of being merely the stopgap that had been expected, she was received with enthusiasm, and called again and again. Royalty took her up, and she became the favorite of the court of England and its many branches. The Kaiser appointed her court pianist at Berlin, and through this influence she was made an honorary member of almost every musical society in Europe. A few years ago she originated the Chopin Memorial Concerts, and helped to place a tablet to the great Polish musician in the church where he was christened.

Miss Janotha's chapel on the Isle of Wight is an object of great interest. It was arranged and cared for by her. The Pope sent it his especial blessing, and it has received many gifts from the court. She is an earnest pianist, whose head has not been in the least turned by the attention she has received. It is a mistake to say that all genius is modest, but the glamour of this young woman's fame has not blinded her.

DE LUSSAN AND ELLA RUSSELL IN LONDON.

It has been conclusively proven—so we are informed by people who see an argument in every happening—that it is women alone who patronize musical events. They place in evidence the fact that the Carl Rosa company gave its London performances this year be-

tween luncheon and afternoon tea. The innovation was due, however, to the fact that it could not arrange to secure a London theater in the evening.

Ella Russell, the American singer who was about the brightest star in the Rosa company, has lately been through a novel law suit. It was brought against a Mr. Notcutt, the editor of a musical journal, who sometimes manages concerts.

Mme. Russell agreed to sing at one of his concerts, and in the list of artists her name was placed at the top; but the next number of the journal put her below somebody else. She promptly resigned. The editor published her name again, still lower in the list, and she sued him for libel and won a hundred pounds' damages. Several of the leading musicians in London testified that an artist could not afford to take second place even for once, as it did serious injury to her professional reputation.

Elizabeth in "Tannhäuser" is one of Mme. Russell's favorite rôles. The Carl Rosa company was the first to produce this opera in England, in 1882. Another member of it is Zelie de Lussan, who is well known here. She is playing *Carmen* this year in a style that is said to be suggestive of Calvé's. Her sparkling face and vivacious manner make her an ideal gipsy. "The Daughter of the Regiment" gave Miss de Lussan another success. This opera has been out of the way for several years, and was only revived to afford de Lussan the opportunity to show her dash and humor as the *vivandière*.

THE WALTZ KING.

Johann Strauss, whose music is so full of spontaneity and life, cannot work to order. Sometimes weeks and months will go by without his touching a pen, or even a piano. He utterly relaxes himself, visits his friends, drives, and lives like any other man of leisure. When an idea strikes him, he jots it down. Sometimes his only available notebook is his cuff, and he comes home from a dinner with his left sleeve gray with pencil marks. It was in this way that "Die Fledermaus" and "Prince Methusalem" were written.

His friend Johannes Brahms goes over every line of Strauss' music, considering it not only as a lesson in popularity, and delightful, but thoroughly artistic.

A VETERAN BALLADIST.

The author of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," and "Life on the Ocean Wave," is still living, hale and hearty at the age of eighty two. It is nearly forty years since Henry Russell, the best known of living balladists, was in this country, but the memory of his songs is still fresh. During his life he has composed and published over eight hundred songs. Among them was "The Ivy Green," which Charles Dickens wrote for him, and which was afterward published in "The Pickwick Papers." Others no less famous were "Woodman, Spare That Tree," written by the old time American poet, George P. Morris; "Old Dan Tucker," "Buffalo Girls," and "There's a Good Time Coming."

It was Epes Sargent, the versatile Boston journalist and littérateur, who wrote the words of "Life on the Ocean Wave." The two men, who were friends, were strolling along the Battery when the idea came to Sargent. They immediately went up to a music store on lower Broadway. There the words were put on paper, and Russell sat down at the piano and rapidly picked out the tune we know today.

Mr. Russell has a pleasant home in London. His son, the Rev. Lloyd Russell, is a clergyman of some prominence, and vicar of the Church of the Annunciation at Chiselhurst, in Kent.

SOME MUSICAL PRODIGIES.

Musicians develop their talent earlier than other human beings who happen to possess a touch of the divine fire. Their gift appears to be something entirely apart from the rest of the mental constitution. It can show itself in brains otherwise totally undeveloped, while in numberless great men it has been wholly absent. It affords the strongest arguments for the theory that all genius is more or less closely akin to intellectual disease.

Émile Sauret, of whom we spoke last month in this department, was one of those remarkable children who seem to be born with the talent for music fully developed. He made a tour through Germany, playing to large audiences, when he was eight. It was when he was fifteen that de Bériot first heard him play, in Brussels. Struck with the boy's talent, de Bériot offered to take him in hand. He went to Paris and was set at work upon the technique of his art. His later success is a familiar story.

But it is not only Europe that can produce musical prodigies. Our own American West has sent at least one out into the world. Maximilian Dick, who was heard here this winter with Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, and whose steady improvement year by year gives promise of great things yet to come, was playing in concerts at nine.

A PUPIL'S VIEW OF JOACHIM.

Willy Burmester, the young violinist, will probably come to America in the autumn. He left the continent for a series of engagements in England during February and March, playing at the Crystal Palace.

Burmester studied with Joachim, but he shows himself a most ungrateful pupil. "I learned nothing from him," he says. "I got more harm than good from him. The pupil who goes to Joachim must expect to learn nothing unless he will completely sacrifice his own individuality. He is a stencil plate applied to music."

Burmester is a Finn, who was early instructed by a very clever father. After his studies with Joachim he went back to Finland and worked alone.

LITERARY WORKERS OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

THE REMARKABLE OUTBURST OF CREATIVE GENIUS THAT MARKED THE EARLY DAYS OF CALIFORNIA—BRET HARTE, JOAQUIN MILLER, AND THE MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE FOLLOWED THEM IN MANY BRANCHES OF LITERATURE.

AMERICAN civilization had scarcely taken possession of the Pacific slope, the "gold fever" was still in the air, and the freighter's wagon was only beginning to yield before the advent of the railroad, when the world was startled by an outburst of literary genius in the young community of our furthest West.

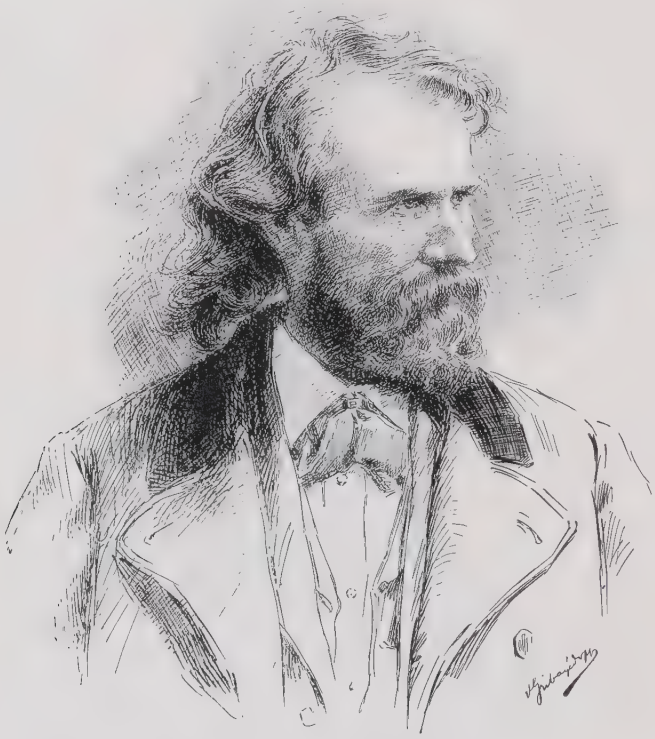
It appeared as if California must indeed be a land of magic. Her rocks were veined with gold, her climate was that of an earthly paradise, and she seemed to inspire her sons with a new and strange creative power. The humor of Mark Twain—which was best when it was freshest—the matchless pathos of Bret Harte, and the fervid imagination of Joaquin Miller, were hailed as a literary revelation. These were unshackled workers in an untried field, and everywhere the eyes of hopeful observers were turned to them as to men who had found an unknown treasure.

The brilliant promise of those early days has hardly been fulfilled. Those of its founders still remain the most brilliant names of Californian literature; and of those

Ina Coolbrith.

From a photograph by Roseti, New York.

founders, some can no longer be reckoned as Californians. Joaquin Miller's home still looks down upon the busy gate of the Pacific, but Harte and Twain went "back East" twenty five years ago, and have become globe trotters and cosmopolitans. Their successors are many, and have done good work in many branches of literature; yet none has equaled the fame of the great pioneers.



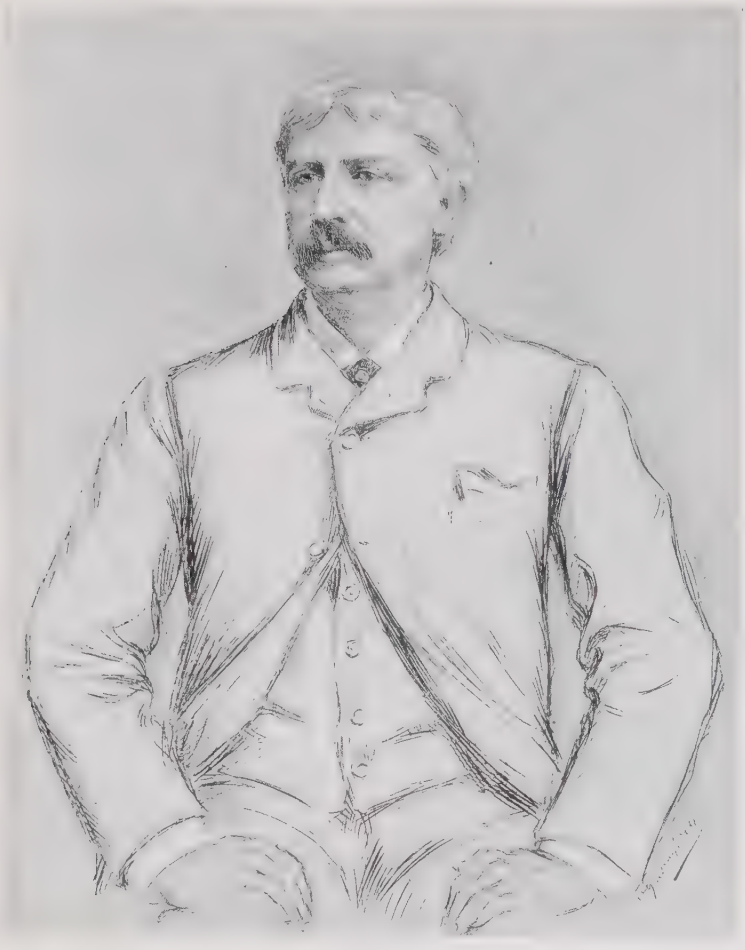
Joaquin Miller.
Drawn by V. Gribayédoff.

Unquestionably there is much to stimulate the literary imagination in California. Her physical magnitude and resources, the splendid scenic variety that lies between her snow clad mountains and her subtropical seas; her proverbially glorious sunshine, her opulence in fruit and flower; then her history, brief yet exceedingly romantic, her mixed strains of population, her vast production of wealth, and her promised development as the mistress of the wide Pacific—all these things may well inspire thoughts worthy of expression. Her loyal sons claim for her that nature made her to be the Athens of America; that her sunset shores are bathed in the very atmosphere of the "city of the violet crown," whose people, as one of their poets said,

> Ever delicately march
> Through the most pellucid air.

It is certainly true that her literary activity is of remarkable extent. It is also true that her influence upon writers who have but temporarily sojourned within her gates has been deep and lasting. Mark Twain spent only half a dozen years in California and Nevada, yet they colored all his best work. Even Bret Harte, who writes of nothing but the life of the Pacific slope, dwelt there for no more than seventeen of his fifty seven years.

It is to Eastern publishers and periodicals, naturally, that most Californian writers still must look for their means of access to the audience of the world at large. It was at the editorial desk of the *Overland Monthly* that Bret Harte made his first reputation; but though he has had clever successors in such men as Charles Howard Shinn and the present editor, Rounsevelle



F. Bret Harte.
Drawn by V. Gribayédoff.

Wildman, his name yet remains the chief glory of the *Overland's* annals. Meanwhile the daily journalism of San Francisco has touched literature at many points. W. C. Morrow, "leader writer" of the *Call*, is widely known for his short stories. George Hamlin Fitch, who for fifteen years has been writing the *Chronicle's* book reviews, is a critic of rare experience and acumen, and a valued contributor to the best reviews. John Bonner, a Canadian by birth, who was long connected with the *Call*, and who has also made his mark as a journalist in New York, is the author of several legal and historical works. Frank Bailey Millard, literary editor of the *Examiner*, has produced a long list of clever sketches of California life. Peter Robertson, dramatic critic of the *Chronicle*, is a leader in his branch of the profession, and an author of some successful librettos. It was on the *Chronicle*, too, that Edward W. Townsend, of "Chimmie Fadden" fame, graduated as a newspaper man. Arthur McEwen, who can write stories as well as political satires, is another active figure in the journalism of the Golden Gate City.

Joaquin Miller's characteristic home on Oakland Heights has often been pictured, and was described in a former number of MUNSEY'S (June, 1893). Near it there has grown up something of a literary colony. About a quarter of a mile below lives Charles Edwin Markham; a little further down, Adeline Knapp, author of the "social problem" story, "A Thousand Dollars a Day"; still nearer to the city, Ina Coolbrith, whose poem "California" was so much

admired by Whittier that he learned it by heart. Miss Coolbrith is librarian of the Oakland Public Library.

Professor Markham is one of the best known Californian writers of the day. He is a genuine son of the Pacific slope, born in Oregon and bred in California. He was "discovered," a good many years ago, by Edmund Clarence Stedman, and since then

Mrs. Riggs (Kate Douglas Wiggin).

his verses have made their way all over the country. His metrical work is the relaxation of a busy life as a teacher, for he is principal of a large school in Oakland. Yet he has the highest literary ideals, as may be seen from his lines on "The Poet":

> His home is in the heights; to him
> Men wage a battle weird and dim;
> Life is a mission stern as fate,
> And song a dread apostolate;
> The perilous music that he hears
> Falls from the vortex of the spheres.

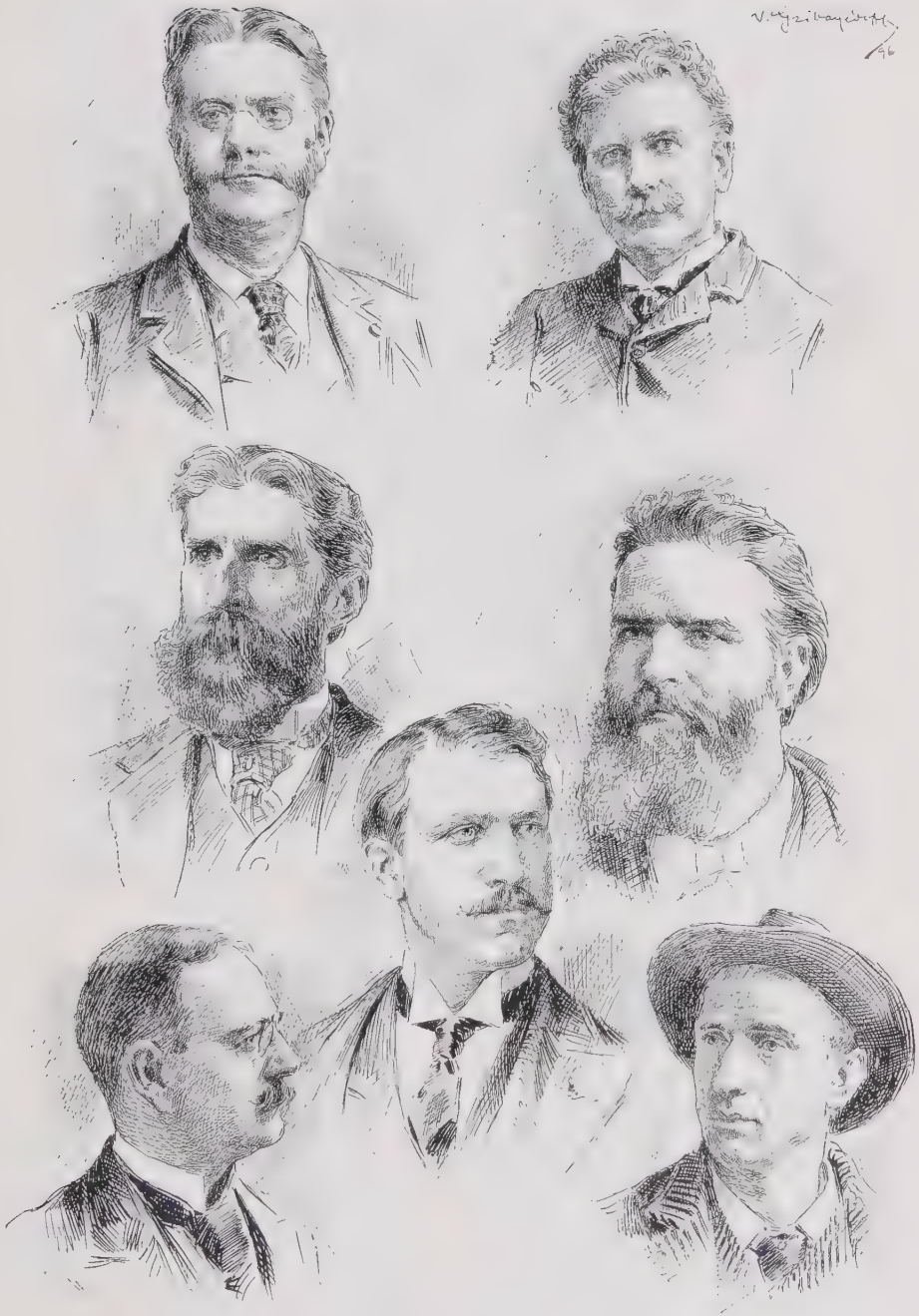
He is a social philosopher, too, and shares his neighbor Miller's belief in "the doctrine of toil." A few years ago he left his books and his pupils, set himself to labor at a forge, and resumed his teaching only when he had mastered the blacksmith's craft.

Ambrose Bierce is a younger writer, a man of great powers, much promise, and some achievement. As a literary personality, he suggests both Miller and Poe. Master of a strong and individual style, he draws faithful pictures of human nature as he sees it through the distorting lens of a pessimistic temperament. He is a bitter satirist, an inveterate foe of sham and pretense, and a scorner of convention. He has published fables, short stories, and novels. "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter," a curious study of medieval life and passion, is a characteristic specimen of his clever yet uneven fiction.

Gertrude Atherton has left California, to settle in a New York suburb, but her work classes her with the far Western school. The early days of the missions and of Spanish rule have given Mrs. Atherton her most congenial field, and she has successfully reproduced their atmosphere in her best novels, "What Dreams May Come," and "The Doomswoman." Against a background of their romantic traditions, she paints the world old story of passion—vague, dreamy, idyllic, yet strong and elemental.

Turning from fiction and poetry to a widely different field, several Californians have won fame in the literature of science. Foremost among them stand Edward S. Holden and the veteran Joseph Le Conte. The former is director of the famous Lick Observatory, and is prominent as a writer upon astronomical and historical subjects. The latter's name is indissolubly linked with that of his friend and teacher, Louis Agassiz. He has followed up the great Swiss geologist's studies in almost every branch of natural history, and has written a series of volumes that are standard authorities upon a wide range of scientific topics. His works on geology are text books in schools and colleges, and his "Religion and Science," "Sight," and "Evolution" are equally well known. At the University of California, with which he has been connected for more than a quarter of a century, the largest class room is always crowded when Professor Le Conte lectures.

In the line of dramatic literature, the work of Peter Robertson has already been mentioned. David Belasco, one of the best known American playwrights, is a Californian, and served his theatrical apprenticeship in San Francisco. Daniel O'Connell, who was one of the *Overland* staff in the days of Bret Harte, has written librettos as well as verse and fiction. Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco, the author of "Incog" and other plays that have been successfully produced, spends much time in New York, but still acknowledges the Golden State as her home. Her husband is a native Californian, and



A GROUP OF CALIFORNIAN AUTHORS.

Edward S. Holden.
John Vance Cheney.
W. C. Morrow.
Rounsevelle Wildman.
Ambrose Bierce.
Charles Edwin Markham.
Charles F. Lummis.

Gertrude Atherton.

From a photograph by Thors, San Francisco.

served for several years as the American consul at Guatemala. Mention should also be made of Archibald Clavering Gunter, author of "Mr. Barnes of New York"—though literature has little to say to his stories and plays. Like Mr. "Chimmie Fadden" Townsend, it was from San Francisco journalism that Mr. Gunter migrated to the metropolis.

Another of the many Californian littérateurs who have drifted away from the shores of the Pacific is John Vance Cheney, now head of the Newberry Library in Chicago, to which he went after several years' service at the San Francisco Public Library. Mr. Cheney is a New Englander by birth, but the work that made his reputation was done in California. It includes critical essays, fiction, and verses, the latter collected into volumes of which "Thistledrift" and "Woodblooms" are the best known. His poems are essentially lyric—songs of the woods and fields, the open air and the sunshine, with a quality that sometimes suggests Bryant's.

It was in California, too, that Kate Douglas Wiggin—now Mrs. Riggs—first became known for her kindergarten work, and for her clever stories, written primarily for girls, but worthy of almost any audience.

It was several years ago that the poem "Liberty Bell" drew attention to its author Madge Morris Wagner. Mrs. Wagner's literary work has been greatly impeded by ill health, and for long she had written but little when she was called to Chicago from her retirement in southern California, at the time of the World's Fair. It was her verses that first suggested the project of making a great new "liberty bell" for the White City, and it was very appropriate

that she should have been invited to take the leading part in the ceremony of its dedication. Her hand pressed the electric button that set it ringing and awoke the echo of other bells all over the Union.

Another member of southern California's "health colony" is Charles F. Lummis, who sought that life giving climate some years ago at a time of overwork and physical exhaustion. In its wealth of scenery and legend, among its relics of Indian and Mexican days, Mr. Lummis has found not only renewed strength but a literary mine which he has exploited with marked skill. "A Tramp Across the Continent," "The Land of Poco Tiempo," and "The Spanish Pioneers" are his published volumes.

Some of the best things in the pages of MUNSEY'S come from the Pacific coast, or from writers who have found their inspiration there. Among these may be mentioned Clarence Urmy, a clever verse maker; Jerome Case Bull, who finds his favorite field in prose idyls of the old mission days, and the author of "Robert Atterbury," the thoughtful and notable story concluded in this magazine last January. Another is Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, author of "On the Way North," and "The House They Took." Miss Tompkins is still very young—she graduated at Vassar only five years ago—but her stories sparkle with a quality that is not less than brilliant. She is a daughter of the late Edward Tompkins, who was a regent of the State university, and well known in public life. Her home is a farm near San Leandro, an old Spanish grant that has changed hands but twice since it was given by the King of Spain to Ignatio Peralta. Her sister, Elizabeth Knight Tompkins, recently published a successful novel, "Her Majesty," and the work of both these young writers shows remarkable promise.

Helen Gregory Flesher.

Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco.

From a photograph by Marceau, San Francisco.

THREE "PRISONERS OF ZENDA."

The three distinguished successes of the present London season were all produced first in America. They are "Trilby" at the Haymarket, with Beerbohm Tree as *Svengali;* Wilson Barrett in "The Sign of the Cross" at the Lyric; and "The Prisoner of Zenda" at the St. James. *Flavia*, in the latter, is played by Evelyn Millard, the regular leading woman of the house, who Mr. Alexander decided was not equal to *Mrs. Tanqueray*. The *Antoinette de Mauban* is Lily Hanbury, who was here last year with Beerbohm Tree. As our portrait shows, Miss Hanbury is an exceedingly pretty woman, and that she is a talented one as well is proved by a glance at the parts she has created, which include *Lady Windermere*, and *Noeline* in "The Amazons." Hilda Hanbury came to America with the Tree company, understudying her sister, an office she has also performed for her cousin, Julia Neilson, now touring this country with John Hare.

Hilda Hanbury.

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

Miss Neilson's début was made with the Irving company, a few seasons ago, at the Lyceum. When Hare opened his engagement at Abbey's with "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," Miss Neilson, in the title rôle, carried the piece by her cleverness and tact. Her work in

Lily Hanbury.

From her latest photograph by Downey, London.

this play was noticed in our February issue, and we take pleasure in presenting herewith a likeness of her striking face. We give also that of the original creator of *Antoinette de Mauban*, Marie D. Shotwell, of the Sothern company.

Miss Shotwell is an American girl through and through. She was educated in New York, and her first venture in the dramatic field was as a member of the Daly company. Here she had only the small part of *Hymen* in "As You Like It," but her next essay brought with it valuable experience, for she became leading woman for James O'Neill. Her *Queen Caroline* in "Madame Sans Gêne," last season, is well remembered. As *Madame de Mauban* in the Sothern forces, she has less to fear from comparison with the work of the Lyceum stock than most of her colleagues, Mr. Frohman's revival of "The Prisoner of Zenda" with the regular Lyceum company having proved a brilliant success.

Marie D. Shotwell.

From a photograph by Dupont, New York.

A GREAT ENGLISH ACTRESS WHO HAS NOT YET VISITED AMERICA.

The Viola Allen of the London stage is Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Miss Allen and Mrs. Campbell played the same parts in "The Masqueraders," in "John-a-Dreams," and it was intended that they should do so in "Michael and His Lost Angel," but the English actress declined to be the bewitching grass widow in Mr. Jones' direful failure. And yet it was through the problem play that "Mrs. Pat," as Londoners call her, rose in a night from obscurity to fame.

She is London born, but her mother is an Italian, and her father—whose name is John

Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Forbes Robertson in "Romeo and Juliet."

From a photograph by Downey, London.

Julia Neilson.

From her latest photograph by Ellis, London.

Marie Studholme.

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

Tanner—now lives in San Antonio, Texas, whither financial reverses drove him. The daughter eloped when she was seventeen, and before she was twenty was the mother of two children. She thinks it rather odd herself that she did not adopt music as a profession, being passionately fond of it; but she drifted into amateur theatricals, and thence took the short step to the professional ranks. But her first appearances were in melodrama, and the "divine spark" smoldered for lack of a breath of encouragement to set it into a blaze.

This finally came by accident, as is frequently the case. George Alexander, manager and leading man of the St. James Theater—where he is now playing *Rudolf* in "The Prisoner of Zenda"—had accepted Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and felt as if he had a white elephant on his hands. He knew of absolutely no woman in England fitted for the title rôle. In this crisis his wife chanced to go to the Adelphi to see the current melodrama; and when Mrs. Campbell appeared on the stage, she exclaimed promptly, "That is our *Mrs. Tanqueray.*" An interview was at once sought, and the result was a performance that kept Mr. Pinero's unwholesome play from the shelf whence there is no returning.

Mrs. Campbell has remained a steady favorite ever since that eventful evening—May 28, 1893. She was *Agnes* in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," and is now studying the dramatization of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

Her art is her life. When she accepts a part it means that it utterly absorbs her. It is said that her refusal to go on with "Michael and His Lost Angel" was not because of dissatisfaction

Yvonne Sautrot.
From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

with her rôle, but from a conviction that the play itself would be a failure. If her presentiments are always as accurate, she may become an invaluable adviser of managers.

Forbes Robertson, who brought out the piece at Irving's Lyceum Theater, and with whom Mrs. Campbell has frequently played, was compelled by its failure to give up the house temporarily, and at this writing has turned his attention to an English production of Coppée's gloomy tragedy, "For the Crown."

Apropos of Henry Irving, during his tour in America, a short notice in the amusement columns of the London papers keeps the public informed from day to day of his whereabouts "in the States." Sir Henry's press agent believes in "keeping everlastingly at it."

AN ENGLISH SINGER AND AN AMERICAN DANCER.

Our picture of Marie Studholme shows a much talked of member of the "Artist's Model" cast. But although she was hailed by hyperbolizing newspapers as the most beautiful creature that had ever appeared on the New York stage, Miss Studholme is really very modest and retiring.

"There are no prima donnas in comic opera with us over in England," she explained to the writer, who had inquired who was the star in "La Cigale," in which, four years ago, she made her début as an attendant on the *Duchess*. "There everybody is as good as everybody else; if one has a better part than another, she is accounted lucky, that is all."

Miss Studholme's "Tomtit" song and dance is one of the most taking features in "An Artist's Model." "Umpty-ay," sung here by Ellaline Terriss in "His Excellency," was a part of Miss Studholme's rôle in the first named piece in the London presentation.

As a companion picture to the English beauty, we give the portrait of the American, Deyo, a beautiful girl of seventeen, première danseuse

in "Excelsior, Jr.," at the Olympia. She comes from California, and her people are connected with the theater in a managerial capacity, but Deyo herself never saw the footlights from the boards until last August, when she took Mabel Clark's place in "1492" at Manhattan Beach.

Deyo.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

What is still more remarkable, she has had but few lessons in her difficult art, and her new dances are all of her own devising, planned out perseveringly with the aid of a pianist at her home.

Walter Jones is still a sterling feature of Barnet's popular burlesque. When the news of his projected starring venture came to Mr. Rice's ears, he offered the young comedian irresistible inducements to stay at the Olympia.

THE ENGLISH BERNHARDT.

When Olga Nethersole was a governess, and yet in her teens, she chanced to meet an English manager who told her that the stage might prove a pleasanter field for her. She went for a tour through the provinces in a piece called "Harvest," and 1888 found her playing in melodrama at the Adelphi, just as Mrs. Patrick Campbell did a few years later. And again like Mrs. Campbell, she went from the Adelphi to the St. James.

An incident connected with this transfer illustrates the futility of theatrical spite. The leading woman of the company was absurdly jealous of Miss Nethersole's beauty, and made things so uncomfortable for the management as to bring about the newcomer's dismissal for peace's sake. And now Olga Nethersole is known in two hemispheres, while her detractor's lamp burns only dimly in one.

Miss Nethersole's name was first heard in America in the autumn of 1894, when it was reported that Augustin Daly had engaged her

Olga Nethersole.

From her latest photograph by Savony, New York.

to take Ada Rehan's place. But the rupture between the famous manager and his no less celebrated star was soon healed, and the former found himself with an extra leading woman on his hands. The outcome of a rather childish dispute was that Olga Nethersole finally made her début at Palmer's in most off hand fashion, and won the day by pure grit and genius. Her *Camille*, which she had never played till she played it here, set the town agog. "Carmen," as everybody knows, was the medium through which she electrified theater goers this season.

Apropos of the osculatory performance in this presentation, of which the newspapers have made so much, it is somewhat startling to hear Kyrle Bellew declare that in all his nineteen years' experience as a stage lover he has never actually kissed an actress. More than this, Bernhardt is reported as asserting that it is always bad form to kiss on the stage.

Speaking of Bernhardt, she ought certainly to be happy, if there is any power in money to confer joy. She makes a goodly sum all the year round as the result of her own playing, and at her Paris theater, the Renaissance, Maurice Donnay's comedy, "The Lovers," has proved a great success, having long since passed its hundredth performance.

"The Fatal Card," by the way, has fluttered into Paris, under the name of "La Dame de Carreau" ("The Queen of Diamonds"). The French actress whose charming features are reproduced in our pages this month, is Yvonne Sautrot. Her beauty might well fit her to take Amy Busby's place in this popular English melodrama. Her portrait is a notable exemplification of the special talent her countrywomen seem to possess for posing effectively before the camera.

NATIVE MUSICAL OFFERINGS.

"Excelsior, Jr.," "The Widow Jones," "A Black Sheep," "The Wizard of the Nile," and "Robin Hood"—all American productions, acted by American artists, have done all the big business this season in New York. Francis Wilson, on the other hand, found "The Chieftain" a stout enough staff to carry him limpingly as far as Boston, where he revived "The Merry Monarch" for the last two weeks of his engagement, after his manager had stated that this opera was put in rehearsal only for the Western circuits, where a varied bill was deemed advisable.

But a burnt child dreads the fire, and next season it is not unlikely that we shall see the British trademark let severely alone—at any rate so far as the humorous is concerned. "The Lady Slavey" was only saved from the fate of "Gentleman Joe" and his fellow sufferers by a thorough purging of its original alleged "fun." A joke, as a rule, is an exotic that will not bear transplanting. The old Gilbert and Sullivan operas "went" with us because they had each an amusing story to tell, but in these days of "comedies with music," when the plot is nothing and the gags everything, if these last are incomprehensible to a cis-Atlantic mind, there is naught but failure in prospect.

As mentioned in the music department of this magazine, the announcement is made that Abbey's Theater, from which foreign stars are to be banished next season, will be occupied by a stock light opera company. Such an organization, conducted in Mr. Abbey's customary spirit of liberality, ought to prove a success. There is room in this country for another "good all round" cast of singers of the caliber of the Bostonians.

Meantime, the musical novelty of the spring is Sousa's opera, "El Capitan," to be produced at the Broadway Theater on the 20th of April, by De Wolf Hopper. On the same date Philadelphia will have a "first night," as there will be brought out at the Park Theater a new extravaganza by R. A. Barnet and Harry B. Smith, entitled "1896; or, Philadelphia Up to Date." The result of the collaboration of two such librettists as "1492" Barnet and "Robin Hood" Smith will be awaited with interest, while the novelty of selecting staid Quakertown both as the subject matter and producing point gives rise to a deep indrawing of the breath throughout stagedom.

A CORNER IN THEATERS, ACTORS, AND PLAYS.

Alas, for a long suffering public! Just as the British bubble bursts, and there is a prospect that problem plays and mirthless burlesques will get the go-by, presto, there arises a new disturber of the serenity that was about to spread over the theatrical firmament. Certain American managers have formed themselves into "camps"—they stoutly deny that they are trusts—and are proceeding to "corner" theaters all over the country with an avidity that can only be compared with the liveliness of Swiss beggars after tourists. Philadelphia playhouses have been absorbed to such an extent by the two factions, that the independent managers were obliged to organize a "third party," and raise funds to build a theater of their own in the Quaker City, which, notwithstanding its reputation for steady going sedateness, is reckoned one of the best paying show towns "on the road."

The actors are reaping a harvest from the competition. Big salaries are offered and refused every day, and it is probable that next season we shall see some of our favorites in strange surroundings. Nor is this all. The "boom" has extended to the playwrights, and just here is where the evil effects of this monopolizing policy will appear. Well known American writers, after being ignored more or less in the past, are now being besieged for work, and in the haste with which much of this must be thrown off, to say nothing of the exigences of having to fit certain people with parts, the result threatens to be a series of mediocre pot boilers.

Altogether these are lively times in the managers' dens, and the season of 1896-97 promises to develop not a few curious features.

LATEST FADS

THE REALM OF FADS.

Lovely lasses and likely lads,
You in whose veins bright April sings
New and strange, unattempted things,
Buds unbudded, unheard of loves,
Sweet as the cooing of Paphos' doves,
On with your pinions and up with your wings,
Come with us to the Realm of Fads!

Outworn ways of our dear old dads,
Solemn and stiff and firm and slow,
Toss 'em away, and let 'em go!
Nothing is good to see or hear,
Taste or touch, but the new and queer;
Rummaging earth for which to and fro,
Come with us to the Realm of Fads!

Where Buddha squats in the lotus pads,
Where Ibsen over his whiskers broods,
Where braw Scots damsels tie their snoods,
Where are tongues that no man can understand,
And all strange things of the sea and land,
Where the hobbies canter in multitudes,
Come with us to the Realm of Fads!

LENTEN PREVARICATIONS.

To the student of human nature, whether he be religiously inclined or not, the observance of Lent by New York society is a spectacle of unrivaled interest. Nowhere in the world, perhaps, is there a body of persons so devoted to the pomps and vanities, and so reluctant to abate by a single drop the full measure of their chosen enjoyments. Nowhere, on the contrary, is there a more wholesome regard for what "they say," or a more respectful fear of criticism. The coming of Lent sets these characteristics in a direct and most distressing conflict. Splendid are the courage displayed in meeting the emergency, and the ingenuity with which fashionable people reconcile the rival claims of indulgence and abstinence.

The modern penitential season is not exactly like George Herbert's "Deare Feast of Lent," when

True Christians should be glad of an occasion
To use their temperance, seeking no evasion
When good is seasonable,

but it is far more comfortable. The recipe is given in the following extract from an unpublished work by Von Ruyter Van Rensselaer Cuffe, the poet laureate of the Calumet Club:

You may go to the theater every night;
To the opera? No, that isn't right.
It is most sinful to give a dance,*
But eat and drink when you get a chance;
Stir up the cook, pick out the wine,
In Lent we do not dance† but dine.
Teas are good for a sinner's state,
And it's edifying to roller skate.
The affair of course has a different name,
But the motion, the music, are just the same.
We're miserable sinners all, alas!
But what fun we have in the sewing class!
We keep a rigid Lent as a rule,
Come up for a spin at the riding school.
Compose your soul in all possible ways—
The girls are studying Pinero's plays.
With bicycles, ice rinks, Badminton,
Lent's *so* instructive—besides, it's fun.

*That is, too large a dance.
†Except in moderation.

On the whole, the sight of the Four Hundred deprived of amusement by forty days of penitence is not a pathetic one.

THE LADY AND THE BROILER.

A New York lady, eminent in society and active in book making, is said to have formed a theater club composed of women and "broilers." The broilers are the downy feathered young cockerels that are to be of the social walk. Their strut is a little wabbling as yet, and there is a suggestion of asthma in their crow. To drop the gallinaceous metaphor, and descend to the level of commonplace English, they are the ardent youths, fresh from college and eager for the merry whirl of fashion's wheel; too young to have become ennuyé, and not quite young enough to be callow.

The "broiler" is the fad of the hour in New York society. The matron who wishes to emphasize her prestige and popularity must have a retinue of these devoted attendants. They are found drinking tea with her, dining, theater going, and supping with her, and the old days of *cavalieri servanti* would seem to be with us once more. And what does her husband say? At present, nothing. However, there are two definitions of the word "broiler" in the Century Dictionary, either of which may suit the case in point:

Broiler: A chicken fit for broiling.

Broiler: One who excites broils or promotes quarrels.

It is possible that, if the fad prospers, we may have some "broilers" to whom both definitions will apply. Yet as a rule the moralist needn't contort his brow over these delectable bipeds. The "broiler" is frequently ornamental and always useful. He can fetch and carry, open carriage doors, help the women on with their cloaks, and submit to snubbing with no froward mind. He is made to understand that he is not canvasback or even Rhode Island turkey. His kind but severe patronesses regard him as a sort of walking attendant, an umbrella, an Eden Musée figure in evening dress. In the conventional scale of emotions he counts as nothing more than an opera glass case or a pair of goloshes.

A "broiler" theater party could be nothing but educational for the bantlings privileged to

attend it; to the benevolent matrons who organized it, it was merely a novel form of Lenten penance. When the Easter eggs come, the brief supremacy of the broiler is likely to be ended.

DRAWING ROOM VAUDEVILLE.

An eastern potentate taken to a civilized London dance asked why the host and his friends took the trouble to do the dancing, when it was so easy to employ slaves to do it for them. The cleverness of this idea has at last penetrated society, and vaudeville in drawing rooms is the result. It came in by way of the studios of a fashionable artist or two, and has assumed such proportions that we suggest that the palaces of America be fitted with green rooms.

A delicate social line between the music hall artist who entertains, and the guest who wants to talk to her, is hard to keep intact.

The host who is paying five hundred or a thousand dollars a night for an entertainer feels that he is hardly getting his money's worth when she comes only to dance. If the Bohemian flavor of her peculiar views of life is not to be enjoyed, he might as well buy a box at the music hall, and listen to her there. He does that on week days, and purchases her attendance at his home on Sunday evenings. Fortunately the old fashion of Sunday evening service at churches has given way to "vespers" in the afternoon, and Sunday evenings are left free.

But the dancer appears to be a trifle out of place amid the matrons of a Renaissance drawing room. In England the sons of some of the great families have solved the question of the dancers' social status by marrying them. The craze has not reached that proportion in America—yet.

Seriously speaking, the craze for entertaining people of the stage is of phenomenal growth. The first season of Sarah Bernhardt in this country, a reception was given to her. A French gentleman who took his daughter suffered social ostracism. This year, Yvette Guilbert was seen at some of the best houses.

THE BLACK ART.

The man who hasn't a trick up his sleeve this season is distinctly commonplace. If he cannot make orange trees grow out of a silk prayer rug and bear fruit which can be cut up for dessert "while you wait," he must at least be able to tell fortunes with cards, or discuss the philosophy of Buddha. A Brahmin priest who came to America during the Chicago fair, and whose white garments drifted from house to house where adoring women and food were to be found, appears to have become a permanent member of New York society. He seems, at present, to be chiefly used for purposes of decoration, and to "meet" people, but one hostess has confided that she expects in course of time to tame him sufficiently to induce him to "do his tricks." Then we shall have the ways of Ram Lal repeated in New York drawing rooms. The host may recoup himself for expenditures on supper parties by means of tips on futures given with certainty, seen with the X rays which adepts are well known to carry about in their piercing optics. In the mean time the worthy oriental is being delicately led toward his "tricks" by the example of ambitious amateurs.

A sort of clairvoyance is the fashionable accomplishment of the moment. Palmistry, hypnotism, graphology, and all the rest of them have lost their vogue before this new development. With a sensitive, imaginative woman, possessing a flow of language, some of the results are remarkable.

An object, preferably a handkerchief, is given to the blindfolded expert, and she tells the character of the owner, and sometimes events in his life. As flying thoughts have not yet been photographed, no specific scientific facts can be contradicted, and the clairvoyant may let her fancy roam.

Some noted scientists are not sceptical as to the actual power of these sensitives. They argue that a vibration may be transmitted by means of a conductor, and ideas exchanged. In the mean time, a darkened room, a soft voice, a discussion of intimate personalities, are about as interesting today as they ever were, carried on under whatever conditions or excuses.

THE TEA CIGARETTE.

Nothing shows the character of a period so plainly as its manner of using necessities.

In a practical and sober minded age, when the century and our country were young, our great grandmothers took their tea seriously, with meat. A little later, in the tight waisted, drooping shouldered, ringleted age, our grandmothers simpered over "the cup which cheers but not inebriates," as they poured it from tall, fluted urns. Then, ten years ago, afternoon tables bourgeoned in every "parlor" from coast to coast. Tea cloths, souvenir spoons, and tea gowns, made the paragrapher merry. People "lived up" to their teapots. The prettiest girls poured tea at receptions under rosy lights. Social life seemed to gather about the fumes of tea and hot water.

In some perverted hour a man found his way to an afternoon tea, and more of his kind followed him. A race of pale faced, limp, and miserable creatures began to be known as "afternoon tea young men." They piled cushions on couches in their own apartments, and asked their brother degenerates to join them in—*tea!*

In that instant the revolting woman came into being. She was the protest of outraged nature. The pendulum had swung through its longest arc.

The great granddaughter of the original American tea drinker wanted to hold on to her rights. Tea belongs to women. She knew of but one way to show her scorn. She rolled the fragrant leaves into a cigarette, and smoked them. She found the sensation decidedly novel.

She could be what she had been trying to be ever since the apple of Eden was in the blossom, masculine and feminine at the same time. She was smoking—*tea!*

No ringlets, no tea gown, no cushions. A hearth rug, an easy chair, the last topic, and a tea cigarette—or tea tube, for "cigarette" is a word of ill odor and omen. The end of the century young woman!

But here a word of warning to the wise and fair—never light your tea tube. It is cheaper, more decorous, and more healthful to take an unlighted smoke; and your hands can be waved and posed just as advantageously. If you have not a pretty hand you must not smoke tea, nor even pretend to smoke it.

ROSE LEAVES AND ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

In the days when marriages had to be contracted in the sharp Sabine fashion, and wooing was a dangerous form of girl stealing, the bridegroom and his feastful friends were fully as liable to return to their tribe on a shield or shutter as to come back in triumph with a captive bride, and to pipe an epithalamium. Spears, arrows, assegais, boomerangs, and jagged flints were the softest wedding presents made by the bride's family and shot or thrown after the retreating bridal party. In those days the gentleman and lady you selected for your father in law and mother in law either succeeded in putting you out of the way at your first call, in which case you never bothered them again; or you kidnapped their daughter, and got away, and lived free from the old folks ever afterwards. The best man and the ushers had to go in full uniform and armor, and though there was no certainty of a marriage, they could always be sure of a fight.

The rude ages were mitigated, peace began to have her victories, and divorce was invented as a sauce to marriages. Still the old warlike symbols survived and survive. The rice scattered and the old shoes thrown after the departing bride and groom are a palpable survival of the arrow and the spear. The old shoe has been aimed too well sometimes, and has smitten the bride in the face; or aimed not well enough, and has stricken some innocent bystander. Such mishaps, and the putting of the rice down the back of the neck, and into the groom's umbrella, for the purpose of betraying him when he opens it, are jests more ancient than savory.

At recent weddings, however, a modern improvement has made its appearance in the form of a bowl of rose leaves, from which the bridesmaids and ushers are invited to obtain sweet remembrances to be showered upon the happy pair. Certainly this is a pleasing innovation. Just why a newly married couple should serve as a target, and smilingly endure practical joking which at another time would be deemed coarse and inconsiderate, it is difficult to see. It hardly seems that uncooked vegetables, and footwear no longer presentable in polite society, are exactly appropriate to an occasion where the recipients of such favors are arrayed in what some one has quaintly called their "best becomes." Long usage has authorized the performance, and we have tolerated it humbly, but now that an ingenious mind has devised something better, we are duly thankful.

THE TROPHY DOOR AND THE PROPOSAL FAN.

These are among the latest addenda to the revised modern edition of "The Art of Love." They are matters of art rather than of love, to be sure. Profoundly contemporary persons, with all the modern improvements, electric lighted and steam heated hearts, elevators running to the top floors, patent refrigerating and chilling apparatus, and Cupids in diamond buttons for hall boys, go on the theory that art is long and love is fleeting. The former is serious; the latter is likened to a fanciful form of roller skating. Love as a high passion belongs to a simpler age. Besides, it is liable to have an injurious effect upon the nerves, which have trouble enough without it. Artistic amusement with a certain amount of publicity is the correct style in love. Don't love or be loved too much; and don't deprive yourself of the credit of having your little affairs known.

Hence the invention of the "trophy door." The lovelorn swain who is not averse to a little publicity for his more or less consuming passion consecrates a door of his den to such gifts or memorials of his fair and unexpressive she as he can beg, borrow, or steal. A glove, a handkerchief, a veil, a shoe button—who knows? Anything he can get. Up it goes on the Trophy Door, where the offerings are hung on hooks of gold, or silver, or brass, according to the taste and bank account of the hanger. The more things on the door, the greater the awe of the ingenuous Adonis' friends. One obese old humbug has a smoking room consisting almost entirely of doors, and all those doors are decked with knickknacks, trinkets, and female gear. His brother owns a "department store." At no expense of emotion, and mighty little of money, this fellow gets the reputation of a lady killer. "Trophy doors" are easy.

No wonder that when these are the diversions of *Benedick*, *Beatrice* should be impelled to get back at him, as it were. Does any one imagine that the cleverer sex will allow itself to be beaten in such a game of reprisals? *Beatrice* gently opens her "proposal fan." It is a record of her triumphs, an obituary list of broken hearts. Upon it are inscribed the names of all who have offered her their hearts, hands, and bank accounts. None of the victims is supposed to know for what purpose his autograph has been demanded.

The "proposal fan" makes highly interesting reading for other maidens, but it is a severe commentary on the tenderness of the *fin de siècle* girl. It was a very rude remark of an elderly bachelor anent one of these collections of *refusés*, but no doubt it gave the hearer a hint for profitable thinking: "Gad! It's a list of souls snatched from purgatory!"

Like the "trophy door," the "proposal fan" is not always above suspicion as to its authenticity. There are dark hints of "padded" lists and forged or purloined signatures. A city directory is always accessible, and it may be with the collecting of broken hearts as with the circulation of some newspapers.

POT LUCK ROVERS.

A new sport has been invented—that of searching for food in strange places, and eating it in unconventional ways. Of course it is the most fastidious *viveurs* who are the devotees of this alluring pastime. It is the fashion with some of the best fed epicureans, male and female, of New York, Boston, and other cities, to leave their Apician spreads at their own houses, and sally out for culinary adventures. Frowsy *table d'hôtes* and dingy eating houses —Italian and Greek, Spanish, Syrian, Hungarian, Swedish, vegetarian—love them. They eat of mysterious messes and drink potions unutterable. They have true courage, these adventurers of the stomach.

There used to be a queer place in the down town quarter of the metropolis where beefsteak was served on dripping slices of bread. The tables were boards put across barrels. The steaks were cooked before open fires of willow, or hickory, or some wood supposed to have a special quality. Plateless, forkless, napkinless, the guests sat or stood uncomfortably, smeared themselves with the juice and grease of the meat, swilled ale, and said, and doubtless thought, they were enjoying themselves. You had to send beforehand to the proprietor. He would not cater to strangers or casual guests. It was not this independent habit of his that made his steaks esteemed. He knew how to appeal to the primitive and savage instinct in man. He knew the delight of contrast that his customers would get from the shabby old room, from their uncomfortable surroundings, and from eating with their fingers. It was a party of grown up boys, playing at Robinson Crusoe.

There is now a similar place up town. Its proprietor has a heaven sent talent for cooking steaks, and it is strictly *comme il faut* to be seen in his sanctum seated upon a box, and disposing of a savory tenderloin with the aid of no other weapons that those provided by a beneficent providence.

Fingers were made before forks, it is true, but when we hear of clubmen devouring their food in this rudimentary manner something seems to be wrong. Are we developing backwards? Tell it not to Dr. Nordau, lest he find material for a new book.

ONE COLOR ROOMS.

The "monotone" or "one color" room is the invention of a young architect who employed his device for the first time in the decoration of his own apartment. So successful was the result that there are now many "one color" rooms, but each has its peculiar design. Yellow rooms, blue rooms, and pink rooms are as old as colors, but they have never lived up to specifications. They have been pink or blue or yellow in curtains and carpet, but other hues have been admitted in their adornments, and the use of nothing but blue, pink, or yellow, one severe monotone in walls, ceiling, woodwork, and draperies, was not insisted upon. It is now, and the only allowable deviation from it is the use of statuary of white plaster or marble.

The original one color room is used by the architect, its owner, as an office, or, as he calls it, a "drawing room." The characteristic tone is white. A girl's boudoir, designed for a large house now going up, is of blue, every ornament and toilet accessory being Delft ware of the familiar azure and white, and the furniture having been made especially to match the walls.

The most attractive "monotone" room, in this city at least, is "done in green" and is used as a smoking and lounging room by its owner, a bachelor fond of verdure, though far from verdant. The effect is heightened by a skilful arrangement of ferns and palms which harmonize exactly with the fittings.

To be artistic the "one color" room must be monochromed with consummate skill. An experiment in gilt proved an abomination worse than the three ball sign of a pawn shop, and one in light brown with oak woodwork made the beholder long for blindness. White, dark red, and yellow rooms are usually successful. Of course you must consult your complexion. There are monochromes that will make you look like a monochrome yourself—not of a pleasing tint, either.

WORDS IN VOGUE.

The time which has created "fin de siècle" as a descriptive term for itself, and loaded it with meaning, could hardly slip by without affectations in words, idioms, and expressions which mark its peculiarities.

Modish talk (it would have been called "fashionable conversation" a decade ago) is loaded with mannerisms. It is didactic, crisp almost to rudeness at times, and then by a sudden flourish it recalls the finical ways of 1830, in the same way that a woman's gown of 1896 is reminiscent. We hear it wherever women are gathered together. It is carried on in boxes "at the play," instead of "in the theater," as would have happened not long ago. The women who speak it are *en peau* instead of wearing décolleté gowns as of old. *En peau* is the newest thing France has given us. It means a millions things more delicate than its literal translation (bare skin). A woman *en peau* is different from the still creature of alabaster shoulders, who will yet be conventionally décolleté. She is capable of expressing passing emotions with her bare arms and shoulders. She is as different in effect from the woman in the high necked gown as the modern American, whose alert face takes in the world and mirrors it intelligently, differs from the veiled child of the harem.

LITERARY CHAT

A BOOK LOVER S LAST BOOK.

Now and again, among the unconscionable amount of trash that appears under the head of "literature," it is one's good fortune to fall upon a pearl of great price. The rarity of books like "The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac" makes them all the more welcome when they come. Eugene Field was fortunate in having behind him nothing but good will and regret for his passing, and it is fitting that the last work from his pen should have been this delightfully sympathetic study of men and books. The circumstances, too, under which it was written, will appeal with a peculiar pathos to those who loved Field for himself and for his work. It was the dream of his life, the goal which he longed to attain when he could find that desideratum of every journalist, time. Even while his prose and verse were delighting a whole land, he had this one aim in view, to create a worthy record of his love for books, and of the pleasurable features of what he quaintly called "the soothing affliction of bibliomania." In failing health he at length commenced the "Love Affairs," and not until he was summoned away did he relinquish the work. What appears as the last chapter was written but two days before his death, and, as his brother states in an introduction of singular simplicity and tenderness, "the verses with which the chapter ends were the last words written by Eugene Field."

This would make the book dear to the hearts of his friends, even if the "Love Affairs" were not, as it assuredly is, the very best work to which he ever put his hand. It is hard, indeed, to believe that Eugene Field can have found a heaven worth winning that knows no books.

"ROSE OF DUTCHER'S COOLLY."

We have always regarded Hamlin Garland as a literary worker of genuine talent and high aims, and have more than once commended the originality and sincerity of his work. Of his latest novel, however, "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly," it is difficult to say much that is pleasant.

Mr. Garland once said that he tries to give to the occupation of his characters—the routine of their daily work—its proper importance in their lives. In this story he seems to have made another effort at realism, and to have endeavored to express, without the conventional cloak of delicacy, the animalism that is always and necessarily an element of the human biped. The result is not pleasant, from any point of view. "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly" is not a tale of unlawful passion, it is not a "problem story" in the accepted sense of the term; its characters are persons of ordinary respectability, and its plot does not hinge upon any defiance of social laws. Its constant suggestions of coarseness are all the more offensive because they are unnecessary. They are dragged in as a sort of "atmosphere." Why, for example, need we be informed that on the doors of the country school to which *Rose* went as a little girl she saw indecent inscriptions?

The thoughts and feelings Mr. Garland ascribes to his heroine are such that we wonder the motherless girl should grow up to womanhood with only one slight lapse—committed in the ignorance of childhood—from the straight path of virtue. Her early passion for a "ground and lofty tumbler," whom she sees at a circus, and whose "naked majesty" tremendously impresses her, is a purely Platonic one. At college, the sight of so many "lithe, clean limbed" young males makes "her heart beat till the blood choked her breathing;" but she masters her emotions, and finally marries a Chicago newspaper man.

As a piece of art, we call Mr. Garland's disagreeable story a failure. As a picture of American life, we regard it as utterly untrue. If the girlhood of our agricultural districts is growing up in such a feverish atmosphere, we should recommend it to seek the purer air of the Bowery, or the comparatively innocuous surroundings of the Tenderloin. Western villages must be parlous places.

But we doubt if Mr. Garland knows much about women. If he did, would *Rose* rapturously accept *Mason's* proposal, when in offering her marriage he coolly warns her that in a few years he may weary of her? What high spirited girl would not resent such an insult? And again, when *Dr. Thatcher* confesses to his wife that he is too fond of the handsome heroine, and tells her that she "ought to overlook a little thing like this," would *Mrs. Thatcher* be complacent enough to regard the affair in the same easy way?

Mr. Garland's people were Scotch Presbyterians, we believe, and he was brought up on one of the Wisconsin farms whose life he has repeatedly pictured. He was educated in the country schools, which he afterward taught, and was then launched in Boston as the author of some striking short stories. The man who wrote "The Return of the Private" had a fine dramatic sense, and a heart that beat with the pulse of humanity. But something has gone wrong with him—temporarily, we hope. "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly" reads as if it was written hastily—perhaps on the spur of a sudden impulse to show that a Western author can venture into the problematical fields exploited by certain contemporary English novelists. Its style is by no means immaculate. Witness the following:

For a year she had been secretly writing verse and sending it to the magazines. It had all been returned to her. It made her flush

hot to think how they had come back to her with scarcely a word of civility.

Rose for a moment could not see it. She lay flat on her side, a two master, her sails flapping and floating on the waves.

Why did the magazines come back to *Rose?* And why did the versatile young woman lie flat on her side, her sails—which perhaps were balloon sleeves—flapping and floating on the stormy waters of Lake Michigan?

But such little inaccuracies in the use of pronouns—which Mr. Garland would no doubt have corrected had he read his book over—are of small account. Dickens and other great men have mixed their pronouns, often enough. What the author of "Rose" most needs is not a lecture in grammar, but a spiritual bath. The book is a libel upon American girlhood.

SOME VERSE BY MR. HOWELLS.

In view of the quality of much of Mr. Howells' recent literary output, it is a pleasing surprise to find in his latest book, "Stops of Various Quills," work that will rank as high as anything he has done. To talk, as many critics have, of these poems as a "new departure" is manifestly absurd, for it will be remembered that Mr. Howells made his début with a volume of verse; but no one who has read "Stops of Various Quills" will deny its merit.

So far as technical quality is concerned, Mr. Howells' work is not flawless. His rhythm is faulty in many ways, and his rhymes are not wholly beyond reproach; but there is a thoughtfulness in these poems, a delicacy and a sincerity, that effectually counterbalance minor defects. Here and there, too, there is a touch of truth which, albeit boldly expressed, as in the following, wins its way without the aid of elaborate expression:

GOOD SOCIETY.

Yes, I suppose it is well to make some sort of exclusion,
Well to put up the bars, under whatever pretense;
Only be careful, be very careful, lest in the confusion
You should shut yourself on the wrong side of the fence.

Which, by the by, Mr. Howells came dangerously near doing when he wrote "My Literary Passions." Perhaps this quatrain is the fruit of personal experience.

And in "Calvary" we learn that perhaps he is not as wholly satisfied with himself as we have been led to believe:

If He could doubt on His triumphant cross,
How much more I, in the defeat and loss
Of seeing all my selfish dreams fulfilled,
Of having lived the very life I willed,
Of being all that I desired to be?
My God, my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?

It is a good thing that Mr. Howells has written "Stops of Various Quills." It comes at a time when even his best friends have begun to doubt him, and it shows that he still has a claim upon us—one which we are very ready to acknowledge so long as his work is of such quality.

The illustrations, which are contributed by Howard Pyle, are, like everything he undertakes, examples of a master touch. Mr. Pyle's name upon a book cover has come to be a trademark of artistic perfection.

A TRIO OF VERY MINOR POETS.

There are, no doubt, a large number of persons more or less closely allied to literature in whose hearts an infinitesimal quantity of divine afflatus is raising a terrific uproar. They burst forth into poetical transports simply because poetry, like murder, will out. This is, at all events, the charitable view, for we are loath to believe that the authors of several recent volumes of verse were induced to publish their work with any idea of pleasing the public. And, be it understood, we are not referring to would be poets from rural and suburban districts whose friends have commended their lyrics as "quite as good as anything in the magazines," and upon the title page of whose creations appear the telltale words "Printed for the Author." For these, and their name is legion, we have nothing but pity. They are the victims of misguided friendship; and, as Mr. Howells has said,

Bitter the things one's enemies will say
Against one sometimes when one is away,
But of a bitterness far more intense
The things one's friends will say in one's defense.

No, the poetasters who arouse our pardonable resentment have had a little experience, enough to teach them the error of their ways. Experience, however, is a cake easy to eat and hard to digest. Here, for instance, is Mr. W. B. Yeats, who assuredly should know better, in a little volume with the misleading title, "Poems," telling how

Down by the salley gardens
My love and I did meet;
She passed the salley gardens
With little snow white feet.
She bade me take love easy,
As the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish,
With her would not agree.

What a "salley garden" is, is left to the imagination of the indulgent reader, who is also requested to help Mr. Yeats out on his meter by leaping nimbly over the laborious rhythm of the seventh line. It is very pretty, no doubt, to get good advice from a barefooted maiden in a "salley garden," but why call it poetry?

Mr. Sam Walter Foss has seen fit to demonstrate in a volume of "Whiffs from Wild Meadows" how utterly unpoetic it is possible for rhymed words to be. Mr. Foss is another gentleman who should know better—for he has done some clever work—and if he does not repent of his present offenses it will not be for lack of frank criticism. The reviewers take a fiendish pleasure in holding up the mirror

and letting him see himself as others see him. In "The Man of Leisure's Creed," Mr. Foss' muse thus chants mellifluously :

I live, I live to daily get
Whatever I am getting,
And sit and sit and sit and sit,
Because I'm fond of sitting.
I live, because it's work that kills—
The world owes me a living,
And while my good wife pays the bills,
I render up thanksgiving.

The rhyme of which stanza would be much improved if the author would consent to say "git" instead of "get." It would be a small concession, and it is impossible to injure the verse. If this is work, and work kills, we can only pray that the end is not far off.

Sophie M. Almon-Hensley, from whom we have not had the pleasure of hearing before, and from whom we trust we may not have the pleasure of hearing again, has also enriched modern literature with a book of asseverated poems, from which we quote :

A dash of spray,
A weed browned way,
My ship's in the bay,
In the glad blue bay,
The wind's from the west
And the waves have a crest,
But my bird's in the nest,
And my ship's in the bay.

It must be a consolation to the writer of these inspired lines to know that her various possessions are where they belong. After all, there is nothing like having a place for everything and everything in its place.

ANENT MR. KIPLING.

Rudyard Kipling has been making himself as disagreeable as only Kipling can over a book entitled "Out of India," which is said to contain some of his earliest work in the field of literature. The substance of these sketches, when originally published, was so attractive that a number of persons implored Mr. Kipling to make a book of them, and Mr. Kipling curtly refused. He gave his consent, however, to a proposition from a publisher who undertook to do the work, and the book appeared. Kipling immediately applied for large royalties, and met with a refusal as curt as his own ; whereupon he "disowned" the book, whatever that may be.

The American edition, lately issued, is characterized by the poor paper, execrable type, and preposterous price that we always expect from the firm which had it in charge, but the material itself is so interesting that one is puzzled to know why its author should have disowned it as unworthy of him. Naturally, it is not up to the standard of the "Jungle Book," but considering that it represents his early style, it is by no means discreditable to him, nor is it likely to damage his reputation.

But we have all learned not to expect the expected from Mr. Kipling. He is a veritable study in contradictions. Who, for instance, would have imagined that after his extraordinary comments on America he would marry an American girl, and install himself as a dweller in the land whose women he so bitterly scorned? Yet he is firmly settled here, has written at least one thoroughly American story, and has been hailed in a dedication as "Rudyard Kipling of Brattleboro, Vermont"!

DISCOVERING "ORIGINALS."

To authors who pride themselves upon their possession of a genuine creative faculty, it must be extremely irritating to have alleged "originals" discovered for their most celebrated characters. These "discoveries" are commonly the work of over zealous newspaper men of the class who care but little for verity, provided they get news; and on the principle that it is useless to deny a malicious rumor, because the explanation never has half the circulation of the original statement, the most emphatic disavowals on the part of unhappy authors fail to disabuse the public mind of the impression it has received.

Only a few months since one of these "originals" cropped up on the Pacific coast, claiming to be the celebrated *Private Mulvaney* of Kipling's "Soldiers Three." Tableau! Joy of newspaper men, who made at least sixteen dollars at regular space rates by booming Mr. McManus (for such was his name), and immense complacency of Mr. McManus himself, who retailed pleasing little anecdotes of his friend Rudyard, and sunned himself contentedly in the glare of newspaper celebrity! Mr. Kipling was unkind enough to announce that *Mulvaney* was a purely imaginative conception, and that he had never in his life seen or heard of Mr. McManus of the Pacific coast ; but probably his statement will be controverted. Should he succeed in downing the California claimant, no doubt somebody will discover another original *Mulvaney* in Hoboken or Timbuctoo.

In much the same way "originals" have been discovered for Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom*, of cabin fame. Repeated denials of their pretensions to identity with her historic creation have been made by Mrs. Stowe, but they have continued to crop up with an unfailing stock of interesting tales, describing visits she paid them in the early fifties, and identifying incidents of her story with happenings of which they themselves told her. But the supply of *Uncle Toms* must be exhausted before long. Even now, to be authentic, they would necessarily be well past the century mark. An enterprising New York daily unearthed one the other day—or rather exploited anew the story of a claimant whose imposture had already been sufficiently exposed. Let us hope he may prove to be the last of his tribe.

AUTHORS IN EDITORIAL CHAIRS.

One profession is believed to be open to every man who can read and write a single language and conceive a single idea—namely, the profession of journalism. The author who does not feel within himself the ability

to edit a magazine or newspaper better than it has ever been done before, has never given his name to the public. Mr. W. D Howells and Professor Arthur Sherburne Hardy are two men who have made conspicuous attempts in America.

Alphonse Daudet is the latest author to be stung by the journalistic bee. He said publicly that he would rather be the editor of a newspaper, with the power of bringing his own views daily before the public, and pointing his theories from events in actual life, than be the most famous novelist and poet in the world. An American friend promptly offered to capitalize a newspaper with a million francs, and give Daudet a hundred thousand francs a year to edit it. The contract was almost closed, when the sensible Mme. Daudet came into the discussion, and ended it.

Fortunately for Daudet, he married an extremely clever business woman, with a full knowledge of his own abilities and limitations. She knew that he could write novels, and that he had not one single quality that would make him a good editor. The very habit of centralizing, of idealizing, which makes his novels what they are, would prevent his seeing the wants of a larger class of readers and serving them with vital facts.

HEINE'S LAST DAYS.

The recent controversy over Heine's statue as an ornament for New York makes the new book upon Heine, by Dr. Nietzki, of interest to us.

Dr. Nietzki describes the German poet as "frivolous, common, and trivial." The thoughtful critic finds it difficult to agree with this; yet we cannot take Heine at the valuation which many of his countrymen have given him. There is something revolting in the spirit of the man, which reappears even in the tragedy of his last years. His desire for revenge on his early enemies, as he lay on his "mattress tomb," holding up his paralyzed eyelid with one finger while he wrote his savage "Memoirs," is a revolting picture.

"I will not die like a muzzled dog," he said once, bursting into a cruel laugh. "Dead or alive, they shall not escape me. Let whosoever has insulted me guard against these lines. The claws of the tiger will outlive the tiger himself."

But the claws were pruned. The "Memoirs" are locked away from the public in the Imperial Library at Vienna.

THE "HILLTOP NOVEL."

It is altogether possible that when Grant Allen seated himself on his "hilltop," from which he is writing his "problem" novels, he went up there for a quiet laugh. The very name of "hilltop novel" is ridiculous in its pretensiousness. In his latest effort, "The British Barbarian," we are going to allow ourselves the fancy that Mr. Allen is poking fun at his audience. The next step for the erotic novel was into the realm of burlesque. Who can believe Mr. Allen serious when he lets a young married woman elope with a person who appears to be the twin brother of Mr. Howells' *Altrurian*, and then, when her infuriated husband comes along and shoots his rival, makes her "walk on by herself across the open moor, toward black despair and the trout ponds at Broughton"?

The whole book only needs another turn of the screw to become a screaming farce.

SLATIN PASHA'S STORY.

The world is growing cynical. When the early explorers set out on perilous adventures, we, or rather our ancestors of that day, saw in them high and noble purpose. Dr. Kane and Dr. Livingstone wrote books under pressure, because the clamorous public knew they had something to tell. But nowadays, we look with suspicion upon every unusual exploit. We wait in silence for the reporter to show himself in the hero, and when he does we are apt to size the whole achievement up as a business journey into new fields after marketable "material."

When Slatin Pasha was released from his imprisonment in the Soudan, last year, we listened to the newspaper accounts, and our ears anticipated the announcement of the inevitable book. It has come, and it is amazingly worth while. We wish that everybody with an itching to write could be compelled to spend a dozen years away from civilization, to let his brain lie fallow and collect a fresh supply of vitality.

"Outside the Hedge" tells the plain story of Slatin's life, from the time he left civilization and disappeared into the shadowy land, which is as far from the life we know as that of the woaded Briton. Slatin lay in chains at Khartoum, and saw the Mahdi's bodyguard carry Gordon's head past him. For years he was a slave in daily danger of death, conscious, much of the time, that his relatives believed him alive and were planning for his escape. At last the camels and a guide were at the gates, and he set out upon his perilous ride across the desert toward the book publishers. It makes a long story, and it is about the most interesting of the year.

TWO TRAVELED AUTHORS.

One of the most attractive houses in London is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Norman. Henry Norman has become of interest to Americans during the past few months, as the correspondent of the London *Chronicle* who came to Washington to investigate the Guiana frontier question, and whose reports had a marked effect upon public opinion in England. He married Menie Muriel Dowie, the "Girl in the Carpathians," whose remarkably clever book was one of the hits of its year. Mr. Norman is a diplomat, a journalist, a man of letters, and, above all, a traveler. Since his marriage his wife has generally accompanied him on his long journeys. Just before coming to America, they made a tour of the

Balkan states, and Mr. Norman's letters on the "Near East" added to his already wide reputation.

Mrs. Norman has a keen eye for detail, and a ready tongue to tell all she sees. The woman who went alone through a country inhabited by a semi civilized people, and brought back so vivid a picture of it as she gave, would be likely to miss nothing on the Balkan journey. She tells of a visit she made to Mme. Zakki, the wife of a Turkish cabinet minister. She had expected to find a harem, with fans and slaves and sweetmeats. Instead, she was received in a country home full of books and pictures, by a cultivated woman who read the magazines. Mme. Stambuloff, the widow of the Bulgarian martyr, also received her. Even the walls of the dead statesman's house in Sofia, are hung with black draperies, Mrs. Norman says.

The Normans make friends everywhere, and among their possessions are some which an American might covet. One is the first copy of "The Scarlet Letter" that left the press. It was sent to Mr. Hawthorne, and by him presented to his sister in law, Miss Peabody, who gave it to Mr. Norman.

AN AMERICAN PRINCESS.

Amélie Rives Chanler has married again, and the imaginations of the reporters have carried her all over the world and into all sorts of Ouidaish situations as a Russian princess. A mixture of *Barbara*, heroine of "The Quick or the Dead," and the *Princess Napraxine* just about represented their idea of the new Princess Troubetzkoy. The truth is that Prince Troubetzkoy is a popular London portrait painter. He has painted Lady Eden and her children, Lord Dufferin, and a great many other fashionable people. His father was a Russian and his mother an American. He was born in Italy, and his brother, Paul Troubetzkoy, is a well known sculptor there.

It will be remembered that Amélie Rives was more of an artist than a writer, but as much of her work consists of portraits of herself, it is seldom exhibited.

MARK TWAIN IN THE ANTIPODES.

Mark Twain is one of the few humorists who make a success on the lecture platform. The stories that come from Australia tell us that he keeps his audiences in roars of laughter from the beginning to the end of his readings, and that from England they are sending out agents to offer him a thousand dollars a night in London. He is relying upon the old favorites, "The Jumping Frog," "Huck Finn," and the irresistibly funny stories of his early days.

Oddly enough, he is using these old stories, nowadays, to point some moral, and the Australians, who have lost their hearts to him, say that he rises to real bursts of eloquence. They say that he makes the most unexpected anecdotes point the most unexpected morals.

His handsome and clever wife and one of his daughters are with him, and the photographs of all three are exhibited in the Sydney windows. Mrs. Clemens has a face full of intelligence and kindly humor, and her daughter is a beautiful girl. They are social lions wherever they go.

MR. GEORGE GISSING'S NOVELS.

A literary contemporary has begun a series of articles upon "neglected books," and has given a review of George Gissing's "The Odd Woman" as its second example. This reminds us of several things; among others, of the long series of illustrated "Unknowns" which the justly celebrated Mr. Bok invented, in which he gave us portraits bearing a certificate that they were known to fewer human beings than any other faces on earth. In connection with this, we also remember the determination of a great critic never to read a book until it had been out a year, since by that time the wise public would have decided whether it was worth the trouble or not.

We should like to congratulate the public upon its "neglect" of Mr. Gissing. It proves a healthy sentiment, and a desire to look on humanity from the standpoint of the optimist. We all feel that the world is a dull place—sometimes. It is to escape from that dullness that we open the covers of a book and dive into a new world. If it is deadlier than the one we left behind, we are likely to get out of it as speedily as possible.

Mr. Gissing generally tries to keep us tied to the most sordid class of people, and to dig about and exhibit their most unpleasant features. He doesn't wash their mental "soiled linen" before our eyes. We might stand that heroic feat. It would be wholesome to see the stained *lingerie* whiten. He simply dumps it before us and groans.

The historian of "Neglected Books" informs us that Mr. Gissing "will shortly come into the literary estate that has been so long and so strangely denied him." As he is a favorite contributor to *The Yellow Book*, he would seem to have nothing to complain of. The "estate" that belongs to him is the chronic disease ward of the literary hospital, and he appears to have reached it.

THE WANING OF "OUIDA."

The glowing pen of Mlle. de la Ramée, known to fame as "Ouida," is no more dipped in scarlet ink. Its latest production is a very small volume of flagrant dullness, rejoicing in the medicinal sounding title of "Toxin," which brings home to the hearts of her admirers the melancholy fact that "Ouida" is growing old. Marie Corelli is disporting herself around the altars from which the incense of Mlle. de la Ramée's eloquence was wont to rise, and the older writer's star is waning fast.

As a matter of fact, "Ouida" has passed the three score mile post, and misfortune and penury have left their marks upon her life. Her fine old *palazzo* in Florence was sold several years ago to pay her debts, and last spring her

furniture and personal effects fell under the hammer as well. They were eagerly bought by English and American tourists, who desired to possess mementos of so original a character. In this sale and in the various sorrows which came to "Ouida" at the same time there was much of the pathetic. Her intolerance of the commonplace, her impatience at all that did not please her, her indomitable pride, and her love of luxury and ease, must have made the yoke of poverty doubly hard to bear. The eccentricities that were the joy of the paragraphers, and the barbaric splendor of her surroundings, were cheapened by publicity; and we can well imagine with what a bitter heart it was that she resigned all that made life worth living to a woman of her peculiar temperament. With all this in view it must indeed be a caustic critic who can enjoy the task of sneering at Mlle. de la Ramée.

In "Toxin" there are signs of great changes. The fervor and force of the author's other books are utterly lacking, and the story is told in a careless, dispirited fashion that whispers of a strong spirit crushed. It is short and amateurish, and might have been written by any one of half a dozen minor novelists; but without her name upon the title page one would never assign "Toxin" to the dashing author of "Under Two Flags."

A NEW BOOK BY "THE DUCHESS."

Lift up your heads, O ye critics; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting devourers of fiction, for Mrs. Hungerford, surnamed "The Duchess," hath written a new book! It is called "The Professor's Experiment," a title evidently evolved by the author when she first conceived the idea of writing something about a professor and an experiment—which idea she shortly afterward abandoned. In the completed work the professor and the experiment are laid away to an eternal rest on page 36, and as the narrative continues thereafter for the space of nearly four hundred pages it may readily be seen that Mrs. Hungerford's title and Mrs. Hungerford's story are barely upon speaking terms. This, however, is to be expected. "The Duchess" is nothing if not irrelevant—a statement sufficiently justified by her chapter headings, which come in the form of quotations from celebrated authors, and are guaranteed to have absolutely no bearing upon the accompanying text.

"The Professor's Experiment" is a two barreled love story of the genus trash, and would be recognized anywhere as coming from Mrs. Hungerford's pen, even were it not heralded by the talismanic announcement, "A New Story by 'The Duchess.'" It sparkles with the rhinestone substitute for the jewel wit which invariably characterizes volumes of the brand. The letterpress is frequently broken by bits of verse apparently selected at random from some "Garland of Song," and purporting to portray the feelings of certain lovelorn personages, while a minute and careful examination fails to reveal the slightest vestige of a plot. Taken all in all "The Professor's Experiment" is a piece of work eminently characteristic of its author.

STEVENSON'S VERSES FOR CHILDREN.

The fame of the late Robert Louis Stevenson has grown greatly since his death. Much as he did for literature, and wide as was the recognition he received during his life, the romantic end of his wonderful career, and the recent publication of important posthumous writings, have gained him new attention and admiration. Could Stevenson himself see and appreciate all this, he would surely be touched at the affectionate regard in which his memory is held.

"A Child's Garden of Verses" manifests most forcibly the gentleness of the man, and the daintiness of the illustrations demonstrates how quickly Stevenson's work arouses sympathy. For these illustrations, the work of Mr. Charles Robinson, are things of positive genius. There is not one draftsman in a thousand who can draw children as they should be drawn, any more than there is one poet in a thousand who can voice the child heart as it should be voiced. Stevenson did his part with his accustomed skill, and the publishers of "A Child's Garden of Verses" may well congratulate themselves upon securing an artist who could second so clever a pen with so clever a pencil.

The verses sing themselves, and all who have not forgotten their own childhood will recognize instinctively how true they are, how deliciously subtle is their humor, how faithful their portrayal of a little fellow's imaginative heart.

Through all the pleasant meadow side
The grass grew shoulder high,
Till the shining scythes went far and wide,
And cut it down to dry.

These green and sweetly smelling crops
They led in wagons home;
And they piled them here in mountain tops
For mountaineers to roam.

O, what a joy to clamber there,
O, what a place for play,
With the sweet, the dim, the dusty air,
The happy hills of hay!

Have you never done this, Mr. Howells and Sir Edwin Arnold and Mr. Alfred Austin? And if so, why not let us have a touch of human nature here and there in your own poems? And again:

Bring the comb and play upon it!
Marching here we come!
Willie cocks his Highland bonnet,
Johnnie beats the drum.

Mary Jane commands the party,
Peter leads the rear;
Feet in time, alert and hearty,
Each a grenadier.

Here's enough of fame and pillage,
Great commander Jane!
Now that we've been round the village,
Let's go home again.

ETCHINGS

AT EASTER.

In mellow surge the organ notes
  Ecstatic roll and range ;
As though a thousand rhythmic throats
  Raised raptures new and strange,
The music soars and falls and floats
  In rhapsodies of change.

Resplendent through the pictured panes
  An argent effluence streams,
And falls, like vivifying rains,
  A blessing where it beams,
Until the soul walks, free from stains,
  The land of heavenly dreams.

I take thy hand, O sainted heart,
  The hand thou gav'st of yore—
My spirit lifted where thou art
  Beyond the world's uproar—
And with thee, in a place apart,
  I walk the jasper shore.

Clinton Scollard.

A DREAM OF THE SOUTH.

I'm dreaming of the fragrant South,
  My native pine clad hills afar ;
I seem to feel upon my mouth
  The sweetness of a jasmine star !
    Soon time and space are vanished,
      And leagues on leagues away,
    With every grief far banished,
      My aching heart is gay.

'Tis not because the skies are blue,
  As only Southern skies can be ;
'Tis not the jasmine's golden hue
  That thrills my lonely heart with glee ;
    A trembling vow is uttered
      That makes my life divine,
    And, like a wee bird fluttered,
      A soft hand steals in mine !

Samuel Minturn Peck.

MY LADY OF SPRING.

They say the skies are dull and gray,
And spring is loitering far away ;
But what care I for what they say
  When you are near ?

Along the drifted wastes of snows
I catch the languor of the rose,
With soft caress the north wind blows,
  When you are near !

What heed have I for clouds above ?
The glad white winter whispers love,
And all the laughing spell thereof
  When you are near ;

Within the wonder working skies
The threatening tempest dims and dies
To blue as tender as your eyes,
  When you are near.

They say the birds shall nest and sing,
And on the hills the voice of spring
Shall make the woodland wake and ring,
  When you are far :

They say the poplars slim and high
Shall laugh to hear the winds run by,
And violets at the roadside lie,
  When you are far.

But what care I for what they say ?
For in my heart no roundelay
Of birds shall lilt the hours away,
  When you are far ;

'Tis you the laughing spring attends
And where you pass the violet bends ;
O little love, the music ends
  When you are far !

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

MY MAIL.

What hypocrites these mortals be !
  When justice wields her scales,
Good soul, she marks with special glee
  The perjuries of the mails.

A score of letters heap my plate
  At breakfast time today,
My appetite to moderate,
  Or (haply) take away.

Now here's dissembler number one ;
  What curses deep and fervent
Went with the writing of this dun,
  Signed "Your obedient servant"!

And here I sent a wedding gift ;
  My lady thanks me duly,
Nor mentions how she slightly sniffed ;
  She's still mine "very truly."

My married sister gives advice ;
  "You've grown quite boorish lately ;
Your taste in dress is far from nice ;
  Yours, most affectionately"!

The humors of the case increase !
  May's mother hates me dearly,
Writes that my frequent calls must cease,
  And signs it, "Yours sincerely."

And in this missive, folded small—
  Thus fortune flouts us wooers—
May says she can't be mine at all,
  And then she signs it, "Yours"!

L. B. Edwards.

A MODERN KNIGHT.

With his sword of steel, and his trusty steed,
  The knight once traversed the land
In search of many a doughty deed,
  And he took his life in his hand.

Now the sword is sheathed; with a steed of steel
The gay youth travels the land,
For he pins his faith on his trusty wheel,
And he takes his life in his hand.

For the roads are rough and the ruts are deep,
And the hills are many and high;
If a bolt should break where the slope is steep,
Well—a man can only die!

So the youth goes forth like a knight of old
On his swift adventurous way,
And the charms of a prince's realm unfold
To his eyes in a single day.

Harry Romaine.

THE DRUM NOTE OF WAR.

HARK, the rolling and the rolling of the drum!
And the tramp of marching legions—see, they come!
With their bayonets a-flashing, and the burnished steel a-clashing,
Plumes a-flying, and the banners flung afloat;
And over all the rolling and the stirring martial note,
The thrilling, mystic music of the ever rolling drum!

How the soul is stirring with the drum!
How the heart seems full to bursting as the nodding helmets come!
How the horses in gay trappings spurn the grass, and lift the wonder
Of their manes amid the rolling of the drums like distant thunder!
Over all the colors, and the bugle notes; and over
Flags unrolled, and steel a-glinting, and the level plain's green cover,
And the dreadful mouths of cannon, and the hills and pleasant places,
Over all the Dantesque vision of these myriad set faces—
Roll, as if the soul of music and the soul of war were one,
Drum beats, till the heart is leaping, and the blood is growing warm,
And the savage lives, a spirit out of passion and of storm,
And the soul of the civilian dies within him, all undone!

Joseph Dana Miller.

AN EASTER BONNET.

A LITTLE bit of pearly lace that droops and crinkles gracefully,
With tiny sprays of crimson bloom a-nodding everywhere;
Two dainty wings—celestial things!
Two twisted crimson velvet strings,
That start amid the flowers and steal adown my lady's hair;
Some little silvery ornaments that shine and sparkle saucily—
A Lilliputian bow or two, half shyly hid away.
In size it might perhaps be right
To shield a humming bird from sight—
'Tis useless where my lady's curls in bright profusion play.

Mildred McNeal.

HER MIRROR.

OF all the dainty trinkets
On Betty's boudoir shelf,
There's one of glass—I think it's
A sort of second self;
For once, when for a minute
I gazed in it alone,
I saw a face within it,
And it was Betty's own!

Some magic, necromancy,
Describe it as you deem;
A sentimental fancy,
Or fantasy of dream;
'Twas there, and fresh and pretty
As any face could be,
And I—well, I know Betty,
That's proof enough for me!

I wish I might discover
By some such wizard art
The face of Betty's lover,
And satisfy my heart;
If I could get that mirror,
What better could I do?
What queer is might be queerer—
I might get Betty too!

Felix Carmen.

"JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING."

I DREAMED last night all through the darkened watches;
I dreamed again the old dream, love, of you;
I dreamed (oh, sacred trust!) you said you loved me;
I dreamed, awoke, and found it sweetly true.

Anthony Wilson.

TO ALFRED AUSTIN.

ALFRED, heir of royal Ben,
Laureate of the facile pen,
Hold to the bays!
Shadwell, Tate, Pope's *Dunce*, and Pye
Welcome from Parnassus cry,
Look to your lays!

What an' if your Uitland Raid
Moves not like yon Light Brigade
Tennyson sung?
Sure you do him no despite,
Take his lyre—'tis yours of right—
Lyre unstrung!

Alfred, wreathed by Britain's whim,
Wreath for *you* is crown for *him*—
Christened of fate!
Him that men and Muses wept—
From your name and fame yclept
Alfred the *Great!*

H. C. Ficklen.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

This month's edition of Munsey's Magazine is 700,000.

NOT A FORCED CIRCULATION.

We	printed	for	January	600,000
"	"	"	February	625,000
"	"	"	March	650,000
"	"	"	April	700,000

This shows the trend of our circulation. The growth is not forced. It has come to us without the expenditure of a dollar in advertising or in canvassing. We have no agents, no canvassers. The money that other publishers spend in advertising and canvassing, and in premiums and the endless variety of circulation schemes, we put into our magazine, making each succeeding issue better than the one that preceded it. We give this money back to our readers, and our readers take care of our circulation.

The man who finds something that delights him is sure to tell his friends about it, and they in turn tell their friends. It is thus that we have grown in two years and a half from a circulation of two thousand (2,000) to one of seven hundred thousand (700,000). The best friends a magazine has are its readers—not readers bribed into taking it by some silver plated scheme, but the readers who take it solely because of its merits.

CHANGES AT OXFORD AND HARVARD.

THE English university of Oxford has rejected a proposal to admit women to its regular degrees. The significance of the incident, however, lies not so much in the fact that the suggestion was negatived, as in the powerful support it received, and the smallness of the majority by which it was voted down. In view of the steady progress of the movement for the higher education of women, and the success which has attended every step that it has taken at Oxford, it seems certain that the present decision will ultimately be reversed. Colleges for women are now a recognized part of both the great English universities—Girton and Newnham at Cambridge, and Somerville and Lady Margaret at Oxford. Their "girl undergraduates" are admitted to lectures and examinations on an equal footing with male students. It is only logical, as well as just, that they should receive the same diplomas. When the privilege shall be granted, as it probably will be at no distant day, the triumph of their sex will be complete—a remarkable triumph to be won, by the work of a single generation, in a university that originated as a semi monastic body, bound to regard woman as an invention of the Evil One.

Meanwhile Harvard has been debating the proposal, recently approved by the faculty, to reduce the number of courses required for a degree from eighteen to fifteen—which practically means a residence of three years instead of four. The final acceptance or rejection of the change is undecided as we write. While it offers some practical advantages, and has strong support among the university authorities, it seems safe to say that to the public in general, and to Harvard graduates in particular, its adoption would be a matter of regret. There are few who think that the present college curriculum is too leisurely. There are few who would not deprecate any cheapening—such as this would at first sight, at least, appear to be—of the premier American university's degree.

OUR DEPARTMENTS.

ONE of the things that makes MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE unique among magazines is its departments. Here is the list:

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.
IN THE PUBLIC EYE.
TYPES OF FAIR WOMEN.
STORIETTES.
THE WORLD OF MUSIC.
THE STAGE.
LITERARY CHAT.
ETCHINGS.
LATEST FADS.
IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY.

Under these ten headings we gather the most vivid and picturesque topics of the hour. Tastes differ and interests differ, but every taste and every interest can find something worth reading and seeing in the departments of MUNSEY'S.

HISTORY MAKING IN FRANCE.

THE "ifs" and "almosts" of history are not so solid and important as its facts, but they are at least interesting. A miss is proverbially as good as a mile, and the world at large probably failed to realize that in the latter days of February the third French Republic came within an ace of a revolution that might have sent it to follow its predecessors. One more turn of the screw, and we should have been startled with the news that Paris was again at its favorite amusement of upsetting constitutions.

In the United States, the executive is elected by popular vote, and is not directly responsible to Congress. In England and most European countries, the executive is appointed by the power, real or nominal, of the crown, but cannot exist without the approval of the legislature. This legislature being usually a double body, it is almost universally understood that it is the lower or popular chamber that decides

the fate of a ministry. But in France the existing constitution, which dates from 1875, prescribes that the government shall be responsible to both houses—the chamber of deputies and the senate.

This serving of two masters was sure, sooner or later, to result in a conflict of authority and a consequent deadlock. It is hinted that the system was devised. by treacherous leaders, with that very end in view. The crisis came in the current year. The present premier, M. Bourgeois, took office pledged to investigate some of the numerous public scandals with which the recent political annals of France have been stained. The senate, apparently controlled by men who feared the investigation, passed a vote of "no confidence" in the executive—the formal motion that usually compels a resignation. The ministers declined to resign, and the chamber of deputies indorsed them by a tremendous majority. The senate repeated its vote, the ministry repeated its refusal to yield. The public was excited and alarmed; revolution was in the air. Had it burst, it would certainly have swept away the senate and perhaps a good many other things—for your French revolutionist is an energetic and thorough going reformer when he once gets to work. But luckily the senate gave way, thereby forever abandoning its claim to share the popular body's control of the executive.

As it is, not only has a perilous crisis been passed, but a cause of future dangers has been removed, and France's existing regime stands upon a measurably firmer basis than six weeks ago. We congratulate the one important republic of the Old World.

2110 SQUARE INCHES OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

THIS issue of this magazine contains two thousand one hundred and ten (2110) square inches of illustrations. No magazine in the world ever contained so many square inches. In this respect the present number far excels any we have ever brought out, and probably contains twice as much as any other magazine of the month. The general excellence, too, of the illustrations in this issue, alike in theme and drawing and engraving and printing, is of the highest order.

That so much can be given for so little money—ten cents—will be the marvel of thousands and tens of thousands. Our mammoth edition, our splendid revenue from advertising, and our direct dealing with the trade—these alone make it possible—make possible the MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE of today.

THE VOICE OF A DYING SECTIONALISM.

IT is regrettable, rather than surprising, that objection should be made to the proposed parade of Union and Confederate veterans in New York on the Fourth of July. It has often been proved that there is still, among the survivors of war times, a class of extremists who can neither forget the bitterness of that bygone day nor keep their recollection of it to themselves. They are few in numbers, probably, but loud in the expression of their views, and the more liberal minded majority are reluctant—perhaps unduly reluctant—to give them any opportunity of taking offense.

If the civil war was really ended at Appomattox, if its issues are forever dead, and it survives today only as a historical memory, then it would seem that no true patriot should see gray and blue uniforms marching together in peace and fraternity, without the deepest thankfulness. Unfortunately, there is in some quarters a feeling opposed to this view. It is safe to predict that it will die out with the present generation, and that the America of the coming century will wonder that in 1896 men should have refused to shake hands across Mason and Dixon's line.

PUNISHMENT AND TORTURE.

CIVILIZED society has always been more or less puzzled to know what to do with its deadliest criminals. It fears to let the convicted murderer live; yet it hesitates to take his life. A killing, even under the warrant of law, is a revolting thing. Even the strongest supporters of capital punishment in theory, acknowledge it to be shocking and awful in practice.

Stoning, crucifixion, and burning were the methods of bygone ages; and hideous is the chapter they make in the dark history of man's inhumanity to man. Modern penology, far less pitiless, has sought to make the criminal's ending as free from torture as possible. Yet every new form of capital punishment is made more horrible, at least for a time, by its very novelty. So it was with the terrible "little lady" of the French Revolution, though it was as a merciful improvement on the gallows that Dr. Guillotin suggested the machine which has made his name immortal. So it was a few years ago with the electric chair, when first introduced into New York State. A failure to kill the first victim instantly was loudly taken up by the press; yet it is safe to say that had the gallows been a new thing, and had the first hanging been marked by such horrible incidents as have occurred again and again at hangings—such as occurred in February at an execution in St. Louis, where the rope broke, and the agonized victim had to wait nearly an hour for another—the public outcry would undoubtedly have been a thousand times more emphatic.

If it had not gained acceptance from its long use, hanging would be regarded as about as brutal and disgusting a form of capital punishment as could be devised. The Ohio Legislature is now considering various substitutes for it. None of them is pleasant, yet it is prob-

This issue of Munsey's Magazine weighs over 300 tons.

able that any one of them is more civilized than the gallows.

But the most hideous of all tortures is one that is too common in this country—the torture of delay, of hope. One of the most exquisite devices of the medieval jailer was to leave his victim's door unlocked, his cell apparently unguarded. The thought of escape would flash through the wretch's mind. With infinite pains he would creep noiselessly along the dark corridor—into his keeper's arms! And that is the torture we inflict upon criminals whose cases are dragged from court to court, prolonged by appeals, stays, and every form of legal delay—to end in death when legal ingenuity can no longer defer the execution of the awful sentence.

RACES IN THE AIR.

GERMAN professors are always evolving something curious from their sanctums of learning. It was in one of their laboratories, the other day, that Roentgen's "X rays" gave a new practical trend to photography, a pursuit which was long regarded rather as an amusement than as a serious and important science. Now another erudite Teuton announces the discovery of a new sport, developed from a research that has hitherto been an intricate affair of mathematics and mechanics, and of commercial and military interests. Professor Lilienthal thinks that the athletic clubs should supplement their programs of flat races, pole vaults, and hammer throwing with a new set of events—flying matches.

The suggestion sounds attractive. It is admitted that Herr Lilienthal's mechanism, in its present state of development, is of no value for practical purposes. It will not carry heavy weights, and it will not traverse any considerable distances. It is not about to supersede railroads and steamers, nor is it likely to serve as an engine of war. But as an implement of sport, it is vaunted as superior, in the possibilities it offers, to the snowshoe, the skate, the bicycle, and the toboggan, all in one. Starting from an elevation of fifty feet, the expert flier can flap his wings through some four hundred feet of air before he "brings up" on terra firma; and the motion is said to produce the most exhilarating sensation that fallen man can ever hope to experience. The apparatus is not very unwieldy—it spreads eleven feet from either shoulder; nor alarmingly expensive—Lilienthal's price catalogue is not at hand, so we cannot give the exact terms on which he offers his invention to an eager public. Best of all, it is warranted as perfectly safe, and even the novice need not fear the inglorious ending that has been the fate of a long series of would be fliers, from Icarus of Greek legend to the late lamented Darius Green.

Flying may be the next new sport, in succession to the successive waves of tennis, cycling, and golf. New York's athletic headquarters are admirably situated for it, the high bluff that overlooks them presenting an ideal place for a start into the air. And if once taken up by the sporting fraternity, Lilienthal's machine is sure to be improved and perfected as the velocipede and the camera have been. No scientist toils for the promotion of his hobby as does the enthusiastic amateur.

LITTLE GREAT MEN.

M. STOILOFF, who at present occupies Stefan Stambuloff's shoes as premier of Bulgaria, may possibly prove to be as great a man as his martyred predecessor, but he certainly is not as big. His stature is but six inches over four feet, which probably makes him the most diminutive prime minister on record. The "Little Corporal," who was a small man to make so large an impression upon history and the map of the world, was just a foot taller than M. Stoiloff. It must be difficult for a magnate of but fifty four inches to pose as a ruler of men.

LOVE AND LAW.

THERE was recently tried in the New York courts a case in which a woman sought to restrain a persistent wooer from continuing his unacceptable attentions. It is not strange that the plaintiff should have sought legal protection, in view of the number of recent instances in which rejected suitors have emphasized their importunities with knives and pistols; but in the task of discovering whether the accused gentleman was a lunatic, a criminal, or a sane and innocent citizen, the court encountered curious perplexities.

It was largely a question of expert evidence, and the testimony given was vague and contradictory. "Love has no symptoms," declared one specialist, who declined, however, to express an opinion on the sanity of *Romeo*, on the ground that he had never personally examined that ardent young Italian. Nor would he answer the question whether a man who loves a woman all his life, even though she becomes another's, is therefore a lunatic. That, he said, was a question of ethics. On the other hand, another expert cynically accounted for such cases of irrepressible devotion on the ground that they arise from the love of poor men for rich women. "At least," he said, "that seems to be a very common accident."

We doubt if the ordinary law courts are qualified to deal properly with such a case. Their atmosphere is too prosaic for delicate questions of amative casuistry. We have separate tribunals for probate suits, for maritime matters, and other subjects of a special nature; why not set apart a court for love affairs? Let it meet in a chamber scented with rose leaves and frescoed with Cupids, and let it be presided over by a judge warranted to have experienced the *grande passion* and to know all about it.

The May Munsey will be a Special Bicycle Number.

From an English print dated 1819.

Eighty Years Ago.

Astride his ancient hobbyhorse
  Our worthy grandsire see!
While toiling on his cumbrous course
  But little thought had he
That he the pioneer should be
  Of mighty hosts awheel;
That folks of high and low degree,
Old men of three score, boys of three,
The matron grave, the maiden free,
  Should ride the steed of steel!

"A Fair Beginner."

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XV. MAY, 1896. NO. 2.

THE WORLD AWHEEL.

THE MARVELOUSLY RAPID GROWTH OF THE BICYCLE'S POPULARITY AND INFLUENCE—ITS RANK AS ONE OF THE INVENTIONS OF THE CENTURY, ITS IMPORTANCE AS A FACTOR IN PRESENT DAY CIVILIZATION, AND ITS DEVELOPMENT OF A COLOSSAL MANUFACTURING INDUSTRY—HOW THE WHEEL BEGAN, AND THE MEN WHO HAVE MADE IT WHAT IT IS.

THE STORY OF THE BICYCLE.

An invention to which France, England, and America have contributed —Its development since the beginning of the nineteenth century.

A FEW years ago, when the "safety" first made its appearance, the most enthusiastic devotee of the wheel would scarcely have dared to claim for it a place among the great inventions of the age. Today, in reckoning the achievements of the nineteenth century, to such epoch making discoveries as the railroad, the steamship, the telegraph, and the telephone, we can hardly refuse to add, as the latest item on the list, the bicycle.

"The Lady and the Tiger."
Drawn by C. M. Relyea.

The beginnings of the bicycle were obscure, and the early steps in its development were slow. Until a decade ago it was only a curious plaything, which attracted little public attention, and gave small promise of general benefit. Then, suddenly, with the introduction of the wheel of modern pattern, the world at large began to learn its possibilities. The growth of wheeling became rapid, dramatic, almost sensational. Old and young, rich and poor, men and women, boys and girls—all caught the "bicycle fever." The manufacture of the slender steel machine has become a colossal industry; its popularity is an important factor in

Colonel Albert A. Pope.
From a photograph by Notman, Boston.

many phases of contemporary life. And the end is not yet; its advance still proceeds apace, and to its future possibilities a limit can scarcely be set.

It is our purpose to present here some of the most interesting points of the history of cycling, and some of the most striking aspects of its present marvelous development.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE BICYCLE.

It may be said roughly that the bicycle was born in France, was developed to maturity in England, and has reached its most universal popularity in America. A Frenchman, M. Baudry de Saunier, who has made a special study of its beginnings, has found a historical trace of it as far back as the fifteenth century. The story of the modern wheel, however, may be begun with M. de Sivrac, who early in the present century exhibited in Paris a machine which he called a celeripede. It consisted of two wooden wheels with a perch between them on which the rider sat, his feet touching the ground. He propelled it by striding forward, and steered it with a handle bar operating the front wheel.

At about the same time Baron von Drais, master of the forest to the Grand Duke of Baden, constructed a similar vehicle under the name of the Draisienne. Both it and the celeripede were heavy, clumsy affairs, difficult to manage, and utterly incapable of general service. But a great step forward was taken by another French inventor, Michaux, by trade a carriage maker in Paris, who in 1855 put the first crank upon the front wheel. The development of that idea has given us the bicycle of today, for of all the countless types brought out in the last twenty

A. H. Overman President of the Overman Wheel Company, Chicopee Falls.
From a photograph by Van Norman, Springfield.

The Start of a Race on the Manhattan Beach Cycle Track.

From a photograph by John C. Hemment, New York.

Albert G. Spalding, of A. G. Spalding & Bros., New York and Chicago.

From a photograph by Parkinson, New York.

five years the principle of the crank and pedal is the only one that has never been lost sight of. Then came Pierre Lallement, who followed up the improvements of Michaux, and in 1866 came to America, locating in New Haven, where he made a machine that has often been exhibited in the last few years, and is still in existence. It was called a velocipede, the word "bicycle" not having as yet put in an appearance.

In 1866 and 1867, by a freak of Parisian fashion, the riding of velocipedes was the favorite pastime of the *haut ton* of France. Everybody rode, following the example of the Prince Imperial and the fashionable dandies of the third empire. Schools sprang up in Europe and in America —more attention, be it noted, being paid to graceful riding than to racing. In Paris it was the fad to attend the opera on wheels, the management taking care of them during the performance. The Hanlon brothers, the famous acrobats, who were in this country in 1868, did much to promote the popularity of wheeling; but public interest presently flagged, and in a short time velocipeding died a natural death.

CYCLE PIONEERS IN ENGLAND

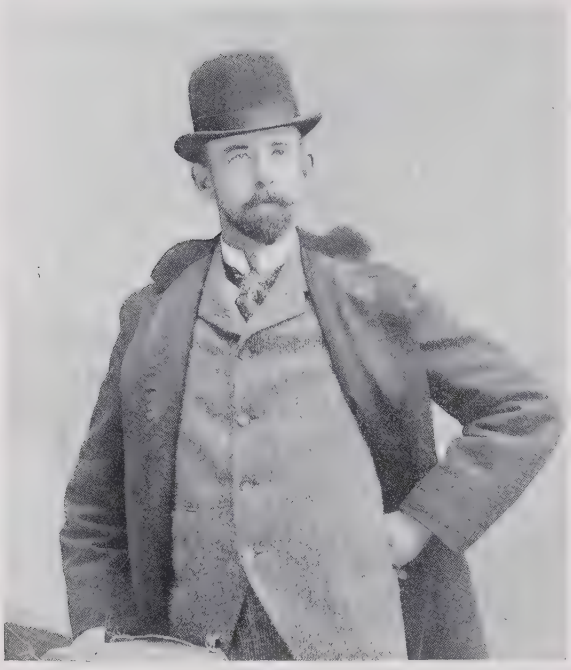
Meanwhile various improvements had been patented by McMillan and others in England, and there the manufacture of wheels was first put upon a substantial basis and developed into an industry. Thomas Humber, of Nottingham, was the most conspicuous pioneer in a movement to which many contributed. The first Humber bicycle was made in February, 1869.

Sterling Elliott, President of the League of American Wheelmen

From a photograph by Notman, Boston.

The Finish of a Race on the Manhattan Beach Cycle Track.

From a photograph by John C. Hemment, New York.



E. C. Stearns, of E. C. Stearns & Company, Syracuse.
From a photograph by Dinturff, Syracuse.

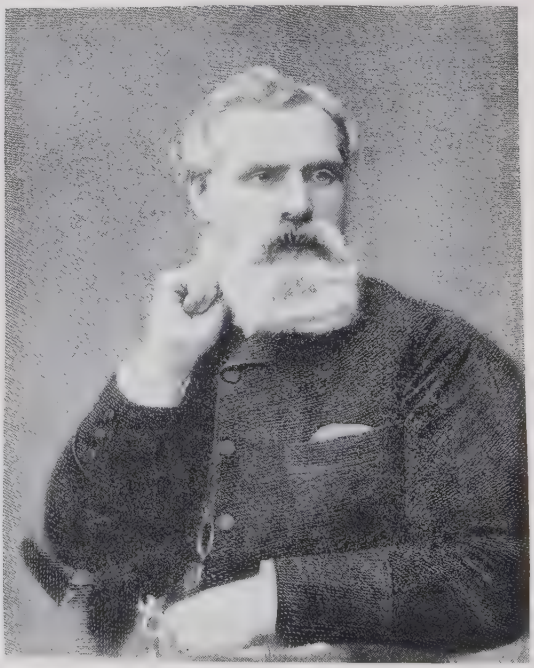
It had wheels of almost equal size; but two years later a new model appeared, with the front wheel much larger than the rear. This rapidly became the "ordinary"—a type which prevailed for twenty years, but which has suddenly become almost as obsolete as the mastodon.

During the seventies, cycling received a great impetus in England, and for the first time its practical benefits began to be understood. Factories multiplied rapidly, the midland town of Coventry becoming the especial center of the industry. Thence the contagion spread across the Atlantic, gradually at first, and later with tremendous impetus.

HOW THE WHEEL CAME TO AMERICA.

Americans are more ready, probably, than any other people to appreciate and adopt a "good thing" offered to them from any quarter of the globe. Yet for several years the bicycle had an uphill road to travel. In 1876, the "ordinaries" exhibited at the Philadelphia Centennial were regarded with eyes askance, and few considered that there was a future for them. Some machines, however, were imported from England, and an attempt was made to create a demand for them.

It is difficult, in 1896, to realize the difficulties that had to be faced, less than twenty years ago, by the champions of the bicycle. The first makers of wheels had to venture the myriad risks of a new and uncertain enterprise; the first wheelmen had to endure ridicule and overcome prejudice. To secure for the "monstrosity," as it was called, the ordinary privileges of the road, legal action was necessary. Under the leadership of Colonel Albert A. Pope, of Boston—to whom, without question, belongs the honor of having been the pioneer of cycling in America — associations were



Thomas Humber, a Pioneer English Bicycle Maker.
From a photograph.

Prospect Park, Brooklyn, on a Sunday Morning in Spring.

From a photograph by John C. Hemment, New York.

A GROUP OF AMERICAN CYCLE MANUFACTURERS.

A. R. Peck,
of the Barnes Cycle Company.

Joseph L. Yost,
of the Yost Manufacturing Company.

H. E. Maslin,
of E. C. Stearns & Company.

Frank T. Fowler,
of the Fowler Manufacturing Company.

H. A. Lozier,
of H. A. Lozier & Company.

John C. Bowe,
of the Syracuse Cycle Company.

C. W. Dickerson,
of the Sterling Cycle Works.

T. B. Terry,
of the Dauntless Bicycle Company.

formed and funds were raised to move legislatures and courts. We who possess today the freedom of every road and path that is open to any other vehicle can scarcely recall the effort required to obtain the passage of the "Liberty Bill," which gave the wheelmen of New York the right to pass through Central Park, the Boulevard, and every public thoroughfare of the metropolis. This was accomplished as recently as June 27, 1887.

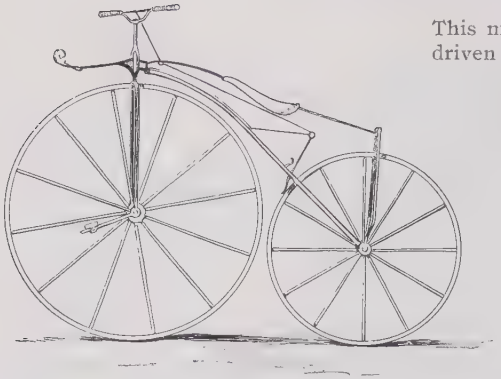
THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE "SAFETY."

While not exactly a misnomer, the term "safety," as applied to the modern bicycle, is superfluous. It originated when the old 'ordinary" was in the heyday of its vogue, and was used to distinguish the low type of wheel from the high model, which the timid beginner was apt to regard as dangerous. The first departure from the established style was to make the driving wheel slightly smaller than on the average ordinary, giving the front forks a larger rake than customary. Necessarily, the saddle was

On the Riverside Drive, New York.
Drawn by C. M. Relyea.

A Juvenile Tandem Team—The Benner Boys, Six and Four Years Old.

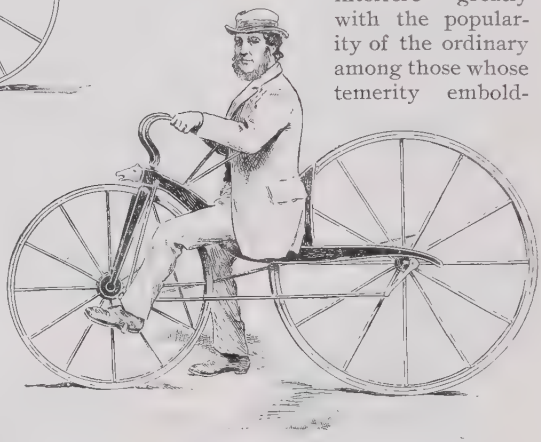
The Celeripede of 1816.



The Lallement Velocipede, 1867.

carried further back and the liability of incurring a "header" was greatly decreased. The difficulty that had to be overcome in this style of machine was that of reaching the pedals while astride the saddle. After much experimenting it was found necessary to substitute bent levers connecting with the cranks, and attached at their upper ends to short arms working on universal joints at the sides of the forks.

This marked the beginning of an era of lever driven bicycles, whose main principle was the transmission of power to the large or driving wheel, without having the rider's weight sufficiently near the center of balance to cause the small wheel to rise in the air and shoot him over the handle bar whenever the large wheel encountered an obstruction. This innovation did not interfere greatly with the popularity of the ordinary among those whose temerity embold-



McMillan's Rear Driver, 1840.

Harry Libby, of Lodi, California, Holder of the Long Distance Record between New York and San Francisco.

The Bicycle Path from Prospect Park, Brooklyn, to Coney Island.

Drawn by J. M. Gleason

Published by the courtesy of "The Wheel."

A Typical "Scorcher"—John S. Johnson, the Professional Cyclist, in Racing Trim

Kaufmann, the Trick Rider, and Some of His Most Remarkable Feats

The Elliotts—A Group of Trick Riders.

ened them to chance accidents in order to enjoy the exhilaration of a spin on the wheel. Each distinctive type, however, had its coterie of admirers, and the increasing interest of the public encouraged in-

Lee Richardson.

The Ordinary of 1876.

Some of Maltby's Feats of "Fancy Riding."

The Michaux Club in Central Park—Lunch at the Casino

From a photograph by John C. Hemment, New York.

Bicycle Polo—A Run with the Ball.

Bicycle Polo—A Mêlée.

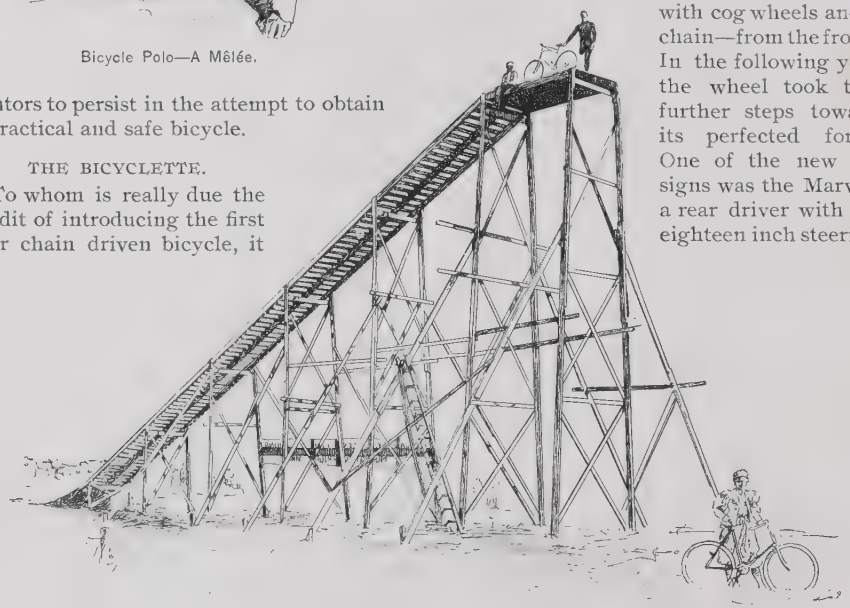
ventors to persist in the attempt to obtain a practical and safe bicycle.

THE BICYCLETTE.

To whom is really due the credit of introducing the first rear chain driven bicycle, it is difficult to state with certainty; but among many claimants of the distinction, it seems probable that the earliest machine of the type destined to supersede all others was the "Bicyclette," invented by H. T. Lawson, an Englishman, and put on the market by Rudge in 1880. It is noteworthy that it proved a failure, and the "Crocodile," as it was derisively titled by cyclists of that time, ceased to live after a few models had been constructed.

THE KANGAROO, MARVEL, AND ROVER.

The next striking departure from the regular model was made in 1883, when the Kangaroo was brought out in England. The Kangaroo was rather a dwarf ordinary than a safety, as it was both steered and driven—with cog wheels and a chain—from the front. In the following year the wheel took two further steps toward its perfected form. One of the new designs was the Marvel, a rear driver with an eighteen inch steering



Kilpatrick, the One Legged Cyclist, and His Feat of Riding Down a High Trestle.

The Michaux Club in Central Park—The Start After Lunch.

From a photograph by John C. Hemment, New York.

wheel and a curiously constructed frame, and adjustable to accommodate riders of different heights. The other was the Rover, invented at about the same time by J. K. Starley. In appearance this machine was complicated and unwieldy, and with a vertical fork and secondary handles was found difficult to manipulate. Confidence in the ultimate triumph of the principles it embodied, however, spurred the inventor to renewed endeavors, and he finally secured a

A Suggestion for "Rapid Transit"—An Elevated Cycle Path.

Drawn by L. M. Glackens.

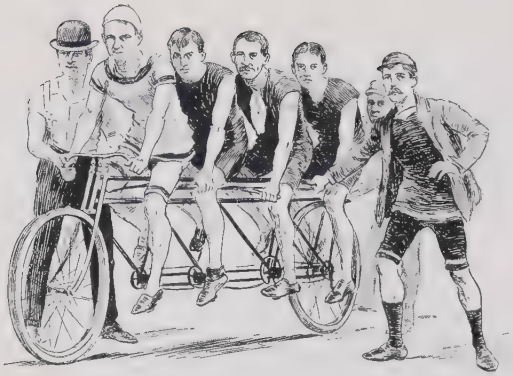
pattern that was gradually adopted wherever cycling was known. About 1890, the manufacture of high wheels practically ceased, and the safety became the prevailing type of bicycle all over the world.

The old Rover type was hardly an ideal of strength and beauty. At first, many makers built the frame after their own ideas, constructing it of graceful curved tubes without much regard to strength and lightness. Gradually the diamond frame, with all straight tubes, asserted its superiority. At first, this style of frame was a true diamond in shape, with upper and lower tubes joining at the steering head—as shown in the drawing by a French artist, engraved on page 149. The lengthening of the steering head, however, led to the slight alteration that changed the frame to a pentagonal shape, since adopted by manufacturers of bicycles in every country in the world as being of maximum strength with a minimum expenditure of material.

THE PNEUMATIC TIRE.

After the adoption of the safety secured a reasonable degree of stability, the cyclist's worst grievance was the jolting of a ride awheel. Many attempts were made to minimize vibration, but it is rather singular that none of the early ones took into consideration the part played by the tire in receiving the concussion of surface inequalities. In 1889 an Irish boy named Dunlop, the son of a veterinary surgeon in Belfast, complained so loudly of the joint shattering qualities of his "boneshaker" that his father began to experiment, and evolved the idea of a hollow rubber tire filled with compressed air. His invention revolutionized cycling, and created a new and important branch of industry, for the manufacture of pneumatic tires today employs thousands

"On a Bicycle Built for Two."



A "Quad."

of men, and a capital of many millions of dollars.

Trials soon demonstrated the extra speed, great resiliency, and thorough practicability of the pneumatic tire, and the demand for it far exceeded the supply. There came something of a reversion of feeling when wheelmen discovered how easily damaged it was, and how difficult to repair; and the cushion tire of solid rubber was introduced as a compromise.

Today, however, the supremacy of the pneumatic is thoroughly established, improvements having been made that minimize its liability to accident.

It is now made in two distinct types, the single tube and the double tube, each of which has its champions who maintain the superiority of their respective favorites. The single tube, as its name implies, is constructed like an endless hosepipe, and in case of puncture must be plugged; while the double tube consists of an inner tube and an outer heavy shoe, both of which are fastened to the rim in various ways. In order to repair this

Playing the Banjo under Difficulties.

A Curiosity in Cycles—A Humber Wheel Exhibited in Paris.

New York Awheel—On the Riverside Drive, Near the Grant Monument.

Drawn by J. M. Gleeson.

A Bicycle Picnic Party.

Drawn by C. M. Relyea.

style of tire, it is necessary to remove the outside portion and patch the inner tube.

OTHER RECENT IMPROVEMENTS.

Another important improvement is the wooden rim—which is, curiously enough, one of the few bicycle inventions originated in this inventive country. It first appeared on a wheel in 1893, and thorough tests proved its stanchness and springiness. Although it has usurped the place of the steel rim in this country, the latter being practically obsolete, it is regarded with disfavor in England. This is in great part due to prejudice, which will no doubt be eventually overcome.

In many details and accessories of the bicycle, where constant improvements might have been expected, they have been comparatively rare until within the last year or two. Now, however, the makers, having settled on the diamond frame as a standard, seem to have determined to seek individuality in specialties. Suspension saddles, condemned by physicians, and cumbersome pedals, made way for more modern inventions, and mechanical experts labored incessantly to simplify the machine and avoid the slightest superfluity at any point. The result is that the bicycle of 1896 is indeed a triumph of mechanical skill, as well as an important factor in the world's civilization.

THE BICYCLE OF TODAY.

The material and workmanship that go to the making of the standard modern wheel—The care and skill it represents, and the magnitude of the cycle manufacturing industry—Speed records and trick riding.

THE BUILDING OF A BICYCLE.

Like books, of bicycles there is no end. At no time has the bicycle maker claimed that perfection was secured or that the whole destiny of the wheel was accomplished. No sooner has a new type been adopted than the march of improvement, the pressure of competition, have compelled further changes. This has been one of the causes that have maintained the price of the modern wheel.

The material used in building a bicycle must be of the very best, the workmanship must be first class. The entire weight of the modern machine is about twenty five pounds, or even less, and it must be able to sustain a weight of two hundred pounds or more. It is usually sold under a guarantee that the material and workmanship are flawless; and hence it may be imagined that its construction is watched with scientific care.

In commencing the story of cycle manufacturing, the tubing used in making the frame is the foundation of the entire machine. The raw material of this must be of the best steel, equal to that used in the highest quality of gun barrels. The discs, as they are termed, not unlike a dinner plate in size, undergo an immense pressure in draw benches, and passing through the several stages of the annealing process at last become cold drawn seamless tubing. This comes to the maker in different lengths, ranging from ten to twelve feet upward, to be cut into the sizes needed.

In building the frame, the utmost care must be used in joining the parts together, which is done by the process called brazing. Most of the work being invisible, as the jointures made are inside the tubing, there is no possible way of discovering a defect until the rider gives his wheel a practical test on the road; but the care with which the work is done may be realized when we consider how seldom accidents arise from the breaking of frames.

When the frame is completed, it is filed and polished by hand, to prepare it for the process of enameling. There are two ways of doing this work; one is known as the dipping process, where the frame is submerged in a tank of liquid enamel; the other is done by the brush. In either way, to make a lasting finish, four or five coats must be applied, and after each one the tubing must be polished and rubbed to prepare it for the next coat.

The bright parts of the wheel—the hubs, pedals, sprockets, cranks, and crank hangers, the crank shaft, and the connections for the frame—begin their career in the forge shop, where they are first roughly shaped. Most of them require a score of subsequent operations, and some of them more than twice as many, before they are finished and perfected, to fit into their intended places in the complete wheel.

AUTOMATIC MACHINERY.

In America, automatic machines figure largely in the manufacture of bicycles. These alone require the expenditure of a good many thousands of dollars for a factory able to turn out a few thousand wheels. Some of the makers whose output is perhaps fifty or sixty thousand wheels a year, have as many as a hundred and fifty of them.

The working of the automatic machine is in itself a marvelous revelation. Imagine a bar of steel, an inch or two in thickness, and ten or twelve feet in length, being

placed in the machine, which is then set in operation, and, without further aid from the man in charge—who watches a dozen machines at one time—turns out a perfect hub, or pin, or nut, or bolt, as the case may be, without the difference of a thousandth part of an inch between any two of them. When they are finished, these minute parts of the wheel are as carefully and delicately constructed as the works of a watch. At every operation to which they are subjected, they pass a rigid inspection; and the slightest deviation from the gauge causes them to be rejected.

When completed, they are made handsomer and more durable by being nickeled. First they receive a coating of copper, to better the surface for the nickeling operation. After passing through this process, the machine often undergoes a test of several seasons' usage, and yet the bright parts will retain their luster in spite of the effects of the atmosphere and elements.

When finished, polished, and ready to be assembled, the parts are distributed to the workmen from the storage room. First in order, in this last chapter of the work, is the building of the wheels proper. The foundation is the hub. To this the spokes are fastened, and then in turn attached to the rim, placed on spindles. Adept boys, in most cases, adjust the spokes, and then pass the wheels to a set of men who rank among the best grade of workmen in the factory—those who "true" them, so that the strain will be equal from each point of the rim. Then they are fitted with tires, and are placed in position in the frames; the handle bar is fitted and the saddle adjusted, the pedals put on the cranks, and the bicycle is ready for shipment.

THE MAGNITUDE OF THE CYCLE INDUSTRY.

Bicycle men assert that theirs is today the largest specific manufacturing industry in America; that is to say, that there is no other single article whose production brings so large a remuneration to so large a class of workers. Glance at those who build the machines — to say nothing of those who sell them, rent them, repair them, advertise them, and teach their use. In Chicago alone more than two hundred makers are reckoned, though some of these only "assemble" wheels, buying the component parts from various first hands. New England is dotted with factories, notably those of Boston, Hartford, Springfield, Chicopee Falls, Torrington, and New Haven. New York has several, and there are others in Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, and Erie. Going further West, we find them at Dayton, Elyria, and Cleveland. Toledo is an important center; wheels are made at Indianapolis, Richmond, and Goshen in Indiana; at Marshall in Michigan; at Peoria, Rockford, and Freeport in Illinois. Hagerstown, Maryland, has the only important factory in the Southern States. There is none, as yet, west of the Missouri; but the chain—already one that few even of the long established industries can rival—is sure to extend further, as the extension of the demand requires a closer proximity between maker and buyer. California, too, whose proverbially glorious climate gives the wheelman twelve months in the year for riding, is certain to develop its own clientele.

MILLIONS FOR CYCLING.

It is variously estimated that from five hundred thousand to a million bicycles will be made in America this year. It is quite probable that the higher figure is nearer the truth. One factory, which manufactures nothing but chains, is said to have orders for no less than a million; and this by no means represents the entire output, as many of the larger firms make their own chains. It may be guessed that in 1896 the public will spend something like a hundred millions of dollars, directly and indirectly, upon wheeling.

Such a development, so tremendous in extent, so sudden, so revolutionary, has been made possible by the men who have built up the bicycle industry in America, portraits of some of whom are given in these pages. As to the capital they control we have no exact figure, but the total must be very large. To their energy and foresight the facts already cited are a sufficiently striking testimonial. Their enterprise is instanced by the fact that as a class they are the boldest and most successful advertisers in the business world.

SPEED RECORDS.

In speed, the bicycle has beaten the horse, and excels everything but the locomotive. A quarter of a mile has been ridden in 22 1-5 seconds; a mile in one minute, 39 1-5 seconds; ten miles in 20 minutes, 10 1-5 seconds. In an hour, a distance of 29 miles, 45 yards, has been covered; in twenty four hours, 529 miles, 552 yards. These records were made on race tracks or smooth roads; but rapid wheeling is also possible over rough country. Last winter a test run was made between two Western army posts, Fort Meade and Fort Yates, when four hun-

dred and fifty miles of difficult traveling, which would have taken a cavalry troop nine days, were traversed in seven days and a half by a detachment of cyclists. On an ordinary road, there are plenty of wheelmen —and some women—who can do a hundred miles in six hours or less.

TRICK RIDING.

The average wheelman sits upon the saddle, grasps the handle bar, and propels his machine by pressing the pedals with his feet. The expert, the "trick rider," scorns this commonplace method of maneuvering a bicycle. He stands upon the saddle and handle bar, or balances himself upon the former alone, standing or kneeling. He rides on the hind wheel alone, raising the front wheel from the ground; then he bends forward, detaches the front wheel, and still pedals forward while he takes half of his machine to pieces. He rides backward—Lee Richardson has ridden half a mile backward in two minutes and a half. He turns his machine upside down and makes the wheels revolve, balancing on the pedals. He rides a single wheel—the large wheel of an old fashioned "ordinary"—with neither saddle nor handle, supporting and balancing himself on the pedals. One trick rider plays the banjo while he performs this feat. He carries a man upon his shoulders, and even a second passenger upon the shoulders of the first. The riders shown in the engraving on page 143 have an "act" in which the entire family of brothers and sisters ride upon a single wheel.

In all, more than a hundred styles of fancy riding are reckoned, and the control that some of its exponents have over their machine seems, to those who watch it on track or stage, nothing less than magical.

CYCLING CLUBS.

How wheelmen's clubs have sprung up all over America, from the exclusive Michaux Club of New York to the great national organization of the American Wheelmen—Their membership and influence.

THE FOUR HUNDRED AWHEEL.

The bicycle was adopted by the masses before it was taken up by society—a marked reversal of the usual order of things. Not that the "smart set" of latter day America is lacking in the taste for athletics. In tennis, golf, coaching, yachting, skating, it has been in the forefront; but for years it frowned severely upon the wheel. Perhaps it considered that its time was fully occupied otherwise. The fashionable woman would swing Indian clubs or brandish dumbbells in the morning, after her bath; at eleven, if at a watering place, she would bathe, afterwards taking a short walk before lunch. In the afternoon she could drive or ride, and the day might end with a dance. But with all this, the wheel opened a new sphere to her.

It was at Newport, and only a couple of years ago, that the bicycle first definitely received the august stamp of metropolitan society's approval. There was some speculation whether, when the Four Hundred next gathered in their city dwellings, they would bring their wheels with them. Some things, as the world knows, are permissible in the æstival freedom of the country that cannot be tolerated in the urban stiffness of fashion's winter forgathering. The question was speedily answered, however, by the formation of the Michaux Club by some of the "best people" in New York.

The Michaux Club, named after the French inventor of the pedal, has just closed its second season of successful existence. In many ways it is a really unique organization. To no metropolitan club is admission more eagerly sought. Its membership, limited to two hundred and fifty, has long been full, and there is already a lengthy "waiting list." Entrance to its exclusive circle may be regarded as a social cachet of the most authoritative sort. The club's manager is Mr. William A. Haines, and among its members the following are a few of the well known names that may be cited: Colonel and Mrs. William Jay, Mr. and Mrs. William Rockefeller, Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. John G. Hecksher, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Duer, Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Drexel, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Roosevelt, Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Francklyn, Dr. and Mrs. John N. Beekman, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Suydam.

The headquarters of the Michaux are at an up town cycling academy, where it has elaborately appointed club rooms. They open out upon the balcony which overlooks the riding floor of the academy, and from this coign of vantage the spectators can view the evolutions executed below. The orchestra is stationed in the opposite balcony. The regular club days are Monday and Thursday afternoons, and Tuesday and Friday evenings, with Friday morning for practice.

THE MICHAUX BICYCLE DANCES.

The club's musical rides are the distinctive features of its indoor life, and the in-

tricate figures performed by the cyclists, as they follow their leader around the spacious hall, to the music of the band, make one of the prettiest sights in all Gotham. The crowning achievement of the Michaux on wheels, however, is the Virginia reel. This time honored dance has been successfully accomplished on horseback at White Sulphur Springs, in the heart of the Virginias, with fair Southern maidens and gallant cavaliers guiding blue blooded steeds through the figures; but the horseless carriage and the bicycle are fast relegating the equine race to the museum and the historian, and it remained for the Michaux Club to originate the dance on wheels.

Carefully drilled by Mr. Haines, the Michaux members have attained really remarkable proficiency in this difficult evolution, and were it to be given as a public exhibition it might create a furore. The more accomplished of the cyclists who take part in the reel are so skilful that they never dismount during the dance. It is always a picturesque maneuver, even when danced afoot, and when the fascination of the wheel is added, with the picturesque surroundings, and the graceful riders whirling swiftly through the figures, it presents a scene not readily equaled in its unique charm.

The picturesque features of last year's spring meet of the club were notable in cycling annals, and that now at hand augurs even greater success. The Central Park Casino and the Claremont do not see a more goodly array of fair women and gallant men, year in and year out, than on the occasions of the Michaux meet.

OTHER AMERICAN CLUBS.

Legion is the name of the successful cycling organizations in other American cities. Brooklyn has the Kings County Wheelmen, Long Island Wheelmen, and Brooklyn Bicycle Club; Philadelphia, the Century, Philadelphia, Quaker City, and Pennsylvania Clubs; Chicago, the Chicago and the Lincoln; Boston, the Boston Bicycle Club; and so on almost *ad infinitum*. In all, about five hundred clubs are said to be in existence in the United States at the present time.

THE "L. A. W."

In May, 1880, there was formed at Newport the League of American Wheelmen, which has become a great national organization, more than forty thousand members being now on its rolls—including fifteen hundred women. Its headquarters are in Boston, and it has branches and official representatives in every State and Territory of the Union. It has full control of the racing element of the cycling world, making and administering its laws. Its influence has been effectively exerted in the movement for the betterment of American roads—a cause that every wheelman has at heart, and one in which the whole community is, or ought to be, deeply interested. Its power and prestige are ready to defend the cyclist's rights whensoever and wheresoever they may be invaded. It has not yet launched into politics as a new "third party," nor has it nominated a candidate for the Presidency, but these things may come later.

It may be noted here that there are similar national bodies in foreign countries—the National Cyclists' Union in England, the Radfahrer Bund in Germany, and others in Italy, Scandinavia, Australia, and elsewhere.

THE WHEEL ABROAD.

How the bicycle has gone around the world, and reckons its devotees among the great men of every nation.

ROYALTY ON WHEELS.

In every civilized land, the bicycle has become a familiar object; and even into some of the wildest corners of the earth it has penetrated, steered by the host of "around the world" cyclists who have in the last few years undertaken to emulate the example of Mr. Thomas Stevens.

European royalties have taken to the wheel no less kindly than America's social lights. The young autocrat of all the Russias, the Czar Nicholas, has been photographed with his wheel. Grouped with him were his cousins, the two tallest princes in Europe—George of Greece and Charles of Denmark. The latter not long ago taught his betrothed, Princess "Harry" of Wales, to ride—an accomplishment shared by the Princess Louise and several other members of Queen Victoria's family. Prince Christian Victor and his kinsman, Prince Henry of Prussia, the Kaiser's brother, had a twenty mile race in England last summer, the former winning. The Princess of Wales does not venture beyond a tricycle.

Wilhelm of Germany has not been seen upon a wheel, not caring, probably, to risk the indignity of an imperial "cropper." But his sister's husband's father, the King of Greece, is a cyclist; so, too, is the King of Belgium. Another is Milan, the dethroned ruler of Servia; another, Prince Albert of Monaco, the middle aged scientist

who does not belong to the Society for the Suppression of Gambling. Both lines of French pretenders are represented in the cycling world, Prince Napoleon and Prince Henry of Orleans being wheelmen. The former's kinswoman, the Duchess of Aosta, has somewhat scandalized her sedate brother in law, King Humbert, by "scorching" through the streets of Turin in the most emancipated costumes.

IN FRANCE, GERMANY, AND SPAIN.

In Paris the great men of politics, art, and letters are to be seen awheel on the boulevards and in the Bois—among them being Casimir Perier, late president of the republic; Bartholdi, the sculptor; Carolus-Duran, the painter; and James Gordon Bennett, of the New York *Herald*. Both in France and in Germany, the general excellence of the roads has done much for cycling. The latter country was but little behind England and America in taking up the sport, and the traveler who bears his "L. A. W." badge will not go far upon a German highway without hearing the friendly greeting, "All Heil!"—the motto of the Teuton wheelmen's national league. Vienna recently had a successful cycle exhibition. Belgium and Holland have produced some champion riders. St. Petersburg has more than five thousand wheelmen, several hundred of whom are women.

Spain, which some of our Senators seem to regard as a particularly benighted land, has taken kindly to the wheel. In Valladolid, where Cervantes lived and where Columbus died, a racing track has just been built. Madrid boasts one of the best cycle clubs in Europe, with a sumptuous house and a track of its own. So widespread is the national interest in wheeling that there are six Spanish periodicals devoted to the sport.

THE WHEEL IN THE EAST.

In Turkey it is not long since the bicycle was officially designated as "the devil's chariot," and its use was proscribed throughout the Sultan's domains; yet today it is stated that in the three cities of Constantinople, Smyrna, and Salonica there are more than a thousand wheelmen. There is a track at Pera, the most fashionable part of Constantinople, and another at Therapia, on the Bosporus; but the lack of good roads is a serious hindrance to the sport.

In Egypt, the Sphinx looks down upon the bicycle with unmoved eyes. Gazing over the sandy sweep of the desert, the prehistoric monster sees the intrepid cyclist halt on his triumphant progress around the world, prop his wheel against the ruins of some fallen temple, mend a punctured tire, take a snap shot with his kodak, and whirl away.

"OOM PAUL" AS A CYCLIST.

At the other end of the Dark Continent, British settlers have introduced the wheel along with the tennis racket and the cricket bat. The bicycle is the one Uitlander innovation that has found favor with President Krüger of the Transvaal, whose doctor recommends it as the most beneficial form of exercise. All over the world, the story is the same, from Rio de Janeiro, where there is a fine racing track, to Cabul, where the Ameer has recently ordered a consignment of wheels from England for the benefit of the ladies of his harem.

American bicycles, as well as English, are exported to almost all countries. Recent trade reports show shipments from the port of New York to Great Britain, France, Germany, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, India, Australia, Chili, Brazil, Colombia, Hayti, San Domingo, Jamaica, and Central America, all within a brief period. Japan, in her ambition to emulate western industries, has begun to manufacture her own wheels, but they are described as clumsy and cumbrous affairs.

WOMAN AND THE WHEEL.

What the bicycle has done for American women—How to learn to ride, and how to dress for cycling.

THE WHEEL AS A TONIC.

To men, the bicycle in the beginning was merely a new toy, another machine added to the long list of devices they knew in their work and in their play. To women, it was a steed upon which they rode into a new world.

The condition of women had not changed materially for the better since the early days in America, notwithstanding all the talk of agitators. The healthy, capable, clear headed colonial dame, the ruler of her household, could hold her own with any of her granddaughters. In those days of our early social life women rode on horseback. Their neighbors lived at such distances that it was necessary to spend much of their lives in the open air. Whatever good the newer and more brilliant civilization brought, it carried conditions which confined women more and more, taking from their naturalness. To this end of the century had come an artificiality which the

ever ready pessimist called a menace to the state.

The wholesome life which is only found near to nature's uncovered face, was for a few rich women who chose it during certain seasons, and for the uncultured poor who were so close to the ground that they failed to see the sky above as well. The great middle class, which makes the core of a nation, lived more and more in towns and cities, and chained itself more closely indoors. Each decade saw the growth of new morbid tendencies in its womankind, which went far toward proving the black prophecies of the croakers. It was the spinning silver wheels which at last whirled women into the open air, giving them strength, confidence, and a realization that to feel the pulse bounding with enjoyment is in itself a worthy end.

THE INVENTION OF THE DROP FRAME.

But the wheel was not taken up in a day. When a horseman wishes to mount his steed, he puts one hand on its mane, his foot in the stirrup, and vaults into the saddle. A woman must have her steed brought up for contemplation, see that it is satisfactory, and then ask for the lifting hand to give her a mount. It is the feminine method of approaching all hobbies. The lifting hand in this case was that of W. E. Smith, the inventor of the drop frame bicycle, and it was only given after his wife had looked the safety over and decided that she wanted to ride it.

This was in 1888. The story of that pioneer wheel is interesting. Light wheels were not known then, and even had they been, they would not have been given to women, who were not considered expert enough to manage them. Mrs. Smith's first wheel weighed sixty pounds. She herself tipped the scale at eighty. Last year she had gained forty pounds, and her wheel had lost exactly the same amount—which says a great deal for the evolution of both women and bicycles.

LEARNING TO RIDE.

Probably, if every woman in the beginning had realized the difficulties of learning to ride, she never would have essayed her first lesson. But the feat looks so easy, that probably there was not one woman in ten who did not believe that she could gracefully mount and forthwith ride away in triumph. The schools hold traditions of women who have actually done this thing, but they are the glorious exceptions that prove the rule of preliminary falls; and they prove something else as well. These favored ones are generally women who have been noted for excellence in some other sport. They are good skaters, who have been in the habit of balancing themselves on the steel blades over the glaring ice; or fine shots, whose trained eyes and steady arms have shown the bullet the path to the bull's eye; or billiardists whose balls knew their way through the mysteries of "draws," "drives," and "follows."

Steady nerves have everything to do with bicycling, and the chief value of the sport is its education of the nerves, and through them of the character. Most of the women who took up the wheel had already learned the theories of Delsarte. They knew that a dignified carriage was the result of a well organized and a well controlled temperament; that an acquired dignity would react upon the mind, and cultivate the qualities that go to make the attitude real. They speedily discovered that no enemy had ever found out their weaknesses so readily as the bicycle. The woman who would ride must be patient, watchful, self reliant. The least lapse in purpose, the thousandth part of a second's indulgence in indecision, was recorded, usually by a bruise on some portion of her anatomy which had come in contact with the floor.

Physicians say that science has discovered no new remedy for incipient brain disease equal to the bicycle. It gives sufficient enjoyment to make it fascinating to the patient, and it provides for a constant concentration of mind. The play it gives the muscles is extraordinary. The first long spin brings the rider home with a realization that every fiber of the body has been brought into active use. There is no comparison between horseback riding and bicycling in this respect. While the horse is a companion to the true horsewoman which she is loath to give up, her wheel becomes something much better. It is soon identified with its owner as a horse never can be.

The expert rider forgets how she rides as she forgets how she breathes. She threads her way through crowded streets as readily as she walks them, and with as little effort and annoyance. Last winter, during the street car strike in Philadelphia, women used their wheels as a means of locomotion, and the crowded down town streets were filled with them. The weather was very cold, and many of the riders carried their hands in muffs, guiding the wheels by slight movements of the body. Clerks in stores, typewriters, and the whole great

army of employed women rode their wheels to business; women who came to buy left bicycles in the check rooms of the great shops. Never before had the Quaker City realized what a useful servant the wheel can be. Such an experience renders practical the suggestion embodied in the drawing on page 148—an up and down town bicycle track for New York, raised above the streets as are the elevated railroads.

THE QUESTION OF DRESS.

A great deal has been said about bicycle costumes. Rationally regarded, it will be seen that women have treated the question of dressing for the bicycle exactly as they have treated every other sport that required a change from the conventional wear of every day. It is nonsense to say that the bicycle has revolutionized women's dress, and has glorified Mrs. Bloomer. The most daring costume worn on the wheel cannot approach the ordinary bathing dress as a bold departure from the accepted standards of feminine gowning upon conventional occasions.

When women began to ride, they found themselves hampered by long skirts, and they promptly had them shortened. Many women wore bloomers, and a few appeared in knickerbockers, but they were never those whom the great majority would care to imitate. The well bred rider of the bicycle—and the average American woman is always tactful and adaptable enough to have that appearance—sees to it that her dress is dainty and picturesque, without holding out any temptations to the caricaturist. It must be no more pronounced in cut and style than her walking dress. It must be neat, tailor made, and elegant, without a frill or a ribbon to catch the eye or the wind.

It has been boasted that the wheel has done what the physical culturists have never been able to do—made women set stays aside, and rely upon their own muscles for support. The fact is, that the best physical trainers of girls do not ask them to put aside whalebone entirely. When they mount the wheel, it is only a small minority who discard their corsets. Because she has found a new delight in living, a way to get out of beaten paths, and into the open air of the country, there is no reason why a woman should change every habit of her life in the twinkling of an eye. At any rate, she has not done so. If she has ridden her bicycle into new fields, becoming in the process a new creature, it has been gradually and unconsciously. She did not have to be born again in some mysterious fashion, becoming a strange creature, a "new woman." She is more like the "eternal feminine," who has taken on wings, and who is using them with an ever increasing delight in her new power.

COMMON SENSE IN WHEELING.

Not many women, comparatively speaking, have shown the craze for wheeling which has developed in some men. Women are too fond of the beauties which they see all about them on country roads to be turned into mere propellers of a machine over a certain number of miles for the purpose of making a record on a cyclometer. The woman who goes on "century runs" is very rare. But the average bicycler has learned more of the topography of the country and its local history than anybody, except the map makers, has known before. The feminine mind is fond of detail, and when she starts out, the woman who rides afield knows where she is going, and what she is going to see. It is as though a new language had been given to her, and the books of its literature opened before her. Hitherto a weak, helpless creature, she can at her own sweet will cover great stretches of country without appreciable fatigue, and all the delights of motion, sun, and air come without any more effort than has been given to dawdling about the streets.

The beginner should take her lessons and learn her pace from a competent instructor. It may be that in the beginning, if she tries it alone or with the assistance of some one as ignorant as herself, all the benefit may be destroyed. The machine must be adjusted to the nature, habits, and physique of the woman who is to ride it. It may be that too light a wheel is given to the very nervous woman. She will come home a bundle of nerves, shaken into bewilderment and pain by the vibration which would only be an added delight to her stronger sister. Her saddle should be set well over her pedals, and so low that her heel can touch the pedal when it is at the lowest point.

A woman should never go upon the road until she can mount and dismount with confidence, and thoroughly understands her machine. A fright or any accident in the beginning may "break the nerve" of a raw rider until confidence can never be fully regained. The wheel means too much to woman, when it is fully appreciated and enjoyed, to be considered lightly, or trifled with. It is the best gift that the nineteenth century has brought her.

MY MOTHER'S DIARY.

JUNE 11: This is the end of our first day in the valley, and Yosemite is almost up to its photographs. The others weren't energetic, but Tom and I went to see the Bridal Veil, and sat there for an hour or more, discussing what seems to be the correct topic now, heaven versus extinction. He's an atheist, of course, but not a very bigoted one. I shouldn't wonder if in time he settled down into quite an orthodox agnostic. We got very solemncholy. You can't help dropping some of your world-worldliness in the face of all that stunningness. It seems queer to think that I, in my calfskin boots and leather leggings, have been going over the very ground that my mother traversed thirty years ago today, probably in paper soles and hoop skirts. She says that her engagement came out of that trip. I wonder if Yosemite always affects our family that way! I ran across her little old diary just before I left, and I'm going to read it each day after I've made my own record. Let's see what she says of the 11th of June. Two pages of purple peaks and glowing sentiments, then:

Sat on a rock with J. and talked of the immortality of the soul. Was troubled to find he had been assailed by the doubts so prevalent in this generation. Shall do all I can to clear his vision. Talked long and earnestly, went back much exalted by the grandeur and beauty on every side.

Yes, I know that uplifted, soul to soul feeling. Nowadays we call it religious flirtation. Is this generation coarser and less reverent, or simply more honest? I suppose J. stands for Joseph, who has since become my father and a pillar of the church. Mother did good work that trip.

June 12: I had a small adventure this morning, all by myself. I was up earlier than the rest, and it looked so lovely out that I strolled a little way, and then a little farther, and still on up a fascinating trail. I was examining a stone I had found, which I was morally certain indicated a gold mine under my feet, and was trying to decide how I could stake out my claim, when a little sound in front of me made me look up. Not three feet away lay a huge rattlesnake, who had evidently just discovered me. We stood staring at each other for a few seconds without any interchange of courtesies. I was too scared to move, and I dare say he was. Then I flung my gold stone in his face and jumped back as far as I could. There was a *b-zz* that made my blood run cold, but it was his death rattle. He was very dead and very nasty.

At first I thought I'd sit down and cry; then, running back to the hotel seemed more attractive, but finally pride and vainglory made me spear the vile thing upon a long forked stick and carry him back to impress the others. They were all out in front, wondering where I was, and everybody was nice and impressed and congratulatory, except Tom, who chose to be cross as a bear about it and to sulk all day, probably because he didn't have the glory himself. He read me a long lecture on foolhardiness and not knowing when you ought to be afraid, just as if I hadn't been in an agony of fright the whole time. I suppose he would have admired me more if I had let the snake chase me home, so that he could rush out and throttle it with one hand and bear me fainting into the house with the other. Men say they like girls to be plucky and sensible and all that, but in their secret hearts they still adore the Clingy Vine kind. Next time I get into a tight place, and Tom is around, I'll give him a little exhibition of how Clingy Vine behaves under those circumstances, and we'll see how he likes it.

Now for my mother's June twelfth. More purple sentiments, which I'll skip, then:

I had a shock this morning, from which my nerves have scarcely yet recovered. The sense of horror still clings to me, and I dread going to sleep, knowing what my dreams will be. J. and I were following a path when suddenly we came upon a mammoth rattlesnake, which one of the guides had killed. We saw at once that the creature was dead, but his evil look, and the dread thought of what might have happened had he been alive, made me so faint that J. was obliged to support me to a seat, where I clung to him trembling and weeping in spite of my efforts at self control. It was a long time before I was able to go on. He showed the greatest kindness and sympathy, and the gentlest consideration for my feminine timidity. I find in him some very noble traits, and his conversation is highly enjoyable.

My mother would have just suited Tom. If she had been alone and the snake alive, I wonder if she'd have killed it herself! And do you suppose I might have trembled and wept if there had been any one on the spot to appreciate it? It isn't impossible.

June 13: We went up Cloud's Rest today: very fine. Edith wished she had a kodak, which Tom said would be about as much in place as a kazoo in a Beethoven symphony. He has rather devoted himself in that direction since I refused to be lectured more than a limited amount yesterday. Edith doesn't kill snakes. She squealed a little today when her horse shied, and Tom grew positively affectionate. All the same, I happen to know that once, when she was a little girl, she held up a mouse by its tail; and if she goes too far, I'll betray her. No present timidity can live down a past like that; and she can't deny the charge, for I stood on a table and shrieked while she did it. Oh, I can spoil her chances any moment I choose. I have had to content myself with Will all day, and, what was harder still, to content him with me. It isn't easy to rouse enthusiasm in a man who is all the time trying to overhear what another man is saying to another girl, and wishing said other man's horse would drop him over the edge of a cliff; but I finally did it. I asked him if he didn't think Edith had a lovely profile, and that caught his attention. Then I went on to her full face, and he began to expand; and by the time I had reached her eyelashes, he was all responsiveness. At the end of half an hour we were so absorbed in our topic that we nearly took the wrong trail. Edith was rather cool to me afterwards, which I call a little hard.

At the 13th, my mother has a tiny fern pasted over the following:

One of the party gathered this for my diary, as it would suggest the mighty handiworks of nature on which it had been gazing all its brief life, and added, "Take the bright shell to your home on the lea, And wherever it goes, it will sing of the sea." We had a long talk about poetry and its influence on the emotions, which I considered inferior to that of music. He did not agree with me, and quoted many beautiful lines from Mrs. Hemans and others to convince me, as we strolled up and down in the moonlight. J. was disposed to resent what he called my desertion of him, and maintained a gloomy front all the evening. I notice in him a tendency to domineer at times, due to his strong nature. He needs a softening influence.

Yes, Joseph, I've noticed that tendency in you occasionally, too. Poor papa, the 13th is an unlucky day for both of us! If I were thirty years previous, I'd go out and stroll with you in the moonlight myself, and tell you how "The rose had been washed, just washed by a shower, Which Mary to Anna conveyed," and we'd make mother and Tom wildly jealous. We aren't fickle things, always taking up with another member of the party. Our heart is true to Poll, isn't it?

June 14: I had a chance this afternoon to show Tom how Clingy Vine acts in an emergency, but pride and a rival in that line prevented. We were going along a narrow trail when Edith's mule, who had some private grudge against mine, sneaked up behind and tried to take a piece out of poor Jonathan. He shrieked with rage and surprise, and gave an indignant buck, and before I could recover, the saddle slipped around, and I found myself riding on the wrong side of his body. Not being skilled in the Human Fly act, I promptly fell off, and landed with a large part of me dangling over the Yosemite Fall. Of course I was picked up and dusted and fussed over all in a second; and I should have gone into hysterics if Edith hadn't got in ahead of me. It was selfish of her, for I'm sure my nerves were more upset than anybody's. The only alternative was to make myself as disagreeable as possible, which I did. Tom wanted to do all sorts of things—carry me home was one of them, I believe—but I told him Edith needed his attention more than I did. I didn't really suppose he would be discouraged so easily, but he fell back at once, and made her drink some brandy, and lent her his handkerchief.

This is the record of our last day in the Valley, for we leave tomorrow noon. Next time I visit Yosemite I am coming alone, and then, perhaps, I'll have some time for the scenery. Mother, too, seems to find human relations disturbing. The 14th hasn't a word about foaming cataracts, nor even a Biblical quotation:

There are some things about J. that disturb me not a little. When alone with me, he shows the fullest appreciation of the marvels around us, and a marked tendency to serious reflection; but when amidst a crowd, he displays a certain levity that jars, a mad desire to quiz from which nothing is sacred. His humor is quick and sprightly, and I cannot help laughing at his jests, which serve to make him but the more popular with the other ladies; but the fear that they are the outcome of a certain lack of depth spoils my enjoyment. Today, whilst riding along the edge of a precipice, his horse hit its foot against a stone and stumbled. Had J. been a poor horseman, they might both have been plunged to a horrible death. The

thought of it even now blanches my cheek. Most men would have been sobered by such a possibility, but J. showed a certain laughing carelessness that jarred on my sensibilities. Am I too fanciful? I trust and pray that I may not show myself carping. We had a long and most delightful talk this evening on the beautifying influence of love, the glamour it casts over objects otherwise indifferent or even unsightly. In many things we are kindred spirits.

June 15: There is still half an hour before the stage goes, so I will make a last entry if people will just stop talking to me. We went to Mirror Lake early this morning, I clinging persistently and successfully to Will until he suddenly saw Edith standing all alone, gazing pensively at her own reflection in the water. That was too much. With one bound he had shaken himself free and was off; and when I collected my wits, I found myself discussing the beauties of nature with Tom. I could write yards about the lovely effects I saw in the next half hour, but it all condenses down to the fact that, on due provocation, I told Tom I loved him—which any idiot might have discovered weeks ago—and he explained his sentiments towards me, about which there had been some little confusion. I was inclined to be huffy when I found that Edith had been merely a blind, a ruse, to see how I would take it. I told him he had won me under false pretenses, for I never should have accepted him so promptly if I hadn't supposed he was trembling in the balance between Edith and me. But I am happy enough to forgive anybody anything.

He is pestering me now to come out for one last stroll, but I must take a look at mother's record for today. What if she and her J. chose the 15th on which to come together, too? I'll just glance, for my dear boy is saying softly, with all a lover's impassioned romance, "Say, do brace up. The time is almost gone," and adding with tender pleading, "*Won't* you get a move on?"

I am sad at heart, and have shed many tears this beautiful day. Early this morning, J. and I walked to Mirror Lake, and there he offered me the highest honor man can pay woman. He asked me to be his wife. Fond as I am of him, much as I admire his brilliant qualities, I feel that I can never care for him as a true wife should, and told him so, with all possible gentleness. He was much cast down, and even my offer of being a true and affectionate sister to him did little to lighten his misery. I trust I have not been to blame in any way, and that he will not let one disappointment blight his life. Poor dear John!

John! Poor dear *John?* Then J. didn't stand for Joseph, and it wasn't papa at all. And after all those deep, soulful talks, and communings, she naïvely hopes she hasn't been to blame in any way! My dear mother, I think you must have forgotten what was in that old diary when you said I could take it. There are some things that even your frivolous daughter doesn't do. I may not inspire a man to lead a better life, but I don't let him propose to me unless I mean to accept him. Yes, Tom, I'm coming. My mother's diary ends here, but across the corner of this last page is written:

Had a long talk with another member of the party. He asked me to call him Joseph, and I said I would. Small conventionalities seem out of place in this grand environment.

And this while poor John is eating his heart out with grief! O mamma!

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

IN MAY.

AWHEEL, awheel with my lady,
Abreast of the laughing rills,
Where the lanes are cool and shady
In the lap of the purple hills;
Where the wind swept grass sways lithely,
Where the nesting bird sings blithely,
And the earth, wide eyed as a fresh won bride,
To the sun's first greeting thrills—
Ah, who would miss a ride like this,
Abreast of the laughing rills?

To spring's low whispered lurings
The young leaves venture forth,
And, loosed from their harbor moorings,
The fishers sweep to the north;
But *her* voice than the spring's is sweeter,
She flies than the white boats fleeter,
And my love's cheek glows like the sunset's rose,
And her smile my whole heart fills—
Ah, who would miss a ride like this,
Abreast of the laughing rills?

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

STORIETTES

A FORTUNE TOLD.

A SPRING sun with early flowers, and a sky overhead like the deep blue of a Delft plate, may be very attractive to one attuned to the loveliness of nature ; but to a young man with a wealth of love in his heart and a lack of ready money in his pocket, the beauty of the scene, so out of accord with his feelings, comes with a sensation that jars.

He had been revolving the situation in his mind, had carefully considered every point of the question, and the outlook was anything but encouraging. The letter that he held in his hand demanded an immediate reply. It was a short business note from a firm in a distant city, offering him a position at a very small increase of salary. Ordinarily he would have despatched the matter after scarcely a moment's deliberation. To accept the offer would mean no appreciable rise in the world, and it would sever certain cherished associations. But that was just the thing. Was it not the part of wisdom to put distance between him and an object that was unattainable? To see the woman he loved, to be brought into almost daily contact with her beauty and her thousand charms, was simply to live in a fool's paradise.

To know that other men wooed her, laid their hearts' secrets before her, and at least stood a chance of winning her, was maddening to him whose lips were sealed. How could he ask her to share his lot? Oh, the bitter irony of it! What had he to offer her but a heart overflowing with tenderness? And could not other men give her that and wealth besides?

He thought of her willowy grace, of her little white hands. Shielded from poverty and the sordid side of life, her spirit had grown straight and free as a fresh young flower. How unsuited she was to endure privation! Could he ask her to give up all that she had been accustomed to, and endure hardships for his sake? In imagination he could almost see her dear face losing that look of careless happiness, growing serious day by day with the cares of life, with anxiety about unwonted details. He had heard that love glorified all things, but was it not selfishness even to think of winning her heart? Perhaps, if he went away, in years to come he might learn to think of her as only a gracious memory.

But why torture himself with thoughts of the future? As for the present, his mind was made up. He had written his letter accepting the position offered him, and his preparations for departure were concluded. There was nothing left for him to do but to bid some of his friends good by.

He was ushered into the little studio, where she elected to paint when it suited her fancy, but oftener to receive her "guests of honor," as she called them. This mark of her favor had been vouchsafed to him before, but there were others, he knew, who enjoyed the same privilege.

She was sitting near the bay window, her hands clasped loosely in her lap, and in her eyes a dreamy expression which showed that her thoughts were far away. She rose when she saw him, and came forward to meet him.

"I am glad you have come," she said. "I think I was about to give way to one of my moods. I don't like moody people, do you?"

He looked at her. Could she not guess that, whatever phase of her character might be turned to him, he loved her always? But they were treading on dangerous ground. If he would leave her with his secret still his own, he must turn the conversation into other channels ; but when he proceeded to do it, it was with a half heartedness that was very apparent.

He told her that he was about to go away, that he probably would not return for many years; and he tried to speak lightly of the many changes that might occur before they would meet again. Was it imagination that made him think she paled slightly at his words?

"Perhaps you will be married then," he said. "Won't you promise to send me your wedding cards?"

She did not seem to be listening to him. "Is not this a sudden determination?" she asked. "Why are you going?"

She had turned her face away, and he could not catch the expression that had suddenly stolen over it.

"There are many reasons," he said. "I doubt if you would be interested in a recital of them. I am afraid I am growing egotistical. Let us talk of something else." And this they attempted to do, but the conversation lagged perceptibly. He found it hard to choose subjects, for his heart invariably turned to one thought—the one he could not put into words.

She, too, was unusually silent. At length he grew desperate. This was his last evening with her, and he dreaded to think of the impression he would leave behind. He felt that he must say something, anything. His eyes fell on a pack of cards that lay on a table near her.

"Why, I do believe," he said, laughing, "that you were playing solitaire before I came in. You must have been very much bored, I think, to seek amusement in that game—of all games the stupidest!"

"That is your own conclusion," she replied ; "I was not playing solitaire. I can explain the presence of those cards by telling you that I was trying my fortune. When you appeared in the doorway I had just discovered the pleas-

ing fact that I had 'a friend, a foe, and a journey to go.' It's really a most edifying way of spending the time. Instead of being bored in the present, I delve into the treasures of the future."

He handed the pack to her. "Tell me my future," he said. "I am going away. I should like to know what is before me."

She smiled. "I half believe you are skeptical. I wonder if I can convince you of the wonderful truths that lie hidden here!" She drew out a king of hearts as she spoke. "You are in love," she said. Her eyes met his for one moment, then a wave of color swept up to her brow. He leaned forward eagerly.

"Yes," he said, "that is true;" and his voice was husky.

She was idly turning the cards over in her hands, one after another. "You love a woman strongly, tenderly as a man may love, and yet you will not tell her so. I can read pride here, and this it is that keeps you from it!"

She paused, but he besought her to go on.

"Tell me of her!" he begged. "Is she fair or dark?"

Her face was half in shadow. "She has fair hair," she said.

"Like a wealth of gold," he broke in impetuously "And her eyes?"

"They are brown," she replied, so softly that he had to bend forward to catch her words.

"Glorious eyes," he whispered—"brown with all the lights of an autumn sun! But tell me that which I wish most to know. Does she love me?"

A soft breath of spring flowers stole in through the window. The cards fell in confusion to the floor, as his hand closed upon hers. Her eyes had answered him, and the fortune was told.

Virginia Nicholls.

A TWISTED AFFAIR.

"But don't you think a woman has a right to show a man she is not indifferent to him? It pleases him, and he begins thinking about her good judgment, and the rest is easy."

She was leaning back indolently in a great arm chair, scanning with half closed eyes the tea grounds in her cup. Her hostess, seated opposite, thoroughly wide awake, and looking what she was—a clever, practical woman—gave her guest a long, scrutinizing look before she replied, irrelevantly, with another question:

"What is on your mind now, Mildred? Have you adopted a new method to win some man? I suppose you have proposed to him."

"Not exactly. But when a woman is in love——"

"Nonsense!" interrupted her friend.

Mildred Hamilton showed no signs of resentment as she answered sweetly, "I knew you would say that, dear. But I am sure of myself this time. Congratulate me, Mary. I am in love."

"I will do no such thing. I am growing tired of congratulating you upon the antics of your peculiar heart. I believe that is the twentieth time you have told me the same thing."

"I expected you would receive it in just that way. It is so comforting not to be disappointed. But this time it is really serious. Please try to believe me, Mary," said Mildred, with more animation than she had shown before.

"How old are you, Mildred? Twenty five?" asked her friend.

"Precisely. What a good memory you have!" lazily answered the girl.

"During the five years you have been in society you have met with great success. You have charmed every eligible man toward whom your fleeting fancy turned. Each time you have thought you were perfectly honest. Each time you have confided to me that you were truly in love. You never have been, and never will be, in love. You are not capable of a lasting affection."

"Except for you and myself, dear," corrected Mildred.

"I admit you have not been fickle so far as we two are concerned. That is because I am a necessity to you. No other woman would have borne your confidences with patience," said Mary Nichols, with some warmth.

"I don't know what you call patience, Mary. I certainly should never have known it by such a name. Now I am patient, for I bear your attacks with unfailing good nature;" and Mildred smiled so sweetly at her that Mary melted and said,

"You certainly are very magnetic, Millie dear. I get so angry with you, and then you smile, and I forget all about it, and only remember how attractive how are. But, seriously, Mildred, your character is very incomplete. Superficially you are all right, but that does not compensate for your fickleness and instability. Everybody loves you. Men and women, children and dogs, fall beneath the glamour of your smile, but not one of them could honestly tell why he does it," she concluded rather lamely

"If any one but you talked to me in that way I would not stand it. No one but you can say such pretty things and such ugly things in the same breath. It is a gift, dear;" and Mildred opened wide her beautiful, golden brown eyes and looked admiringly at her friend.

"Now I want to know who the man is, and what tactics you have used to beguile him," said Mary abruptly.

"It is John Millspaugh, but I have not beguiled him. He is quite indifferent to me. Last night, after dinner, I gave him rather plainly—yet delicately, of course—to understand that I was not unmindful of his presence. That is all—except that I love him."

"That, of course, goes without saying. I knew that it must be he, because you have had your flirtation with all the others, and have loved them each in turn, in your lofty, high bred manner. And now you must try to charm grave, spectacled, scientific, unsophisticated John Millspaugh! But you won't succeed. He is invulnerable, for I have seen him

resist the fascinations of handsomer women than you, who were taken, as you are, with his indifference, and his severe beauty. If you were a rock or a rare plant, he might love you; if you were even a fossil, he might enthuse over you; but as a woman—never! You may as well give it up, my dear;" and Mary smiled a little maliciously.

Mildred smiled inscrutably, and rose without answering. When she reached the door, she turned and wafted a dainty kiss toward her hostess, and left the room.

This conversation took place in the private sitting room of Mrs. Robert Nichols, who was entertaining a party of her most intimate friends at her summer home in the White Mountains. She had known and loved Mildred Hamilton for years, and she claimed the exclusive right to lecture her. Mildred had been her room mate at college, her bridesmaid when she married, and at all times her especial torment and delight.

She sat just as Mildred had left her, thinking of their conversation, until she was aroused by a short, quick rap at the door. Rising to open it, she found John Millspaugh standing in the hall, with a perplexed look on his handsome face.

"May I come in?" he asked. Advancing into the room, he took the chair just vacated by Mildred.

"I have come to say," he began rather awkwardly, "that I think I must leave this charming spot. I have business which calls me home."

"Mr. Millspaugh, you may as well be honest with me. There is something else. I can see by your face that you are not telling me the truth. Come, what is it?"

He hesitated before he replied. "There is something else, but I would rather not tell."

"Have I ever failed you when you needed advice? You will let me try to remedy your trouble without your going away, will you not?" she asked coaxingly.

"You are very good. You have been a good friend to me always, and it is not because I don't trust you, but it is something I cannot tell to any one," he said, frowning a little through his glasses.

"It is about a woman, of course," said Mary, settling herself as though for a good chat.

"How did you know that?" he queried anxiously.

"Oh, you transparent man! Don't you know that a woman with any foresight at all can tell when a man is in love?"

"But I am not," protested the man earnestly.

"Oh, then she is in love with you!" asserted Mrs. Nichols astutely.

He looked at her, and a slow color crept up in his face, as he asked shamefacedly, "Have you noticed it, too?"

"Of course I have. Any one could see—that is," she added hastily, as he looked alarmed, "any one who knows her as well as I do. I dare say the others have been too much absorbed in themselves to notice."

"You see now how impossible it is for me to stay," he began, in rather an embarrassed tone.

"I see no such thing," said the hostess. "You must not go away—it would make matters worse."

"I don't understand," he said helplessly.

"I see that I must be perfectly frank with you. I know Mildred too well to think this will last—that is, if she is properly treated for it. If you were to go away, such an unprecedented act would make her pine and grieve, and it would end, perhaps, really seriously to her. Your indifference would augment the disease. She can be cured by reciprocity," she concluded.

"You mean—" he gasped.

"Exactly. I mean you must stay here and make love to her."

"But, my dear Mrs. Nichols, how can a man make love to a woman he doesn't love?" he asked in astonishment.

"Easily enough; at least, most men can. Perhaps you are different, but you will soon acquire the art. Begin by haunting her. You need not say much—just look at her all the time. That ought not to be difficult, for you must admit that she really is very good to look at."

"Yes," he assented, absent mindedly.

"You will be surprised to see how soon you will be saying pretty things to her. She will help you along wonderfully. Then you must propose to her."

"Propose to her!" He looked thoroughly startled now.

"Yes," calmly continued his hostess. "You must propose to her. She will accept you; she always does. Then you must stay closer by her than ever, dog her footsteps, hang on her words, pretend to be jealous, glower at every man in the same room with her, and in every way act the devoted lover. She won't tolerate you long after that. If you begin today, I will promise you that you will be a free man in two weeks."

"But it is not honorable," objected Mr. Millspaugh.

"Honorable or not, it must be done in the cause of humanity. Believe me, I know what I am talking about."

"I will act upon your advice, but I feel like an insufferable cad for doing so." And with an unhappy but determined face he left the room. "I wonder," began Mrs. Nichols to herself, but she never finished the sentence.

During the two weeks which followed, she was delighted to see that her plan was working exactly as she expected, and she congratulated herself upon her cleverness.

One day when she entered her sitting room she found Mildred sitting in her favorite chair, a ray of sunshine falling aslant her golden brown head, and lighting up her fair face. After greeting her friend, the visitor asked calmly, "Are there any more men coming, Mary?"

"No, none that I know of."

"Then I think I'll go home. With all due respect to you, Mary dear, I am being frightfully bored here."

"Doesn't John Millspaugh please you?" queried Mary.

Mildred stifled a yawn before she answered. "He's too intense. I never could stand a jealous man."

"But I thought you loved him," retorted Mary.

"Now don't say you told me so, Mary. I did love him sincerely for a while, better than any of the others, but I have grown tired of him."

"I really believe, Mildred, that you have no heart."

"Just what he said. Please don't scold, Mary; it worries me. I have just come from a most tiresome interview with him, in which he accused me of being soulless, and heartless, and everything disagreeable he could think of; and I think I'll go home."

"Very well; I ought to be used to your caprices by this time, I suppose. When are you going?" asked Mary indifferently.

"Tomorrow morning. You are very good to me, Mary, and I do love you," she added, with a sudden, rare impulse of affection, and left the room.

In a few minutes the door was pushed open, and John Millspaugh came in.

"I have come to say that I must leave here tonight, Mrs. Nichols. I have loitered too long now."

He was very pale, and there was a suppressed look on his face which she did not like, but she tried to smile as she said, "I am sorry you must go. I want to congratulate you upon your success. The plan worked beautifully, did it not?"

"Yes, I have you to thank for the suggestion, Mrs. Nichols. You were correct in your estimate of Miss Hamilton's character. It was a choice between her heart and mine—and hers was spared;" and he left her abruptly.

"If I ever," solemnly promised Mrs. Nichols to herself, "interfere in any more love affairs, I shall give myself up to some institution for the feeble minded!"

Myra Williams Jarrell.

TWO LETTERS.

THERE were several letters on the tray which Marion Harcourt's maid carried up to her one dull November noon. Of all the year, it was the last day when one would expect anything to happen. It was dull and chilly outside, with rain falling on dead leaves; inside it was so dark that the gas must be lit if Marion was to write. And writing must be done, no matter what was the weather or the state of her feelings. She left her hero in a muddle, and turned to her luncheon and her letters. There were two bills, one invitation to dinner, three friendly letters, and—a proposal of marriage! This envelope was opened last, and Marion read it as she drank her chocolate and trifled with her bread and fruit. Then she put it on the mantel, and turned to her afternoon's work.

It was a pleasant, manly letter, and it deserved better treatment than Marion gave it. Almost any other girl would have taken out her best note paper and gold pen, and would have written an answer, accepting Roy Manning. This was his letter:

MY DEAR MARION:

I would give all I ever expect to have in this world to be certain just how this letter will strike you; whether that handsome face of yours will wear a look of scorn or of tenderness as you read it. But, although I have no idea what your answer will be, I beg you, dear, to be my wife. I have loved you for a long time, but I could not declare myself, for I had next to nothing to offer you. Now circumstances make it possible for me to give you a good home. A promotion, and a windfall from a distant relative, have changed everything. Will you come to me, Marion? We may be the happiest man and woman in the world if you will only let your woman's heart speak. Answer me, dearest, and God bless you, whatever your verdict may be.

ROY.

Marion wrote on till dinner time. It was raining too hard to accept her cousin's invitation to dinner, even if she had the time to spare. The rent was due, her winter cloak was shabby, and there were bills clamoring for payment; her pen could not rest. She ate her simple dinner, then wrote again for an hour or more. By eight the copy was finished, and Susan was sent to post it.

Marion was lame and stiff from her long day's work at her desk, and she rose and walked to and fro for exercise. As she passed the mantel her eye fell on Roy's letter. She would answer it later, when she had had more time to think. As she paced the long room she was conscious of a feeling of annoyance that her quiet had been disturbed. Despite the anxiety and the toil involved in the task of making both ends meet, she had been very happy in this shabby room, with her books and pictures and music, and her wood fire—her one extravagance—on the hearth. What right had any man to say "Follow me"? She could not follow; she had had her own way for so long—twenty six years, nearly. No; she would stay by her fireside, and she paused in her walk to put her hand on a shelf full of pet books, which she always kept near her. It was enough; she wanted no change. She would live out her life here in her own way.

Marion drew her favorite low chair up to the fire. Laddie, her Gordon setter, came and put his head against her knee. The dog's evident affection touched some tender chord, and she found herself thinking more kindly of Roy Manning. What if she were like other women after all, with a craving for love? At any rate, it would do no harm to let herself dream a while. The dream could not have been unpleasant, for her expression changed and softened, and her face looked almost beautiful in the firelight.

After a little she sat up. "How silly of me!" she said aloud. "I am no nearer a decision than I was this morning. Why could not Roy have been sensible enough to leave well enough alone? I did enjoy having him for a friend, and now he has spoiled the friendship. If I say no, the time may come when I shall be lonely and regret it. If I marry him I shall often wish myself back in this dear old den with you, Laddie, and my books and pens."

The fire died out, but Marion took no notice. The clock struck ten, and roused her. She went to her desk and wrote two letters, sealed them, and addressed both to Roy Manning. They were addressed exactly alike, but the contents of the envelopes were very different. One letter ran thus:

MY DEAR ROY:

I am a strange woman, and no doubt you will be sorry that you wrote that letter. Still, you wrote it, and I must believe you when you insist that you love me. I think I love you—perhaps enough to marry you. At any rate, I cannot let you go quite away from me. Will you come to me tomorrow evening at nine? I shall have put away my pens by that time.

Affectionately,

MARION.

The other letter was as follows:

ROY, DEAR FRIEND:

I shall not let you make the great mistake of your life by marrying me. I am a selfish woman who will never make a good wife, and you deserve a good wife, my good Roy. I must think better of myself since I know that you love me enough to ask me to marry you. I thank you for your belief in me, and I hope I shall be a better woman because of it. But we are not to be married, you and I, Roy. There are a dozen reasons for my decision, but there is no use in going over them. This is final, so please don't come to see me. After you stop caring, and we can be just good friends again, then come. Believe me that I am your friend when I refuse to let you be anything more to me. Don't come to me—remember!

MARION.

She put on her hat and jacket. It was late, but she would slip out and post one of the letters. Which one she would not know till tomorrow evening at nine. If Roy came she would keep her word and marry him; if not, she would go on with her old life. Which life she wanted she did not know; there were arguments for and against both. Yes; she would leave the decision to chance. She took up the letters and shuffled them, then she threw both into a table drawer, and shutting her eyes, took up one. Three minutes later it was in the letter box, and Marion was rushing back through the rain. The die was cast.

She did not close her eyes till five o'clock in the morning, and then she slept heavily until ten. No; she would not work that day. She dressed to go out, and spent a couple of hours in a picture gallery, lunching alone at a quiet little restaurant. Then she walked, or browsed among old book stores, till the darkness fell. After her solitary dinner she pretended to read for a while; then she went to dress for nine o'clock.

There was one gown in the not very full wardrobe which Roy liked particularly well. It was of a deep garnet color, trimmed with velvet of a darker shade, and set off at the throat and wrists with a bit of old lace. The dress was old fashioned, and almost threadbare, but it suited Marion. Roy once said that she looked like a picture in it.

She dressed her hair in the fashion he liked, and then sat down to wait. There was yet half an hour before the clock would strike nine. She went to the piano and played fitfully—snatches of old tunes, gay waltzes, bits from the operas. Still ten minutes to wait! At nine she would know which letter she had posted. She paced the floor, she stood at the window, she poked the logs on the hearth, she listened for the bell. Why, she was growing nervous, she told herself. Actually, Marion Harcourt nervous! Oh, why had Roy Manning disturbed her peace of mind? It began to mean so much, his coming or not coming.

Three minutes more! If he came he would be on time; he would count the moments till he could come to her. Was that the bell? No; but the clock struck nine. Roy was not there. Perhaps his watch might be slow; even if it were not, he would not be likely to come exactly on the stroke of the hour. Marion went to the door. "Susan, if any one calls, I am in, you know."

Five, ten minutes past nine! The clock surely must be fast. Ah, the bell! She had sent the letter which said yes! She was sorry for it. She couldn't, oh, she couldn't give up the old, free life. A knock at the door; it was not Roy, but Susan, saying, "Miss Charlock sent back the books she borrowed."

It must have been the other letter, after all. It was half past nine; Roy would not come now. Marion dropped into the nearest chair, feeling that she had suddenly grown old. What had become of the brightness of the room? Everything was old and shabby, and she was a lonely woman who had thrown away all that a woman should long for, in exchange for what?

She walked the floor till she became tired, then sank down in an arm chair. Her face was bowed on her folded arms, and for the first time since her childhood Marion shed tears. They overflowed her eyes, and ran down on her dress. There was no reasoning them away, no explaining them; they simply came welling out. She could no more help shedding them than she could change the color of her eyes. What had she done in her pride and hardness?

"Yes; she is in. Walk right in the study, if you please," Susan was saying.

How Roy crossed the room so quickly Marion never knew, but she found herself crying again; but instead of crying on the table cloth, she was shedding tears upon Roy's overcoat. She seemed to be dizzy, and she heard him say, between kisses, "I got your refusal, and I began to pack like mad to go away. Just before nine the second letter came, and I rushed over

here. I don't pretend to understand it all, but the last letter is all I care for. You have been crying, poor child. Was it because I did not come? Do explain the mystery of those two letters. No, never mind the explanation; it does not matter now, and we'll have a lifetime to explain in."

"But I want to tell you, Roy. I did write two letters, but I meant to mail only one. I thought I would let chance decide which it would be, you see, and your coming or not coming at nine this evening would tell me which letter I sent. I can't understand how the other letter came to be mailed. I left it in the table drawer. Let's see if it's there now."

It was not there; but the mystery was forgotten while they talked of other things. Perhaps Marion would not have been so tractable if Roy had not found her with tear stains on her face.

"Susan, did you mail a letter for me yesterday?" Marion asked next morning, when the maid brought in her breakfast.

"Yes, ma'am; when I went in the left hand drawer of the study table for court plaster—you remember telling me to look for a piece when I hurt my thumb—I saw a letter all stamped, and says I to myself, 'Miss Marion has forgotten it,' and as I was going out to see about the laundry, I dropped it in the mail box. I hope it is all right, ma'am."

"Quite right, Susan. It was a very important letter."

Adelaide L. Rouse.

PETER: A STUDY IN RED.

PETER was a Maricopa—only an Indian, that's all. He had no sense whatever. He'd allow his squaw to work two weeks weaving a basket which he would finally sell for four bits. Peter, on the other hand, would make a bow and brace of arrows in an hour and sell them for a round dollar; but he turned his hand to no other labor, and rarely to this. The Great Spirit, in His inscrutable wisdom, had created squaws and palefaces for the purposes of toil. In this dispensation He had overlooked the red man.

The philosophy was comfortable. Peter believed it soulfully, and he would let down one suspender, and sit in the shade, and smoke, and watch Mrs. Peter weave, her thumbs all bloody from the awl and the sharp rushes.

Peter's sensibilities were blunted. If he poured oil on the wounds, it was simply to heal them over so that more baskets could be turned out, and not, particularly, to soothe Mrs. Peter's pain. In short, in the bright lexicon of the Maricopa brave the definition of the word "squaw" was *nil*.

As before hinted, Peter smoked. This ennobling habit he borrowed from the white man, thereby getting even with Sir Walter Raleigh for borrowing it originally from the Indian.

Peter also drank whisky. This habit he likewise borrowed from the white man; borrowed it never to return; so, for this particular habit, he got even with nobody.

But why is it that, on the mesa overlooking the Hassayampa River in southern Arizona, there has been reared a great, white cross bearing the name of "Peter," and sacred to the memory of the Peter of this narrative?

The story is short, and here it is:

The Hassayampa is a modern Pactolus. Its whole bed is a placer mine. A company was formed, two immense dams were thrown across the stream, and a lake covering fourteen acres was artificially made. A terrific "head" of water was thus produced, and the kind of mining known as "sluice" mining was successfully prosecuted.

The company had expended thousands, but cent per cent was being returned on the investment, when there came a cloudburst which swept away the dams and sent a tidal wave one hundred and ten feet high rushing down the valley.

The melancholy fates ordained that Peter should be in the track of that onrush of water. He was mounted on a swift pony. For a moment he listened to the low hum of the waves, and then struck spurs into his pony's flanks and laid the rawhide quirt in stinging lines along his shaggy sides.

The mesa was some distance away, but Peter knew he would win in his race with death. On bounded his horse. A moment later, however, Peter pulled him in with a strong tug at the horsehair bridle. In front of the Indian, her face pallid as death, and her straw hat, spilling full of golden lilies, lying unheeded at her feet, stood a white girl.

She spoke wildly, passionately. Peter understood her not.

She folded her hands and raised them above her head, turning her blue eyes to heaven. Then Peter knew; her peril flashed over his dull mind in an instant.

Two could not ride to safety—one might.

Could he have reasoned, at that critical moment, with the fineness of his white brother, would he have dismounted, assisted the fainting white girl into the saddle, and then cut his pony across the flank with his quirt? This is what Peter did, and whether any one else would have done as well, perhaps it would be better if we do not question.

After the flood had passed, they found the Indian. He was dead, of course, together with some forty others.

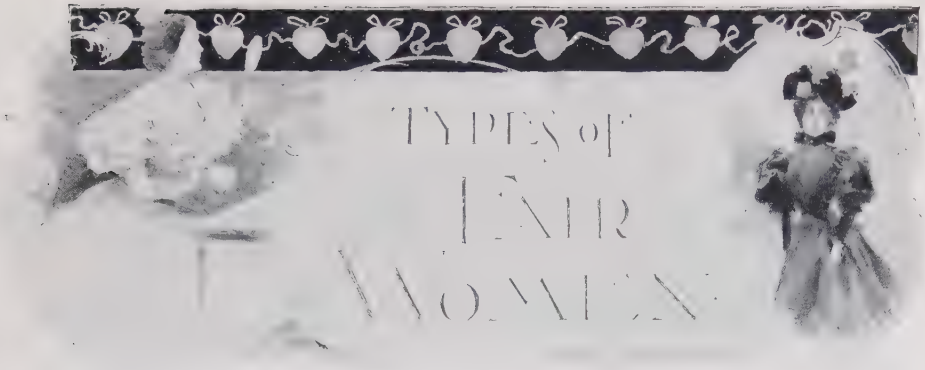
It was the father of the blue eyed girl—president of the company whose fortunes had been wrecked—who raised the cross with its carved inscription; and when it was done, the mound was watered with tears from blue eyes, and in the fair heart of one woman, at least, was reared a greater monument to the redskin's memory, one enduring to the end of time.

Mrs. Peter married again, and wove baskets and made pottery ollas for another lord.

Peter's children were sent to the Indian school near Phœnix, Arizona.

And some people grumble at the government for such an instance of "misplaced charity"!

William Wallace Cook.



ALMOST every season some new Southern beauty comes to the North to show that Dixie land's old reputation as the mother of fair daughters is still deserved.

Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson is one of the latest of these. As Irene Langhorne she had been famous in Richmond, and at that old resort of Southern belles, White Sulphur Springs, ever since her début. Mr. Gibson, the well known illustrator, the creator of the "Gibson girl," met her at "The White" a year ago, and they were almost immediately engaged. While they were staying at a country house in Virginia, just before the date set for their marriage, a runaway horse threw them both from a carriage. At first it was feared that Mr. Gibson's drawing arm was permanently injured, and that Miss Langhorne's beauty was disfigured. It made as pretty a little test of

Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson.

From a photograph by Davis, Richmond.

their new affection as any novelist could have devised, but when the wedding day came, all traces of the accident had disappeared. Mr. and Mrs. Gibson are now spending a year in London, where they are social lions.

Mrs. Gibson's inseparable friend during her girlhood was Miss Nellie Parker, daughter of one of Richmond's well known physicians. At Southern functions, Miss Langhorne and Miss Parker were known as "the brace of beauties."

Last year, when President Cleveland made the journey to the Atlanta Exposition, he was full of cares and troubles of state; but he found one person who made him forget for a few hours that he was anything more than a very well entertained gentleman. When he parted from Miss Parker, he gave her a bright new penny, and told her that it was a talisman; if ever she wished to enter his official domain, it should be her "open sesame." A few weeks later, Mr. Cleveland was deep in some absorbing work, and had refused everybody. Late in the day, a messenger came in with a card and a new penny.

"Oh, the penny girl!" Mr. Cleveland said, and went delightedly out to meet her.

A fair Virginian of a different type is Miss Loulie Lyons, granddaughter of James Lyons, a well known Southerner of the old school. The hospitality of historic Ashland, where she lives with her widowed mother—who as Miss Deane was a brilliant war time belle of Richmond—keeps up the tradition of earlier days. Miss Lyons is an expert horsewoman and a leader of germans, and has every mark of the Southern girl except her coloring. Instead of the stately brunette whom we regard as the typical daughter of the South, she is a *petite* and radiant blonde.

Miss Loulie Lyons.

From a photograph.

Mrs. James Creelman, whose portrait by J. J. Shannon, the brilliant Anglo American artist, was one of the most admired at last year's portrait exhibition at the Academy in New York, is an Ohio girl whose home was the quaint old college town of Marietta. As Alice Buell, before her marriage, she won reputation in New York and Paris with her clever paintings. Miss Buell had not only beauty but pluck. She was sketching in Belgium once, when the owner of the property upon which she had set up her

easel objected, and ordered her off. Miss Buell appealed to the king, with the result that she was allowed to finish her picture in peace.

Mrs. James Creelman.

From the portrait by J. J. Shannon.

A few years ago she married James Creelman, the well known war correspondent, and has since made her home in New York.

Mme. Vicente de Dominguez is one of the American women who have left their hearts with their own country though their matrimonial fate has led them abroad. As a diplomat's wife, it is her lot to pass from one capital to another, but everywhere she is adaptable and popular. Mme. Dominguez was Miss Helene Murphy, a daughter of one of the old time merchants of New York. During the latter part of his life Mr. Murphy resided in London, and after

his death his widow remained there with her children. The elder daughter became the wife of an English baronet, Sir Charles Wolseley. The younger married Senor Vicente de Dominguez, who was then an attaché of the Argentine legation at Madrid. Last year Mme. Dominguez and her husband came to America, but they are soon to return to Europe. Like most Americans girls educated abroad, she is a fine linguist. She is *au fait* not only in the tongues of several European countries, but also in the intricate science of their court etiquette.

Mme. Vicente de Dominguez.
From a photograph by Rosetti, New York.

Mme. Dominguez was a favorite in London and Madrid. While she was stationed at the latter capital, her husband's legation was busily engaged in a tariff negotiation with the Spanish government. One of the Madrid newspapers took this view of the questions at issue: "Let them have the free entry of whatever they wish, but let us impose a heavy export duty on ladies like the one they have brought." At Washington Mme. Dominguez' tact and cleverness have been still more clearly shown. She has won popularity there in spite of the difficulties that beset an American girl who comes back to her own land in a foreign rôle.

When Shannon's portrait of Mrs. Creelman was at the New York Academy, there were in the same exhibition no less than six paintings by Mrs. Leslie Cotton, including one of the artist herself. The character of the pictures was such that the catalogue holder was pretty sure to turn to this last portrait with a good deal of interest. When he found it, he was quite sure to be astonished. This smiling, young, modish society woman, seemingly coming out of the frame with outstretched hand to greet you, looked too much the woman of fashion to be the hard working artist.

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Cotton is both. As Pansy Benedict, she showed great talent for art, and since her marriage she has lived abroad, and her studies have been directed by such men as Carolus Duran and Henner. Her portraits have been exhibited

Miss Nellie Parker.

From a photograph by Homeier & Clark, Richmond.

in the Salon and the Royal Academy, and have won her an "honorable mention" in Berlin. Among her sitters have been some of the most beautiful women and most distinguished men of this country and of Europe, the Duke of Cambridge and Prince Bismarck being among them.

America has sent many pretty women to foreign countries, but she has never supplied one of greater charm than England produced in the Countess of Warwick—or Lady Brooke, to recall the name by which we still know her best. Frances Maynard, as she was before her marriage to the heir of the earldom of Warwick, missed being a viscount by not being born a boy. She was the granddaughter of a viscount, and her father would have inherited the title if he had not died a few days too soon. His death left his daughter not even of noble birth, but her great fortune did something to make up for that. She inherited as though she had been an eldest son, and while her own income is said to be a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, that of her younger sister is hardly fifteen hundred.

Mrs. Leslie Cotton.

From a photograph by James L. Breese.

Beside beauty and money, Miss Maynard had a great social ally in the man her mother married after her father's death. Lord Rosslyn, her stepfather, was known as the handsomest and most charming man in London society. Fifteen years ago, when she married Lord Brooke, she used to be called "the most beautiful woman in the British Isles." But it has not been beauty alone that made Lady Brooke famous. Early

in her married life she attracted the friendship of that most *ennuyé* personage on earth, the Prince of Wales. When the prince is invited to a dinner or a house party, it is his prerogative to select the guests that are to be honored with an invitation to meet him. For years, Lady Brooke's name was always on the list, and the friendship still continues.

Warwick Castle is one of the most famous and ancient houses of England. It stands on the banks of Shakspere's river, the Avon, in the midst of an estate whose people regard the countess as a model great lady. She has encouraged local industries, and has opened shops in London for the sale of articles manufactured by the wives and daughters of her tenants and laborers. No

The Countess of Warwick.
From a photograph by Walery, London.

woman is more popular in society and in her home, notwithstanding the fact that her husband periodically has to deny newspaper reports that he is about to seek a divorce.

One of the most splendid of entertainments was the fancy dress party given at Warwick last year. The hostess, as *Marie Antoinette*, literally blazed with diamonds, and was declared to be a more splendid figure than the famous Austrian princess ever made during her lifetime.

On Warwick's grim and ivied towers
The sunlight slanting falls,
And from the secret woodland bowers
The throstle flutes and calls.

The babbling Avon slips along
The stretch of velvet meads,
The music of its silver song
Low laughing through the reeds.

And oh, from some deep, dim retreat
There drifts a thrill of pain,
A note of love, divinely sweet,
The nightingale's refrain!

For her is all this fair demesne,
And all the woods, astir
With songs of birds and sunlit sheen,
For her—for her—for her!

Among the many notable women who combine to make social life in the South brilliant and interesting, there is no one more admired than Mrs. Sarah Grant Jackson, of Atlanta, Georgia. As Sarah Grant, daughter of William Daniel Grant, she was a wit, a beauty, and an heiress, with all the following that such a combination brings.

Mrs. Sarah Grant Jackson.
From a photograph by Condon, Atlanta.

Today, as the young widow of the late Tom Cobb Jackson, her charm is no whit less.

Mrs. Jackson is a Colonial Dame, and a national officer of the society. She is descended from Thomas Grant, who was prominent in the early history of Fairfax County, Virginia. The land grant which he received from the crown of England is still in the possession of the family. On both sides her lineage has been wholly Southern for generations, and the South could not show a more typical daughter. She has unusual dramatic talent. Before her marriage she contemplated going on the stage, and her parents did not oppose her wish. With her youth, talent, and charm, and with her father's fortune, she would doubtless have made an impression upon an impressionable public.

IN A GARDEN.

THOUGHT is a garden wide and old
For airy creatures to explore,
Where grow the great, fantastic flowers
With truth for honey at the core.

There, like a wild, marauding bee
Made desperate by hungry fears,
From gorgeous *If* to dark *Perhaps*
I blunder down the dusk of years.

Bliss Carman.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

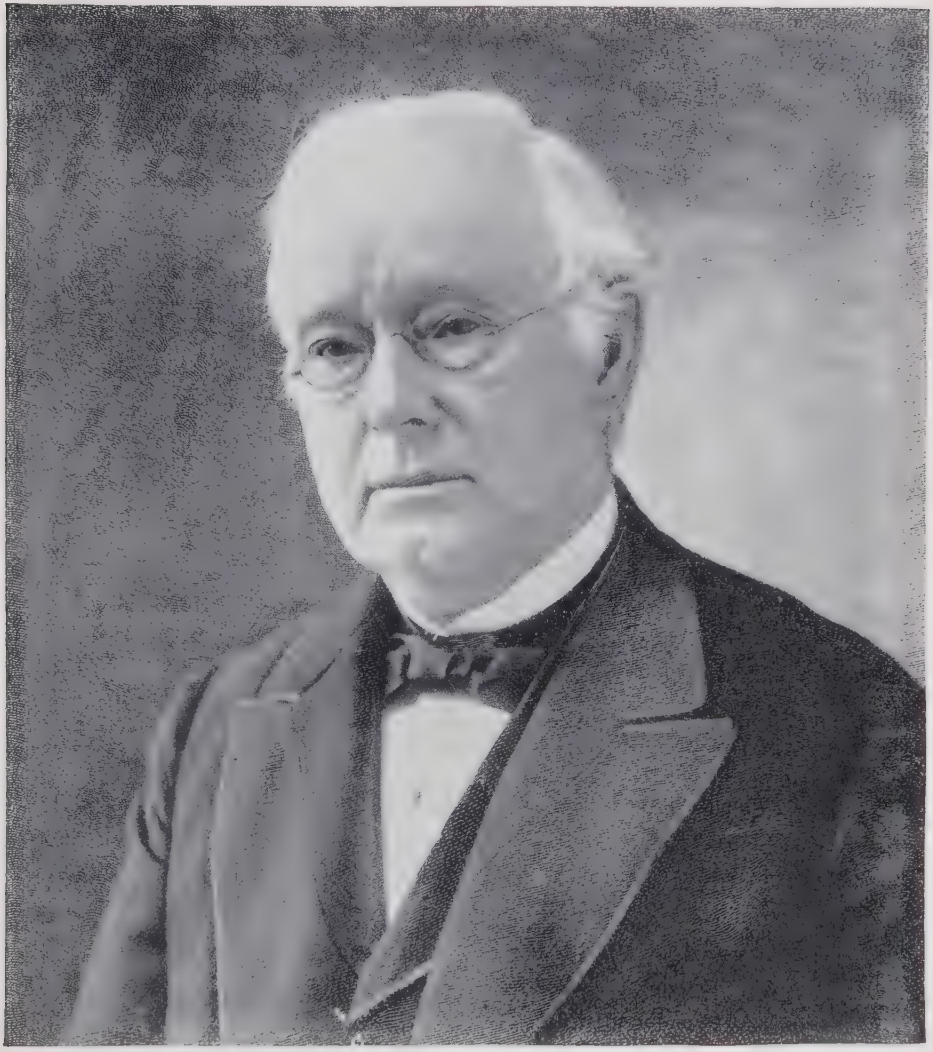
A REPUBLICAN LEADER FROM THE WEST.

In contrast to such a man as William McKinley, the brilliant apostle of a bold political policy, William B. Allison's rôle has been that of an apostle of conservatism. He is careful, comprehensive, cool, deliberate. He has in rare degree the qualities that fit a man for the bench rather than for the forum. Judicial in temperament, benign and modest in manner, he has been in public life for nearly forty years without a blemish or a regret. He has made no spasmodic strides on the highway to fame. With unruffled visage he has held his steady course, drawing but not demanding the admiration of his fellows.

Senator Allison's first venture into politics resulted in a defeat. He was then a young lawyer at Ashland, Ohio—a farmer's son who had struggled hard to gain an education. Nominated for district attorney, a Republican candidate in a Democratic district, he was beaten. Then came his westward migration to Dubuque, Iowa, which has since been his home. A delegate to the national convention of his party in

William B. Allison, United States Senator from Iowa.

From a photograph by Prince, Washington.



George F. Hoar, United States Senator from Massachusetts.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1894, by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

1860, he was the secretary who first footed up the figures that gave Abraham Lincoln the nomination, and the nation its greatest President.

During the war, Allison, who had been serving on the staff of the governor of Iowa, and had helped to raise several regiments, was elected to Congress. At the close of his present term his service at Washington will have continued uninterrupted for thirty eight years. In 1888 his State supported him for the Presidential nomination, and twice a place in the cabinet has been offered to him. When Garfield was preparing for the work of his administration, Blaine, the closest friend and chief lieutenant of the newly elected President, wrote to him thus, suggesting the Iowa Senator for the headship of the Treasury department:

Sherman said the other day that he thought Allison better posted in financial legislation than any other man in Congress. Allison is known to you thoroughly and long. He is true, kind, reasonable, fair, honest, and good. He is methodical, industrious, and intelligent—and would be a splendid man to sail along with smoothly and successfully. With you as President, taking your two chief advisers from the friends of your early manhood—who all entered Congress on the same day, all of the same age, nearly, and all three in unbroken harmony

Claude Matthews, Governor of Indiana.

of friendship for eighteen years—there would be presented a picture without a parallel—poetic as well as political.

Though the picture presented by Blaine was not realized—for domestic affairs prevented Allison's acceptance of the Treasury portfolio—Blaine's tribute to his ability and character is worth recalling.

A VETERAN NEW ENGLAND SENATOR.

Two of the prominent figures of the United States Senate are the two gentlemen from Massachusetts. Besides representing the Bay State, Messrs. Hoar and Lodge may be said to represent the Senate's two schools—the conservatives and the progressives, or the "old fogies" and the "youngsters," as irreverent Washington correspondents call them.

Though sixteen years younger than Morrill of Vermont, the dean of the Senate, Mr. Hoar is old enough to be his colleague's father. He graduated at Harvard four years before Mr. Lodge was born; and when the latter followed his example, in the class of 1871, Mr. Hoar was making a national reputation as a Republican leader in Congress and in New England. Today, at seventy, his hair is thin and snow white, but he is as active and alert as ever. His smooth shaven countenance has a kindly and benevolent air, yet he is a keen fighter on occasion, as the Senate knows. He never lacks the courage of his convictions.

His bold stand upon the unpopular side of the Cuban question brought down upon Senator Hoar the charge that he values commercial relations more than the cause of liberty. His record, however, is sufficient to refute the accusation.

THE HOOSIER GOVERNOR.

Indiana has a warm heart for a farmer in her chief magistrate's chair. The me-

morable campaign in which, after a heated summer of stump speeches, Governor Williams defeated Benjamin Harrison is still talked of in the Hoosier country. Williams was a plain man, plainly garbed; and the most powerful political argument of the year was his homespun suit of bluejeans.

Claude Matthews, the present governor, is another tiller of the soil. Before he became a political leader and a Presidential possibility, his great interests were his family and his farm. On the latter, in Vermilion County, for thirty years he has raised as fine cattle as the fertile valley of the Wabash can show. Shorthorn breeders knew Mr. Matthews' name long before the politicians were familiar with its sound. It was just twenty years ago that his neighbors first asked him to run for the Assembly. He was elected by 250 votes in a Republican district. Not long after, a conference of Democratic leaders in Indianapolis notified him that he must head their ticket at the next election as nominee for secretary of State. He replied that he would consult his wife. With the consent of Mrs. Matthews—who was the daughter of James Whitcomb, one of Indiana's earliest statesmen—he undertook the campaign, which ended in victory. In 1892 he was elected governor by the largest vote ever given to a candidate for the office; and he has made a good record during a comparatively uneventful tenure of his post.

Governor Matthews' home life has been saddened by the loss of his only son, who died last autumn, while representing the Smithsonian Institution at the Atlanta Exposition. He has two daughters, one of whom is married, the other a college girl. In appearance he decidedly resembles Senator Foraker, of Ohio, though their portraits scarcely show it. A Kentuckian by birth, he is fond of horses and of outdoor air; and early pedestrians may see him taking his morning ride along the tree lined streets of the Hoosier capital.

Frank B. Noyes, of the Washington ("Star") and the Associated Press.

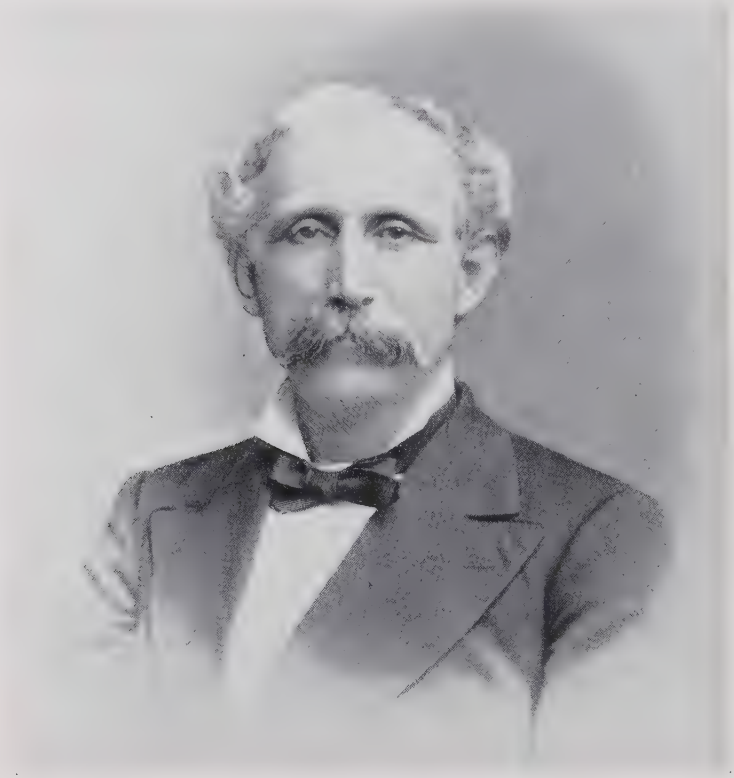
From a photograph by Taylor, Washington.

A WASHINGTON JOURNALIST.

Heredity is rarer, probably, in the newspaper world than in any other profession. The national capital furnishes one of the few conspicuous instances, in the case of the Noyes family.

A good many years ago three young men, two of whom were working in the govern-

ment departments, bought an unimportant daily, the *Star*. Strange to say, in spite of their lack of experience, they rapidly developed it into one of the valuable newspaper properties of the country—a rank which it still maintains. These three men were Crosby Noyes, George Adams, and S. H. Kauffman. Mr. Adams is now dead, and his partners have handed on most of their responsibilities to the younger generation. Frank Noyes has a leading part in the business management of the *Star*, and his brother Theodore is its chief editorial writer. The former is rated as one of the brightest young journalists of the day. He is a director of the Associated Press, whose bitter rivalry with the other great combination of newspapers—the United Press—has brought Mr. Noyes' name prominently before the public. His withdrawal from the camp of the United caused an outpouring of some of the New York *Sun's* bitterest journalistic gall upon the heads of the Associated directors in general and Mr. Noyes in particular. Mr. Noyes brought suit for libel, and endeavored to have Mr. Dana, the veteran editor of the *Sun*, taken to Washington to meet the charge. This application was denied, and the libel suit, we believe, is still on the voluminous calendars of the New York courts. As a set off to Mr. Dana's attack, the *Star's* Washington contemporaries published editorials complimenting Mr. Noyes—a notable testimony to his popularity at home.



William Pitt Kellogg, Ex Governor of Louisiana.
From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

A SOUTHERN REPUBLICAN.

One of the last official acts of President Lincoln was to send William Pitt Kellogg to Louisiana for his health. If Mr. Lincoln had known how unhealthy the climate of Louisiana was going to be for Republicans in the ensuing ten years, he probably would not have signed Mr. Kellogg's commission as collector of the port at New Orleans on the day of his assassination.

Mr. Kellogg went through some of the most exciting experiences known to American political history in Louisiana—first in the establishment of his claim to the gover-

norship, to which he was elected largely by negro votes; then in his efforts to hold the Louisiana electors for Hayes in the memorable Presidential contest of 1876. He had a hard fight, too, to retain his seat in the United States Senate. Of late years he has been out of active public life, except when national conventions are held. Then he comes forward again at the head of the Republican delegation from Louisiana. He still calls that State his home, though he spends most of his time in hotel apartments in Washington.

Governor Kellogg, as he is usually called, is not the dreadful ogre his political enemies used to describe when he was "running" the Republican party in Louisiana. He is a pleasant, companionable man, who recalls with regret the bloodshed incident to reconstruction in Louisiana. During those stormy days he himself shed not a drop of blood, but he was twice the target of would be assassins. One of these men was never identified. The other avenged the governor, later, by becoming an embezzler and fleeing the country.

The bitter animosities of that time have yielded to changing conditions, and Mr. Kellogg's old enemies are now his personal friends. This is as it should be, for he is akin by nature, if not by birth, to the Southern "first families" with whom he was once so unpopular. He says that some day he may publish his reminiscences. They would make an interesting book, for he has been a part of the inner workings of American politics during a great historical crisis.

General Baratieri.

ITALY'S DEFEATED GENERAL.

Ex Africa semper aliquid novi. No sooner have events quieted at the southern extremity of the continent that can scarcely be called "dark" any longer, than we have the disastrous defeat of the Italian forces in the Red Sea country, and the daring Anglo Egyptian expedition against the Mahdist hordes of the upper Nile.

General Baratieri, who commanded at Adowa, has the unenviable distinction of having brought upon the arms of Italy the most staggering blow that a modern military power has ever received at the hands of the peoples whom we vaguely group under the uncomplimentary name of "savages." That term the Abyssinians scarcely deserve, but the revelation of their military power is a surprise to those who recall Lord Napier's easy conquest of King Theodore in 1868. Baratieri should have known something of the caliber of the foes he had to face, for he has spent a good many years in Africa. He went there as a colonel when the Italians were first founding their colony of Eritrea, and was promoted to a generalship for good service. Yet the disaster at Adowa is attributed to his rashness in making an ill advised attack upon a larger and better posted force than his own. There may be interesting developments at the court martial he will probably have to face.

A MAN OF MILLIONS.

Sir Charles Rivers Wilson, who has assumed the presidency of the Grand Trunk Railway in the effort to better the fortunes

of that unlucky corporation, is a financier who is accustomed to deal with large figures. As comptroller of the English national debt he has had charge of funds amounting, during his tenure of the office, to more than a billion dollars. As the British government's financial representative in Egypt, he brought a nation from bankruptcy to sol-

Sir Charles Rivers Wilson.

From a photograph by Notman, Montreal.

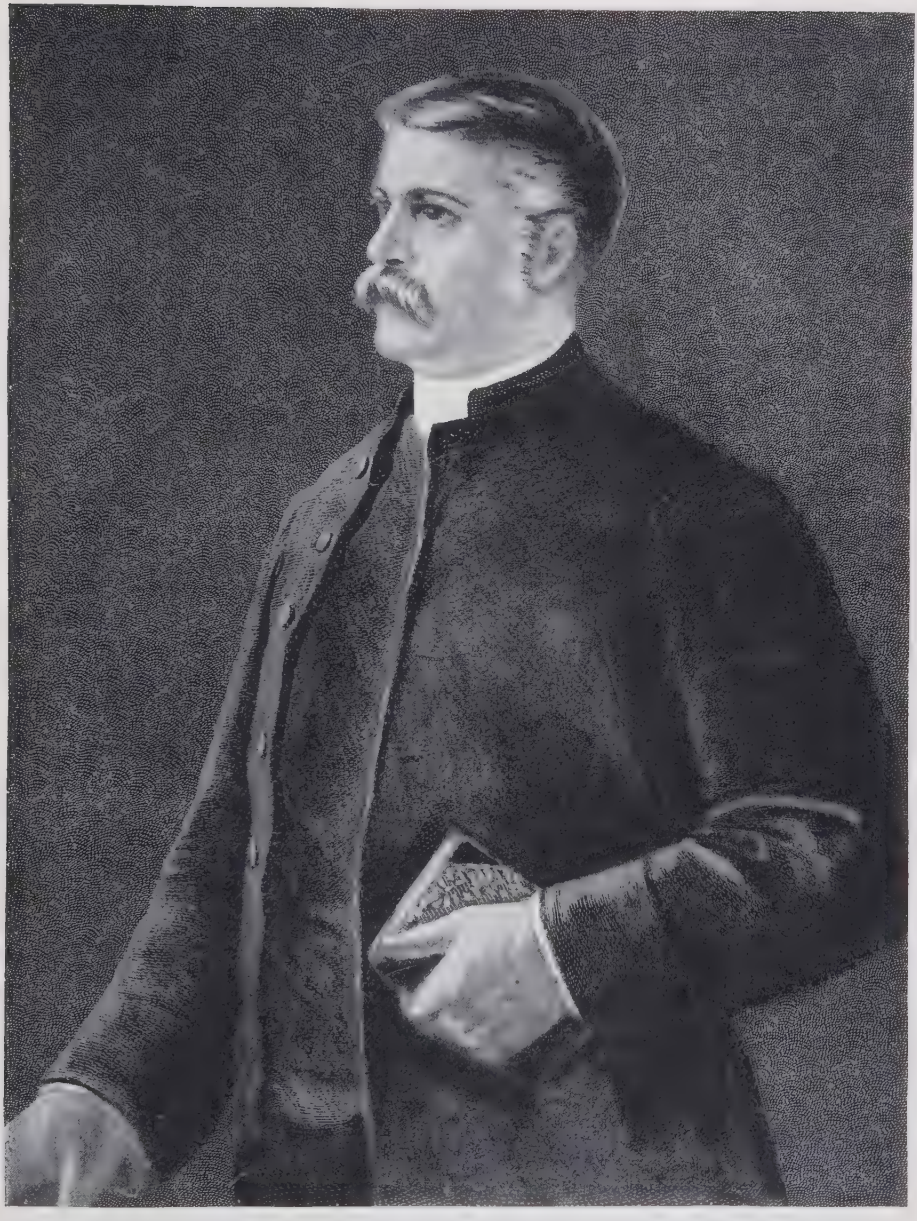
vency. Two years ago he visited New York as the spokesman of more than fifty million dollars of English money invested here.

The stock of the Grand Trunk is mainly held in England, the company's directors meet in London, and the management of the road has been in English hands. It is noteworthy that Sir Charles' first move was to secure an American, Charles M. Hays, as his general manager. Whether this and other changes will result in the financial salvation of the company, time will show.

THE NEW EPISCOPAL BISHOP.

The new bishopric of Washington is likely to become, in time, one of the most important centers of the Episcopal church —especially when the splendid new cathedral, for which plans have already been drawn, shall raise its stately front upon an eminence overlooking the national capital. Hitherto Washington has been included in the diocese of Maryland, and the division was only decided upon at the church's last convention. Bishop Paret decided to remain in Baltimore, where he has resided for many years; and Dr. Satterlee, of New York, was elected to the newly created see.

As rector of Calvary Church, Dr. Satterlee has been one of the prominent clergymen of the metropolis for fourteen years. He is a New Yorker born and bred, a graduate of Columbia and the General Theological Seminary. Besides his active work at the head of a large parish, he is known as an author and as a leader in the national organization of the church. More than once he has been nominated for the episcopacy, and once he declined an election. He is a comparatively young man to receive



The Right Rev. Henry Y. Satterlee, D. D., Bishop of Washington.

From the portrait by Walter Satterlee.

the highest ecclesiastical promotion, being but just past fifty. He is married, and has one daughter, and a son, the Rev. Churchill Satterlee, who is stationed at Morgantown, South Carolina. The portrait given herewith—engraved from a painting by his kinsman, Walter Satterlee, the well known New York artist—is an excellent likeness of the new bishop.

When this appears, Dr. Satterlee will have entered upon his duties at the capital, whither he is to go immediately after Easter. For the present he will have no church there. He expects to be able to spend a part of his time in New York, until the organized energies of his old parish shall be safely transferred to the control of his successor.

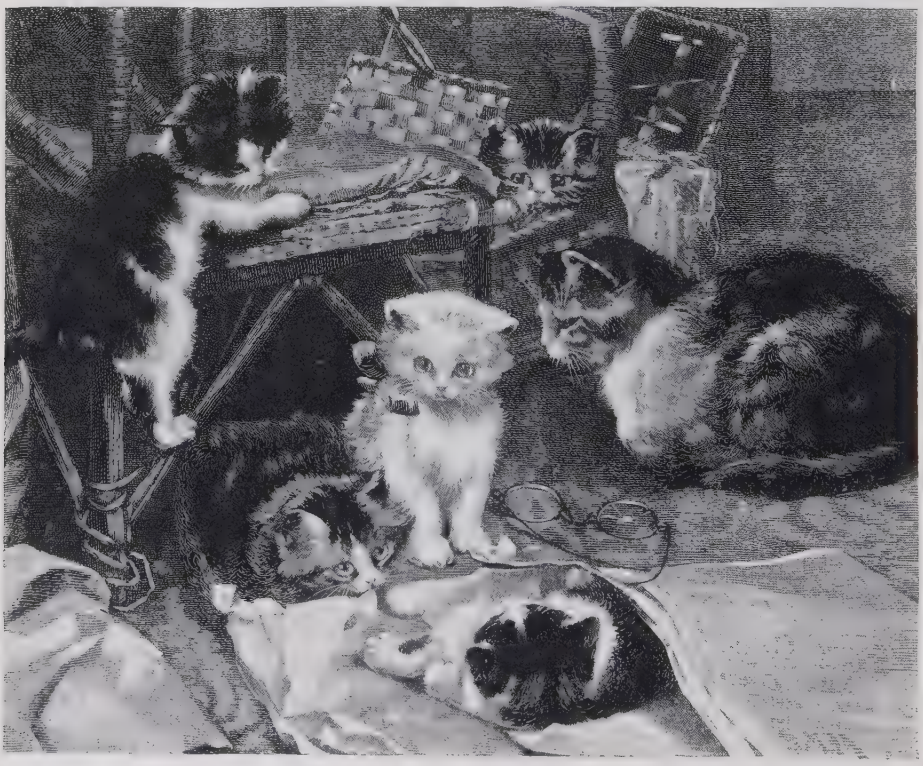
ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK

PICTURES AND DOLLARS.

The financial uncertainties of the picture market were illustrated not long ago in New York when at two public sales, just two weeks apart, two landscapes by Rousseau—for both of which it was claimed that they were fine examples of the French master—brought respectively $25,200 and $82.50. The "hard times" of the last three years have made picture sellers more numerous and picture buyers scarcer; dealers do not care to add to their stocks; and it is not strange that we should hear of low prices. At the same time, good work signed with a good name generally commands its figure. At recent auctions, two Rembrandts brought $18,600 and $11,100; two landscapes of Troyon's, $10,000 and $24,500. There is something of a fad for old English portraits; one of Hoppner's sold for $10,100; Lawrence's "Countess Charlemont," for $10,700; and a small head of "Lady Innis," by Gainsborough, for $10,000. But living painters do not seem to fare so well. An important Gerome, sold previously for $10,000, went at only $2,300.

A GREAT NEW PUBLIC BUILDING.

The Boston Public Library has been widely heralded as marking a new era of public architecture in America. In the new Congressional Library at Washington a still higher notch of artistic achievement will probably be attained. After nearly eight years' work, the building is now nearing completion. To its decoration the best sculptors and painters in the country have contributed, or are expected to contribute—such men as St. Gaudens, Macmonnies, French, Hartley, Abbott Thayer, Elihu Vedder, and Edwin H. Blashfield; and the



COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"Devouring the News."

From the painting by E. Orezy—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

"Lilacs."

From an engraving by George H. Every after the painting by Sir John Millais.

"Lisette."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by Eisman Semenowsky.

"Jonquils."

From an engraving after the painting by A. E. Emslie, published by Fishel, Adler & Schwartz.

result of their labor is already so far in evidence that the library is pronounced a really brilliant piece of work from top to bottom.

The credit of so great an advance upon previous standards of official architecture seems to be divisible between the designer, J. L. Smithmeyer, and the architect in charge, Edward P. Casey, a son of Chief Engineer Thomas L. Casey. Hitherto, as a rule, artistic considerations have been regarded as beneath the notice of those in

"Little Swansdown."

From an engraving by George Lobel after the painting by G. A. Storey—Copyrighted by William Schaus, New York.

governmental authority. The familiar iron letter box of our streets, painted with a delicate and unobtrusive shade of vermilion, has been a fair sample of Uncle Sam's taste in form and color. There are many signs that our worthy relative is learning better. He is beginning to see that it is a mistake to have ugly currency, coinage, and postage stamps, hideous monuments, and unlovely public buildings, when at the same cost, or almost the same, he can secure the best and most artistic models.

GILBERT STUART'S GRAVE.

It is strange that the body of perhaps the most famous painter our country has ever produced should be lying unmarked and practically unknown in the old Central Burying Ground on Boston Common. Gilbert Stuart and Benjamin West were the

"The Apodyterium."

From the painting by L. Alma Tadema.

"A Fair Solitary."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by G. van den Bos.

two greatest names of early American art. Both men won their fame in England. West remained there, to become president of the Royal Academy, and court painter, and to die in London full of years and honors. Stuart, in the height of his powers and reputation, returned to America, to paint his famous series of portraits of Washington and his contemporaries, then to drop from notice, and to die in poverty and obscurity.

The story is told that a gentleman who

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"In Suspense"

From the painting by Maude Goodman—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

"Cherries."
From the painting by Thomas G. Appleton.

had seen Stuart buried was afterward talking with Jane Stuart, the painter's daughter, and said to her: "I made note of the number of the vault, but have mislaid it. Could the spot be identified, I would have the remains removed to Rhode Island"—Gilbert's native State—"and placed in the family vault." Nothing ever came of the kind intention, and today it is only the figures "61," cut on the adjoining iron fence, that have preserved the record of the painter's resting place. It is pleasant to add that it is now proposed to erect a modest monument to preserve his grave from oblivion.

Five presidents of the United States sat to Gilbert, as did also John Jacob Astor, Fisher Ames, and Justice Story of Massachusetts.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

THE CINCINNATI MAY FESTIVAL.

People who keep their eyes fastened upon popular doings in the large cities of the East are apt to know little of the civic sentiment that has contributed so largely to the progress in culture and wealth disclosed by the principal cities of the West. Local pride is seldom found east of the Allegheny Mountains ; yet it has done more to make Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Indianapolis what they are than any other influence. A visitor to Cincinnati in the third week of the present month will have an opportunity to study one of the loveliest fruits of that spirit, for from the 19th to the 23d of May the Queen City will be engrossed in its twelfth biennial music festival.

Time was when it was the Cincinnatian's strongest conviction that there was nothing in, on, or under the earth comparable in artistic significance with these festivals. They began in 1873, and have been given biennially ever since, the succession having been interrupted only once, in 1877, to permit of the building of Music Hall, which is a permanent monument to the enthusiasm called forth by the early festivals. The popular demonstrations of interest and pride are more subdued now, but at their high water mark there was nothing in the country to be compared with them. Even the gatherings of the German singers, which warm the hearts of the tuneful sons of the Fatherland so generously, were as "weak and writhled shrimps" compared with the Cincinnati festival of 1878, which celebrated the completion of the Music Hall.

There are points in the history of Cincinnati that make a strong appeal to American affections. Those who have known the city for a generation have seen many changes in its surface life, not all of them for the better ; but those who have studied it deeply have been rewarded by the observation that amidst all its vicissitudes there has ever and anon been an outcropping of the refinement which characterized it even as a frontier town in the first decades of the century. I know that Mrs. Trollope poured out the vials of her critical wrath upon the community in the long ago ; but I also know that her dispraise was unjust, and the result of the failure of a quixotic enterprise whose very undertaking was, to a certain extent, a proof of the culture of the people at the time

There is no greater surprise for the social historian in America than to note how early the things which make for culture were carried into the pioneer communities. Not long ago, on a visit to the town of Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, there was shown to the writer a written score of Haydn's "Creation" which had been used at a performance of the oratorio in that old Moravian settlement in 1812. That was three years before the organization of the Handel and Haydn Society in Boston. But the colony at Bethlehem was already three quarters of a century old, and the German Moravians are famous for their devotion to music. Cincinnati's record is much more remarkable. The first settlement in the territory northwest of the Ohio River was made at Marietta in 1788, when the Moravians had already been in Pennsylvania for about half a century ; yet in the first years of the century a book was

Ben Davies.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

printed in Cincinnati for the use of the church choirs in the town, and in 1819 a Haydn Society existed which gave a concert and sang a chorus from "The Creation"—all this within twenty years of the time when the members of the first Presbyterian church were subject to fine if they came to meeting without their rifles, prepared to meet an Indian attack.

The town was originally settled from New Jersey and New England; liberality marked its culture from the beginning, and its gaiety was enhanced, perhaps a little too much, by the influence that went out from the neighboring garrison of General Wilkinson. At any rate, Cincinnati always had music, and when the German immigrants came their cultivation of the *Männergesang* was so assiduous that the first festival of German singers in the United States was held there.

With that gathering, in 1849, the history of the Cincinnati May Festivals really begins, despite the fact that there is scarcely a single point of contact between the doings of the German and American institutions. It so happened that in 1870 the North American Sängerbund (which is a union of German male choirs) gave another festival in the city which had witnessed the first American effort in that direction twenty one years before. Within this period the Bund had grown to gigantic proportions, and included societies in all the States, East and West. Provision had to be made for a choir of two thousand singers, and a great wooden hall was built for them. A happy combination of this circumstance with two others produced the festivals. The exposition spirit was stirring amongst the merchants of Cincinnati. They had had a show of textile fabrics in the Mechanics' Institute, and wanted another on a larger scale. So they bought the Sängerfest Hall from the local committee, and saved it from destruction.

Plunket Greene.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

Theodore Thomas was then traveling about the country with his orchestra. He seems to have been impressed with the genuineness of Cincinnati's musical activities, and with the excellence of the Exposition Building, as it had come to be called, for concert purposes. One day, while dining at the home of Mrs. George Ward Nichols—who is now Mrs. Bellamy Storer—he broached the subject of a festival, with a choir composed of all the singing

Marie Brema.

From her latest photograph by Ellis, London.

Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies.

From a photograph by Hana, London.

societies of the city and neighboring towns. The idea was acted on at once ; a committee was called into being, an organization effected, and the first festival given in 1873. So successful was the affair that a permanent association was formed for the purpose of repeating it biennially. The expositions also flourished, and as the Cincinnati festivals were emulated in other cities, so the Cincinnati exposition became an affair of national importance. From it Colonel A. T. Goshorn went to be director general of the Centennial at Philadelphia.

As popular meetings, the glory of the festivals culminated in 1878, but in their artistic influence they stand today as high as ever. I say in their influence, for in the matter of achievement they have had their ups and downs, like all things else of human establish ment. After the second festival local enthusiasm in both festival and exposition had reached such a height that it was felt that a permanent home ought to be created for them. Reuben R. Springer, a retired merchant, since deceased, took the initiative, with a provisional subscription of $125,000, which was to be covered by subscriptions from others. Later he added other sums until his contribution amounted to nearly $200,000. The hall, with its exposition annexes, was finished in time for the May celebration of 1878, at a total cost of about $310,000. Tremendous excitement was aroused by it, and the third festival yielded a profit of $32,000, though $55,595 was spent in giving it. Half the profit was promptly turned over as a gift to the association, which had built the great organ that stands in the hall—one of the largest instruments in the world.

This, in hurried outline, is the story of the Cincinnati festivals. From the beginning till now Theodore Thomas has been their artistic inspiration, and his orchestra, whether domiciled in New York or in Chicago, has been the nucleus of the instrumental forces. Up to 1880 the festival was made up as at first, though the original plan of drawing on the societies of other places was abandoned after 1875. In

1880 a festival chorus was organized, which has since done good service. Criticism of the performances in detail cannot be undertaken here, but so far as Mr. Thomas' ideals are concerned, it may be said that the festivals, since their origin, have been unique in the musical activities of the world. Their programs have been more dignified and more uncompromising in their devotion to the highest aims than those of either the Three Choirs' Festivals of England or the Lower Rhenish Festivals of Germany.

Frau Klafsky.

From a photograph by Bieber, Berlin.

The same superiority is manifest in the engagement of solo talent. Nearly all the great singers who have visited the United States in the last twenty years have sung at the festivals, and in arranging for this year's—the twelfth—the old time enterprise and public spirit have been exhibited. The principal sopranos will be Katerina Klafsky and Lillian Nordica. Till she came here with Mr. Damrosch's opera the former was a stranger to Americans, save those who had heard her in Bremen or Hamburg, in whose opera houses she spent ten years of her career as a dramatic prima donna. She has made a deep impression wherever she has sung, and will pour unlimited vitality into the Wagnerian selections which Mr. Thomas always finds it advisable to include in his festival scheme. The pride which Americans had always felt in Mme. Nordica since she first drew attention to herself as Lillian Norton, the granddaughter of "Campmeeting John Allen," of Maine, was increased a hundredfold by her remarkable achievement during the last opera season in New York, when she and Jean De Reszke car-

Lillian Nordica.

From her latest photograph—Copyrighted by Aimé Dupont, New York.

ried criticism captive in Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," which they sang in German out of pure enthusiasm for Wagner's art.

The principal contralto of the festival will be Marie Brema, a singer unheard of even in London four years ago, who to all intents and purposes began her career at the top of the ladder in Bayreuth at the last Wagner festival two years ago, and has since maintained herself in her lofty niche by ambitious work in the Damrosch company of 1894-'95 and the Abbey and Grau company of 1895-'96. For tenors, baritones, and basses Mr. Thomas has felt himself called upon—for reasons that are obvious enough to students of choral music—to go to England; so the list consists of Ben Davies, tenor; Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies, baritone; H. Plunket Greene, bass; and R. Watkins-Mills, bass baritone. Miss Medora Henson and George J. Hamlin, engaged for smaller parts, are Americans, Miss Henson making her home at present in Canada. All of these singers, save Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies, have already been heard in most of the principal cities of the United States.

Mr. Thomas' plan is to reserve the afternoon concerts for miscellaneous schemes, divided evenly between the orchestra and the solo singers, and to devote the evenings to the choral work, which ought to give the festivals their distinction. The first festival was marked by a notable performance of Beethoven's "Choral" symphony, which was repeated in 1875, 1878, and 1894. It will have a place again this year, but the other works of magnitude will be novelties to the Cincinnati public. They are "Franciscus," by Edgar Tinel, "Judas Maccabæus," by Handel, "The Swan and the Skylark," by A. Goring Thomas, and Saint-Saëns' "Samson et Delila"—the last a work which New York has heard both as opera and oratorio. Tinel is a young Flemish composer of unquestioned power, and his oratorio, which has caused more comment than any recent work of its kind, has been given in New York and Boston. "The Swan and the Skylark" is lighter in caliber than its companions in the list, but it is a gracious and graceful composition whose loveliness of melody will cause many to deplore the loss which not only English music but the art in general suffered when its composer met death in a manner that was as grievous as it was untimely, in March, 1892.

THE FAVORITE OPERA.

After the season is over, and as we look back upon the marvelous voices which delighted the audiences of the Abbey company, and the stirring dramatic renditions of Wagner which thrilled those who went to hear Mr. Damrosch's people, there is one opera that stands alone as the popular favorite—"Carmen." The reasons which have made it so are not far to seek, and its popularity proves something which many critics have declared for years—that American audiences enjoy drama more than music, and that the opera which combines both in their most attractive form is a foregone success.

"Carmen" is as much a musical drama as anything Wagner ever wrote. The impetuous music follows and interprets the mad life enacted on the stage. The story was written by Prosper Merimée, and was set to music by Bizet. It was first sung in Paris in 1875. Four years later Minnie Hauk took the title rôle for her own, and it has been called her creation, but in reality she added little that was new to it. Clara Louise Kellogg had learned it in Paris, and had already sung it in this country. Marie Roze tried her hand and her voice at it, and made a most praiseworthy effort to refine *Carmen's* vulgarity and reform her morals, with such success that she rendered her totally uninteresting.

It was left for Emma Calvé to find an opera of tinsel and turn it into gold. She saw its enormous possibilities. Being a great artist as well as a great singer, she made her *Carmen* a living woman. The conventionality of the operatic stage was banished. She made the girl what she was, a creature of fire and blood, full of selfish passion; and she acted the part as it would be presented by an actress who had no voice to supplement her impersonation. Calvé's *Carmen* is modern, is real, and the part is thrilling in its musical power. It will be long before it is supplanted.

"THE SCARLET LETTER."

Somebody in Boston was unkind enough to call Damrosch's "Scarlet Letter," our one ambitious American opera, "a Wagner chromo." This was a piece of smartness which had just excuse enough to make a laugh.

Mr. Damrosch could scarcely help putting some suggestion of Wagner into his opera. He has been studying and rendering that great master for years, and the influence of Wagner is all pervading, and impossible to escape. The chief fault to be found with "The Scarlet Letter" is its coldness. It is almost perfect as a piece of orchestration, and musicians to whom fine technique appeals find it a really remarkable work, but it is doubtful if it will ever become a favorite with the public.

MUSICAL PITCH AGAIN.

Singers generally are expressing their approval of the movement for a lower musical pitch. Even Patti, who might be supposed to have a voice which can compass all things, is in favor of the reform. She differs from the majority in considering that the lower pitch is much more pleasing to the ear. It was through her that the subject was first seriously considered in the London operatic world. But it had been agitated long before. Back in 1868 Mr. Sims Reeves advocated the change, and in 1877 he refused to sing in the Handel festival because Sir Michael Costa, the conductor, insisted upon the high pitch.

Plunket Greene gives his opinion that the present system of pitch is simply ruining the best voices, and as a consequence true basses

and contraltos are disappearing, becoming baritones or mezzo sopranos. Singers strain and force their voices in the upper notes, losing in the lower. Mr. Greene calls attention to the fact that Mendelssohn wrote the part of *Elijah* for a basso, but that in England only a baritone can reach it, with the present pitch.

In America, the orchestras are using what is known as the French pitch, which is lower than that recognized in England, but Theodore Thomas often takes his orchestra a whole tone lower still.

OPERA NEXT YEAR.

We shall probably have Emma Eames back next season. She has been winning great praise in Europe, and her little difference with the Abbey company was the most fortunate thing that could have come to her. She has sung so well at Monte Carlo that the result has put her in a class she never quite reached before.

There is talk of a new opera company for next season, to be called the Imperial Opera Company, but it is probably a figment of somebody's imagination. America cannot support any more grand opera, even were there material for a company.

Maurel will not come back to America next year. Verdi is writing a new opera called "The Tempest," taken from Shakspere's play, and he has engaged Maurel to sing the principal rôle. It requires an enormous amount of time to create a new rôle. When Maurel learned *Falstaff* he spent thirty nine days and nights in rehearsal.

It is doubtful if Mr. Damrosch will repeat his costly experiment in German opera, unless his love for his art, and his delight in its interpretation, cause him to continue it with indifference to gain. He has not made a fortune out of his season.

JOSEFFY REDIVIVUS.

When a great artist retires from the white light that beats upon public men, and betakes himself, in the very heyday of his career, to the most obscure haunts, his return to daylight, after many years of silence, is like a new life. He may be called *redivivus* almost as truly as if he had lain dormant for several generations, and had come back in another suit of clay.

Rafael Joseffy hails from that tropical zone for great pianists, eastern Europe. He is a Hungarian, like Liszt, and was born forty three years ago in the town of Miskolcz. Like Liszt, Rubinstein, and most of the great virtuosi, he made his first concert appearance as a boy. Unlike them, he was not hailed at once as a master in knickerbockers. The possession of great technique was granted him, but sympathy was denied. His subsequent rise, however, when once he gained critical favor, was meteoric. His teacher was Moscheles, the friend and teacher of Mendelssohn.

Later Joseffy studied with the brilliant Carl Tausig. When he began his European tours he was hailed as the successor of Liszt, Tausig, and Rubinstein. Critics spoke of his fabulously brilliant technique, his remarkable expression, and his complete right to supreme honors among pianists. America repeated the enthusiasm of his European reception, and his sudden decision to retire from public life was met with most flatteringly sincere regret.

For five years Joseffy lived in his chosen retreat at Tarrytown, and no inducements could bring him to play before any one but his pupils at the National Conservatory. When reproached for his hermit life, he would answer, "I am quite satisfied, for am I not the greatest pianist in Tarrytown?" This year he made his first reappearance at Chicago with the Thomas orchestra. He was received with unbounded enthusiasm, which Boston and New York echoed with additions. With sturdy independence, he chose a Brahms concerto, the second, for his *pièce de résistance*. Now Brahms is certainly not a popular composer. Even the critics are at war as to his exact place in the art world. To play Brahms, then, was by no means bribing the public with a honeyed sop. But the sympathy, the insight, and the perfect mechanical powers of Joseffy infused the concerto with irresistible charm, and made it in the best sense popular. There could hardly be higher praise than this.

Comparisons between Paderewski and Joseffy are inevitable, though the critics were inclined to dodge an ordeal that demanded so much analysis. It is said in some quarters that Joseffy is the better technician, though this seems hardly possible considering the absolute ease with which Paderewski wrings the most beautiful effects out of the most stupendous difficulties. No one would claim for the Hungarian equal poetical inspiration with the Polish master, who is certainly one of the most inspired interpreters of all time. Joseffy has not the delicacy of Paderewski. Has any one? The Hungarian's *pianissimo* is the Pole's *piano*. Beneath Joseffy's softest touch, Paderewski has a whole spectrum full of colors. At the opposite extreme, Joseffy lacks the positively vicious fire with which Paderewski turns the piano into a full orchestra. In this ability to suggest different instruments, Paderewski is scarcely rivaled by any living pianist.

In sensuous opulence of emotion and color, in power to bring out of the piano unknown capabilities, and to hide the glaring faults that mar the appeal of this greatest of instruments, Paderewski certainly stands alone today. Yet for his almost flawless technique, for the facile, happy, almost classical serenity of his genius, Joseffy must be placed very close to him. So much for the odious task of comparison. The wise and the just will recognize the high value of each virtuoso, and fervently thank Heaven for both.

In personal appearance Joseffy is slight, dark, and entirely without eccentricity. His demeanor at the piano is that of a man too conscious of his power, and too fond of the beautiful art he is interpreting, to stoop to trickery or affectation. The virtue of conscientiousness he possesses in a marked degree.

A PRIVATE CHIVALRY.*

By Francis Lynde.

XXIII.

WHEN the rumor of the shooting spread through the building, the small card room on the second floor filled quickly with a curious throng. Some made haste to ease Harding's limp body to the floor, and others examined the pistol and tried to dig the bullet out of the wall. A brother craftsman knelt to pull off Harding's boots, but he desisted at a word from one who had thrust his hand into the gambler's bosom.

"No use doing that; he's dead," said the man; and at the announcement Will Langford fell back into his chair and covered his face with his hands. The witnesses exchanged significant glances.

"He's only a boy," said one, under his breath, and there was a touch of rough pity in the comment that ran from one to another of those who heard.

Jarvis, busy with pencil and notebook, was among the later comers, writing furiously, and asking questions that no one could answer. Having been trained to make the most of the facts in any case, however, he managed to get a very succinct account of the tragedy; and, inasmuch as every good reporter is more than half a detective, he saw and noted some things which escaped the more morbid and less investigative curiosity of the others.

Brant stood aside, seeing and hearing, but only with the outward eye and ear. When he had ceased trying to disentangle the impressions so thickly crowded into the instant of hesitation preceding the catastrophe, one dread fact seized and held him spellbound—a fact to which the lesser happenings that followed were but as the rattling of pebbles in the wake of an avalanche. A man had been slain, and William Langford was a murderer. And he, the self appointed guardian of the lad, the one person in the world whose business it was to prevent the tragedy, had not raised his hand to save Dorothy's brother. Nay, more; his interruption and untimely hesitation had given the angry boy a chance to take his enemy unawares.

To every man in his appointed time there comes a crucial moment fraught with the concerns of good and evil, and bringing with it the gift of self sight which enables him to stand apart and see what manner of man he is. In that instant of enlightenment the mask of self deception fell away, and Brant saw the utter hollowness of his late pretensions. He knew then that from the moment when he had yielded to Hobart's persuasions and turned his back upon the life of shame in Silverette, his motives had been purely selfish. The return to honest labor, the reaching out toward a life of decency; the resolve to make a place for himself in the ranks of the well behaved; nay, even his love for Dorothy, born of no worthier motive than the desire to pluck for himself the choicest fruit in the garden in which he was but a trespasser—all these dated back to a simple disgust for the life he had been living. There had been no sacrifice, no repentance, no renunciation. What changes he had wrought in himself were only skin deep. To all intents and purposes, Brant the draftsman had been Brant the ruffian, veneered with a thin shell of respectability which he was ready to cast at the first provocation. No wonder he had been overborne by the earliest gust of opposition; or that, on the eve of his return to the house of his master the devil, he had not been permitted to do a good deed or to prevent an evil one.

From this point in the indictment to the opposite extreme of self atonement was but a step. Forsyth's words recurred to him with added emphasis. Who was he that he should "play and not pay"? How could he expect to cheat the immutable law of compensation? Why should he be permitted to reap where he had not sown? Who was he that he should claim immunity when other and better men had paid the score to the uttermost farthing?

These questions clamored for an answer, and he sank into the ebbing wave of assur-

* *Copyright, 1895, by Francis Lynde.—This story began in the December, 1895, number of* MUNSEY'S.

ance until the undertow caught and swept him out into a limitless sea of self contempt. In such pitiful shipwreck he struck out desperately for the nearest shore, with the one idea of expiation possessing him and driving all others before it. So God let him live to find it, he would seek out some altar upon which he could immolate himself speedily, and have done with it. His debt to society should be paid, once for all, even if life itself went to fill up the measure of its demands.

The determination roused him to grapple with the needs of the moment, and like a flash of inspiration a chivalric purpose seized upon him and set him suddenly in the way to its accomplishment. It was too late to save Dorothy's brother from the guilt of his deed, but he might yet take its consequences upon himself, and so prove the unselfishness of his love and satisfy in one payment the score of the ill spent past. It could be done—it must be done; but when he flung together the details of the plan he saw that its success would hang upon the consistency of a lie. None the less, the lie must be told and adhered to; and a moment later Brant was bending over the shrunken figure in the chair.

"Brace yourself and don't let them rattle you," he whispered. "The police will be here in a minute, and you must deny it and stick to it through thick and thin. Do you understand?"

The boy looked up in amazement. "Tell them I didn't shoot him?" he began vaguely, and Brant had no more than time to nod before two officers pushed through the crowd and laid hands on Will Langford. The boy started to his feet in a panic of terror, protesting his innocence with such passionate earnestness that Brant saw his warning had been unnecessary, and found space to wonder at Langford's hardihood.

"I didn't do it—before God, I didn't!" he declared. "We'd been quarreling—I'll admit that—but I didn't shoot him; I couldn't, I tell you; he made me keep my hands on the table and I didn't dare to move. Ask Mr. Brant; he was here and he knows."

All eyes were turned upon Brant. In the excitement of the moment no one had thought of him as having been a witness to the shooting. It was known that Harding and young Langford had occupied the card room together; and the first comers had supposed that Brant had merely outrun them in the rush to the scene. Jarvis alone seemed to comprehend the situation, and his pencil flew swiftly in the instant of strained silence following Langford's appeal. Brant faced the battery of eyes without flinching, and stepped forward.

"The boy is right," he said quietly; "I *do* know—and I am ready to go with you."

It was characteristic of time and place that a little buzz of applause greeted the speech. "That's Plucky George, every day in the week!" said one who knew him; but Sergeant McCafferty was not to be so easily diverted.

"Do I understand that ye surrinder yerself as the murtherer of this man?" he asked, with a jerk of his thumb toward the figure on the floor.

Brant smiled. "I'm not required to criminate myself before witnesses," he replied, in the same even tone. "I neither deny nor affirm; but I'll say that I'm ready to answer to the charge at the proper time and place."

He held out his hands for the fetters, but the sergeant ignored the gesture and contented himself with searching his prisoner for weapons.

"You come along wid us quiet-like, an' there won't be no use for the darbies," he said. "Officer Connell, ye'll bring the b'y."

But Brant protested quickly. "What for?" he demanded.

"As a matther of discreetion; I know fwhat I'm doin'," retorted the sergeant. "Come on wid yez."

"Not a step till you turn the boy loose," said Brant firmly; "at least, not peaceably. I appeal to the crowd; you've just as good reasons for arresting every person in this room as you have for taking this young man. You may say he is a witness; but in that case I'd like to know who gave you the authority to arrest witnesses?"

It was a bold stroke, but Brant counted much on the moral influence of the bystanders, and in this he had not reckoned without his host. A murmur of encouragement answered the appeal, and when the sergeant hesitated, Jarvis put in his word.

"You know me, McCafferty," he said. "I'll vouch for the young fellow. He's the son of Judge Langford, and you can find him when you want him."

The mention of the judge's name turned the scale, and Will was released. Brant looked his thanks, and the reporter nodded. Then the officers led their prisoner away, and in the slight confusion that followed Jarvis got speech with Brant.

"Is there anything I can do for you, old man?" he whispered.

"Yes; get the boy into a hack and send him home."

"Is that all?"

"Yes."

"I'll do it. Keep a stiff upper lip and you'll come out all right."

The reporter fell back as they reached the street, and a few minutes later Brant was ushered into the presence of the lieutenant on duty at the police station. The officer took his name and entered it in the record. As Brant would answer no other questions, he presently found himself safe behind bolts and bars in the city jail, charged with the murder of James Harding.

There was a cot in one corner of the cell. When the turnkey left him, Brant threw himself down upon it to reflect, not upon the wisdom of his act, but upon the course he should pursue among the perplexities of its consequences. It was only natural that the act itself should bring its full measure of exaltation. Magnitude counts for much in any sacrifice; and so the offering be great enough, it may even overshadow the motive, and become in itself a ministrant to vanity. Putting it into words, Brant would have said that he had paid his debt to society, once for all. But in the passion of self immolation he did not once lose sight of the object to be gained. Dorothy's brother must be cleared at any cost; and at this point the perplexities began. How much could he safely leave to be taken for granted? If Will Langford held consistently to his denial of guilt, would the chain of circumstantial evidence be strong enough to hold his substitute?

Brant thought it would, and that without criminating admissions on his own part. With a curious twist of conscientiousness, born of the late moral upheaval, he could not bring himself to the point of consenting to plead guilty to a crime of which he was innocent. It would be perjury, he argued, quite as much as if one should forswear himself in an unworthy cause; and one must not do evil that good might come. Of this he was fully persuaded, and no thought of the greater wrong of permitting the law to punish an innocent victim marred the logic of the deduction. And if he should leave the prosecution to prove its own case, he must trust implicitly to the chain of circumstantial evidence. It had hanged many an innocent man without losing its strength with juries, and it was especially strong in the present instance. All he would have to do would be to nullify, as best he could, the efforts of those who would help him; and thereupon he outlined his policy.

He built it up carefully, step by step, beginning with the preliminary examination which would lead to his commitment; but it was destined to an earlier test. A clanking of bolts broke into the midst of his reverie, and the door of the cell opened to admit Forsyth. Brant would have risen, but the editor prevented him and sat on the edge of the cot.

"Don't disturb yourself," he said; "I haven't come to fight with you. Jarvis has told me all about it, and I just came over to let you know that you've got a friend or two left, even if you are the biggest fool on record."

"That was good of you," rejoined Brant, and he would have been less than human if the editor's kindness had not touched him. "I felt sure you'd come, but I wasn't expecting you tonight."

"You might have known I'd come as soon as I could get away. I suppose you'll get your preliminary in the morning?"

"I suppose so; though I don't know anything about it."

"It's safe to count on it, any way," Forsyth continued, "and there are two matters to be arranged in the mean time—counsel and bail. Give me a list of your friends, and I'll go right out and hustle for you."

Brant laughed. "I haven't reputable friends enough to furnish bail in a case of assault and battery. There are plenty of the other kind, but I don't mean to call on them, or to let any one else."

"Oh, pshaw! What difference can it make now? You can't hope to preserve your incognito through the publicity of a murder trial."

"It makes all the difference in the world, to me," said Brant doggedly. "I want none of their help, and I shan't accept it—that's all."

"Well and good," replied the editor cheerily. "I'll have to see what I can do on my own hook."

"You'll do nothing of the kind. My case will come up at the next term of court, and I shall stay right where I am till I'm sent for."

Forsyth did not press the point. The day of reckless shooting affrays had passed its Colorado meridian—in the cities, at least—and a healthy public sentiment was beginning to demand a more stringent interpretation of the law. Moreover the *Plainsman* had kept well to the front in the law and order movement, and its editor had protested often and vehemently against the laxity of judges and juries in murder cases. For this cause he now proceeded not

unwillingly from the question of bail to that of counsel.

"Have you made up your mind whom you'll have to defend you?" he asked.

"No one," said Brant.

"Nonsense! And why not, pray?"

"I shall plead my own case."

"Be your own lawyer and have a fool for a client, I suppose. But that won't do at all, Brant. I know you've been living in an atmosphere where, as we say, 'everything goes,' but you mustn't bank on mining camp methods in Denver; the prosecution here won't leave you a leg to stand on—it can't, under the present pressure of public sentiment."

"Nevertheless, I shall plead my own case," insisted Brant stubbornly.

"You're not going to be allowed to hang yourself after that fashion. I shall get the best lawyer I can find, and send him to you early in the morning."

"If you do, I'll send him away again."

The editor got up to tramp the length of the cell. "What the deuce is the matter with you?" he demanded. "Can't you see that you're sending yourself straight to the gallows? I tell you, Brant, you don't realize the change that's been wrought even in the last few months. The jury that acquitted Steve Basket last spring did what no jury will ever do again in Denver. And if Jarvis tells a straight story, you haven't a ghost of a show without the very best legal help you can get."

"What you say is all true enough, and I realize it quite as clearly as you do, but you are talking entirely beside the mark. I'm here, charged with the murder of James Harding; and I'm ready and willing to take the consequences. I don't need a lawyer to help me do that, do I?"

Believing Brant to be guilty, Forsyth made haste to interrupt what he feared might be a criminating confession. "Don't tell me anything about it," he broke in quickly. "We are known to be intimate, and it's quite likely I'll be summoned as a witness against you."

Brant smiled at this unconscious furtherance of his plan. "Don't worry about that," he said. "If you should happen to be called, you must tell the whole truth; I shan't gainsay it by so much as a single word."

"You're a queer fellow," said the editor, after a pause. "Most men in your condition would be catching at straws. Are you quite sure you don't want counsel?"

"Quite."

"Then is there anything else I can do for you?" Forsyth asked, hearing the footsteps of the returning jailer.

"No—yes, there is; you can keep young Langford's name out of the papers, if you will."

Forsyth shook his head. "It's too late to do that now, even if it had been possible earlier—which it wouldn't have been, under the circumstances. Is there nothing else?"

"Nothing that I think of."

"All right; keep up your nerve and try to argue yourself into a better frame of mind. I'll see you in the morning."

The door clanged behind the editor, and Brant turned his face to the wall and tried to compose himself to sleep. The first step in the labyrinth had been successfully taken, but there were more, and more difficult ones to follow. He would need all his faculties to keep from stumbling; and the knowledge of this, with a comforting assurance of the righteousness of his cause, led him quickly into the land of forgetfulness.

XXIV.

KATE HOBART, who was California born and California bred, was of the cheerful salt of the earth; a frank and outspoken young person, whose vivacity was unfettered, and to whom mystery and melancholy were alike insupportable. Having twice entertained the Langfords on Jack Mountain during the summer, she thought she knew the family well enough to enjoy a visit to the Denver household, and so accepted Mrs. Langford's invitation willingly; but two such depressive days as those following her arrival made her homesick for the mountains, and she went down to breakfast on Saturday morning determined to make some excuse to get away.

At the breakfast table, however, she was led to change her mind. In some manner quite as inexplicable as its gathering, the cloud had lifted in a night; and for the first time since the beginning of her visit, Kate was made to feel that an atmosphere of gloomy mystery was not the normal respiratory medium of the household. As yet, no one but his mother had seen the prodigal, but they all knew he was safe at home; and since he had seen fit to account for his absence by an ingenious paraphrase of the truth, there was no hint of the terrible story wrapped up in the damp newspaper beside the judge's plate to mar the good cheer of the meal. Isabel alone appeared to lag in the ascent of the mountain of cheerfulness, and her father endeavored to rally her.

"What is it this morning, Bella—the unattainable Paris art school, or just an every day picture that doesn't paint itself? You look as if you had lost a friend, or gained an enemy."

Isabel choked at the unintentional pointing of the thrust, and Dorothy came to her rescue.

"Don't be a tease, papa," she said. "Isabel's going to surprise us all some day, and then you'll lose your title, and be known as the father of Miss Langford, the artist."

"'A prophet is not without honor,'" quoted Kate. "I think Isabel does very good work, don't you, Mrs. Langford?"

"I shouldn't call it work," rejoined Mrs. Langford, pouring a second cup of coffee for the guest. "It's a very proper accomplishment for a young woman, and as such I have always encouraged it."

"Oh, *don't!*" said Isabel; and when the judge looked up and saw the real distress in her eyes, he changed the subject.

"I wonder what has become of Harry lately," he said; and thereupon Isabel quaked anew, and nerved herself for the worst that could possibly happen.

No one seemed to know, and it was Dorothy who said, "I suppose he's been too busy to come over. Mr. Craig has been away for two weeks or more."

"And who is 'Harry,' may I ask?" inquired Kate.

"Young Mr. Harry Antrim; the son of an old friend of ours," explained Mrs. Langford. "He is almost a member of the family, I might say," she added, with a glance in Isabel's direction which was not thrown away upon the guest.

The younger daughter dropped her napkin, stooped to recover it, and so had an obvious excuse for the painful flush called up by the suggestive answer. Her self control was beginning to sag threateningly, and she gave a little sigh of relief when her father began to unroll the morning paper.

"I saw in the paper, yesterday, that Harry was out with the president's car," he said, straightening the damp sheet and unfolding it. "Let's see if——"

They all looked up at the abrupt pause. The judge was sitting very straight in his chair, his thin lips compressed into two colorless lines, and a gray shadow of grief and anger spreading slowly from cheek to brow. The paper trembled a little in his hands, but he read steadily through the leaded nonpareil under the staring headlines. Mrs. Langford was the first to find speech.

"*Robert!*" she exclaimed. "What is it now?"

The judge pushed back his chair and rose stiffly, as one upon whom the palsy of old age had come suddenly.

"Send William to me in the library," he said gravely, turning away from the table. Then he remembered the guest and came back to hand her the paper. "You must excuse me—excuse us all, Mrs. Hobart. We are in great trouble; you can see what it is for yourself."

He left the room and Mrs. Langford followed quickly. Kate looked askance at the paper, but she took it up at Dorothy's nod. A glance at the headlines appalled her, but she saw that it was no time for hesitancy.

"Shall I read it aloud?" she asked.

"If you please," assented Dorothy, slipping her arm around Isabel's waist.

Kate read:

SACRIFICED TO OSIRIS!

A COLD BLOODED MURDER.

WILLIAM LANGFORD AND JAMES HARDING PLAY CARDS, AND GEORGE BRANT KILLS THE WINNER!

Last night, at the solemn hour of midnight, another murder was added to the long list of crimes that have made the temples of chance bloody abattoirs in the annals of the West. The Osirian Club, the chosen resort of the élite sporting men of the city, was the scene of the grim tragedy. The details of the killing are somewhat obscure, but it seems that William Langford, the young son of one of our most respected citizens, and James Harding, a professional gambler known among his associates as "The Professor," had forgathered in a private room of the Osirian for a quiet game of draw. Just before midnight George Brant inquired for "The Professor" and his companion at the door of the Osirian, and was directed to the private room. Soon after, a pistol shot reverberated through the building, and the horrified witnesses rushed to the scene to find Harding weltering in his blood. He had been shot in the face as he sat in his chair, the bullet—a 45 caliber Colt—entering just above the left eye and passing out at the back to bury itself in the wall. The whole affair is enshrouded in an atmosphere of impenetrable mystery, which will probably not be cleared up until the grewsome facts are brought out at the trial. It is said, however, that Brant and "The Professor" were deadly enemies; and as the former had been seeking the latter at the various resorts in the city, it is supposed that the killing was the culmination of an old feud. Harding's record is most unsavory, and he has more than once been a fugitive from justice. The reports about his slayer are conflicting, some asserting that he is no other than "Plucky George" Brant, the notorious faro dealer of the mining camps,

while others say he is a civil engineer in the employ of the C. E. & W. Railway. It was supposed at first that young Langford did the killing, but when the officers were about to arrest him, Brant came forward and gave himself up, fully exonerating Harding's companion.

Dorothy went white at the third line of the heading and drew closer to her sister; and Kate was scarcely less moved when she put the paper down.

"Isn't it just simply dreadful?" she said.

Dorothy's lips moved, but they were too dry to form even the single word of assent, and it was Isabel who answered.

"Indeed it is—it's too awful to realize; but we all ought to be so thankful that it wasn't Will!"

Dorothy drew herself up and looked at her sister as if she doubted her ears. Was it so easy, then, to choose between one's lover and one's brother?

"But, Isabel—is it any less terrible for that?" she began reproachfully.

"Oh, no, I suppose not; it's too awful to think about, any way; but it's just what one would expect of Mr. Brant—the giving himself up, I mean. I wonder if what the paper says about him is true!"

"How can you think of that now?" Dorothy burst out passionately. "Of course it isn't true; and even if it were——" she stopped short, suddenly remembering Brant's parable.

"I'm afraid it is," said Kate sorrowfully. "He is an old friend of my husband, and Ned would never tell me how he came to meet him in Silverette."

Dorothy's heart was too full for any kind of utterance. The open disgrace brought upon the family by her brother; the terrible tragedy for which she felt that her letters to Brant were partly responsible; the dreadful fate awaiting the slayer of James Harding, and Isabel's apparent indifference thereto—these were all past speech; and when there came a dim suspicion of a more horrible thing—a bare suggestion that Brant had shielded the real murderer by giving himself up in his stead—she burst into tears and ran from the room.

In the mean time William Langford was having a very uncomfortable quarter of an hour in the library. Much to her dissatisfaction, Mrs. Langford had not been permitted to accompany her son in the capacity of special pleader, and for once in his life the young man was compelled to face his father's wrath unaided, while his mother awaited the outcome with what fortitude she could summon in the deserted sitting room.

"Tell me the whole story, and tell the truth," was the judge's stern command when his son appeared before him.

Will did neither, but what he said put his father in possession of a fairly consistent series of facts. He had met Harding, and had become his guest at the hotel. There had been liquor and cards, he admitted—so much of the former that he had been afraid to come home; that was all.

"And how did you come to be in this place last night?"

"Harding took me there. He said it was a club."

"But didn't you know it was a gambling den?"

Will hung his head. "I guessed it was—after we got in."

"Well, go on."

"We went up stairs and began to play cards. Harding won everything I had, and then——"

"Tell it all; what then?"

"Then he got me to put my promise to get some papers away from Mr. Brant up against all the money on the table. I thought he was just joking, you know, and I did it—and he won."

The judge groaned. "It wasn't enough for you to be a knave—you must be a fool, as well. Go on."

"Then he said I must pay—that if I didn't he'd give me away for what I did the night before."

"And what was that?"

The boy hung his head again and went dumb. "I don't know. I really can't remember."

"Which is another way of saying you were too drunk to know what you were about—God help us!" said the judge, and he got up to walk to the window. When he could again trust himself to speak, he asked another question.

"About these papers that Harding wanted you to get—what were they?"

"I don't know; some deeds or something that Brant was holding over him."

"How were you to get them?"

"Any way I could. I was to—steal them, I suppose."

"And you—you deliberately put your honor, my honor, the good name you have made a hissing and a reproach, on the table as a stake in a game of cards?"

"I—I thought it was a joke—before God, I did, father; and when he made me understand that it wasn't, I kicked right away, and we quarreled."

The dreadful suspicion that had just sent Dorothy crying to her room seized upon the

judge and gripped him till his knees trembled. "You—quarreled!" he gasped. "Go on—go on, my son; let me know the worst."

"Just then Brant came in, and I don't know exactly what happened. The light went out and somebody fired a pistol. There's a big chandelier hanging from the ceiling over the room, and some fellow on the outside turned on the current—incandescent, you know. Then I saw that Harding had been shot."

The judge crossed the room unsteadily and put his hand on his son's head. "William, you say 'somebody'; tell me, as you hope to be forgiven—was it *you?*"

The boy hesitated, doubting for a moment his ability to answer the question truthfully. The memory of the past forty eight hours was like that of a fantastic dream, in which a single incident more or less was hard to affirm or deny.

"I—I don't think so," he stammered. "If it wasn't for what had gone before, I could swear I didn't; but it seems as if I couldn't be sure of anything, now."

"But you must think. Surely you would know if you had killed the man!"

"Seems as if I ought to, but I don't—I'd been drinking, you know. Hold on; yes, I do, I remember now; he made me hot about those papers, and I wanted to fight, but he wouldn't give me a show; made me keep my hands on the table."

The father breathed freer. "Then it must have been Brant."

"Yes, I s'pose so; and yet, if he hadn't given himself up, I'd have sworn he didn't do it, either."

"Why?"

"Because I was looking straight at him; didn't know who it was came in. I saw both of his hands, and he didn't have any pistol that I saw."

"You are sure of that?"

"Yes."

"You must get the facts straight, and tell a consistent story. You'll be put on the stand, and Brant's life may depend upon your testimony."

"I remember about it now, but I couldn't see, you know. It seemed as if Brant threw up his hand and broke the lamp, and just at that minute the shot was fired."

The clang of the front door bell interrupted him, and the cross questioning was at an end. The caller was an officer, come to summon Will as a witness in the preliminary examination, which was set for ten o'clock. The judge groaned inwardly at the relentless march of publicity and disgrace, but he got his hat and coat and went with his son.

There were no new developments in the court room. Will Langford told a straightforward story, and, in accordance with his prearranged plan, Brant refused counsel and maintained a stubborn silence. Whereupon the magistrate ordered a plea of "Not Guilty" to be entered for him, remanded him to jail, and fixed his bail at ten thousand dollars. Forsyth and Antrim were present, and the latter introduced Judge Langford and the editor. True to his promise to befriend Brant in the time of need, the judge immediately offered to procure bondsmen, but Forsyth shook his head.

"It's no use," he objected; "he won't accept bail, and I can't even get him to employ counsel."

"But, my dear sir, that is suicidal!" exclaimed the judge.

"I know it; that's just what I tell him, but it does no good."

The lawyer in the judge awoke at this, and he became interested at once. "Won't accept counsel, eh? What reason does he give?"

Forsyth hesitated, not knowing how far he might confide in the questioner. "He doesn't give any—simply refuses to talk; but I have my theory—we're all friends of his, I take it, and I may speak plainly?"

"Certainly; go on."

"Well, he's a singular fellow in some respects, and you can't apply the law of averages. I believe he did the thing deliberately, and for some reason that doesn't appear on the surface. And having done it, he means to take the consequences."

"H'm," said the judge reflectively. Then he remembered how easy it would have been for Brant to shift suspicion to Will, and his heart warmed toward the culprit. "We mustn't allow that, Mr. Forsyth. Of course, the court will assign him counsel at the trial, whether he wants it or not, but we mustn't let it come to that. You must see him again, and endeavor to make him listen to reason."

Forsyth promised to do what he might, and the judge and his son left the court room together. The editor followed with Antrim. When the Langfords were out of earshot the chief clerk put in his word.

"You may say what you please, Forsyth, but I'm not going to believe Brant did it till he admits it himself."

"But, my dear boy, hasn't he as good as admitted it?"

"No. In what little he's said and done, he has dodged that point very carefully."

"Of course—that's the proper thing for him to do; he is not obliged to criminate himself."

"It's proper, as you say, but it doesn't fit into your theory. If he killed the man, and is determined to take the consequences, why on the top of earth shouldn't he plead 'Guilty' and be done with it?"

That was a logical question, and Forsyth was unable to answer it. When he had said so, the alternative urged itself and he spoke of it.

"If you exonerate Brant, you put the boy in a bad box."

Antrim had thought about that. "I can't help it," he said promptly. "The tree will have to lie where it falls. If you go back to motives, you'll have to admit that, according to his own story, the thing looks bad for Will. He was the one who was quarreling with Harding."

"Yes, but—pshaw! I can't believe it, Antrim; why, he's only a boy!"

"That's a fact, but he's a young tough, hot headed and quick tempered. I've known him all his life, and neither the thing itself, nor the denial of it, is much beyond a fellow like him."

They had reached the corner where Antrim should turn aside to go to his office, and the editor stopped and regarded his companion curiously. "You're a friend of the Langfords, aren't you?" he asked.

"Sure; but right's right. I'd say the same if Will Langford were my own brother," Antrim asserted stoutly. "I know you don't agree with me, and I don't expect any one else will, but I say Brant isn't guilty, and I'm going to stick to it till the last dog is dead."

Forsyth went his way unconvinced, but it was inevitable that Antrim's suggestion should color the editor's talk with Brant that afternoon. And the coloring had its effect, too, though not in the way Forsyth would have wished. While the prisoner certainly said nothing that could be construed into an admission of guilt, the editor left the jail with his assumption confirmed and fortified beyond a question of doubt. Moreover, he had failed utterly in the attempt to make Brant hear reason in the matter of employing counsel.

XXV.

WHEN a great misfortune threatens, the heavens are darkened and the smaller ills are obscured; but when the eclipse passes, the lesser evils magnify themselves, assuming abnormal proportions in a field in which they are no longer secondary. What time Judge Langford was oppressed by the fear that his son had added a murder to the sum of his iniquities, the disgrace consequent upon the dragging of the family into the public prints seemed trivial. But when it became apparent that Will was not to be hanged, the lesser misfortune demanded a hearing, and the judge shut himself up in his library to mourn over the wreck of the good name he had builded.

To him in his sorrowful seclusion came Dorothy, grief stricken and incoherent, and staggering under a burden of anguish that was too heavy to be borne alone. The judge loved his elder daughter tenderly, and scenting a trouble sharper than his own, postponed his private grief in an effort to assuage hers.

"What is it, Dothy, daughter? Anything worse than the worst?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, papa; and it's all my fault!" she sobbed, leaning against the mantel and covering her face with her hands.

"Your fault?—I don't understand. What do you mean?"

"He was there because I had asked him to go; he was trying to get Will to come home."

"Who—Mr. Brant? You asked him? How could that be?"

Dorothy dried her eyes and told the whole story bravely, beginning with the meeting in Mr. Crosswell's study, and ending by handing her father the two notes received from Brant. The judge read the letters thoughtfully, and a deeper shade of anxiety shadowed his face.

"You did it for the best; I don't question that or blame you. But you are right—this complicates the affair most grievously. It makes us, in a certain sense, responsible, though it doesn't throw any light on the mystery. If the young man's purpose was to rescue William—and that seems to be very evident—why under heaven should he spoil the good deed by committing a murder?"

"Oh, I don't know, I don't know! But if I hadn't sent him, he wouldn't have been there!"

"No, probably not; but you mustn't assume more than your share of the responsibility. Whatever was his motive, it must surely go back of Harding's connection with William."

"If I could only be sure of that!" said Dorothy. "Not that it would make any difference," she added plaintively; "it's done, and it can never, never be undone."

"Yes, it would make some difference,"

said the judge reflectively, "but it would not greatly lessen our responsibility. We must make this young man's cause our own now, at any cost. I am glad you told me."

"And he can be cleared? You can save him?" she queried, brightening up again.

Her father shook his head doubtfully. "That is more than any one can promise now; he is acting very singularly;" and Dorothy's hopes were slain when the judge told the story of the preliminary examination. When she had heard him through, the horrible suspicion came again and refused to be driven away, but she could not bring herself to speak of it to her father. Will a murderer? Oh, no; anything rather than that!

Not until his daughter had gone away, and he had sat down to go calmly over the details of the affair, did the judge begin to realize what his championship of Brant would require of him. Then it became evident, with the keen pang of a fresh misfortune, that he was bound hand and foot—that any effort made to clear Brant would inevitably result in entangling his own son. As the matter rested, William was free and unsuspected; and Brant would hang—if the jury so willed. But if by any chance Brant should be proved innocent—the alternative was as plain as it was appalling.

The luncheon hour came and went unheeded, and the autumn afternoon waned toward a cloudy evening, and still the judge plodded wearily back and forth in the narrow space between his desk and the bookcases, striving with his paternity as many a father has striven since the day when Abraham was commanded to make trial of his faith. It was the father against the man, and what wonder if, after the hours of stern conflict, the father won?

"I cannot do it," he said at last, setting his face flint-wise against all arguments. "A man's first duty is to his own flesh and blood. If William were guilty it would be different, though even then I doubt if I could play the Roman. No, Brant must take his chances—I can't help him."

So saying, the judge went up to dress for dinner; but his decision did not prevent his telephoning to Antrim and asking him to come to the house that evening.

Antrim promised willingly enough, and the more readily since he suspected the reason for the summons, and hoped to be able to do something in Brant's behalf. Accordingly, he boarded a street car immediately after supper, and was presently set down in the Highlands. Isabel met him at the door, and would gladly have been plastic; but Antrim was, in his way, a man of one idea at a time, and at that moment he was too full of concern for his friend to think much of his own affair. Whereat Isabel was piqued, and the angel of reconciliation spread its wings and flew away.

"Is your father at home?" Antrim asked, after what Isabel thought was the coldest of greetings.

"Yes; my father is at home in the library," she replied, with the accent precise, and when Antrim had gone in, she went back to the sitting room and played many unmusical staccato exercises on the piano.

"Good evening, Harry," said the judge, greeting his visitor. "Come in and sit down—you've been neglecting us lately."

Antrim admitted it in one word, not wishing to go swimming in that pool.

"I asked you to come over because I wanted to have a talk with you about Brant," the judge went on. "You know him better than any of us, and I thought you might have some suggestions to offer. He mustn't be allowed to hang himself without benefit of clergy."

"That's exactly what he is going to do," replied Antrim, who had been to see Brant during the afternoon. "He won't talk about bail, and I can't get him to listen to a word about having a lawyer."

"What does he say?" inquired the judge.

"As nearly nothing as a man can—and keep on talking."

"Do you know anything about the affair yourself, Harry?—more than the newspapers tell, I mean."

"How much do you know?" asked Antrim cautiously, not wishing to betray Dorothy.

The judge smiled. "I know all that Dorothy can tell me," he rejoined.

"Then that lets me out; though I haven't much to add. We were out together nearly all night Thursday night, looking for Will, and we arranged to go again last night. Brant seemed to have found out something during the day, for in the evening he gave me a description of this man Harding, and told me I'd be likely to find him and Will together. Then we separated; I was to go to the hotels and lodging houses, while he overhauled the dives."

The judge remembered his talk with Brant after the Draco raid, and was once more able to put two and two together. "It is very evident that there are some earlier chapters to the story," he said; "and if Brant won't talk about them, we must find some one who will. It may be there

are extenuating circumstances in the background that will help out at the trial."

He rose and pressed the bell push, and Antrim made haste to define his own position before an interruption should postpone the opportunity.

"You are going on the supposition that Brant is guilty," he said quickly. "I don't believe he is."

"You don't?"—the judge's tone evinced more deprecation than he could honestly lay claim to—"but, my dear boy, have you considered the alternative?"

"No," Antrim admitted frankly; "I haven't looked at it in that light at all. But I know Brant, and I think I know him pretty well. I don't believe he'd kill a man in cold blood any quicker than I would."

"I know; but that is only inference. You forget the evidence," the judge began, but the coming of the servant interrupted him. "Yes, I rang," he said to the housemaid. "Ask Mrs. Hobart if she will be good enough to come to the library."

Kate complied at once, and the judge introduced Antrim. "Have this chair, Mrs. Hobart," he said. "We were talking about the mur—the tragedy of last night. Mr. Antrim is a friend of Brant's, and I think you said that Hobart knows him well. Can you tell us anything of his history?"

"Mr. Brant's? Nothing more than that Ned and he were college chums," replied Kate, who was inclined at times to be wary out of all proportion to her sex and age.

"Have you written to him yet?"

"To Ned? No; I thought he would get the papers before my letter."

"So he will; but I think it would be well to ask him to come down. You might write tonight, and Mr. Antrim will mail your letter."

"I'll do better than that—I'll wire," said Kate. "May I sit down at your desk?"

She wrote the message and gave it to Antrim, and after a little more talk the chief clerk took his leave. He found the way to the front door alone, and Isabel watched his departure from the head of the stairs; after which concession to her pique, she went to her room and did penance after the fashion of quick tempered lovers the world over.

Antrim took a car, and left it at the corner nearest the telegraph office. Ten steps from the crossing he ran upon Jarvis, and the reporter began forthwith to ransack him for details in Brant's affair. Antrim meant to tell nothing—and ended by telling all he knew, salving his conscience by reasserting his belief in Brant's innocence.

"Right there's where I'm stuck, myself, but I'm going to settle that point before I'm an hour older," asserted the reporter, adding, "you may come along and help, if you want to."

"Settle it?" echoed Antrim; "how can anybody do that?"

"Stay right with me, and I'll show you."

They went on together, first to the Western Union office and then to the Osirian. On the way to the gambling house, Jarvis stopped short and smote his thigh.

"By Jupiter, Harry, but your part of the story turns on an oxyhydrogen sidelight that beats the moon! I'll bet a gold mine to an Indian cayuse that I've got the whole play down pat. Here's the layout: he's soft on the girl; he goes and hunts for the girl's brother; he catches him killing a man for his breakfast, and coolly steps into Mr. Brother's shoes—all for the sake of the girl! That's George Brant to a hair! Come on till I prove it to you just like twice two!"

Antrim was aghast at the bare possibility, but he held his peace and followed Jarvis blindly. The reporter's calling procured them ready admission to the exclusive club house, and they found the room on the second floor untenanted, as it was sure to be. Jarvis posted his companion in the doorway, and produced a tape line. Then he placed the chairs on either side of the table about where they were when Harding and Langford had sat in them.

"Now you hold the end of that tape, and I'll show you that Brant couldn't have fired that shot from the doorway, unless it turned a corner in Harding's head," he said confidently, unwinding the tape line and stretching it as nearly as might be through the space where the murdered man's head must have been.

Antrim drew the line taut and watched the experiment with breathless interest. When Jarvis reached the opposite wall, he turned about and stared blankly at his assistant.

"What is it?" demanded Antrim.

"B' gosh, I've proved too much!" exclaimed the reporter. "Can't you see? The bullet that made this hole was fired from right about where you stand. By Jove! That lets young Langford out, but say! It puts Brant in, head over ears!"

Antrim dropped the end of the tape measure and thrust his hands into his pockets. "Just the same, I don't believe it," he said doggedly; "and I never will till Brant admits it himself."

"Bully for you," said Jarvis heartily. "You're the kind of a friend to have at a pinch! Well, there's nothing more to be found out here; let's go down and have a drink, and then you'll tell me more about that burglary business. I was so full of this other thing that I didn't quite catch on."

"No drinks," said Antrim briefly, when they were once more in the street and Jarvis was pointing for a bar room. "Come up to Mrs. Seeley's with me, if you like, and I'll tell you and show you all there is to be heard and seen."

Jarvis acquiesced, grumbling, and the chief clerk was as good as his word; but if the reporter made any fresh discoveries in Brant's room he kept his own counsel. By this time Antrim was catching at straws; the meeting with Jarvis and the experiment in the card room damped his courage, and left his belief in Brant's innocence more nearly shaken than it had been at any time during the eventful day. None the less, he remained steadfast.

"You're interested in getting to the bottom of this thing on general principles, aren't you?" he asked, as he let the reporter out at the street door.

"Sure thing."

"All right; you just go ahead on the supposition that Brant didn't do it, and you'll be more likely to succeed. Good night."

"You're a crank," said the reporter, laughing, as he ran down the steps.

And yet, such is the impact of one man's assertion hurled repeatedly against a wall of self evident fact, that Jarvis presently found himself ignoring the evidence and building theories based on the major "if." He toppled them over as fast as they rose, but they grew again, and it took another conference with his chief, the night editor, to fortify his reason against the assaults of Antrim's insistent faith.

XXVI.

HAVING done what he could for his friend on the Saturday, Antrim thought he might befittingly devote the Sunday afternoon to his own affair; and to this end he took a car for the Highlands as soon as he could get away from the Sunday duties which entangle the railway servant. He was a little later than usual, and Isabel, after waiting half an hour, avenged her pique by going out with Mrs. Hobart. Dorothy did not know where they had gone she said, meeting Antrim at the gate as she was starting for the mission school. Wouldn't he go in and wait?

Antrim looked annoyed, and declined. He had meant to do no more than to try to resume his old relations with Isabel, and he thought she might have permitted this, the more willingly, since it was her own expressed wish. But if she were not ready——

Before he had argued the case to its irritant conclusion he found himself walking back toward town with Dorothy. They missed a car by a minute or two, and Antrim paused at the corner to wait for another.

"I have time enough, and we can walk till a car overtakes us, if you don't mind," said Dorothy, who had her own reasons for desiring an uninterrupted interview with her companion.

"Certainly not; I'd rather walk," replied Antrim, whose mood welcomed a diversion of any sort.

They went on together, and an awkward embarrassment interposed a barrier of silence between them. Antrim thought he knew enough of Brant's secret to make him hesitate to speak first of the thing that he imagined was uppermost in Dorothy's mind; and Dorothy was made dumb by great sympathy for Antrim's disappointment. None the less, she was the first to speak.

"Have you—have you been to see Mr. Brant since the——" She could not give it a name, but Antrim saved her the necessity of doing so.

"Yes; I was with him half an hour yesterday afternoon," he replied.

Dorothy meant to go straight on to her end, but her courage failed, and she bridged the gap with a commonplace. "Isn't it dreadful?" she said.

"That depends on how you look at it," rejoined Antrim, forgetting for the moment to whom he was talking. "I don't believe Brant is guilty."

"Oh, Harry!" Dorothy stopped, and the tears blinded her.

Whereupon Antrim realized with a pang of remorse for his thoughtlessness what such an assertion must mean to Will's sister, and he made haste to comfort her.

"You mustn't take it for granted that I'm accusing Will. I just leave him out of the question altogether, and stick to Brant for what I know of him. He wouldn't do such a thing any more than I would."

Dorothy could not so easily avoid the apparently inevitable conclusion, but her enthusiasm rose unbidden at the tribute to the man she loved.

"I want to think so, too, Harry—oh, *so* much! But papa says he doesn't deny it."

"No, he doesn't; and he doesn't affirm

it, either. And till he does, I'm not going to believe it," said Antrim stoutly.

At this point in the talk it occurred to Dorothy that Antrim was behaving very nobly toward his successful rival, and she found space to lay a little offering on the altar of manly friendship.

"It's very noble of you, Harry, to feel that way, after what has happened. I was afraid you might perhaps feel just the least bit vindictive."

"Vindictive? You don't know what I owe him, Dorothy. It's a bigger debt than I ever owed any one before, and I'd pay it if it took the last thing I have in the world."

"I'm afraid it has taken the thing you valued most, hasn't it?" said Dorothy, with heartfelt sympathy. "Poor Isabel! It's a dreadful blow for her—and she takes it so strangely."

Antrim was properly mystified, but he got no further than to say, "Isabel? I'm afraid I don't quite understand."

"Surely she has told you!" said Dorothy, who could not imagine anything like duplicity on the part of her outspoken sister.

Now Isabel had told him but one thing of any considerable importance, and Antrim's mind naturally reverted to that.

"Oh, yes," he rejoined, trying to speak lightly; "she gave me my quittance for good and all awhile back, but——"

He was going to add that it is a long lane that has no turning, when Dorothy interrupted him.

"I knew she would tell you first—and now this dreadful thing has come between them. Harry, I believe it will kill her if she loses him now; she is acting so strangely that I tremble for her reason!"

Antrim throttled a wild impulse to give place to madness, and forced himself to say quite calmly, "Then she has told you—that—that she loves Brant?"

Dorothy thought it no time for half confidences. "Yes; and that isn't the worst of it. She sent him away because—because she didn't know her own heart, I suppose. I told her he'd come back—and now he never can. Isn't it too pitiful?"

Antrim thought it was—in more senses than one. More than that, it was incredible, or rather it would be apart from Dorothy's positive assertion. Could he have been so purblind as not to see what was going on before his very eyes? Reason said no, but an error, once endowed with the breath of life, is sure to find plenty to feed upon. The atoms of corroborative evidence began to assemble quickly, with Dorothy's declaration for a nucleus. This was why Brant had been so sure that he knew Isabel's preference—and he had been mistaken, after all. This was why he had stopped going to the Langfords', and why he had been so quick to deny even the hint of a love affair with Dorothy. And Isabel—had she not steadily refused to tell him in so many words that she did not love any one else?

Antrim called himself hard names under his breath, and in the first flush of the new misery would have been glad to be able to charge his friend with insincerity. He saw the injustice of that in time to fight it, and rancor gave place to admiration. How unselfishly Brant had effaced himself, and how quick he had been to succor and to offer comfort and countenance to his rival! That, too, seemed incredible, even to Brant's best friend, but since incredible things had become the order of the day, it was quite in keeping with all the other happenings of a time which was hopelessly out of joint. So Antrim told himself, with what resignation he could command; but for all that, this latest buffet of misfortune was as a bolt from the blue, and he staggered under it, reeling, though not toward the abyss, since he had lately had his lesson and profited by it.

While he was trying to face the necessity of discussing this newest phase of the many sided problem with becoming stoicism, a car overtook them and the talk was at an end. By the time they had reached the crossing nearest the mission school he had fought and won his battle—the hardest, and, as it chanced, the most unnecessary, that had ever been thrust upon him—and was ready with an assurance of good faith which was quite as sincere as it was costly.

"We mustn't be discouraged, and we must just go on hoping against hope," he said, taking Dorothy's hand at parting. "It's a fearful tangle, and I can't begin to see the end of it yet, but you can count on one thing, what one man can do to help Brant will be done. You've told me some things that I didn't know before, but I shall work all the harder for knowing them; and if—if you think it will do any good, you may tell Isabel that."

He left her at that and went to his office; and by the time he had begun to dull the keen edge of the new trouble on the grindstone of business, the door opened and Forsyth entered.

"Do you allow a man to trespass on Sunday?" he asked, feeling for the latch of the gate in the railing.

"Sure; when the man's as good a friend as you are. Come in and sit down."

"It's about Brant, or I shouldn't bother you," said the editor, drawing up a chair. "I've been to see him again, and he is more obstinate than ever—if that's possible. He said you were there yesterday, and I came to see if you had been able to do anything with him."

"I wasn't."

"I was afraid you wouldn't be. Have you anything new to offer?"

"No."

"Well, I have. It's pretty plain that Brant will hang, lacking counsel, isn't it?"

"Plainer than I wish it were."

"Very good. Now there is just one lawyer in Christendom, so far as I know, whose services he can't well refuse."

"And that is——"

"Judge Langford," said the editor.

"But, good Lord, Forsyth, you're losing your grip! Have you forgotten that the judge is Will Langford's father?"

"I have forgotten nothing. From your point of view it would be out of the question, I grant you; but so far as heard from, you are the only person who doesn't believe Brant did it. Now I think he did, and the judge is quite sure he did; so I can't see what is to prevent his taking the case if he chooses to."

"I do. If he should clear Brant it would throw the question wide open as to Will—you know that."

"He can't clear him—nobody can do more than get him a light sentence—but if he could, the boy is out of it. You were with Jarvis last night, and you know that as well as I do."

"Yes, but——"

"But what? Will you say that the judge is an invalid, or that his family connection with the affair should exempt him?"

"Ye-es; that is about what I was going to say."

"Waiving the first objection—the judge is a good deal better than a sick man—the second is precisely the reason why he should offer his services; why he must offer them."

"How so?"

"Because the thing happened while Brant was in the service of his family. You know what I mean."

"I do, but I'd like to know how you found it out."

Forsyth laughed. "You've forgotten that you told Jarvis the whole story last night. But no matter about that; don't you see the necessity now?"

"Yes; but supposing the judge doesn't?"

"He must be made to feel his responsibility; and that brings me up to date. You know him well; can't you undertake to enlist him?"

"Frankly, I can't—and you have given the reason; I know him too well. He has been a second father to me since my own died."

"All right; I didn't know," said the editor, rising. "Somebody's got it to do, and I thought perhaps you might be able to do it best."

"Who else did you have in mind?"

"Nobody; I'm going to tackle him myself, and at once."

"You?"

"Yes; why not? I know the facts, and not being a personal friend, I shan't scruple to use them. I'm going over there now; will you go along?"

"Not unless you make a point of it; I should only hamper you."

"I don't. It's Number Sixteen, isn't it?"

"Yes; Altamont Terrace. Don't be too savage with him, Forsyth; he has had lots of grief lately."

"He'll have more if he shirks in this case; but I won't be any harsher than I have to be."

Half an hour later Forsyth rang the bell at Number Sixteen, and sent his card to the judge, who presently received him in the library.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Forsyth," he said, shaking hands cordially with the editor. "No, don't apologize for coming; be seated."

Forsyth took the proffered chair, and plunged at once into his errand.

"It's about Brant, as you will infer. Yesterday you asked me to try again to make him listen to reason in the matter of employing counsel. I have tried—thrice—and have failed."

"Does he still decline to give the reason of his refusal?"

"He does."

"I suppose he is aware of the probable consequences?"

"As well as we are."

"H'm; that is bad. Have you anything to suggest, Mr. Forsyth?"

"Yes. There is one person whose services he cannot well decline."

"There is? And who is this person?"

"Yourself."

The judge rose quickly and went to the window, turning his back upon his visitor. It was five full minutes before he spoke again, and the editor waited patiently.

"I can scarcely believe you know what

you ask, Mr. Forsyth," said the judge, at length, coming slowly back to his chair. "If the circumstances were different—if my own son were not unfortunately involved—I should be the first to volunteer."

"My dear sir, that is precisely the reason why you should volunteer," said Forsyth firmly. "Bear with me a moment while I show you how the matter presents itself to an unbiased outsider. Your son absents himself, and, knowing his habits, you and the other members of the family are justly anxious. In response to a request from one of your daughters——"

"Pardon me, but how did you learn that?"

"Indirectly, from Miss Dorothy herself. As I was saying, in response to this request, my friend undertakes the not unhazardous task of finding and rescuing your son. He does the first, and in trying to do the second commits a crime, which, account for it as you may, would not have been committed at that time and place if Brant had been less willing to help you and yours. Under these circumstances, the least you can do for my friend is to defend him. No one else can do it as well; your very presence in court as his counsel may save his life. Ask yourself the question seriously, Judge Langford, and if your own sense of justice will allow you to refuse, I have nothing more to say."

The judge leaned back in his chair and stared absently at the handful of fire in the grate. Forsyth's appeal reopened the question which he thought he had settled definitely the day before, and the arguments for and against began once more to marshal themselves for a fiercer conflict. Before the battle joined, he made one more effort to postpone it.

"You ignore the fact that I might end by directing suspicion against my own son, Mr. Forsyth."

"I do. I ignore everything but justice and a just man's obligations."

The fight was on, and the judge got up to pace the floor with his hands behind him and his head bowed. Forsyth had told him no new thing; his duty had been clear enough from the moment of Dorothy's confession. But the frankness of the editor's appeal—the grave ruthlessness with which he held the question up as a thing to be decided apart from personal considerations; a thing affecting justice, and honor, and uprightness—this touched him very nearly.

But opposed to this, his fatherhood rose up in sorrowful protest, pleading as only paternal love can plead for the supremacy over all abstract dogma of whatsoever kind and degree. The struggle was long and bitter; and seeing the story of the conflict writing itself in deeply graven lines upon the judge's face as he paced back and forth, Forsyth had to harden his heart more than once while he awaited the outcome. "It is the father and the man, but the man will win," he said to himself; and as he prophesied, so it came to pass.

"You have won your cause, Mr. Forsyth." The judge spoke abruptly, stopping in front of the editor's chair. "Go you to the young man and tender him my services, and let me know if he will accept them."

Forsyth sprang to his feet and wrung the elder man's hand gratefully. "God bless you, Judge Langford—it's a noble thing for you to do! Don't think for a moment that I undervalue the cost. And now let me tell you something that will make your task easier. One of my young men made some experiments last night in the card room at the Osirian. The result proved conclusively that the shot was fired from the doorway—that it could not have been fired from the chair in which your son was sitting."

"Thank God for that!" exclaimed the judge fervently, adding quickly, "but I'm glad you withheld that—glad you gave me an opportunity to give of my best. You will see Brant at once?"

Forsyth hesitated. "As my friend's friend, I am entirely at your service; but don't you think it would be better if you were to go to him unannounced?"

The judge thought about it for a moment. "In view of his singular obstinacy, perhaps it would. It is worth trying; I will go tomorrow morning."

"Thank you," said Forsyth, rising to go. "I presume I need not say that we have little time to lose; the grand jury meets tomorrow, and Brant will probably be indicted during the week."

"So I have been informed. No matter; we shall be diligent. If the young man will only confide in me we may be able to discover something which will serve to—to palliate his crime."

The judge went to the door with the visitor, and, as Forsyth took his leave, asked a single question.

"There is no shadow of doubt in your mind, is there, Mr. Forsyth?—as to his guilt, I mean."

"None whatever," rejoined the editor sorrowfully; and he went his way saddened by the thought that he could answer no otherwise.

(To be continued.)

332

PROMINENT AMERICAN FAMILIES.

III.—THE LEES.

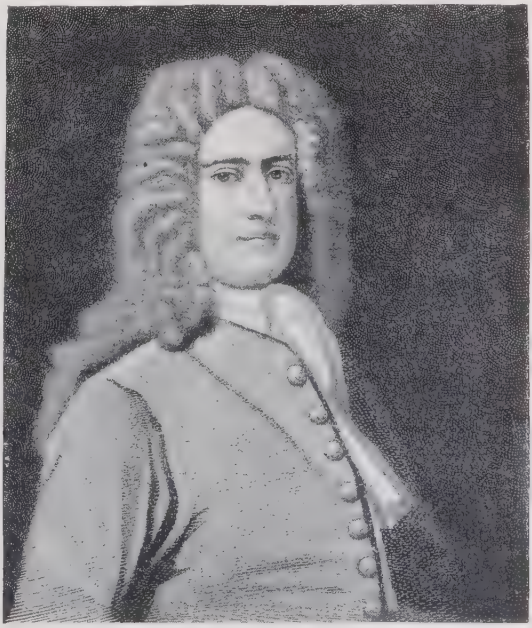
THE FAMOUS VIRGINIA FAMILY WHOSE SOLDIERS AND STATESMEN HAVE HELPED TO MAKE THREE CENTURIES OF THE OLD DOMINION'S HISTORY—ITS PROMINENCE IN COLONIAL DAYS, IN THE REVOLUTION, AND IN THE ANNALS OF OUR OWN TIMES.

The Sword of Robert E. Lee.

IN the year 1641, when Sir William Berkeley came to the colony of Virginia to govern in the name of His Majesty Charles the First, he brought with him many English cavaliers, anxious to try their fortunes in the new world. One of these was Richard Lee, gentleman, of Shropshire, a warm friend of the doughty governor. He proceeded to York County, and took up his residence near Green Spring, Berkeley's home.

This Richard Lee of 1641 was the descendant of a long line of Lees in England, many of whom were knights. The founder of the family was Launcelot Lee, or de Lee, who came over with William the Conqueror, and so distinguished himself at the battle of Hastings that the king rewarded him with large estates in Essex. A little more than a century later Lionel Lee fought with Richard Cœur de Lion in the Holy Land, and displayed such valor at the taking of Acre that he was made Earl of Litchfield, and an estate was given him, which he called Ditchley. The armor worn by the gallant crusader may still be seen in the Horse Armory of the Tower of London. The banners of two Lees who were knights companions of the Garter, surmounted by their coat of arms, are preserved in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle.

As the representative of an old English family, it is not strange that Richard Lee should have become a man of mark in the Virginia colony. He was a loyal "king's man," and received grants of land from Berkeley and succeeding colonial governors. From time to time he held the positions of burgess, justice, secretary of state, and member of the king's council. He is described as being six feet in height, with a handsome face denoting spirit and enterprise, and "very generous in his treatment of others, especially those dependent upon him"—a trait which is characteristic of his descendants to this day.



Richard Lee, Founder of the Lee Family in Virginia.

Published by the courtesy of Dr. Edmund Jennings Lee.

Ann, Wife of the First Richard Lee.
Published by the courtesy of Dr. Edmund Jennings Lee.

Richard Lee and his sons owned many plantations in the "Northern Neck" of Virginia, which they named Stratford, Ditchley, Lee Hall, Langley, and Coton after family estates in England. In 1663, after a life of devotion to his king and service to his country, the head of the house was gathered to his fathers, and his son, another Richard, succeeded him.

From this time the family divides into three distinct branches — the Stratford line, founded by Richard Lee, Jr.; the Ditchley line, by Hancock Lee; and the Cobb's Hall line, by Charles Lee, the youngest son. Though the latter line has had many members well known in their native State, we can here deal only with the Stratford line, as the eldest and most prominent.

The second Richard Lee was born in Virginia in 1647, and was sent to England to get his education at Oxford, after the most approved fashion of the English gentlemen of the day. He was a quiet, scholarly man, who wrote Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, but notwithstanding his studious tastes he took an active part in the legislation of the colony. The royal commissioners, in their report of October 15, 1677, speak of "Major Richard Lee, a loyal, discreet person, worthy of the place to which he was lately advanced of being one of His Majestie's Council." Like his father, he was a close friend of Sir William Berkeley, and during Nathaniel Bacon's rebellion against the governor Richard Lee was seized and imprisoned for seven weeks by Berkeley's enemies. He married in 1674 Lætitia Corbin, whose tombstone—after the manner of tombstones—describes her as "a most affectionate mother, distinguished by piety towards God, charity to the poor, and kindness to all." She died in 1706, eight years before her husband. They had many children—six sons and a daughter; this daughter, Ann, married Colonel William Fitzhugh, and in her will left to her only son, Henry, "my grandfather Corbyn's wedding ring." From Ann Fitzhugh was descended Mary Custis, the wife of Robert E. Lee.

One of the positions held by the second Richard Lee was that of naval officer and receiver of Virginia duties for the Potomac River. When too old to continue to act in this capacity, Governor Spotswood spoke of him as "a gentleman of as fair character as any in the country," and as a reward of merit bestowed the office on one of his six sons.

Of these six sons the historian is concerned with two—Thomas, the fifth, and

Thomas Lee, President of the Council of Virginia.
Published by the courtesy of Dr. Edmund Jennings Lee.

Henry, the sixth. Thomas Lee played an important part in the annals of Virginia, and for many years held office as president of the king's council and commander in chief of the colony. His portrait, in the president's official wig, still hangs at Stratford, his old home in Westmoreland County.

In 1744, difficulties having arisen with the Iroquois about land west of the Alleghany Mountains, Sir William Gooch, then governor of Virginia, appointed Thomas Lee and William Beverley commissioners to treat with the Indians. An interesting account of their journey from Stratford to Philadelphia is found in the diary of their secretary, a Scotchman, named William Black.

Thursday, May 17, 1744.

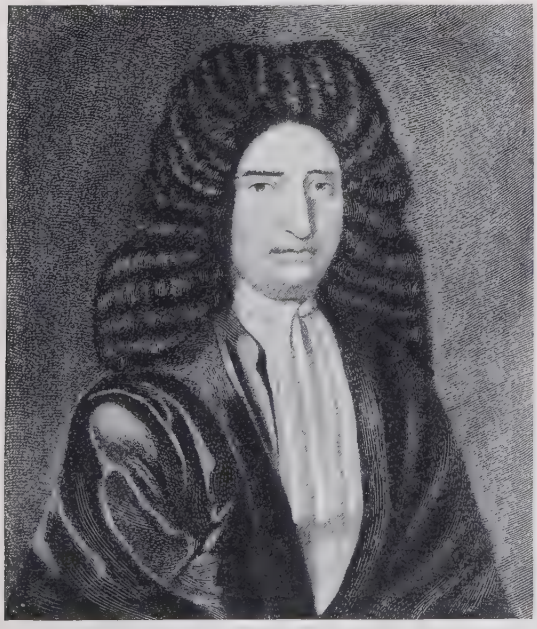
This morning, at nine of the clock, in company with the Hon'ble Commissioners and the Gentlemen of their Levees, I embarked on Board the Margaret Yacht lying off Stratford on Potomac, and about ten minutes after was under sail, one Jack Ensign and Pennon flying. After the vessel had got way, with the trumpet we hailed the company (who came to the water side to see Us on Board) with a Fare You Well, who returned the compliment, wishing us a Good Voyage and Safe Return, for which, on the part of the company, I gave them Thanks with the discharge of one Blunderbuss.

Laetitia, Wife of tne Second Richard Lee.

Published by the courtesy of Dr. Edmund Jennings Lee.

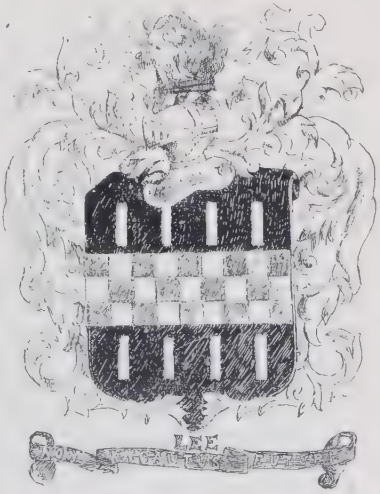
At Annapolis they were royally treated by the "gentlemen of distinction of that Province," who met and welcomed them at the landing place. On the 21st, Mr. Black writes :

At Night, His Excellency the Governor for the Entertainment of the Commissioners gave a Ball in the Council Room, where most of the Ladies of any note in the town was present and made a very splendent appearance. In a back room from that where they Danced was several sorts of Wines, Punch and



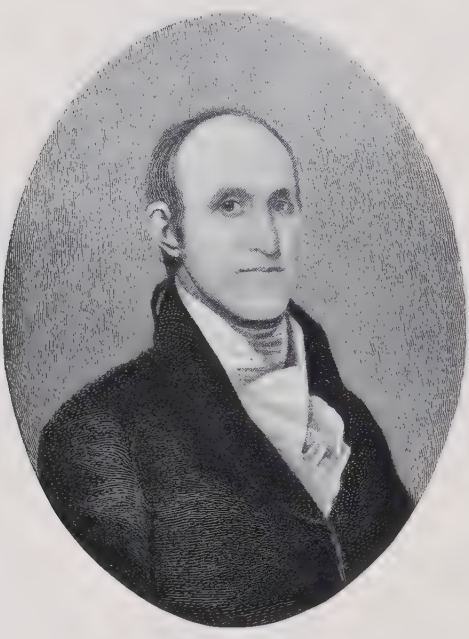
The Second Richard Lee.

Published by the courtesy of Dr. Edmund Jennings Lee.



Arms of the Virginia Lees.

Published by the courtesy of the Virginia Historical Society.

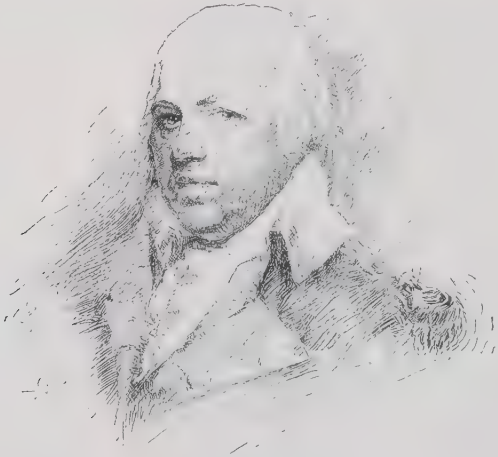


Charles Lee, Attorney General of the United States.

Mrs. Charles Lee

Published by the courtesy of Dr. Edmund Jennings Lee.

Sweetmeats. In this room those that were not engaged in any Dancing match might either employ themselves at Cards, Dice and Backgammon, or with a cheerful Glass. The Ladies



Major General Henry Lee ("Light Horse Harry").

After the portrait by Gilbert Stuart, owned by General G. W. C. Lee.

was so very agreeable, and seemed so intent that we might have imagined they had some Design on the Virginians!

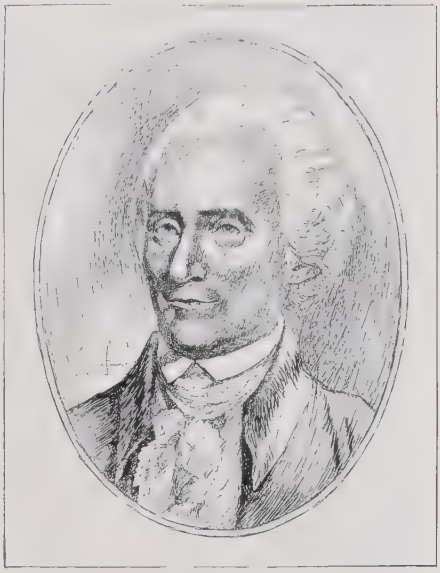
Thus it continued, feasting and festivities at every stopping place. At Chester, Pennsylvania, they "were welcomed into the Province with a Bowl of fine Lemon Punch big enough to have swimmed half a dozen of young Geese." The conference with the Indians, which took place at Lancaster, ended successfully, all the company drinking the health of the "great King of England" and the Six Nations, with three loud huzzahs. As a result of this treaty the

Virginians received the right of settling the land west of the mountains as far as the Ohio River.

"President Lee," as he was known in colonial parlance, exercised princely hospitality at Stratford. About 1735 the original house was burned to the ground. Thomas Lee was so popular that when the news of his loss reached Williamsburg a subscription was taken up to assist him in rebuilding, which was headed by the governor with a handsome sum. It is also said —though this seems doubtful—that Caroline, George II's queen, sent him a present amounting to eighty thousand dollars out of her private purse. The house was rebuilt more handsomely than before, with walls two and a half feet thick, and containing nearly a hundred rooms.

Arthur Lee, American Commissioner to France.

From a miniature painted in 1790 by Jonathan Trumbull, and owned by Yale University.



Richard Henry Lee, Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

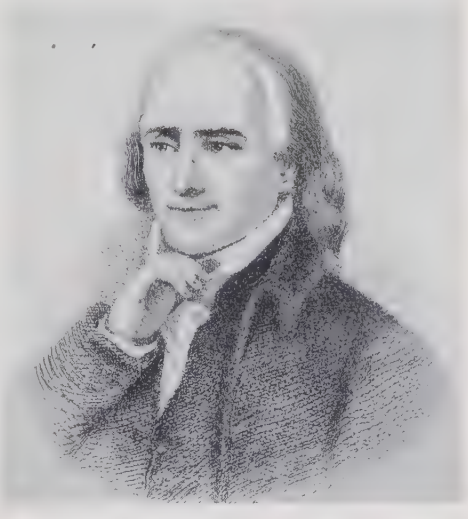
From a portrait loaned by his descendant, Mrs. Henrietta Lee Coulling.

Thomas Lee married Hannah, daughter of Colonel Philip Ludwell by his second wife (the first having been the far famed Lady Berkeley). The *Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1750, published two columns of a monody as a "Tribute to the Memory of a Most tender Mother, the Hon. Mrs. Hannah Lee":

Ye Husbands and ye Children come and mourn
The Fondest Wife and Mother in her Urn!
Ye Kindred, Friends, ye Virtue Lovers all,
Oh let ye Pearly Drops in Torrents fall;
Nor to my Wretched Grot will I return
Till I have taught the Hardest Heart to Mourn!

Thomas Lee was for some time acting governor of the colony. In 1750 he was appointed governor—the first time a native Virginian had received such an honor—but he died just before his commission reached him.

High as was the repute of Thomas Lee, he was eclipsed by his six brilliant sons. John Adams wrote of them as "that band of brothers, intrepid and unchangeable. . . . . Thomas Ludwell Lee, on whose



Francis Lightfoot Lee, Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Published by the courtesy of Dr. Edmund Jennings Lee.

Robert E. Lee as a Lieutenant in the Army.

Photographed by Cook, Richmond, from a portrait made about 1835.

praises Chancellor Wythe delighted to dwell, who has often said to me that Thomas Lee is the most popular man in Virginia, and the delight of the eyes of every Virginian, but who would not engage in public life; Richard Henry Lee, whose merits are known and acknowledged and need no illustration from me; Frances Lightfoot Lee, a man of great reading well understood, and of inflexible perseverance in the cause of his country; William Lee, who abandoned an advantageous establishment in England from attachment to his country, and was able and faithful in her service; Arthur Lee, a man of whom I cannot think without emotion, too honest, upright, and faithful to be popular."

When the famous Westmoreland Declaration protesting against the Stamp Act was drawn up, in 1765, four of the brothers signed their names, the list being headed in bold characters by Richard Henry Lee. Richard Henry and Francis Lightfoot also signed the Declaration of Independence, the Lees—if we except the cousins, John and Samuel Adams of Boston—being the only family in the United States which can boast two signers. Both were born at Stratford, in the same room, which seventy five years later was the birthplace of Robert E. Lee.

Only a mile away was the home of George Washington. He and Richard Henry, being

Recumbent Statue of General Robert E. Lee, by Valentine.

In the Washington and Lee Chapel, Lexington, Virginia.

of nearly the same age—the Father of his Country was the younger by a month—were great friends. When they were nine years old little Lee wrote to his playmate, with fine scorn of punctuation :

Pa brought me two pretty books full of pictures he got them in Alexandria. . . cousin bids me send you one of them it has a picture of an elefant and a little indian boy on his back like uncle jo's sam pa says if I learn my task good he will let uncle jo bring me to see you will you ask your ma to let you come to see me.

RICHARD HENRY LEE.

To this the future leader of soldiers and statesmen replied :

DEAR DICKEY :

I thank you very much for the pretty picture you gave me. I can read three or four pages sometimes without missing a word. Ma says I may go to see you and stay all day next week if it be not rainy. I have a little piece of poetry about the picture you gave me, but I mustn't tell you who wrote the poetry.

Monument to General Robert E. Lee in Richmond.

From a photograph by Cook, Richmond.

G. W.'s compliments to R. H. L.,
And likes his book full well,
Henceforth will count him his friend
And hopes many happy days he may spend.

Your good friend,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

According to the old custom of the family, Richard Henry Lee was sent to England to be educated. Strange to say, he came back afire with republican views, and entering public life early, was an ardent co-worker with Patrick Henry and Jefferson. He was

Mary Custis, Wife of General Robert E. Lee.
Published by the courtesy of Dr. Edmund Jennings Lee.

prominent in the Virginia house of burgesses, and later in the Continental Congress, to which he was elected in 1774. He is described as being tall and well proportioned, with a noble countenance. Having lost the use of one of his hands, he kept it always bound in a silk handkerchief, but gesticulated with the other to such good purpose that he was termed "the gentleman of the silver hand."

It was Richard Henry Lee who, on the 7th of June, 1776, laid before Congress the stirring resolution "that these united colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent States; that all political connection between them and Great Britain is and ought to be totally absolved."

Of Richard Henry Lee's five brothers, William Lee represented the United States at the courts of Vienna and The Hague. He married his cousin, Hannah Philippa Ludwell, who brought him the Green Spring manor house. Francis Lightfoot Lee, already mentioned as a signer of the Declaration, and Philip Ludwell Lee, helped to found the town of Leesburg, which was named after them. The former was elected to the Continental Congress on the recommendation of the veteran leader of Virginia liberalism, George Mason.

Arthur Lee, the youngest brother, born in 1740, was sent to the famous English school at Eton, and afterwards studied medicine at Edinburgh. Upon his gradu-

General Robert E. Lee's Office at Lexington.
The room remains today just as when it was used by General Lee.
Drawn by J. M. Gleeson from a photograph by Miley, Lexington.

General Robert E. Lee and His Horse "Traveler."

ation, he wrote a prize thesis so brilliant that the university ordered it published. Dr. Lee also wrote a forcible "Appeal to the English Nation," which was for some time attributed to Lord Chatham. In the spring of 1775 he was commissioned by the lord mayor and aldermen of London to write a remonstrance to the king against the colonial policy of his ministers. A copy of this was sent to the American Congress, and a committee, with Richard Henry Lee as chairman, was appointed to draw up a reply. Each brother was ignorant of the part taken by the other in this transaction, until they met years later. Throughout the Revolutionary war, Arthur Lee remained in Europe, doing valuable service to the American cause, and obtaining sympathy and assistance for the infant republic. He was appointed commissioner to France, and also conducted important negotiations with Holland, Spain, and Prussia. After the conclusion of peace he returned to America, where he died unmarried in 1792.

From Thomas Lee and his six famous sons we revert to his brother Henry, son of the second Richard Lee. It was Henry Lee whom Governor Spottswood appointed to succeed his father as naval officer of the Potomac. Though he held several prominent offices, he took small part in public affairs, his life being that of a student. He married Mary Bland, a descendant of Theo-

General Robert E. Lee's Residence in Richmond, Now the Headquarters of the Virginia Historical Society.

Drawn by J. M. Gleeson from a photograph by Cook, Richmond.

Menokin, an Old Lee Home.

Drawn by J. M. Gleeson from a photograph loaned by the present owner of Menokin, Cazenove G. Lee.

dorick Bland of Westover, and left three sons, all of whom were members of the colonial house of burgesses. One of them, Henry Lee, his father's namesake, was also county lieutenant of Westmoreland, and was active in that capacity during the Revolution; but he is chiefly known as the father of Charles Lee, Washington's attorney general, and of the dashing "Light Horse Harry."

General W. H. Fitzhugh Lee.

Published by the courtesy of Dr. Edmund Jennings Lee.

The latter, third Henry in direct descent, distinguished himself at Princeton, where he graduated in 1773. In those days a young man of position usually took a trip abroad, after completing his education. Young Lee prepared to do this, but was prevented by the outbreak of the Revolutionary war. Though only nineteen years of age, he promptly raised a company of militia, and joined the patriots' army soon after the fight at Lexington. He was a great favorite of Washington, for whom he always cherished an ardent devotion. He was speedily promoted to the rank of lieutenant colonel, and "Lee's legion," the independent corps of light cavalry which he commanded, became famed for the dash and bravery of its officers and men. In 1779, at the head of three hundred men, he captured the British fort at Paulus Hook—now Jersey City—taking a hundred and sixty prisoners, at a loss of but two killed and three wounded. For this Congress presented him with a medal, publicly thanked him, and made him a major commandant. At another time, in a small house near the ene-

mies' line, with only ten men, he was surrounded by a troop of two hundred horse, but succeeded in repulsing them after a bloody encounter.

It may be worth while to mention that General Charles Lee of the Revolutionary service, the officer whom Washington courtmartialed for disobedience of orders during the battle of Monmouth, bore no relationship to the Virginia Lees, and must not be confounded with Light Horse Harry. At the time of the campaign in New Jersey, the latter was serving in the South, under General Greene, who repeatedly praised the dashing cavalry commander as one of his most valued lieutenants.

Mrs. Mary Tabb Lee, Widow of General W. H. F. Lee.
From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

At the close of the war, Colonel Lee went on furlough to Virginia, where he witnessed the surrender of Cornwallis, and was shortly afterward married to his cousin, Matilda Lee, thereby acquiring the family seat of Stratford. During Washington's Presidency he was appointed a major general, and was thrice elected to the governorship of his State. He was a member of Congress in 1799, when Washington died, and was the author of the resolutions officially announcing that event, in which occur the oft quoted words "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Henry Lee was twice married. He had four children by his first wife, and six by

Ravensworth, Fairfax County, Virginia—the Old Fitzhugh Place, Afterwards the Home of General W. H. F. Lee.
Drawn by J. M. Gleeson from a photograph.

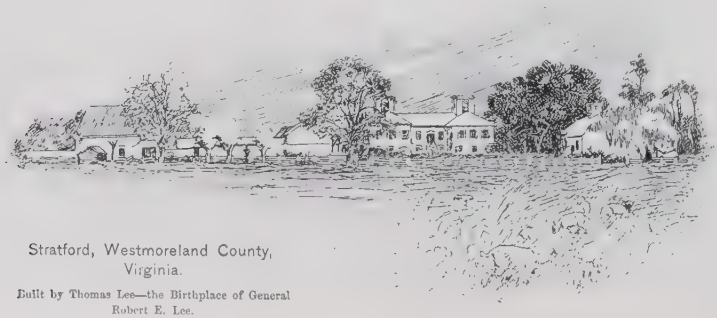
his second, Ann Hill Carter, of Shirley. Of his seven sons only four grew to manhood. He died in Georgia at the home of his old commander, General Greene, March 25, 1818, when his youngest son, Robert Edward, was eleven years old.

Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee.

From a photograph by Miley, Lexington.

The life of Robert E. Lee is so engraved on the nation's history that, as Dr. Henry M. Field has said, "the world knows it by heart." In 1829 he graduated at West Point, and two years later was married to Mary, daughter of George Washington Parke Custis. The war with Mexico gave him opportunity to distinguish himself, and on his return the young officer was the idol of the hour. Mrs. Henry A. Wise remembers being present at a grand dinner given in his honor, at which General Scott, with twinkling eyes, proposed the toast, "Robert E. Lee, God bless him! Wounded by a thousand bullets on the field of Chapultepec, and *wouldn't* die!" Scott was always a warm admirer of Robert Lee, and considered him the most brilliant soldier living, not only in America but in the world.

His career in the civil war is a matter of history. At its close he accepted the presidency of the Washington College at Lexington, Virginia, which place he held until his death. He lies buried in the college



Stratford, Westmoreland County, Virginia.

Built by Thomas Lee—the Birthplace of General Robert E. Lee.

A Room at Stratford.
Drawn by J. M. Gleeson from a photograph.

chapel, built during his incumbency, and over him is the simple inscription:

ROBERT EDWARD LEE.
Born January 19th, 1807,
Died October 12th, 1870.

"That is all," as Dr. Field says, "but it is enough; the rest may be left to the eternal judgment of history."

General Lee left five children, his sons being G. W. Custis, W. H. Fitzhugh, and Robert E. Lee. The first named attained the rank of major general in the Confederate army, and succeeded his father as president of the Lexington college, now called Washington and Lee University.

W. H. Fitzhugh Lee (familiarly called "Rooney"), the second son, was born at Arlington in 1837, and though educated at Harvard was appointed lieutenant in the army at the personal request of General Scott. After seeing service in the West he returned to Virginia, where he settled as a planter on the old Custis estate, "White House," the scene of George Washington's marriage to the widow Custis. During the civil war, "Rooney" Lee served in every grade from captain to major general. He was also three times elected to Congress. He was twice married, first to Miss Charlotte Wickham and afterwards to Miss Mary Tabb Bolling. He died at Ravensworth, October 15, 1891.

Fitzhugh Lee, Ex Governor of Virginia.
From a photograph by Vernon, Richmond.

Robert E., the youngest son, now a resident of Washington, was also a Confederate soldier when a mere boy. The story is told that at Antietam the battery in which he was serving—the Rockbridge Artillery—dashed past the spot where General Lee sat on horseback, looking over the wide field of battle. Young Robert Lee rode on a gun carriage, black with the grime and powder of a long day's fight. As he went by, the son, a gunner, gave a soldier's salute to his father, commander in chief of the army. The incident illustrates the fact that General Lee's sons had to win their own way to the front.

Fitzhugh Lee, who was a famous cavalry commander during the civil war, and who has since been Governor of Virginia, is a nephew of General Robert E. Lee. His father was Sydney Smith Lee, third son of Light Horse Harry by his second marriage, and for more than thirty years an officer in the United States navy.

General G. W. Custis Lee.

From a photograph by Miley, Lexington.

In the annals of our country there is scarcely an instance where prominence in the past has been wedded to distinction in the present as in the records of this "first family of Virginia." In three centuries of American history the Lees have rendered such service to their native State that the record of Virginia would indeed be incomplete without their name.

Virginia Cousins.

TWO SONGS.

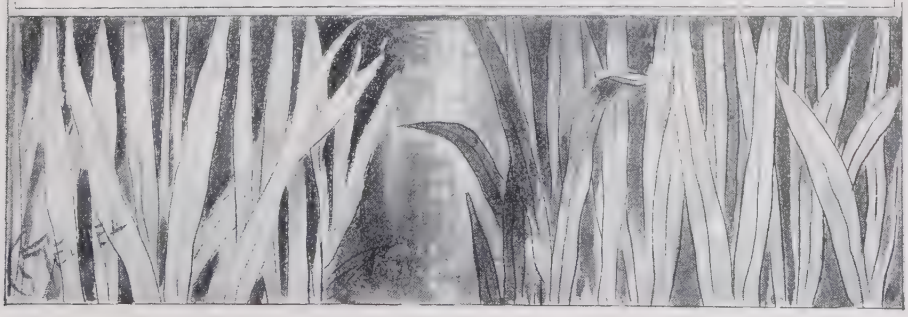
I SANG a song for all the world to hear ;
It rose and fell, and reached no listening ear.
I sang again, for my own heart alone ;
The earth resounded with the mighty tone.

Kent Knowlton.

NARCISSUS

I came where clustered jonquils drowsily
Bent to their mirror'd image in a stream,
Half veiled, like spirit faces in a dream,
And fairer far than fair reality;
So fell to visions of old Thessaly—
Watched dryads flit through every sinuous beam
Cleaving the shadowy bert; slim naiads gleam
From silvery waters; and swift oreads flee
Athwart dun mountain slopes at eventide.
I saw, as in a trance, Narcissus there
Lean to his peerless semblance, yearning eyed,
And heard sad Echo's love impassioned plaint,
Fraught with the dolor of her long despair,
Fall like a distant meteor, fleet and faint.

Bessie Gray.



THE STAGE

THE HEROINE OF "SHORE ACRES."

Grace Filkins, who has been what Mr. Herne calls his "ideal *Nell Berry*" in "Shore Acres" for two years, is probably spending her last season on the stage. Her approaching marriage to Lieutenant Commander Marix, of the United States Navy, has just been announced.

Grace Filkins.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

Mrs. Filkins was the original *Josephine* in the juvenile "Pinafore" company which was started by Haverly. When she was still a mere child she married, and retired from the stage until after her husband's death. For some time she was a member of Modjeska's company. Like Modjeska, she is Polish. She is also a Jewess, her father being a rabbi. She is of a peculiar type, with black eyes and red hair —a combination that makes her a very striking stage figure. She has acted with the Daly company, and has created several comedy parts.

When that great money earner, "Shore Acres," was first produced at McVicker's Theater, Chicago, in May, 1892, it was called "Shore Acres' Subdivision." Mr. McVicker soon changed the name to "Uncle Nat," but it was plain "Shore Acres" when it became the talk of the town in Boston and started on a

Miss Mary Hampton.

From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.

career of prosperity to which the end has not yet been placed.

HARD WORKED SUCCESSES.

The value of a thing is doubled by the difficulty of obtaining it. To make his theater a success, a manager must be able to fill it by announcing that it is already full. In other words, there are for the public's entertainers no easy going, half way reckonings of prosperity. If a new piece does not become town talk, it is counted a failure, and is run at a loss until a substitute can be obtained. Hence the reluctance of managers to give up a good thing, and the duplication of companies to play it in several parts of the country simultaneously. "Charley's Aunt," "Trilby," "Sowing the Wind," are among the recent examples of duplicated successes. Our portrait of Mary Hampton shows an actress who has become closely identified with *Rosamond* in the last named. For two seasons she has played the rôle on tour, and everywhere the critics have praised her. It is said that Charles Frohman includes her name in his list of the seven best leading women on the American stage.

She is a Southern girl, and "was almost raised on a horse," as she puts it herself. It is possible that before long she will head a company in name as she now does in fact.

THE PERSONALITY OF DUSE.

To see Duse act is like peering into the privacy of some home whose inmates are unaware

that they are being watched. Her art is of the sort that does not take into account the proscenium opening; all the scenes she plays are "boxed" on four sides—at least to her who lends them the reality that never before was theirs. For as she ignores interviewers and press agents, so Duse ignores her audience. With her the sinking of personal identity in sufferings. She married a second rate actor, and bitterly repented the step. They separated, and he, it is understood, is now in England, while their child, at school in Dresden, has never seen her mother act.

Duse's health is very precarious. It will be remembered that last fall it was stated that her present American tour must be abandoned, as

Eleonora Duse.

From her latest photograph—Copyrighted, 1896, by Aimé Dupont, New York.

that of the character portrayed is complete, and it is this faculty that gives her a versatility Bernhardt can never hope to achieve.

Duse is said to be but thirty six. She looks much older. Her hair is turning gray, and her eyes have lost their luster. But the woman's life, despite the triumphs it has held, has brought her scant happiness. The child of strolling Italian players, the story of her youth tells of a sorry series of makeshift schemes for daily bread. Later on she encountered an experience which, if not similar to that of *Magda*, at least reminds one of that unhappy heroine's she was not expected to live. And yet she does not look delicate; sadness is the predominating impression left by her features when in repose. According to newspaper reports she does not enjoy acting. Here, she gives only four performances a week; in Europe, ten a month is reported to be the average.

As to her ability, there is but one opinion. Nothing but intrinsic merit of an exceptional order would keep on filling a house at three dollars a seat with the play spoken in a language that nine tenths of the auditors cannot understand.

Juliette Méaly.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

It is announced that Duse will return next season to play a Shakspere repertory, with English speaking support. When sixteen she appeared as *Juliet* in Verona, and it was this that set her feet in the path which brought her to the heights attained thirteen years ago, when Rome placed her on the mimic throne whereon she wields a scepter to whose supremacy many lands have since bowed.

— —

PARIS NOVELTIES.

Yankees may have invented the "tank drama," but it remained for a Frenchman to devise realism with a lottery ticket attachment. At the Théâtre de la République, in Paris, they have been seriously considering the plan of issuing a coupon with each seat check, entitling the holder to a chance in a drawing to be held on the last night of the run of "Nights on the Boulevard," the prize to be a great bull, imported from Normandy to figure in the piece. And lest the lucky winner may feel that he is possessed of a white elephant, a butcher stands ready to purchase the beefy hero for a good round sum.

We shall hardly borrow this idea from Paris, but we are pretty certain to get "The Lovers" from Sarah Bernhardt's theater, a play to which allusion was made in this department last month. It had a long run at the Renais-

Lucy Gérard.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

sance, and though audacious in theme—it treats of demi mondaine life—cannot well be more so than was "The Squire of Dames" in its original state. The thorough purging to which this latter play has been subjected seems not to have injured its drawing powers, as John Drew finds it about the most substantial success he has had.

The scenic investiture of "The Lovers" presents some extraordinarily magnificent interiors, where luxury runs a mad race with riot.

We give herewith the portraits of two clever French comediennes, who are among the best known of the younger "stage favorites" of Paris. Both came to the capital from the southern provinces, and each made her **début** about nine years ago. Gérard, who was a pupil of the veteran Got at the Conservatoire, and who won one of the prizes of her class, has had parts in several of the successful comedies of the last few seasons. Méaly—the elder of the two, though she is not yet thirty—has played in half a dozen foreign capitals, and is beginning to have a European reputation. America may be the next world whose conquest she will undertake.

"EL CAPITAN'S" WINSOME HEROINE.

"I want to go on the stage. I can never be a *Juliet*, and I wouldn't if I could. It isn't in my line, but I'm sure I can do some sort of

Edna Wallace Hopper.

From her latest photograph by Ellis, London.

work well and I think you can find out just what it is."

It was this frank avowal that decided Roland Reed to give a trial to the tiny San Francisco girl of sixteen who came to him with her request. And his good judgment was indorsed a short time afterwards by a no less competent discerner of dramatic ability than Charles Frohman, who secured Edna Wallace for his new Empire Theater stock company. Her delightful comedy passages with Cyril Scott in "The Girl I Left Behind Me" were potent factors in winning for that play a place among the three greatest money winners of this half decade.

It was during the run of "Panjandrum" that big De Wolf Hopper wooed, won, and transplanted to comic opera the little maid, who immediately made herself at home amid the strange environment, and proceeded to add unnumbered new friends to her numberless old ones. It is a pity that "Panjandrum" did not please the multitude for as long a period as "Wang." Mrs. Hopper was altogether delightful as *Paquita*, but by the time these lines are read she will have been seen in "El Capitan," Sousa's new opera, for which, at the present writing, most elaborate preparations are being made at the Broadway Theater. The production of a fresh work by the Hopper company is notable in proportion to the infrequency of its occurrence. Additional interest attaches to the present occasion, not only because of Sousa's identification with the music, but by reason of its being the first occasion on which Mrs. Hopper will really create a character in opera, *Merope Mallow* in "Dr. Syntax" having had a similar rôle in "Cinderella at School" for its basis.

Although "El Capitan" was written some

time since, it possesses especial timeliness at this period of Cuban talk, as its theme centers around the Spanish occupation of Peru.

AN ARTIST IN MELODRAMA.

The recent death of Mr. McVicker, the doyen of Chicago theater managers, must have awakened many reminiscences in the mind of one who, as a girl of fourteen, made her first appearance on the stage as a member of his stock company. That her three years at McVicker's were a good training school is shown in the excellent work done by Cora Tanner today. Although melodrama possesses for its portrayers the advantage of broad lines, the temptation to exaggerate is ever present. Miss Tanner has appeared in "Alone in London," "The War of Wealth," and "The Sporting Duchess," but in them all she keeps herself well in hand, and scores accordingly.

She was at one time the wife of Colonel Sinn, of the Brooklyn Montauk Theater. A starring tour of seven consecutive seasons is one of her achievements; also the creation in this country of the title rôle in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Princess Ida."

A MUSIC HALL KING.

It was at a rehearsal of "The Duke," a play about to be produced by John Hare. A raw hand had just made his exit, after showing what he could do with the part that had been assigned to him. His face was flushed with the consciousness of victory hard won, for it was no small task for a beardless youth to simulate the actions of an old man past eighty. Hare stood in the wings watching him.

"How was that?" inquired the neophyte.

For an instant Hare could scarcely find voice to reply.

Cora Tanner.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

Irene Vera.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1895, by Napoleon Sarony, New York.

"Great heavens, you blithering idiot," he finally managed to gasp, "what were you trying to do?"

"To give as good a picture as I could of an octogenarian."

"A what?" fairly roared Hare. "Why, man, the character you're down for is that of an eighteen year old boy!"

But this inauspicious start did not blight the career of the artist to whom Koster & Bial are glad to pay three thousand dollars a week for the privilege of securing his exclusive services in America. Albert Chevalier is not yet forty, but for several years he was a favorite in the leading London theaters in such rôles as James Lewis and J. E. Dodson play here. There was no little astonishment when he announced his intention of going upon the variety stage. This was some half dozen years ago, but he leaped to the top rung of the vaudeville ladder in a night. He sings at five music halls in one evening, and is said to be the best paid actor on the British stage. The great majority of his songs of the coster—a London type that reminds us of *Chimmie Fadden*—he wrote and composed himself.

IN THE REALM OF COMIC OPERA.

It must be very discouraging to playwrights to realize on what slender foundations rests the hit some pieces make. Take, for instance, Lillian Russell's new opera, "The Goddess of Truth." The first act is inexpressibly wearisome; one longs to explode a bomb behind the statue to break the monotony of the long drawn out scenes in which the vivified marble, on a dimly lit stage, tells the audience what they can see for themselves later on. There is some good work in the second act, but there are also a kissing duet and a music hall dance which give the public an opportunity to "get on good terms" with the star by means of encores till

Marie Valleau.

From her latest photograph by Rockwood, New York.

she is breathless. It is very undignified, no doubt Miss Russell is annoyed—but then, the intelligent public enjoys it immensely. The audience go home and tell their friends about it, and the result is a "go" for a work that otherwise would have fallen flat.

As art, of course, such an exhibition is not what it might be; but though the world knows that our managers' love of art is intense, their love of the public is still more passionate, and to please that public they will sacrifice all personal preferences. Art goes upon the smoking altar. And why not? There is no statute against kissing duets and music hall dances. If these were not the most potent features of "The Goddess of Truth," it is possible that the librettist and the composer might pocket their royalties with more cheerful mien—and again it is possible that there might be no royalties to pocket.

Our portrait of Irene Vera shows a member of the cast of "Excelsior, Jr." Miss Vera came over from London three years ago, her father having been a lawyer there, holding a government position. His death brought financial reverses to the family, and the daughter turned to the stage. "Poet and Puppets" served to introduce her to the American public. Last season she was in "Little Christopher," and she has also played *Artea* in "Adonis." She has a contralto voice, which she is now busily cultivating.

Mr. Rice, by the way, is contemplating a revival of "Evangeline" at Manhattan Beach this summer, when some unique adjuncts to theatrical entertainment may be looked for. There is also a possibility of a "Rice's Theater" in Gotham. "Excelsior" is the third of Mr. Rice's burlesques that has been shifted from pillar to post in the midst of a brilliant run. So many theaters are built to gratify a whim, invest money, or spite a rival, that it will be a happy change to chronicle the erection of a playhouse as a home for a company really in need of one.

BUDDING PLAYWRIGHTS.

"An ingenious story told in a way that made it effective on the stage." Many an experienced dramatist would count comment such as this high praise. But it was neither a Howard, a Carleton, nor a Rosenfeld that prompted the New York *Sun's* critic to such an utterance. Far otherwise. "The Wife of Willoughby" was the play, a romance in one act by two young people in their twenty first year—Helen Bogart and Theodore B. Sayre. It was their first acted piece, was performed at the Empire Theater on a March afternoon by the school of acting students, and fairly electrified the audience by its superiority to the average curtain raiser. Young Sayre has already figured in the newspapers as one of the most persistent and promising playwrights that ever dogged a manager's fleeing footsteps. Nearly all the stars are familiar with his name—and manuscripts—and he has suffered all the rebuffs history tells us are the common lot of genius. "The Wife of Willoughby" may not be the opening wedge for a brilliant career, but the production of so good a bit of dramatic work by two such youthful native writers is cause for felicitation at a period when actors are suffering so seriously for lack of worthy material.

In still another field of the drama, young blood is stirring encouragingly. This spring sees the production of two new burlesques, written for amateur use by Guy Wetmore Carryl, whose "Joan of Arc" not only received favorable comment in the metropolis two years ago, but was repeated successfully at special performances in several other cities. His travesty "The Poisoner of Zenda," prepared with especial reference to the Seventh Regiment, whose members played it, showed a marked gift for devising taking stage situations, and called forth a universal comment of "clever work" from the New York critics. As a sample of Mr. Carryl's readiness at repartee we may quote one little bit of dialogue, where *Hentzau*, coming on the stage in great excitement, begins, "Your grace——" only to be cut short by *Black Michael* with,

"Don't stop for grace now. We are already in the soup!"

"The Buccaneer," a more ambitious work, with original music by Kenneth Murchison, a young architect, was written for the Columbia College dramatic society. Mr. Carryl's facility at penning lyrics is known to all readers of this magazine, where his verse finds frequent place, and of whose staff he is a member.

STILL ANOTHER POLITICAL PLAY.

Although Sydney Rosenfeld doubtless considered it hard lines that his "House of Cards" should have had such a checkered history before it reached the footlights, he may console himself with the reflection that the delay has served to bring it forward in the year of a Presidential election. It seems that the piece was written some time since, and accepted by three or four managers in turn, each of whom found himself unable to present it owing to various unforeseen circumstances. Mr. Rosenfeld finally brought it out himself, its production at the Fifth Avenue Theater in March giving us the third play of political complexion seen at this house during the present season. It is far and away more entertaining than "The Governor of Kentucky," and while not so well written as "Ambition," it appeals more directly to popular approval. With two leading members from the Daly company in the cast—Maxine Elliott and Frank Worthing—"A House of Cards" ought to make successful this unusual venture in stageland—an author's presentation of his own play in which he does not himself act.

We present a portrait of Marie Valleau, who in Mr. Rosenfeld's staging of his "Two Escutcheons" plays the rôle for which Ada Rehan was so unsuitable a portrayer at Daly's. Miss Valleau's advance has been rapid. Only two years ago she was playing in "Old Kentucky" without salary, for the sake of the experience.

Later she was leading woman with a stock company in the South, and especially distinguished herself as *Vera* in "Moths."

SHAKSPERE AND SOME OTHERS.

During one week in March there were three productions of Shakspere plays at as many Broadway houses. By many this might be hailed as a happy antidote to the rage for vaudeville. As a matter of fact, all three presentations were merely the realization of cherished personal ambitions on the part of star performers. By tradition Shakspere is regarded as the top round of the mummer's ladder. To be sure, if the bard of Avon should appear on Gotham's Rialto today with the manuscript of "Julius Cæsar" or "Romeo and Juliet" in his pocket, he would find just as hard a row to hoe in securing a staging as does Cyrus W. Skeggs, of Skaneateles, with his "Sixteen Wives to a Husband," of more modern make. The managers are men of business, and of little else, in America nowadays. They know that Shakspere doesn't pay unless he is well sugar coated with "unequaled scenic outfitting," and even then it's touch and go if you ever get your money back. So that portion of the public that feels Shakspere to be necessary to keep the stage from dropping altogether into the melodramatic slough, ought to be grateful to the ambitions of the Milns, the Potters, and the Marlowes which still continue to keep "Master Will's" head above the contemporary waters.

Julia Marlowe Taber, indeed, does more than this. Her *Juliet* won for her the serious metropolitan recognition which she failed of securing some years ago. The measure of favor accorded "She Stoops to Conquer," in which her *Kate* was by no means the most convincing figure, serves to suggest a policy that might be followed profitably by our managers.

The Empire Theater, where the success of "Bohemia" has confounded the critics, passed through an unprecedented and peculiarly trying experience this winter. Four new plays were produced on its stage within the space of eight weeks. Of course, in the old stock days, this would have been no cause for concern; but in 1896, when a New York run means money on the road, such a wholesale shipping of complete sets of scenery to limbo means very heavy loss. Now, Mr. Frohman possesses a clever company, which makes it all the deeper pity to see them so sadly miscast as they have been this season. If after the failure of Jones' play he had put on "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Rivals," or "The School for Scandal," the public surely would have responded better than it did to "A Woman's Reason" or "Marriage." Admitted, the plays are all familiar; still, the Frohman company have not yet been seen in them, and even though the critics might suggest invidious comparisons, they did worse as matters went. In premises such as we have suggested, theater goers are capable of making their own comparisons, and are perfectly willing to pay for the privilege. A better antidote for play famine than importations of the modern English song, dance, and melodrama is a revival of the old English comedies of the days of Queen Anne and the Georges. At any rate, it is worth the trying.

VARIETY IN VAUDEVILLE.

A rose by any other name would smell as sweet, and Oscar Hammerstein's "Marguerite" might as well have been "Hamlet," with a new reading of the players' scene, or a burlesque on Clyde Fitch's "Mistress Betty"—might as well be anything, in fact, furnishing an excuse for bringing in a stage upon a stage, as a paraphrase of "Faust." And yet "Marguerite" is distinctly a hit, and has crowded Olympia Music Hall as only Guilbert succeeded in doing. So potent is originality of idea, and Mr. Hammerstein's deft combination of living pictures, ballet, fence posters, and circus act surely bears the hall mark of absolute uniqueness. His clubland scheme for the new entertainment in Olympia's theater part is also happily up to date, even if he does attribute the inspiration of it to reading up on old plays.

But in whatever light we view him, Oscar Hammerstein stands forth an odd fish in a pond noted for strange denizens. He bows to no precedents, acknowledges allegiance to no "customary usages." In every sense of the term, he is sufficient unto himself. In his own domains, he is an absolute autocrat, and some of his laws are peculiar. By reason of one of them, the man who cries "Bravo" in front of the house is as certain to be ejected as is the Johnnie who seeks entrance "behind." To see Hammerstein himself moving about the lobbies of his handsome playhouse, one would take him for the stone mason who built it—and in this supposition one would not be very far wrong.

But what manager of them all is there who, when occasion arises for a new attraction, can sit down and devise the music, words, and staging of a "Faust" paraphrase which shall turn the would be deriders of its first night into irrepressible applauders?

Hammerstein is a man with a genius for turning his hand to any work, as will be apparent when it is stated that some years ago he was the editor of a tobacco journal at less than twenty dollars a week, and later made a fortune out of royalties from patents.

Hammerstein's "Marguerite" is not the only novel application of the "living picture" idea. At Proctor's Pleasure Palace Sandow has been doing a very pretty piece of work in this line as a finale to his entertainment. He uses a horse and two assistants, who all pose with him in a series of tableaux. Sandow is *Hercules*, and in the last scene forms the arch supporting a bridge across which a horse walks, bearing a rider on his back.

With the exception of Duse and the farce comedies, few, if any, attractions of the present season have done so well as have the music halls and continuous shows, from Proctor's, with its elephants, to Koster & Bial's, with Loie Fuller and Chevalier.

LATEST FADS

LOVE AMONG THE THORNS.

She wears a mannish collar, and she squanders every dollar
On dresses, trim and tight and tailor made ;
Since the time when first I knew her have her eyes been growing bluer,
And I'd woo her, but the truth is——I'm afraid !
For you see she's full of notions, such as silly Swedish motions
For developing her muscles like a lad's ;
And so, naturally, I fear to come uncomfortably near to
A girl with forty *fin de siècle* fads.

Only lately 'twas her hobby in a legislative lobby
To rob the stately senators of peace ;
Then she went to seven lectures on Italian architectures,
With now and then a reference to Greece.
But she soon adopted bowling, balls of lignum vitæ rolling
At triangular assemblages of pins ;
Then she lectured like a parson to the men in jail for arson,
As a penance for imaginary sins.

I'm confident I love her, but the little stars above her
Are not quite so unattainable as she ;
For she frequently has stated that she's now emancipated,
And matrimony's galling to the free.
It has passed the point of joking, and become a thing provoking,
From whim to whim unceasingly she gads ;
And though all my life I tarry, I declare I'll never marry
A girl with forty *fin de siècle* fads !

MORE "IMPRESSIONIST" GENIUS.

We recently referred to certain latter day artistic tendencies as revealed in posters, which have become the collector's hobby and a favorite outlet for the powers of the inspired esoteric genius. The same tendencies appear to be breaking out at other spots of the world of art and letters. They have given us the "impressionist poetry" and the "impressionist magazine."

The latter is certainly one of the inventions of the age. A friend of ours who, at the risk of his sanity, has been making a special study of it, declares that like other great inventions, it was first discovered by a happy chance. This is the account he gives :

A potato bug, a green snake, a mare's nest occupied by twelve nightmares, a chameleon, a giraffe, a gander and a goose in swan dominos, a St. Vitus' dance, an epilepsy, a hysteria, an incurable case of color blindness, a paresis asylum, an institution for the blind, a home for the feeble minded, a full set of concave and convex mirrors, a collection of horrors in waxwork, a large piebald jackass in good voice, a company of cripples, a white blackbird, a mouth without a palate, a hand all toes, a wall eye in the small of the back, a dictionary without words, a regiment of words unenlisted in any dictionary, a black sun, a pepper and salt moon, a tree standing on its head, and a head standing on nothing, met at thirteen o'clock on top of a dye house.

The roof of the dye house fell in.

The vats and the visitors were mixed.

And the result was the letterpress and illustrations of the original "impressionist magazine."

As for the kindred epidemic of "impressionist verse," did you ever hear the Scotchman's definition of a mathematical demonstration ? "There's a mon that's writin' an' a mon that's readin'. An' the mon that's readin' does na' ken what the mon that's writin' means, and the mon that's writin' does na' ken what he means himself."

To understand the methods and the inspiration of this new and original school, let us suppose a lunatic—pardon, we mean a genius—telling the doctors that they were lacking in the "appreciative faculty" because they could not see the snakes. He could then write a treatise, "Observations on the Atmospheric Ophidian," and present it to his room mate, an impressionist poet. The latter would put a few words, such as "shrieks," "crashes," "groans," and others equally affecting, into his poetical pepper box and shake out a poem. This would be sent to the impressionist magazine, whose gifted editor would weep tears of joy over it. Next an equally gifted artist would shut his eyes, and with a can of paint and a few broad, graceful sweeps depict a woman's dress doing nothing in a purple garden with geometrical trees. They would then spoil a few handsome little blank books, and have a complete impressionist magazine for sale to the barbarian at five cents a copy.

SOME HERALDIC FALLACIES.

A pedigree is something that appeals irresistibly to American minds. We may boast of republican institutions, liberty, equality, fraternity, and all the rest of it, but here, as in England, an umbrageous family tree, a coat of arms, and a crest are undeniably impressive. As for their authenticity we are not over particular, and were the true story of many a heraldic device to be told it is probable that curious things would be brought to light.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has described a man of family as one who comes of four or five

generations of gentlemen, who possesses some old portraits, books, silver; "the arms of the family curiously blazoned; the same in worsted, by a maiden aunt." Ten generations at least are demanded in England, and as for the portraits and other paraphernalia, *ils vont sans dire*. But in America we have short memories. We do not ask how money has been made so long as the money is there, and we have learned that it is injudicious to unearth the roots of family trees, or to probe into the origin of lions rampant. Here and there, it may be, such investigations would lead us aboard the Mayflower or land us on Plymouth Rock, but the majority —— !

The delectable beings who move in our upper strata, and have broughams on which to emblazon their arms, are regarded with no little awe by the populace. If they would preserve this respect, let them caution the herald who has "looked up" their crests to observe a discreet silence. We have been talking with one of these heralds, and have learned that dark is the history of many a device that glorifies New York note paper. The lion rampant is as easy to invent as is the bar sinister to erase.

Meanwhile, however, these alleged proofs of noble descent are in high favor, and are not only displayed upon carriage doors and family plate, but in several ways which are fads of the hour, and which border perilously on the grotesque. Upon linen note paper a crest is not unseemly, but what shall we say of the same upon a postal card? This is no supposititious proposition, but something which has actually been perpetrated. The aforementioned herald, glancing at the card, smiled grimly.

"This," he said, "is the crest of the ——" (mentioning a prominent Southern family). "This gentleman married one of its members, and has adopted the device as his own. It cost him thirty dollars to have that plate made, and he uses it upon a postal card!" *Vanitas vanitatum!* And so the worlds wags away.

The most remarkable exploitation of a crest is made by a youthful New York bachelor who lives by himself and enjoys the full favor of the gods. His watches, handkerchiefs, dinner plates, sofa pillows, book plate, hair brushes, and other "articles of bigotry and virtue" display a lion clawing the air in a fashion which affords the owner infinite satisfaction. Again the inexorable herald:

"The most prominent feature of this gentleman's coat of arms is the bar sinister!"

Yes, the heralds can tell fatal tales out of school when they are so inclined. Fortunately they are reticent.

THE SILVER TABLE.

The mania for collecting articles which are absolutely useless, and sometimes not even beautiful, must be allowed to be a part of human nature, just as it is a part of the nature of magpies, crows, rats, and dogs. The thing to be collected varies. At the present moment it is silver toys. Every woman was collecting souvenir spoons three or four years ago, but she has hidden them away long ago. Today she puts a low table in her drawing room, and covers it with bits of silver work, including everything from an old lamp to a new miniature frame. The prime requisite appears to be that all the things shall be absolutely meaningless and useless.

For a time, the most prized ornaments of these tables were the German toys picked up in curiosity shops abroad, flotsam from the wrecks of old families. There was a suggestiveness about these which even the usual declaration that they were heirlooms did not always dispel. But last winter an enterprising silver firm began manufacturing them and advertising them widely.

When the woman who was, socially speaking, born yesterday, can set out a table with silver chairs and sofas and bedsteads an inch high, and use them as a text for the old dissertation upon ancestors, the woman who was born the day before yesterday, and who bought the real old toys, loses her pleasure in them. She has begun collecting the anklets of Indian girls, which she tells us some English colonel whose blood is in her veins "brought home" long ago in the palmy days of the East India Company; or perhaps it is Venetian filigree which came from some Italian ancestress. When it is fashionable to inherit old bits of foreign make, it is astonishing how many races can be mingled in the veins of one faddish woman with money to indulge her whims.

SEMI PRECIOUS.

The newspaper jokes of a dozen years ago had frequent reference to "the young man with the amethyst ring," signifying a cheap and showy personage. With him seemed to disappear the purple stone which had once been in such high favor, and in its wake followed the topaz and all the other gaily colored crystals of the second order of rarity. Their price went down to nothing.

It would be interesting to know why all at once everybody has begun wearing them again. Today they are admitted into the highest favor, and set around with pearls and diamonds and hammered Indian gold. They have cases all to themselves, and are known as semi precious. Their prices have run up from nothing to hundreds, with the celerity of Jack's beanstalk.

One is involuntarily reminded of the fact that our civilization is advancing. In new countries, after society has passed through the stage where it knows the precious from the semi precious, there is a time when the latter is entirely neglected. A man is afraid to buy the half way excellent thing, because he wishes to impress his neighbor with his knowledge of "what is what." It is the same in pictures and in music as in jewels. It makes no difference how much more the newly rich man may admire a genre scene by a native artist than the ethereal Corot or the mystic Burne Jones, or how much more beautiful and decorative he thinks the pink topaz than the deep blue sap-

phire, he will buy the one that has been labeled "precious." It takes a civilization that knows itself to buy what it wants, a civilization sufficiently self poised to be scornful of the scoffer's criticism.

The heavenly depths of the amethyst and the golden gleam of the topaz are decorative and beautiful. They have reached a time when their qualities are appreciated, and have come into their own proper place.

THE COZY CORNER.

When a resident in Bohemia first used his scraps of draperies to cover the packing box in which he kept everything from shoes to his last year's sketches, he had little notion that he was instituting a fashion which was to make an impressionistic portrait of what the "dolls' dressmaker" would call this day's "tricks and manners." The bit of stuff and the packing box in the studio gathered a cushion or two, and became a "corner." Wanderers in that desert country of Bohemia, who had been taught that here ideas blossomed and were to be culled, carried away the only bit of comfort they saw, and started a fashion which long ago lost the respectable pace of that word, and took on the headlong rush of a fad.

Mr. Sothern has had a play whose chief claim to distinction was the Indian cozy corner its setting exhibited. Indian stores, Chinese shops, Japanese importers, have filled their windows with every variety of it, at prices to suit all purses. The cozy corners of the great, from that of the President of the United States to that of the last new actress, have been industriously written up for the admiration of the public.

Like the bower bird, the owner of one of these curtain, rug, lance, lamp, and cushion arrangements puts into it the things he loves best to contemplate. For the smoker it must be Turkish and softly shaded. The fisherman drapes his with nets held up by fly rods. The hunter hangs up his guns and carpets it with skins won by his own prowess.

The cozy corners of some famous people have not been given to the public, but we can imagine them. They range all the way from that of the comic opera queen with "illusion" draperies held back by "trophies of the chase," to the home shrine of a "Presidential possibility," set about with portraits of himself by famous artists.

LABORIOUS ENTERTAINING.

A certain chaste contemporary, justly renowned for its epigrammatic instructions for the manufacture of feminine garments, and for its invaluable hints on etiquette for impressionable damsels, is constantly devising new forms of entertainment for the benefit of its patrons. Our attention is directed to the peculiar type of human being whose self imposed task it is to invent these pleasing pastimes, and to that other equally peculiar person who conscientiously endeavors to carry them out.

If there is one spectacle on earth more pitiable than another, it is the unfortunate creature who is palpably striving hard to amuse or to be amused. *Miserabile dictu*, there are many such. "Sufficient unto thyself" is a condition not attainable by all, and hence the hungry yearning for some novel form of whiling away the time. To the man who has interests in life worth having, such a craving is a sealed book, the darkest of mysteries. An invitation to a "poster party," or a "guessing contest," or a "geography evening," or any one of fifty similar abominations of desolation, is a thing of horror.

Do not we all know the appalling atmosphere of such a function, cheerful as the return trip of a benighted chowder party? Each of us is provided with a pencil and a pad. These are imperative adjuncts. Anon we are commanded to write down a great number of things in which we are utterly uninterested, and perhaps, by phenomenal ill luck, we may obtain a "prize" which outrageously offends the eye and is a desperate nuisance to carry home. With such varieties of amusement in vogue is it any marvel that melancholia is on the increase?

Surely it is a strange thing that with more rational recreations in existence than ever before, we should be tempted to plunge into dissipations such as these. Yet our faddish friends are endlessly planning some new and bizarre diversion, calculated to promote *ennui* exceedingly. But a revolt is at hand. Shortly these *outré* invitations will be met with polite refusals, and the fad of laborious entertaining will "softly and suddenly vanish away," as Lewis Carroll says of those ill fated wayfarers who encountered the *Boojum*. Only in this case it will be the *Boojum* that will vanish, the direst and most dread of all *Boojums*, the evening of infinite boredom!

THE RISE OF THE SOCIETY THESPIAN.

And so at last, in one way at least, society is coming to its senses. Exactly why, five years ago, men and women of the highest histrionic grade should not have been considered eligible for entrance into the houses of upper tendom, it is hard to say; as hard, perhaps, as to discover why a complete revulsion of popular feeling has made them today guests eagerly sought for and warmly welcomed. Of a truth the society lion is a creature fearfully and wonderfully made. He—for the male variety predominates—may be a painter, poet, or pianist, artist, actor, or athlete; but whatever he be, he is as essential to the *fin de siècle* function as the crash on the floor or the highly indigestible viands that form the supper. Where formerly he was not admitted, now he roars triumphant; and we are very glad to see him, and admire his mane prodigiously. At present it is the Thespian lion with whom we are principally concerned. Why was he ever ostracized? Why is he now over petted? His sudden leap to popularity is unprecedented and illogical.

But where is the unsophisticated mortal who

would seek for logic or regard for precedents in American society? It may be that the players of today are men and women of a higher grade than their predecessors; or again, our matrons may be cultivating them because the four hundred, like the men of Athens in days of yore, are ever seeking for some new thing. We incline to the latter view. We recall an experience which several years ago befell a prominent London comedian, who was invited to give some recitations at a country house, and, on his arrival, was directed to dine in the servants' hall. With truly Christian fortitude he accepted the situation, and indulged in a justifiable revenge. Having despatched his dinner, he assembled the butler, cook, grooms, and maids, sang his songs and read his selections for their benefit, and forthwith returned to London. In reply to remonstrances he wrote:

"As I dined with the servants, I presumed I had been invited to entertain them, and"—with something of malice—"I found them very courteous."

One saving grace is accorded the giver of the house party. He swallowed the rebuke, and sent a check for the "parlor" entertainment below stairs. And behold the moral! This self same comedian has lately been a guest at a number of very swagger London functions.

Yes, where formerly your player could gather but the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table, he is now urged to accept the whole loaf. But no doubt he recognizes the fact that this profuse attention is simply a fad, and behind his host's back he perhaps smiles knowingly.

The bright day has not dawned when the editorial cat shall wear a lion's mane. But it is coming. With glad, expectant eye, bright with the light of hope, we are watching its approach. We, too, now reviled, may yet be clothed in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day. Truly these are happy days for the society lion. His is a pleasant cage!

TO BE "COLONIAL."

It is not enough, in these knowing days, to have a straight up and down mantelpiece, and fluted silver on your bell fronted, claw legged sideboard. These are colonial, but they may have come from an upholsterer. The modern imitations are so clever that George Washington himself could hardly pick out the arm chairs he actually sat in, among the multitude of those that have been made after them. To be truly colonial you must proudly name your daughter after some authentic great great grandmother who was christened with some particularly hideous appellation.

It has been said that the date of a woman's marriage can be exactly told by the fashion of her wedding gifts, and her age by her Christian name. There was a day when diminutives ruled, and Sallies, Susies, Mamies, and Bessies were sprinkled all through society, high and low. They succeeded the Arabella and Araminta age, and then we traveled through that vulgar epoch when our furniture was covered with meaningless lumps of heavy carving, when black walnut was considered good taste, when plush dominated, and girls were named Gladys, Doris, and Gwendolen.

The poor child who was unhappy enough to grow to womanhood under one of these absurdly romantic names had fire in her eye when she walked to the font with her own infant. She called it Elizabeth, or Martha, or Mary, or Jane, or Ruth, or Esther. She addresses it by its plain, unvarnished name, too, and she is training the young woman to be as proud of it as she is of the ancestral brass fire irons, and the colonial portrait of her ancestress and namesake. It is a mark of her breeding.

THE SOLECISM OF ABBREVIATION.

For one reason, at least, we think it expedient to publish part of a note which has recently been brought to our notice. It reads as follows:

I wd. have ans. yr. letter sooner if I had had at hand the informn. you desire. It is a matter wh. I had hardly considered before I recd. yr. note, but one abt. wh. I think you are justifd. in inquiring.

Before proceeding to any moral reflections upon communications of this variety, we should state that the writer is neither a student of shorthand nor an expert in hieroglyphics, but a young society girl who uses the finest of linen paper, and proves that she has leisure at command by perfuming it with frankincense and myrrh and decorating the envelope with a seal. Having been educated at a fashionable school, she is presumably not in the position of the *parvenue* duchess who inclosed in quotation marks every word of whose orthography she was doubtful, and who, when reproved for misspelling, smiled calmly and said, "Of course I knew how to spell those words. Can't you see that I put them that way for a joke?"

The letter above quoted is an illustration of a fad newly arisen and daily gaining ground—an insane desire to apply to society *billets* the characteristics of a second rate business correspondence. For busy men, hard pressed for time, who abbreviate wherever they are able, there is, perhaps, some excuse—yet hardly for them, even, in these days of stenographers and typewriters. For a well bred woman indulging in the same eccentricity, there is no excuse whatever. It is far from complimentary to receive a communication which shows plainly upon its face that the time expended in its inditing has been grudgingly bestowed. If we cannot willingly bring ourselves to spend a little care upon writing correctly, let us at least make some pretense. The craze for abbreviation, so marked in correspondence of the day, is a typical fad, without excuse and without merit. One should have as much respect for one's language, whether spoken or written, as for the national colors.

LITERARY CHAT

"DISCOVERING" AN AUTHOR.

Literary people have been receiving more than their share of public attention for reasons which few stop to consider. A literary man or woman is usually surrounded by friends who write, and by many whose writing consists of "pot boilers." The easy going public has shown itself something of a gossip, with a mind fond of detail; and personal items about well known people are generally acceptable. Consequently, the literary folk have found themselves thrust into a unique place among the world's workers and artists.

There is a point at which this sort of thing becomes nauseating. It cannot make Robert Louis Stevenson's novels any better to hear that he parted his hair on the left side, nor will it help us to understand "The Black Riders," to know that one of Stephen Crane's tricks is arm folding. This sort of talk is puerile and unworthy of notice.

There is a second reason for it which is more unnatural than the first. A newspaper syndicate, which has a paid staff of writers, sees a new writer in the field, whose ambition is great and whose reputation small. His work can be purchased for a song. The great syndicate editor makes a purely commercial bargain with him. "I will take everything you write for five years—to consist of so much matter—at such a price, and I will 'boom' you. Your name shall be known wherever the English language is spoken."

The paid syndicate staff begins its labors with a series of clever "interviews." The newspapers through whose columns this "booming" is done, are paying the syndicate handsome prices for "news matter," entirely unconscious that they are giving space to an advertisement as glaring as a soap poster. And then the smiling syndicate editor, after he has used the newspaper to make the new author "famous," will ask from that same paper an exorbitant price for the novel or story he has had in reserve. His gullible client reminds one of a woman at an auction, bidding against herself.

"THE DAY OF THEIR WEDDING."

In his little novel "The Day of Their Wedding," Mr. William Dean Howells has encroached upon the private preserves of Mr. Brander Matthews. Mr. Matthews' happy hunting ground is characterized, as we all know, by a wealth of local color and by stringent regulations restricting trespassing. He has been known to build an entire story around the staircase of the Academy of Design, or a walk through Mulberry Bend, which developed about as much human interest as a newspaper report of real estate transfers. In much the same way Mr. Howells, with the assistance of Saratoga, a brass band, and a shopping expedition, has constructed "The Day of Their Wedding." We are convinced that Mr. Howells is possessed of a keen sense of humor, for it is difficult to imagine that any one could write a book of this description, have it accepted and published by a prominent house, and see it favorably reviewed, without experiencing a thrill of internal amusement at the docility of the reading public. Whatever Mr. Howells does, floats serenely forth on the ocean of prosperity, buoyed by its creator's reputation. How long that buoyancy will last, under the strain of such dead weights as "The Day of Their Wedding," we hesitate to predict.

THE DAVIS FAMILY WRITE FACT AND FICTION.

Richard and Rebecca Harding Davis are once more before the footlights, each with a new book. The former's latest production is "Three Gringos in Venezuela and Central America," a chronicle of travel, and the latter's is "Dr. Warrick's Daughters," a conventional novel. It is an uneven race from the start, and once more fiction is beaten by fact. In his impressions of his wanderings about Paris, through our own West, and now in warmer climes, Mr. Davis is at his best. "Three Gringos" is a readable book, teeming with information so discreetly put that one absorbs it rather than digs for it. The three gringos are Mr. Davis and two friends, Lloyd Griscom and a young Englishman with a pleasingly alliterative name, Henry Somers Somerset. They appear at infrequent intervals in the illustrations, all clean shaven, all with white helmets, and all apparently having an extremely good time. There are only four pictures of Mr. Davis in the book, which is regrettable, and would be fatal were it not that most of us already know him by sight—a fact for which Mr. Charles Dana Gibson is chiefly responsible. By the way, we note with joy the announcement that his figure has just been added to a celebrated New York waxwork exhibition.

The portion of "Three Gringos" devoted to Venezuela is particularly timely in view of the way in which this enterprising republic has lately occupied our attention. Mr. Davis traces considerable resemblance between its history and that of our own land, gives a concise account of its liberator, Bolivar, and ends with a short and disapproving frown upon the Monroe doctrine as applied to South American politics.

Of Mrs. Davis' "Dr. Warrick's Daughters" there is not much to be said one way or the other, except that the illustrations are exceedingly well done.

To go back to Harding Davis *fils*, we are informed that he has gone to the east of Europe in search of adventures. He will see the coronation of the Czar at Moscow, and the

Olympic games in Greece, and should bring back to America material which the alchemy of his young fancy may turn into literature. Mr. Davis has severed his connection with any one publishing house, and is a free lance again. He says that it is his desire to get back into active, red hot journalism, where the printer shouts for copy; but starting off to Russia seems to be going a little far to begin.

We hear that Mr. Davis has written a story of adventure. We expect it to be a good one, in which the action hurries, and we get somewhere at the end of it. Most of the books which have been written to satisfy the present day taste for "action" remind us of that lost old lady in Chicago during the World's Fair. She couldn't remember the address of the house where she was staying, but she had it at home—"home" being an empty Michigan farm house. So she marched to the railway station, bought an excursion ticket, and went to Michigan after her lost bearings, returning in forty eight hours with the address in her pocket, having traveled five hundred miles to get it.

BLISS CARMAN'S VERSE.

Mr. Bliss Carman, whom without prejudice we are inclined to regard as the most prominent of our younger poets, has surpassed his own standard in a volume of somewhat lengthy verses entitled "Behind the Arras." Mr. Carman is a singularly calm person for one who has been publicly accused of wholesale plagiarism. Now that the ruffled tempers of certain gentlemen, whose work is alleged (by themselves) to be superior to his, have been somewhat restored to composure, it is possible to review the case impartially, and to see that whatever can be said of Mr. Carman's verses their originality is unquestionable—that is, so far as expression is concerned. Thought, after all, is common property, and it would be difficult to discover in the work of any writer of today a continuous series of ideas which have not in some form been employed before.

In Mr. Carman's "The Juggler," one of the best things he has yet done, we have a conception of life that is by no means new. But now it is rehabited, emphasized by new expressions, stamped with the author's trademark, and if this be plagiarism then may the gods preserve Mr. Carman's critics!

Look how he throws them up and up,
The beautiful golden balls!
They hang aloft in the purple air,
And there never is one that falls.

He sends them hot from his steady hand,
He teaches them all their curves;
And whether the reach is little or long,
There never is one that swerves.

* * * *

Can it be that, hurried or tired out,
The hand of the juggler shook?
Oh, never you fear, his eye is clear,
He knows them all like a book.

* * * *

Likely enough when the show is done,
And the balls all back in his hand,
He'll tell us why he is smiling so,
And we shall understand.

We have our doubts whether the poets who attacked Mr. Carman in the columns of the Canadian press have anything of this variety to give us.

The author of "Behind the Arras" has a happy faculty of hitting upon phrases which are at once melodious and strong. "The cold frustration of death," "Life, that faint sigh whispered from oblivion," "Then the pale summer twilights towards the pole," are examples of this. Again and again, in reading Mr. Carman's poetry, one chances upon a line or a couplet that fairly sings itself and lingers as naturally in the memory as Stedman's familiar

The long Atlantic billows to my feet came rolling on
With the multitudinous music of a thousand ages gone.

It is, we believe, the writer whose words thus win to the heart and make for themselves an abiding place, who is justly entitled to a poet's laurels. Mortimer Collins wrote but one worthy verse. Yet who has heard

The oars of Ithaca dip so
Silently into the sea
That they wake not sad Calypso,
And the hero wanders free,

and denied that was an Orphean strain?

And so, if Mr. Carman had written only "The Juggler," or "Resignation," or any one of twenty poems, he would have won his way to the slopes of Parnassus.

A SCOTCH-CANADIAN-AMERICAN-ENGLISH AUTHOR.

Robert Barr has made enough money out of "In the Midst of Alarms" to build himself a house, which stands on a hill seventeen miles south of London, overlooking a great part of Surrey and Kent. The foundation of this successful story was rather remarkable. Barr is a Scotchman by birth, but his parents took him to Canada when he was still a child, and brought him up to be a carpenter. At the time of the Fenian raid on the Niagara frontier, pine sheds were built to shelter the Canadian volunteers, and Barr was one of the workmen employed. The episode was impressed so deeply upon his imaginative mind, that the recollection of it was never entirely wiped out by later knowledge, and after all these years he used it in his book.

Shortly afterward Barr went to school and fitted himself to be a teacher. Bit by bit he drifted into journalism under the name of "Luke Sharp." He wrote one story as "Luke Sharp" of which he evidently thinks little, but which had as its core a remarkably humorous and clever idea. It was called "From Whose Bourne," and gave the story of a man who died, and after death found himself very much alive, though invisible, and living in a

world filled with other live "dead" people. His wife is suspected of having murdered him, and he is in agony over the horror of her situation until some shade reminds him that nothing very terrible can happen to her. The worst they can do is to put her to death, which will only be opening the door and letting her into a free and joyous world, where illness and discomfort cannot enter. Mr. Barr could do better work with that idea today, but even then it was good, full of situations that remind us of Anstey's.

"ENGLAND'S DARLING."

Mr. Alfred Austin, who of all men on earth seems to be most skilled in arousing antagonisms, has lately put forth "England's Darling," a dramatic, historical, poetical, and altogether futile work, which the critics, with commendable unanimity, have dubbed "Alfred the Great, by Alfred the Little." It is strictly proper for a laureate to have a hero whom he may exalt to the high heaven of fame, and Tennyson having completely exhausted the Arthurian vein, Mr. Austin has turned perforce to a personage of whom the majority of us know little except that he performed culinary duties with reprehensible laxity.

"England's Darling" is dedicated to the Princess of Wales, "daughter of vanished vikings, and mother of English kings to be," a prophetic phrase which has caused the more radical of Mr. Austin's countrymen to roar mightily and gnash upon him with their teeth. In a twelve page preface the author explains his reasons for regarding Alfred as "England's Darling," and for adopting him as his own particular protégé. "Alfred is forgotten by Chaucer, all but ignored by Spenser, unnamed by Shakspere"—and remembered by Austin!

Never perhaps has Mr. Austin more clearly shown with what a tremulous hand he holds the reins over Pegasus than in this latest work. Once, and once only, does the verse glow with a momentary inspiration, in the speeches of *Edward* to *Edgiva* at the close of the first act.

Soon the east
Crimsoned like hedgerose yet but half unclosed,
Then opened, and the day waxed frank and fresh
As she towards whom with hither hastening feet
I fared, I flew. The treble throated lark
Shook his wet wings, and soon, an unseen sound,
Caroled his matin at the gate of Heaven.
But whether like a fountain he went up,
Or in melodious spray fell bubbling back,
Upward or downward, still he seemed to trill
"Edgiva" and "Edgiva," till your name
Soared into space and summered all the air.

The first scene of the second act is beyond words commonplace. Witness the following exalted ballad:

The hogs are nosing in the mast,
The tegs are in the fold,
The norland flakes are flying fast,
And oh, 'tis nipping cold.

So let us to the steading slink,
Still trolling as we gang;
Now is the time for meat and drink,
So let the world go hang.

Which suggests, by its singularly beautiful phraseology,

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

The portion of "England's Darling" which has been most widely quoted is the song of *Alfred* in the fourth act, which celebrates the general superiority of England to any other locality upon the globe. Mr. Austin has been daring enough to represent a beneficent Creator as taking particular pains to make this favored island attractive, and to Englishmen the description has naturally appealed. But when one calmly surveys the song its great merit is not obtrusively apparent:

But onward and forward,
In far days fairer,
I see this England
Made one and mighty:
Mighty and master
Of all within it;
Mighty and master
Of men high seated,
Of free necked labor,
Lowland and upland,
And corn and cattle,
And plowland peaceful,
Of happy homesteads
That warmly nestle
In holt and hollow.

All of which is pleasing verse enough, and alluringly easy to write. It hardly deserves, however, the commendation bestowed upon it by one of the characters in the drama:

A glee like this
Would stave off bane and death.

In spite of the ambitious length of "England's Darling," we fear it is yet to be proved that Mr. Austin can wear with grace the laurels which have been thrust upon him.

"A LITTLE TOUR IN AMERICA."

When Canon Farrar announced his intention of writing a book of American impressions, Phillips Brooks is reported to have said, "Don't do it. In the first place you haven't any impressions, and in the second place they're all wrong." We are constrained to admire Canon Farrar's discretion in following this advice even more than the shrewdness of the advice itself.

The majority of our visitors from foreign shores are apparently inoculated with a species of literary bacillus which impels them, immediately upon their return to their native heaths, to celebrate in flowing periods the morals, manners, and characteristics of the great American people. The latest alien thus inspired is the Very Reverend S. Reynolds Hole, Dean of Rochester, who visited the United States about a year ago, and tells us what he thinks of us in "A Little Tour in America."

Of Dean Hole's American notes it may be said that they are written in a kindlier and more courteous vein than that usually adopted by his countrymen in dealing with our national institutions. For the most part, too, his information is correct, his observations are to the point, and his criticisms justified. Here and there, to be sure, are signs that the dean's American hosts revived for his edification certain antiquated gibes and jests long since relegated to the shelf. Dean Hole is very partial to stories and anecdotes. He has diligently collected them, from New York to Denver, and set them forth in goodly array through "A Little Tour," so that the book is pleasantly distinguished by a strong vein of Yankee humor.

Altogether, while pretending to nothing more in letters than the position of an amateur, he has shown himself remarkably good natured, and his book leaves in the minds of its readers a comfortable sensation of having been stroked the right way. With the exception of our newspaper press, which comes in for a richly deserved castigation, we escape his critical eye unscathed.

Dean Hole has visited the United States, has been agreeably entertained, and has written "A Little Tour in America" much as one writes a "bread and butter" letter to one's hostess after a house party. If this be our true reflection in the mirror, we are well pleased with it; and if the dean sees fit to visit us again he may be sure of a welcome and of ample opportunity to say many things for which he has lacked space in "A Little Tour."

MR. HAGGARD AS A PEACEMAKER.

Mr. Rider Haggard, acting as chairman of the Incorporated Society of Authors, has succeeded in spreading oil upon the troubled waters of that organization. It will be remembered that at the time of Mr. Cleveland's diplomatic onslaught upon England, about six hundred British authors issued, in all innocence of heart, an address to their American brethren, calling upon them to preserve peace between the two countries. For this address Sir Martin Conway, Sir Walter Besant, and Mr. Hall Caine were responsible, and it precipitated an indignant protest from some of their fellow craftsmen. The reason for this we were never able to understand. The peace address seemed to us to be a friendly and dignified document, eminently well calculated to promote an amicable settlement of troublesome international difficulties.

In this light, however, it was not viewed by certain English authors whose names were not appended, and they remonstrated furiously, declaring it to be pusillanimous and unpatriotic and its compilers poltroons and trucklers to American sentiment. The cardinal sin, it appears, committed by Mr. Caine and his associates, was the sending out of the address under the letter head of the Incorporated Society of Authors, without official authority. Dreadful! Seriously, it is a pitiable thing that an earnest and commendable effort to show a very proper spirit should have been turned to ridicule by trivial and childish objections. Mr. Caine has our sympathy, and an assurance that however his action was misunderstood in his own land it was rightly estimated and appreciated by American authors.

Now Mr. Haggard has played the part of peacemaker to good purpose, and it is to be hoped that the dispute is buried forever. It is not edifying to see the inhabitants of Parnassus wrangling.

A "ONE BOOK" AUTHOR.

"John Inglesant's" author, we understand, has given it out that he has permanently retired from literature.

Mr. Shorthouse wrote one book that was a success, followed by a series of dismal failures. Mr. Gladstone has said that "John Inglesant" is the greatest historical novel of the century. We are obliged to remark that while Mr. Gladstone is undoubtedly a wonderful old man, his judgment concerning novels is chiefly valuable as a publisher's advertisement. As a book boomer Mr. Gladstone has made a curious record. There was Margaret Lee, who wrote "Divorce"; Mr. Gladstone published a pamphlet to tell the world how good her novel was, but we never hear of it as being read. He sent "Robert Elsmere" and Marie Bashkirtseff whirling down the aisles of time, yet nowadays there are critics who dare to deride them.

The story of the creation of "John Inglesant" is curious. Mr. Shorthouse, the author, had no children, and he and his wife made a sort of idol of his book. He was twenty years writing it, and when the manuscript was carefully copied, it was kept in a glass case in the drawing room, and only taken out to be read to highly favored individuals. It has been whispered that before Mr. Gladstone made the book famous, there were those who yawned over it. A publisher heard of it and of its reputation, and it was published—its author's only successful brain child.

MR. RHODES AND "THE GOD IN THE CAR."

Just now, when Cecil Rhodes is so large a figure in the world's daily history, we are hearing revivals of the old story that *Willie Ruston*, the hero of Anthony Hope's "God in the Car," was drawn from the South African magnate. The likeness was considered so remarkable that one of Mr. Rhodes' friends took a copy of the book to him, and insisted upon his reading it. It is said that the former premier of the Cape "shuddered at the revelation it gave of his inner self."

This is a cynical world, and we are inclined to fear that the "shudder" belonged to the footlights variety—a sort of Delsarte shudder, so to speak. Mr. Rhodes is a very clever politician, and there were characteristics of *Ruston's* which people have thought rather an idealized version of those possessed by the magician of mining stocks. At any rate Mr. Hawkins denies that he ever thought of the

great African pioneer in connection with his book, Mr. Rhodes being an entire stranger to him.

A LITTLE BOOK FROM MR. WEYMAN.

Mr. Stanley J. Weyman, departing for the nonce from clash of swords and intricacies of intrigue, has written an extremely pretty story entitled "A Little Wizard." Experience of Mr. Weyman's work is gradually leading us to the comforting conclusion that whatever he commands his pen to do, it will do well. Certainly there could not be a more radical departure from his ordinary style than "A Little Wizard," and yet it is as skilfully conceived and as conscientiously executed as the more pretentious volumes which have given him fame. The description of *Jack Patten*, the small hero, is full of quiet pathos. Neglected, lonely, and surrounded by enemies, this little cavalier has yet the heart of a hero.

If Mr. Weyman has more of this subtle analysis of childhood and commendable simplicity of style, we shall be only too ready to welcome it. Sandwiched between his dashing tales of adventure, such sketches will serve at once to give his readers a taste of novelty and to demonstrate that he is able to handle two styles with equal force.

There is no claptrap about Mr. Weyman, no relying on a name already won and work already done to sell his stories. He is today a recognized master of fiction, but what he puts forth bears the mark of painstaking as palpably as did his earlier books. For this we heartily respect him. Nowadays there is too much of a tendency in our successful novelists to hang a whole library of careless work upon one meritorious effort, and trust to the latter to buoy up its slovenly comrades.

DR. DOYLE'S NEW BOOK.

Were it not for the title page, "The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard" might seem to be the work of Mr. Stanley J. Weyman, much rushed for time. As a matter of fact, it is the work of Dr. A. Conan Doyle, who has joined forces with Messrs. Weyman, Hawkins, and Pemberton in supplying the increasing demand for stories of adventure. This is a wise move on Dr. Doyle's part, for in "Brigadier Gerard" he is laboring in a more congenial field than he found in the "Stark Munro Letters," and the result is a far superior piece of work. As a contribution to Napoleonic fiction, it comes at the eleventh hour, and cannot rank with some of the "Man of Destiny" novels which have borne the burden and heat of the day; but these are rattling good stories, nevertheless, and compare favorably with Mr. Weyman's "Minister of France"—which to say is an unquestionable compliment.

But there is a certain lack of finish about "Brigadier Gerard" which bears no resemblance to Mr. Weyman's work, or which resembles it only, as we have said, when Mr. Weyman is in a hurry. The stirring situations are here, but the subtle touch is absent; the clash of swords is as sharp, but the motive for combat is less finely drawn. Mr. Weyman's handling of plot is unique. His conclusions are surprises, but the chain of events leading to them is reasonable and logical, and when a dénouement is reached every incident in the story is seen to have some bearing upon it. Not so with Dr. Doyle, whose plots and motives are simple, and whose conclusions patent from almost the commencement. For all that, he tells an interesting yarn, and tells it briskly.

Since the death of *Sherlock Holmes*, Dr. Doyle has been doing considerable jibing on the sea of literature without catching a fair breeze or sailing steadily in any one direction. The fact that Dr. Doyle despised *Holmes*, and that *Holmes* was the making of Dr. Doyle, exemplifies the old saying that an author is the worst judge of his own work. When the "Stark Munro Letters" made their appearance, it was suggested by more than one critic that to preserve his reputation, their author would be obliged to resurrect the astute detective and launch him upon a fresh career. "The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard" is a good substitute, however, and has met with a warm reception and a wide sale.

MR. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE AS A CRITIC.

If there is one thing above another which makes the Philistine "chortle in his joy," it is to hear a minor poet amusing himself with the great. Mr. Le Gallienne has been exploited in the *Yellow Book*, an honor never attained by either Burns or Shakspere; consequently they are rank outsiders, with whom Mr. Le Gallienne feels no *esprit de corps*. He tells us that the greater part of Burns' poetry would have been a great deal better written in English. He does allow that Burns touched the heart, but he speaks of Shakspere as one who did not. He tells us that "Shakspere is like an established church—a noble superstition."

Doubtless Mr. Le Gallienne worked a long time over that sentence. It carries with it the flavor of midnight oil. He felt it "epoch making," the push which should dethrone a false god—a "superstition." Yet somehow—no doubt to Mr. Le Gallienne's surprise—Shakspere still seems to stand upon his old pedestal.

Little boys have thrown stones at statues ever since they were made.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S LATEST MOVE.

Our remark, ventured last month, that Rudyard Kipling seemed to be "firmly settled" in America, was rendered untimely by the announcement, made while the April number was in press, that he is about to take his departure from Brattleboro, probably for good. At the same time a New York newspaper prominently paraded his reply to an offer of a fancy price for an article of a thousand words on the text: "Why America Could Not Conquer England." Mr. Kipling declined the proposition on the ground that "it would involve discussing the armed strength of the

empire, a question on which no British subject has any information for sale." There are voluminous official reports and bluebooks, to which the world has access, upon the state of the British military and naval forces. Does the modest Kipling suppose that his own information is so much more extensive and reliable that it would be treason to write half a newspaper column on the subject?

Mr. Kipling is a rover, with the restlessness of genius. It is not strange that he should have wearied of his quiet retreat among the green hills of New England.

FROM AUSTRALIA.

Miss Ethel Turner, who is described as a very young and very pretty girl from Australia, is one of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's late introductions to London society. Her books, "Seven Little Australians" and "The Story of a Baby," had preceded her.

Miss Turner was born in Australia and educated there. She was still in her teens when she cut short her university career to edit a paper of her own, called the *Parthenon*. It was considered a girl's plaything, and an early death was promised it; instead of which, it prospered and made money. So Miss Turner brought a record of precocious success to lion loving London. Her pictures are in the illustrated weeklies and the shop windows. She is not compelled to stay at home, as poor Olive Schreiner once was, because she has no gowns to wear. Her pictures show them to be of a particularly gorgeous sort.

"LA VIE DE BOHÈME."

The very free and entirely Americanized adaptation of Henri Murger's famous old book, lately seen on the New York stage, causes us to take a glance backward at the Bohemia of the "roaring forties"—that "good old time" which the old fellows so love to quote.

There is never a poet who has not felt the romance of that "city enchanted," when all the world seemed young; but we fancy that, like a great many other things, it takes its poetry from its distance. It couldn't have been pleasant to be cold and hungry and ragged, and the *Mimis* and *Musettes* couldn't have been always so dainty and sweet! There are dark spots in the picture which, to us who did not live it, seem to blacken it entirely.

Catulle Mendes tells how Murger viewed it himself. Mendes came to Paris with letters of introduction to the famous author, and timidly handed him over his manuscripts. Murger seized them and tore them to bits.

"I am forty four years old," he said; "I have worked a great deal, I have a great deal of talent, and I am celebrated. This room does not belong to me. I slept here last night to escape the ringing of my own door bell. The ringing is done by my creditors. You have read scenes in 'La Vie de Bohème.' What can we do? We are bound to make fun of sad things. 'What matter about poverty,' you say, 'when one has glory?' Glory, my child, does not exist. Go away and remain far away from us. That is the best advice I can give you."

This was from the man who created the ideal of the Bohemian, whose book was the book of life to the youth of forty years ago. To him it was "making fun of sad things."

Mr. Stephen Crane, we are told, is to give us a new novel of New York Bohemia, called "The Third Violet."

A GERMAN NOVELIST.

Thousands of English speaking people read the stories of Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach as they are translated, without an idea that the books in the original are regarded as masterpieces of German literature. The best critics in Germany place her at the head of living story writers, and even in France, where novel writing seems to us to be one of the national industries, she is reckoned among the great. In this country her books are popular, but are almost lost sight of in the exclusive literary sets where "Trilbys" and "Prisoners" and "Anglomaniacs" move and live.

Frau von Eschenbach studies her stories from life, and draws them with a sure and certain style. She tells of people and scenes she knows, and they have all the freshness of actuality. She is the daughter of a Moravian count, and was carefully educated in the paternal *schloss;* but lack of contact with the world did not keep her bold and restless spirit in retirement. When she was sixteen she decided that the German drama was in a very bad way, and she set out to reform it. She wrote several plays, which were remarkably well received, considering her youth and inexperience. Shortly afterward she married her cousin, a captain of engineers, who now holds one of the highest commands in the Austrian army. In the winter they live in Vienna, in the summer at the castle where she was born. Both fields give her material for her clever stories.

TOLSTOY'S NEW NOVEL.

Tolstoy is hard at work on his new novel, which he has painfully revised and rewritten several times. The hero is said to be the foreman of a jury, and the heroine a young girl who has been accused of murder. She is sentenced to Siberia, but the hero loves her and follows her. The story deals with the regeneration of the woman.

It is plainly to be seen that we are never to have another "Anna Karenina" from Tolstoy's pen. He has lost the touch that made that book great. It is necessary to come into contact with life in order to depict it—a fact which Tolstoy is artist enough to concede. We are not interested in his later characters, however truthfully they are drawn. We do not read novels for the moral they contain, nor because they are truthful, but because they interest us. Doubtless a peasant reeking in sheepskins is as real as a delicate woman of society with soft eyes and witty tongue, but we do not find his troubles and struggles so entertaining. We do not want him for a near companion.

ETCHINGS

A MAY PASTORAL.

A GLORY fills again the hills,
For all the meads are green;
The maple spire has ruby fire,
The birch a silvery sheen.
The southern slopes are sown with hopes
Of kingcups yet to be;
But oh, our wildwood wanderer,
Young Colin, where is he?

The trillium shows its chaliced snows
Where drifts were deep erewhile,
And from the mold—a dream of gold—
The sunny cowslips smile.
The time is ripe for fluting pipe,
For footing far and free;
But oh, our forest wayfarer,
Gay Colin, where is he?

If you but know the path to go
Across the river plain,
A cottage bright will break in sight
Beyond the hawthorn lane;
Beside the gate a maid will wait,
A bonnie lass to see,
And oh, our truant rover lad,
Blithe Colin, there is he!

Clinton Scollard.

A THRUSH SONG.

WHEN you hear that mellow whistle
In the beeches unespied,
Footfall soft as down of thistle,
Turn aside!

That's our golden hermit singer,
In his leafy house and dim,
Where God's utterances linger
Yet for him.

For to that untrafficked haven
Messages of wonder came,
Before Assabet or Avon
Had a name.

And the voice from that seclusion
Will sing on, sweetheart, when we
From earth's dear and last illusion
Are set free.

Be that bar of broken glory
My farewell, though faring long!
End earth's discontinued story
With his song!

With that finest exaltation
Of all sounds Arcturus hears,
Pouring peace and consolation
In my ears,

It were half a joy to follow
All my summers, long embarked,
The migration not a swallow
Ever marked,

For the port no creature misses,
With the unreturning ships,
And the last of all your kisses
On my lips.

Fleeter than an eagle's shadow,
By an unremembered way,
Over no familiar meadow
I would stray;

Just to be a cloud that passes
From the silent film of noon—
Fade among the fading grasses
On the dune!

As the wind among the rushes,
In your quiet heart to be,
With the uncomplaining thrushes
And the sea!

Bliss Carman.

"NEED A BODY CRY?"

ALL girls must kiss, and smile or frown,
And be in love, because
The stern decree is written down
In nature's changeless laws.
So here is to the pretty maid
Who lets her lips meet mine,
And frankly owns she's not afraid
To give love's countersign!

Ho! ho! ho! ho! I think no less
Of her who brings me bliss,
Because I know
She trusts me so;
I know *whom* she will kiss!

Here's to the maiden cold as ice,
The maid of modesty,
Who says that "kissing isn't nice!"
Which means—she won't kiss *me!*
She kisses some one—that is clear,
There's some one else who can
Approach her lips with little fear,
But I am not the man!

Ho! ho! ho! ho! the maid of ice!
The coy and prim young miss!
Without a sigh
I pass her by,
And think, "Whom *does* she kiss?"

Harry Romaine.

"AS YOU LIKE IT."

Two drooping eyes,
Two pouting lips;
Two angry teeth
Bite finger tips.
Two ruddy cheeks
Flush more and more;
Two dainty feet
Chastise the floor,
The maid is mad.

Two merry eyes,
Two laughing lips;
Two rows of pearls
Touch finger tips.
Two cheeks aglow
With love galore,
Two fairy feet
Trip o'er the floor.
The maid is glad.

John B. Taylor.

ANEMONE.

PRESSED 'neath these leaves, full many years
Hast thou lain hidden, as the tears
That well within the darkened soul
Unknown, unreached by earth's control.
Though to the world thou mayst be dead,
Thou hast a voice and life for me,
Soft echoed from a day long fled,
Anemone, Anemone!

I hear again her gentle tread
Amid the berry vines that spread
And blossom on the clovered grass
To kiss her footsteps as they pass.
I see her now—an image fair—
As by the silvered maple tree
She places thee within her hair—
Anemone, Anemone!

Again within the twilight's shade
We wander through the woodland glade,
To part beside the meadow stile
With lovers' kiss and loving smile;
And, lingering as we turn to go,
Within my hand she presses thee—
Sweet synonym of bitter woe—
Anemone, Anemone!

Oh, withered flower of the field,
What subtle force hast thou concealed
To make of thee a potentate
And ruler of a mortal's fate?
If thou hast power thus to give,
Set now the weary spirit free,
That I, like thee, may cease to live—
Anemone, Anemone!

Clifford Howard.

THE CUCKOO'S CALL.

HARK, from the leafage deep,
Greeting the earliest amber of the moon,
And challenging the closèd gates of sleep,
The cuckoo's call is borne!

The ariel eastern airs
Have orient resinous pungencies to lure,
Odors distilled in dusky cedarn lairs,
Whose every breath is pure.

On leaf and blade uncurled
Dawn's evanescent liquid diamonds shine,
Each one a tiny radiant rainbow world,
Concrete and crystalline.

The infinity of sky
Unfolds a deeper sapphire, and the hills
Uplift a gladder chant to Him on high
From multitudinous rills.

Rouse from thy lethargies!
Cast from thy brain the drowsy dullard's thrall!
All these delights—aye, many more—are his
Who heeds the cuckoo's call.

Clinton Scollard.

'TWAS EVER THUS.

DOWN a winding pathway,
In a garden old,
Tripped a dainty maiden;
But her heart was cold.

Came a prince to woo her,
Said he loved her true;
Maiden said he didn't,
So he ceased to woo.

Came a perfumed noble,
And, dropping on one knee,
Said his love was deeper
Than the deepest sea.

But the dainty maiden
Said his love was dead;
And the perfumed noble
Believed just what she said.

Came a dashing stranger,
Took her off by force,
Said he'd make her love him—
And she did, of course!

Katherine E. Smith.

SONG OF THE BULLET.

IN the crystal crevice deep,
When the plastic world was cold,
While the peopled cycles rolled,
Formless lay I, dulled in sleep,
Chaos born and old.

Then the battle's trumpet blare,
Echoing through the woody glen,
Woke me in my rock clad den;
Strode I forth in upper air—
Arbiter of men.

In the fierce, tumultuous fray,
Never a recreant I, nor slow;
Eager I rush to meet the foe;
Swift along my pathless way,
Singing as I go.

Whose the fate that with me flies?
Neither know I, aye, nor care;
Haply a courtier debonair,
Haply only a drummer dies,
Sobbing a childish prayer.

Harry Leroy Hawthorne.

SECOND PLACE.

YOU change your heart, *ma belle coquette*,
As easily as your glove,
And I know you'd pine and pout and fret
In the chains of a life long love.

If we were married, you'd flirt with Jim,
Or whoever the man might be;
So I'm content you should marry *him*—
For then you'll flirt with me.

Harry Romaine.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

THE NEWER WOMAN.

For some time past we have been hearing so much of the "coming woman," and seeing so comparatively little of her, that the latest news of the lady's movements will be a surprise, as well as a relief, to many. It seems that not only has she actually come, but she is already going.

The "new woman" is no longer in the foremost files of time. As the latest product of the century, the heiress of all the ages, she has been superseded. The "newer woman" has arrived, and she is forming herself into "Newer Woman Clubs." We hear of three such organizations in New York, and several in other cities. To the uninitiated, the name may perhaps suggest dread visions of bifurcated garments, cigarettes, and political discussions. As a matter of fact, the newer woman cares for none of these things. She represents a fortunate reaction from an ephemeral craze, which after all existed more in print and in talk than in actuality. She is neither advanced nor emancipated, and she is glad of it—and so is the rest of the world. Her club room is cheery with the soothing clatter of tea cups, and the unaffected laughter of sensible womanhood. She discusses subjects that are wholly familiar and entirely mundane, and leaves political and economic problems to the students of those doleful sciences. She has no bills before the legislatures, and no plans for the subjugation of man beyond those that have always made him woman's willing slave.

All hail to the newer woman!

A WARNING FOR THE SOCIETY THIEF.

From time immemorial the borrowed umbrella has filled the heart of the professional jester with an unholy joy. In every form of merry gibe and jest, its adventures have appeared in paragraph after paragraph and rhyme after rhyme. Even now, hoary with age and limping from much travel, the umbrella joke painfully threads its way through the columns of the alleged comic press, and brings a sigh to the lips of the reader at thought of their long acquaintance. It is a wonderful thing to reflect how many hungry mouths have been fed upon the financial harvest reaped with this antiquated sickle.

But human invention has rung the knell of the oldest of all jests. The umbrella made *to be borrowed*, and for no other purpose, is an established fact. It is made of the cheapest material, since, like youth, "once lost, it never more is seen," and money expended upon it drops into the abyss of wasted things. These new devices come at about ten dollars a dozen and, even with those of us who pray most ardently to be delivered from our friends, a dozen umbrellas will go a long way. To each handle is attached a small cardboard tag upon which appropriate "sentiments" are inscribed, such as

> Take him for all in all,
> I shall not look upon his like again!

The cheek of even the most inveterate borrower is apt to crimson at such a frank announcement.

Seriously considered, the "lending umbrella" is not so much a convenience to one's visitors as a censor of their morals. We know of one house where it is of mammoth proportions, its tag being of note paper size, bearing the words:

> I'm here for you to take or leave
> As you will;
> That you will take me I believe,
> But still
> If I remain when you are gone,
> You'll take another further on!

Curiously enough, this umbrella has never been borrowed. "And I believe," said its owner, "that it has a good effect upon those who read the tag. It makes them stop and think a moment, and the next time they are tempted to make free with other people's property they remember the significant remarks they have read."

Let us pray that such is the case.

THE "GOOD OLD TIMES."

If it be necessary to drive any more nails into the coffin of the theory that former generations were better than our own, the material for the operation may be found in a "History of London," published in 1750, by one William Maitland, a fellow of the Royal Society.

At that date there were in London—then a city of 726,000 people—more than fifteen thousand places where liquor was sold. Of these the great majority—nearly nine thousand—were not inns nor ale houses, but "brandy shops"—drinking resorts of the most unmitigated character, located mostly in the poorer quarters of the town. Today, the total number of licenses, including those of restaurants and groceries, is, in proportion to population, one tenth as large. In 1750 there was a pothouse to every six other structures, and to every 47 people. The present proportions are one to 63 and one to 550.

"Drunk for a penny; dead drunk for twopence; straw for nothing," was a characteristic London sign of that period. The annual consumption of liquor, per head, was 97 gallons of beer and 14 gallons of spirits. The present figures, for the British Islands, are 30 gallons of beer and about one gallon of spirits *per capita;* for America, about fourteen gallons of beer and a gallon and a half of spirits.

The moral of such figures is too plain to need

a word of elaboration. They speak volumes upon the question whether the hideous vice of drunkenness is one that grows worse as the world grows older.

PERPETUAL YOUTH.

WHEN the present generation was in its fairy tale stage, it owned grandmothers. The gentle old lady who donned trailing gowns in the morning, wore delicate lace caps, and employed her hands with knitting, was almost a necessary part of every well regulated household. What has become of her?

Women live longer than they once did, but they seldom get old enough, nowadays, for the hassock and the chimney corner. An old lady who celebrated her ninetieth birthday a few weeks ago, watched the modiste cutting out her gown for the occasion.

"Make the sleeves of the newest cut," she said. "I don't want them to be going out of fashion."

The grandmother of today is modishly gowned; she rides a wheel, plays golf, skates, and searches the dry goods stores for natty shirtwaists. It doubtless says much for the strength of the race, but incidentally a few Philistines regret the passing of the typical grandmother. The busy club woman, intent on affairs, has no time for the little whispers of sympathy and the touches of healing which her old fashioned predecessor kept in stock for broken heads at ten and bruised hearts at twenty.

THE PERILS OF REFORM.

THE question of spelling reform is in one sense a dangerous one. Once start a discussion of it, and Speaker Reed himself, with his heaviest gavel and most rigid cloture rule, would find it difficult to silence the debaters who throng forward with views to be aired.

We were incautious enough to allude to the subject in this department three or four months ago, and have been duly punished by the multitude of correspondents who have lectured us from their various standpoints of superior enlightenment. The conclusion to which we are irresistibly forced by a study of their collective wisdom is that the reformers are so learned, so ingenious, so full of new ideas, so fertile of advantageous suggestions, that if they were left to wreak their own sweet will upon the language, they would speedily reduce it to a chaos of indecipherable symbols. The ordinary citizen would probably fail to recognize his mother tongue when it had passed through their beneficent system of philological surgery, and would be driven to the use of some unreformed variety of speech—say Welsh or Choctaw.

One correspondent scoffs at our reluctance to accept such forms as "bankt" and "collapst." Our only ground of objection, he says, "seems to be the unusual look of the word; and in this sort of thing you have lots of company. For instance, some Western towns still retain local or 'sun' time, because they don't like the look of a clock that points to half past eleven when it is noon. We decline the metric system of weights and measures because 'the old way is good enough for us.' So also the Chinese still beat their tomtoms in battle, because their fathers did." But after so trenchant a criticism upon our benighted timidity, the zealous upholder of the banner of reform expresses his own dislike, based upon an entirely different set of grounds, for some of these same spellings that we refused to accept. "Of course," he admits, "I have a little pet system of my own." Therein lies the present weakness of the innovators' cause—their lack of unanimity. Too many cooks spoil the broth, especially when each cook has a distinct and original recipe, warranted to be the only genuine one.

Almost all our correspondents point out that MUNSEY'S is missing a great opportunity in not adopting some system of phonetic spelling. They expatiate upon the dimensions of the "boost" we could give to a worthy cause by thrusting ourselves forward as pioneers in this direction. We should be glad to oblige them, but there are other considerations. We have duties towards our readers, and one is to give them a magazine that they can read.

A LAW AGAINST THE THEATER HAT.

OHIO has always been famed as a State that has the courage of its convictions, and it has only justified its reputation by passing a law against the wearing of Eiffel Tower headgear in theaters. Such legislation may be criticised as unduly censorious and paternal, but the four story theater hat has become so inveterate and intolerable a nuisance that the lawmakers' action will be generally welcomed. Appeals to the good taste and common sense of the American woman have been made for years, and in vain; there always remains a defiant minority apparently devoid of those qualities. We see no reason, as we said when similar action was proposed in the State of New York, why the obstruction of a neighbor's amusement should not be officially stamped as what it undoubtedly is—an unwarrantable invasion of personal rights, and therefore a misdemeanor.

We regret to hear that some of the women of Ohio have publicly declared their resentment against the anti high hat law as an insult to their sex. By taking this position they most unjustly identify the entire sex with the few members of it who persist in defying propriety and public opinion. "We will avenge ourselves," they are reported as saying, "by introducing a bill by which the men will be subjected to as big a snub as the women were. It will provide the same penalties for each person found leaving his seat during an intermission at the theater or spitting tobacco juice on the floor." This hardly sounds like the utterance of a judicial mind. And besides, can it be that such practices—especially the latter—survive in any portion of the great and civilized community of Ohio? We hesitate to believe it possible.

Away in the heart of the hills
No trouble or care we know,
With the song in our ears of the rills
That laughingly lakeward go,
With far overhead the wide-sky spread
And the clear blue lake below.

Away in the heart of the hills
With nothing to do but dream,
Where the lithe trout rise to the dancing flies
From the depths of the crystal stream
'Mid the wondrous maze of the sun's slant rays,
Through the tremulous leaves agleam.

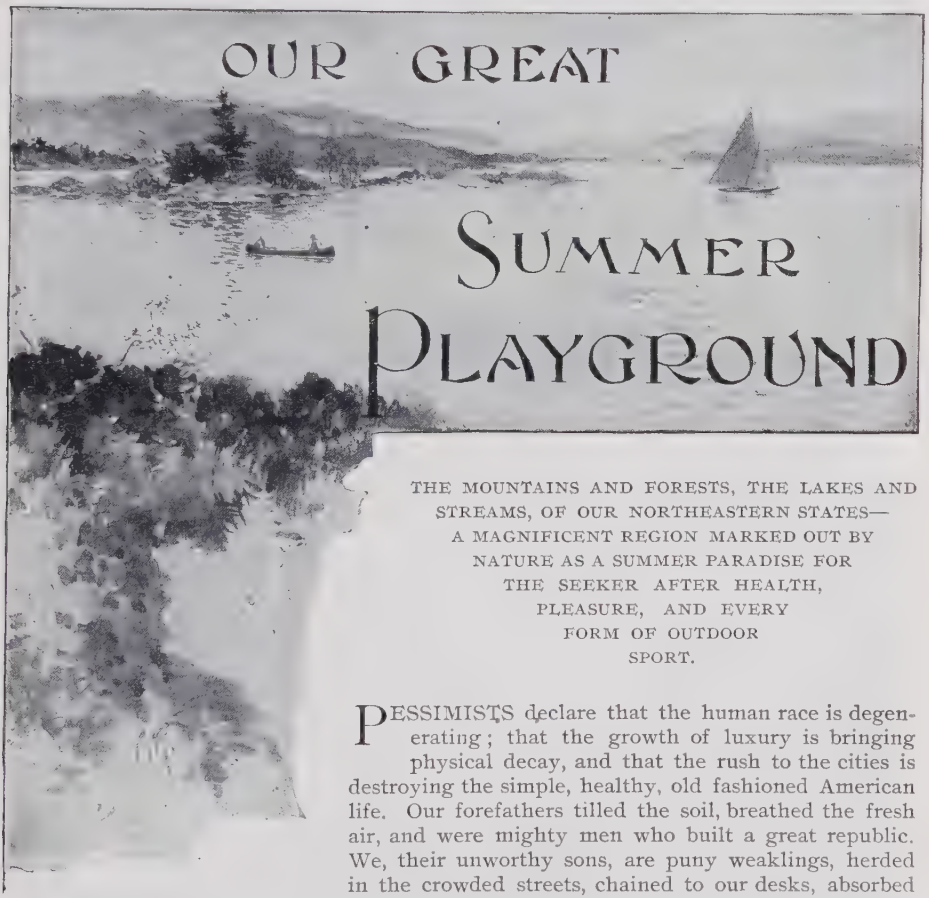
Away! Away! At the dawn of day
From the thronging city's ills,
From the busy street to a far retreat
In the heart of the distant hills!

The Drive, Loon Lake, Adirondacks

From a photograph by Chandler, St. Albans

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XV. JUNE, 1896. No. 3.



OUR GREAT SUMMER PLAYGROUND

THE MOUNTAINS AND FORESTS, THE LAKES AND STREAMS, OF OUR NORTHEASTERN STATES— A MAGNIFICENT REGION MARKED OUT BY NATURE AS A SUMMER PARADISE FOR THE SEEKER AFTER HEALTH, PLEASURE, AND EVERY FORM OF OUTDOOR SPORT.

PESSIMISTS declare that the human race is degenerating; that the growth of luxury is bringing physical decay, and that the rush to the cities is destroying the simple, healthy, old fashioned American life. Our forefathers tilled the soil, breathed the fresh air, and were mighty men who built a great republic. We, their unworthy sons, are puny weaklings, herded in the crowded streets, chained to our desks, absorbed in the sordid struggle of business; spending body and soul in a desperate struggle whose victors become gilded Sybarites, and whose vanquished are shattered wrecks. Pleasure takes the form of vice. Mammon is the omnipotent divinity of the hour, and paresis the fashionable disease.

Such is the picture drawn by the alarmist, and it is a picture that would be a terrifying one were it a less manifest perversion of the truth. It is not without a basis in existing facts; but there are other facts, no less important, for which it utterly fails to account. Nature can generally be depended upon to work her own cures. As wealth and luxury have increased, so has the love of every form of open air exercise. As the means of physical comfort have multiplied, so have the influences that make men "scorn delights and live laborious days." As our cities become more thronged, the more eagerly do their dwellers seek the pleasures of the country.

The Tuxedo Club House.

Drawn by L. M. Glackens from a photograph by Ogden, Middletown.

It is we latter day "degenerates" who have developed the vast variety of outdoor sports. Some of our games are of ancient origin, but we have made them what they are. We hold all the records in every test of athletic prowess, and we are constantly

A Fishing Lodge on Lake Champlain

From a photograph by Woodward, Plattsburgh.

making new ones. Our pugilists could defeat those of Greece and Rome as easily as our armies could destroy Cæsar's or our ships outsail the triremes of Themistocles. It is we who climb, for a pastime, the snowy Alps that terrified the soldiers of Hannibal. It is we who have swept the fiercest wild animals from the face of the earth, except

play is like a liberated schoolboy. He gets out of doors with a jump. Rod or gun in hand, he plunges into the forest. He goes down to the sea in yachts, or up to the mountain lakes in canoes. He dwells in tents and "shacks," modeling his holiday existence upon that of the departed aborigine whose hunting grounds he occupies.

Dr. Seward Webb's Coach at the Westchester Country Club.

From a photograph by Byron, New York.

where we preserve them for the sake of sport. The challenge of the unknown had been before the world for centuries, but it was left for us to explore the dark corners of the globe, and to attack the icy barriers of the pole with a pertinacity certain to be crowned with success.

THE AMERICAN AT PLAY.

Action and reaction, the mathematician tells us, are equal and opposite; and it is because the American at work is the keenest of "hustlers" that the American at

He shows plainly that under the veneer of civilization he retains a healthy instinct of primitive savagery.

The American has an advantage over most of his kinsmen of other countries in that nature has set at his doors, in his own land, as splendid a playground as any in the world. Close to the most densely populated part of the United States, within a day's journey of the great cities of the Atlantic coast, lie regions of mountain and forest, of lake and stream, of rocky shores and sheltered inlets, that are the natural

An Adirondack Cottage.

paradise of the holiday maker. Their invitation is universal, their resources are inexhaustible. The lover of scenery, the lover of sport, the seeker after rest and quiet—each can find what he needs in infinite variety.

AMERICA'S PLAYGROUND.

From the wooded slopes of the Catskills, and the hills that overlook the wide reaches of the lower Hudson, to fair Memphremagog smiling beneath its famous guardians, Elephant's Head and Owl's Head, and to where the branches of Maine's and Canada's pines mingle above the imaginary line that marks our northern frontier; from the sandy beaches of Long Island and the granite coast of New England to the unsalted inland seas whence rushes the St. Lawrence — here is our great summer playground. There are mighty mountains in the far West, there are noble prairies and lakes and forests in the Northwest, there are famous hills and valleys in the South; but it is this Northeastern region that offers the most varied charms and the nearest to our doors.

Here we have the Adirondacks of New York, the Green Mountains of Vermont, the White Mountains of New Hampshire; such lakes as the Rangeleys, Moosehead, Winnipesaukee, Memphremagog, Champlain, and George; such famous river valleys as those of the Connecticut and Hudson. A dozen great railroads, vying with one

"How Much Did He Weigh?"

From the painting by T. Sedgwick Steele.

another to serve the traveler best, will carry you in a few hours from the dusty city streets to the heart of the green woods. Hotels to suit every taste—with prices to suit all pockets—are ready for you at every strategic point. There are elaborate "country clubs" for the four hundred, and more democratic establishments for the four million. There are good roads for the wheelman, rough mountain paths for the pedestrian. There are broad rivers for the yachtsman, winding streams for the canoeist, and trout brooks for the angler. There are links for the golfer, courts for the tennis player, diamonds for the baseball enthusiast, smooth grounds for the cricketer, and cinder paths for the runner. There are primeval forests for the lover of untrodden

A Northern Trout Brook.

Drawn by Dan Beard.

A Fishing Camp on the Upper Saranac Lake.
From a photograph by Woodward, Plattsburgh.

An Adirondack Guide.
From a photograph by Woodward, Plattsburgh.

nature. There are broad piazzas for the indolent, and quiet corners for the honeymooners. Even the hay fever victim receives special attention for his special needs.

Little did the Pilgrim Fathers dream, when their stern visages first beheld the bleak shore of Plymouth, that they were about to create the nucleus of what should in after years become the frolicking place of a great nation; yet such has their chosen land become. Great would be the astonishment of those departed worthies could they behold their descendants decked in latter day outing costumes, scattered over their fair land in reckless pursuit of holiday pleasures.

RIDING AND DRIVING.

The railroads are not the only means of travel through the summer playground. The iron monster, and its diminutive rival of steel, the bicycle, have not wholly driven the horse out of existence, nor are they likely to do so. Man's faithful equine servant may be relieved from the drudgery of commerce, but he will always be the pride of wealth. He may yield the streets to electric motors, but

A Boat House on the Lower Saranac Lake.

From a photograph by Woodward, Pittsburgh.

Running the Rapids.

Drawn by J. M. Gleeson from a photograph by Stoddard, Glens Falls.

he will continue to share with the bicycle the roads and parkways. He may no longer be enslaved to cars and wagons, but he will draw fashion's coach or victoria and the pleasure seeker's buggy or buckboard.

Riding and driving stand high among American summer amusements. At no resort in the world, perhaps, can such equipages and such horses be seen as on Newport's famous drive at the height of the season. Fine horseflesh is an appanage of wealth, and it is where rich New Yorkers and Bostonians congregate that elaborate turnouts are most in evidence. Lenox, in

City and Country.

Drawn by J. M. Gleeson.

The Ruins of Fort Ticonderoga.

the Berkshire hills, is second only to Newport in this respect. At country places nearer New York—at Hempstead, on Long Island, at Larchmont, on the Sound, at Tuxedo and Westchester—the horse reigns supreme, and coaching parties are frequent diversions. The splendid procession that flashes along the drives of Central Park in the winter season is scattered, in summer, through these rural abodes of the four hundred.

THE TALLYHO COACH.

Many prominent New Yorkers are experts with whip and reins, and are well known as devotees of horseflesh. Dr. Seward Webb, whose coach is shown in the engraving on page 261, drives from the metropolis all the way to his fine country place in Vermont, Shelburne Farms. Tuxedo and Morristown are favorite objective points for coaching trips. It is not only men who appear on the box seats of these costly turnouts; there are women who can drive a four in hand with the ease and grace of a professional. Mrs. Oliver Iselin—also famed as a yachtswoman—is known as an accomplished whip; so is Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr., and so are not a few other fair members of New York's inner social circle.

The Valley of the Hudson, Near Thurman, New York.

Long Lake, Adirondacks, from Moose Island.
From a copyrighted photograph by Stoddard, Glens Falls, N. Y.

Good roads are multiplying rapidly in America—a fact for which the cyclist deserves the lion's share of the credit. There is no lack of them about New York and most of the New England cities. Highways are being built on scientific principles with the special purpose of attracting travel. Many of the old roads, which may be swamps in spring, are in excellent condition in summer. On the whole, no other section of the country is so well off in this respect as our northern playground.

The Start at Sunrise.
Drawn by J. M. Gleeson.

The swell coach, with its "smart" party, fine cattle, and echo rousing horn, has become a delightful feature of a summer landscape. Less conspicuous, more numerous, and, possibly, quite as enjoyable, are the family traps, dogcarts, and buckboards of those who have discovered the pleasures of the long extended driving tour. This is a wholesome and charming way of spending a month or more, as it permits a leisurely view of the country traversed, while the actual driving, and the various minor incidents that are sure to arise, prevent the tourist from idling beyond the really beneficial point. The American's natural love for a good roadster is bound to increase the number of advocates of the long summer drive, and this, in turn, to assist in the further improvement of our highways.

CYCLISTS AND PEDESTRIANS.

Of the other wheels—the ubiquitous bicycles—much was said in the last number of MUNSEY'S, and little need be added here. Where roads are, thither they go; and this summer they will be more ubiquitous

The Return at Sunset.
Drawn by J. M. Gleeson.

than ever before. Gliding over pastoral levels, toiling up ascents, whirring down mountain slopes, the wheel will bear its masculine or feminine burden till the welcome holiday is done.

A very sensible and very beneficial form of exercise is the walking tour. In certain districts this will suffer from the popularity of the bicycle, but in the hilly and mountainous country it will, as it has done for years, appeal to those close students of nature who desire to add to their store of sci-

A Lusty Trout.
Drawn by Dan Beard.

entific knowledge during their period of play. The pedestrian could not wish for better country than New England offers in its more mountainous parts, for every picturesque bit has its excellent inns; and the picturesque bits are so continuous that a rule in its more thickly settled portions; yet in every one of its seven States there are waters and covers, in districts somewhat removed from the beaten trails of travel, that will well repay a holiday with gun or rod. Almost everywhere there are

A Canoe Camp.
Drawn by Dan Beard.

day's tramp, or climb, may be arranged to suit all degrees of endurance.

WITH ROD AND GUN.

A large class of holiday makers—perhaps the largest class—seek something more than pure air, fine scenery, and restful change of environment. They scent a chance for sport; they have the love of battle and adventure that seems inherent in Anglo Saxon blood. Their hands may wield the pen for ten or eleven months in the year, but gun, rod, and paddle are their favorite playthings.

To these followers of Nimrod and Diana our playground has much to offer. It is true that good shooting or fishing is not the woods and copses that still contain grouse, woodcock, quail, hare, rabbit, and gray squirrel, while some of the sea beaches are famous resorts of shore birds. Nor has the glory of its trout streams yet entirely waned, and many of its larger waters are noted for their hard fighting black bass. In addition to the bass are wall eyed pike, pike perch, white perch, lake trout, and several less noteworthy varieties. These will abundantly satisfy people of the mild sporting type, who like a little angling and shooting as an adjunct rather than the main feature of a holiday.

Your keen sportsman, however, will turn his attention to the wilds of Maine and northern New York, for these are worthy of

The Cascade above "The Flume," White Mountains.

From a photograph by Peabody, Boston.

the stoutest knight of gun, rod, or paddle. In the latter, the Adirondack wilderness contains, at a rough estimate, about seven thousand square miles — or considerably more, if we reckon adjoining areas not strictly a part of its territory. Much of this is today as wild as it was when the red man — the "bark eater" who gave it its name — alone knew its countless waterways and intricate trails. Broad expanses bear the unmistakable brand of the popular summering place, but there is enough both of the natural and of the "improved" to suit both the most energetic sportsman and the most indolent pleasure seeker.

NEW YORK'S "NORTH WOODS."

The scenic features of the Adirondacks are too well known to require a detailed description. Who has not seen, or at least heard of, Loon Lake, the Saranac, St. Regis, Elizabethtown, the Fulton Chain, Tupper Lake, and other famous spots? Briefly, it is a highly picturesque region of forested mountain and valley, intersected by a network of lakes, ponds, and connecting

A "Carry.

streams, the latter ranging from rivers to the merest brooklets. The larger bodies of water, with their tributaries, are so situated that the voyager by boat or canoe finds extensive routes open to him. From stream to lake, from lake to "carry," and so to stream and lake anew, the pleasant ways lead on and on to remote corners known only to the guides and trappers.

The sport of the Adirondacks is always excellent. While grouse, hare, and squirrel are plentiful, and there is abundance of waterfowl upon certain waters, comparatively little attention is paid to these. Sportsmen who seek this region are usually in search of deer and trout, and they seldom fail to attain their object. A few years ago, it was feared that the deer might be exterminated; but in spite of the destruction of thousands of the animals, their numbers are today increased rather than diminished. Wisely enforced protective laws have brought about this desirable state of affairs, and the future of the game is much more promising than it was a decade ago.

Over fishing has played havoc

An Adirondack Camp.

Drawn by J. M. Gleeson.

Camp of the American Canoe Association on Lake Champlain, 1895.

with many erstwhile noted waters, but here again the law, aided by the trout hatchery, has come to the rescue for the good of the people. Many a remote water still has fish like those which startled the pioneers of the fly rod, and even the most frequented localities will as a rule yield something that is worth taking.

Boating on Tupper Lake, Adirondacks.
From a photograph by Woodward, Plattsburgh.

DEER HUNTING IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

The deer hunter who properly understands his craft seldom returns to the city without a trophy of his prowess. Even the novice, if he follows the instructions of his experienced guide, is almost certain of getting game.

The methods of deer hunting which have been successfully followed in the past are three—"hounding," or driving with dogs to runway "stand," or to water; "jacking," or "floating," when the deer is lured with a light, at night, upon waters which it visits in quest of food or to escape insect pests; and "still hunting," in which the sportsman silently trails the deer through the forest by its track or "sign," and succeeds solely by dint of clever woodcraft and good shooting.

Hounding has been frequently denounced as an unsportsmanlike method. Too often the deer, after taking to water, is pursued by a man in a light boat, and butchered at short range when it has no chance to escape. Apart from this, however—which certainly is unpleasantly near butchery—there is a wild, free music in the tonguing of good hounds upon a hot scent, and the man must be made of coldest clay whose heart does not thrill when the clamor of the dogs wakes the echoes of the hazy hills as it sounds nearer and nearer to his point of vantage.

Jacking, too, has the great disadvantage of not giving the quarry a fair chance. A guide, a boat, a gun, and a jack light are necessary for this form of sport. The light is so arranged that it can be shut off and turned on at will, and it is fixed to the shooter's hat, or to an upright in the bow of the boat. Upon a dark, still night, guide and sportsman embark and noiselessly steal about the edges of lily pads. The guide

[illegible] the Distance

Drawn by J. M. Gleeson.

manipulates the paddle, while the sportsman crouches in the bow of the craft, and waits till the splashing or whistling of a deer is heard. A slight rocking of the boat is the signal to open the jack. A shaft of light streams far ahead, and reveals the shadowy form of a deer at gaze. The animal can see nothing but the light, and before it can satisfy its curiosity, the gun roars forth, and a kill or a miss is recorded.

Again, in spite of the savor of butchery, jacking is undeniably a very fascinating sport. The long, silent search through the black mystery of night, the constant strained attention to the whispering sounds of the forest, the sudden flash of light, and the vision of the startled deer, all possess a romantic interest peculiarly their own. If a man would go jacking *without a weapon*, he would see and experience enough to repay him amply.

Still hunting is the sportsmanlike method, but it is a game at which only experienced hands can win. The novice usually makes a sad mess of it. Yet there is a satisfaction to be derived from a successful matching of human skill against the resources of a shy quarry upon its own ground, which more than compensates for days of vain labor. The methods employed in the Adirondacks are also followed in the wilds of Maine, the latter State having still more large game, and being still more difficult as a hunting country.

BIG GAME IN MAINE.

A glance at a map of Maine will show why it is a region beloved of sportsmen.

"It's a Long Way to Camp!"

Drawn by Dan Beard.

Lakes, ponds, and streams net the entire landscape. Looking down from the crests of the State's greatest mountains—Kineo and Katahdin—one sees a vast succession of densely forested hills, between which flash uncounted waters. This is the famous trout region, and from the storied Rangeleys to the Boundary Mountains, birthplace of Moosehead's many tributaries, the sportsman may shoot, fish, canoe, and trail to his heart's content.

The game of the Maine woods includes moose, caribou, deer, bobcat, hare, rabbit, and grouse. The best fish are the trout, landlocked salmon, togue, black bass, and white perch. Some of the finest sport ever enjoyed in America is to be credited to these magnificent forests. The local accom-

The Boquet River, Lake Champlain.

modations vary from the fine modern hotel to the temporary open camp, according to the distance from lines of travel. If after moose or caribou, one must needs rough it, for only bare necessities can be packed upon men's backs over the trails that lead to the best grounds.

Once in the woods one must take what fate ordains and trust to the guide. But it is glorious work to toil day after day at paddle and portage, to "creep" mile after mile, even though in vain, through leagues of forest after that coveted game, bull moose, or over the "barrens" on the trail of a caribou.

And then the "calling"! Who will ever forget his first experience of it? The long, anxious crouch in the tangle of cover, before which spread a moon lit, mysterious "barren"; the unearthly noise as the guide, with birch bark caller, imitated the love plaint of a fair young cow moose; the agony of suspense, as strained ears waited for the faint reply; the nervous breathing, the heart thumping, the cramping of muscles; the electric thrill when a rattling of antlers against branches told that the king of the forest had drawn near; and, at last, the start, when the huge black form showed in the open; the desperate resolve to do or die; the fight to control the wobbling rifle, the spurt of flame, the ripping report, the thud of a falling body, the wild yell of triumph, and the crazy war dance round the fallen monarch!

Watching a Runway on the Saranac.

From a photograph by Woodward, Plattsburgh.

A man never forgets things like these, and his heart is ever longing for another trial. Before the tan is off his face, before the hardness gets out of his muscles, before his nerves again acknowledge the city's numbing influence, he is craving to revisit nature's pharmacy—the grand old northern woods.

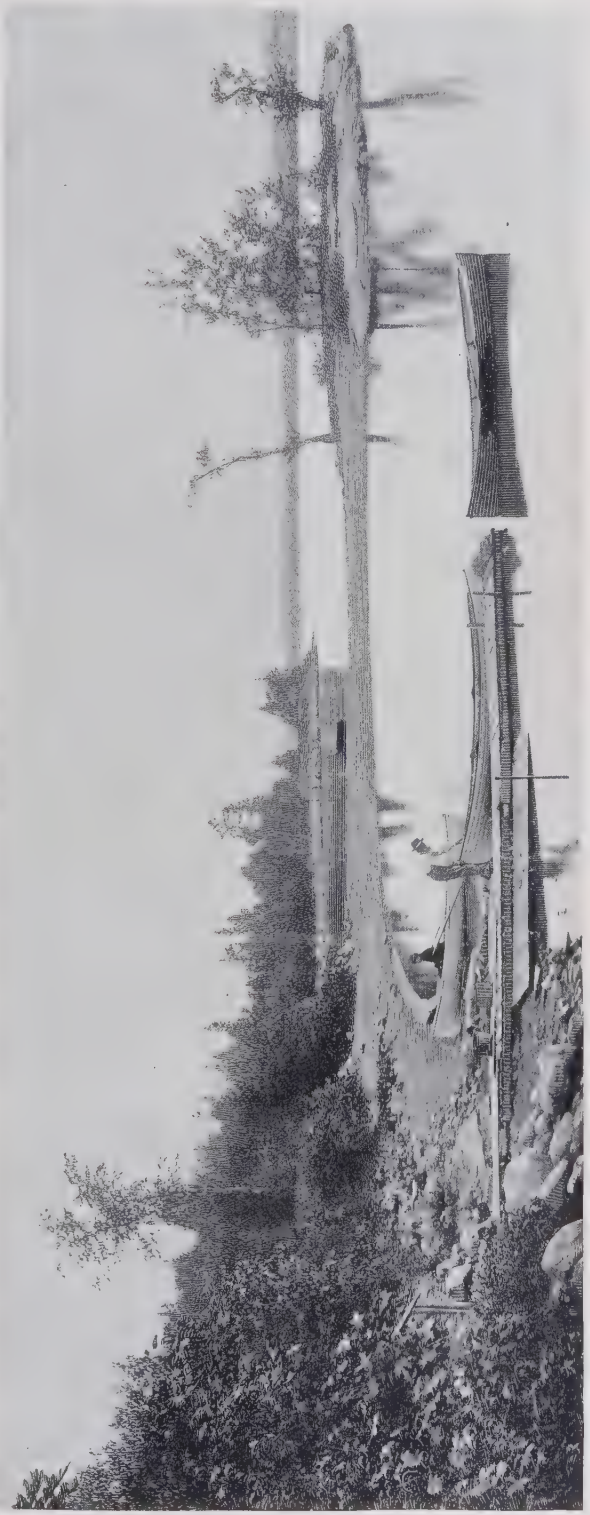
GOLF STICK, OAR, AND RACKET.

For those whose fancy turns toward games rather than game, our summer playground makes ample provision. Between the wild

barrens of Maine and the trim tennis courts of Newport there is a variety to suit all tastes. Golf clubs are multiplying rapidly, and links will soon be features of every well regulated summer resort. One of the great events of the world of sport is the annual coastwise cruise of the New York Yacht Club — of which, and of the yachting centers scattered along the Sound and the New England shores, we may speak more fully in a later number. Oarsmen turn their eyes, each summer, toward the courses on the Thames and the Hudson, where the 'varsity crews fight for the aquatic championship—though this year, unfortunately, a misunderstanding between our two premier colleges has left the former river silent and sent the sons of Eli to fight for Henley honors upon its English namesake. Tennis players look toward the Casino at Newport, where the national championship is battled for by experts from East and West.

THE PLEASURES OF CAMP LIFE.

What a variety, too, of summer habitations this region offers! You may—if you have the money—have your marble palace at Newport, your ornate cottage at Bar Harbor, your costly villa at Lenox; or you may take your household gods upon your back, as it were, pick your quiet spot upon the beach or in the woods, and put up your tent there—braving the buffets of rain and heat, and the torments of mosquitoes, for the privilege of escaping for a time from your fellow beings and of living as the birds and beasts live. There is many a man — yes, and many a woman—who, used to all the refinements of



Twin Bays, Lake Champlain.
From a photograph by Woolwarn, Plattsburgh.

Black Mountain, Lake George.

From a photograph by Woodward, Plattsburgh.

life, looks back upon days of primitive freedom, spent under a roof of canvas or of spruce boughs, as among the happiest ever known.

FROM A CAMPER'S DIARY.

Camping is a science, in which experience is necessary to success. It requires the nicest adjustment of the camper's equipment to his circumstances. The novice is sure to burden himself with cumbersome superfluities, while he is likely to omit indispensable requisites. He may find it difficult to secure expert advice, and there is comparatively little literature on the subject. One of the practical sportsmen who have written down their experiences in the northern woods is Thomas Sedgwick Steele, from whose brush came the characteristic painting engraved on page 262. In "Paddle and Portage" Mr. Steele catalogues the outfit with which he started for a five weeks' trip in the Maine forests. Two tourists, a half breed Indian guide, and two "natives" set out from the northern end of Moosehead Lake—reached by rail and steamer—with "the provisions necessary to feed five hungry men on a five weeks' cruise, two canvas A tents, six by eight feet, a Baker tent, seven by nine feet, six iron beaver traps, and five rubber and canvas bags containing our blankets, rubber beds, cooking utensils, four Winchester rifles, and a good supply of ammunition." After leaving civilization, all these equipments were carried in the three canoes, and at each halting place a camp was made. "The baggage was thrown out of the canoes, which were drawn up on the bank and overturned to dry; the tents were unrolled, the poles were struck, and two of the guides busied themselves in their erection, while a third woke the echoes of the woods with the resounding blows of his heavy axe as he cut the logs and fuel for the camp fire, and the colonel and I, seizing our rifles, sauntered forth to decrease the population of the forest game in the interest of our first meal. When we returned we found everything under way; the logs were crackling merrily, and before it squatted the guides on upturned pails. Around them were scattered in picturesque confusion our cooking paraphernalia, consisting of tea and coffee pots, kettles, frying pans, tin cups, bakers, broilers, etc., out of which assortment they were selecting the utensils needed for our meal."

This was a more ambitious expedition than the average camper will care to make. By camping where he can buy all or most of his provisions, he will greatly lighten his equipment. He is not likely to need traps, and perhaps not even a gun. On the other hand, cooking at an open fire of logs is difficult to the uninitiated, and he will be wise to take a small stove. This, with a frying pan and a few tins, together with a tent and a good supply of blankets, will form the essential part of his outfit; and even the tent may often be dispensed with by building a wooden "shack" or finding one already built. A rubber bed, to be inflated by the simple pneumatic force of the camper's breath, is a readily portable luxury; and a sleeping bag is a good substitute for blankets. But old campers say that there is nothing like a mattress of fresh cut fir boughs.

'Tis night upon the lake. Our camp is made
'Twixt shore and hill, beneath the pine tree's shade.
'Tis still, and yet what woody noises loom
Against the background of the silent gloom!
One well might hear the opening of a flower
If day were hushed as this.

So sings a poet who understood the unique charm of camp life.

CANOE CAMPS.

There are camps for solitary campers, camps for camping parties, family camps, and club camps. Among the most notable of the latter are the canoe camps, and especially the annual gatherings of the American Canoe Association, which meets each year at some picturesque spot of our summer playground. Last year's encampment on Lake Champlain is pictured on page 273; that of 1894 was at Croton Point, on the Hudson. At these meetings the sailing and paddling championships are awarded, and the racing interest is enhanced by the atmosphere of jolly good fellowship that prevails. The days are a round of holiday amusements, and the evenings are enlivened with merry camp fires. The campers—and even the racers—are not all of the sterner six. A prominent feature of each assemblage is the ladies' camp—dubbed Squaw Point, to retain the nomenclature of the red man whose craft the pale faced canoeist has copied.

AMERICA VERSUS EUROPE.

Why do Americans who have never seen the White Mountains, the Adirondacks, Lake Champlain, or even Niagara, go to Europe for their holiday trips? It is strange that other lands should attract them more than their own. They can find no greater variety of beautiful scenery than in the region between the St. Lawrence and

the Hudson; they cannot find better traveling facilities, a more hospitable welcome, or more tonic air. Do they seek historical associations? The American playground is replete with them; and the history with which its lakes and valleys are inseparably linked is American history. The famous men who explored this region were the builders of our own country, the brave soldiers who fought here were of our own flesh and blood. Is there not inspiration in the scenes of their victories and their struggles?

"Here and here hath England helped me," sang Robert Browning, on the waters where Nelson and Jervis saved the naval prestige of Britain; and are Americans less sensible of their debt to the great names of their past?

A WEALTH OF HISTORIC MEMORIES.

"Before Quebec was founded," says W. H. H. Murray, who has so eloquently sounded the praises of these northern mountains and waters, "Champlain's arquebus, right opposite Burlington here, had shed Iroquois blood, and started a terrible echo among the hills above Crown Point—an echo which died not away until it was finally drowned by the crash of Wolfe's musketry on the Plains of Abraham, a hundred and fifty years later. From the northern end of this famous lake (Champlain) up the Richelieu came Frontenac, came Montcalm, came Burgoyne, came all those great martial movements, whether under French or English banners, which during the early or later wars threatened the whole south country, which flowed victoriously on, and were not stopped until the Hudson itself was sighted from the ruins of Fort William Henry and the heights above Saratoga. Along these shores Putnam and Rogers scouted and fought. Here is Plattsburgh Bay and Cumberland Head, where Macdonough fought his glorious fight. Here, off Vergennes, chased by the English admiral, Arnold fired his ship, whose timbers can be seen through the clear waters today. Here is Ticonderoga, in front of whose fatal abattis Abercrombie left two thousand of his bravest dead, and within whose walls Ethan Allen demanded its surrender 'in the name of God and the Continental Congress.' There is scarcely a bay or promontory upon the lake that has not some historic recollections clustering around it, half of them unwritten. For here history sits holding her unlettered scroll, waiting for some Prescott or Parkman to write upon it the marvelous stories of those heroic days, when English civilization and American liberty successively contended for victory upon the bosom and along the sides of this lake."

THE BATTLE GROUND OF NATIONS.

It was beside the little stream of the Bouquet, which falls into Lake Champlain at Willsborough—its sylvan banks are pictured on page 277—that Burgoyne, in 1777, met the Iroquois chieftains, and asked their aid against the revolted colonies. They pledged it with such ferocious eagerness, and celebrated the alliance with such savage orgies, that even in England the news created a shudder, and evoked an eloquent protest from Chatham; while throughout America it aroused an outburst of indignation which foreshadowed the doom of Burgoyne's army.

It was in this school, the natural battleground between the French in Canada and the English colonies on the Atlantic, that the spirit was bred and the martial skill gained, that won liberty for the American republic. "Here it was," to quote again from Mr. Murray, "that the men who fought so bravely under Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Gates, and Washington learned the lesson of war, and graduated as veterans for the Revolutionary struggle." From the day when Samuel de Champlain first saw the broad waters of the lake that bears his name, eleven years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, the early history of the continent centered here. And should not these scenes have a greater interest for Americans than the ruins of German castles or the burial places of Italian poets?

Nor have we spoken here of the historic spots of the New England lowlands, and of the valley of the Hudson. Here, as even the schoolboy knows, is to be found a veritable cyclopedia of the annals of our country.

THE HIGHEST NORTHERN HILLS.

What Murray has done for the Adirondack district Thomas Starr King did for the White Mountains, in introducing their legends and their natural beauties to literature. This compact mountain group, whence flow four of the chief rivers of New England—the Androscoggin, the Saco, the Merrimac, and the Connecticut—is the culminating point of the whole region. Mount Washington, its loftiest summit, rises nearly a thousand feet above Marcy, the monarch of the Adirondacks, and is the highest peak east of the Rockies with the sole exception of the Black Mountains of North Carolina. Since King described it, forty years ago, the district has become a great resort of

tourists, and thousands ascend Mount Washington every summer—ascend, not climb, for no muscular exertion is needed. A cog-wheel railway—the pioneer of the many mountain roads since built in America and Europe—lifts the traveler from his hotel in the valley below to the United States signal station on the topmost crest.

THEIR HISTORY AND THEIR POETRY.

An old New England worthy, Darby Field of Pascataquack, was the first explorer of the White Mountains, and the first white man to set foot upon their summits. He brought back "a report of shining stones, etc., which caused divers others to travel thither, but they found nothing worth their pains." If disappointed in their hopes of mineral wealth, however, the adventurous Puritans found other natural marvels. One of them, John Josselyn, reported that the mountains were "hollow, as may be guessed by the resounding of the rain upon the level at the top." But this veracious traveler was much disconcerted by those pests of the northern summer, the black flies, which he found "so numerous up in the country that a man cannot draw his breath but he will suck of them in." The region had no share in the drama of colonial history, the earliest settlers venturing into its mountain wilderness two or three years before the Revolution. In 1837, when King first visited it, "it was a secluded district, the inns offering only the homely cheer of country fare, and the paths to Mount Washington rarely trodden by any who did not prize the very way, rough as it might be, too much to wish for easier ones."

Whittier recorded his impressions of the White Mountains:

We had checked our steeds,
Silent with wonder, where the mountain wall
Is piled to heaven; and through the narrow rift
Of the vast rocks, against whose rugged feet
Beats the mad torrent with perpetual roar,
Where noonday is as twilight, and the wind
Comes burdened with the everlasting moan
Of forests and of far off waterfalls,
We had looked upward where the summer sky,
Tasseled with clouds light woven by the sun,
Sprung its blue arch above the abutting crags,
O'er roofing the vast portal of the land
Beyond the mountains. We had passed
The high source of the Saco; and, bewildered
In the dwarf spruce belts of the Crystal Hills,
Had heard above us, like a voice in the cloud,
The horn of Fabyan sounding; and atop
Of old Agiochook had seen the mountains
Piled to the northward, shagged with wood, and thick
As meadow molehills—the far sea of Casco
A white gleam on the horizon of the east;
Fair lakes, embosomed in the woods and hills;
Moosehillock's mountain range, and Kiarsarge
Lifting his Titan forehead to the sun.

Very wisely, Whittier prefers Indian names for his verse, and calls Mount Washington by its aboriginal title of Agiochook. For the whole range, he holds to the name of "Crystal Hills," given to it by the first explorers, and less commonplace and inappropriate than "White Mountains." The Indians called them Waumbek Methna—"peaks with snowy foreheads"—and it is a pity the musical phrase has not been retained, as it has been by one poet:

From the heart of Waumbek Methna, from the lake that never fails
Falls the Saco in the emerald lap of Conway's intervales.

The members of a surveying party, which in 1820 gave the peaks their present appellations—Washington, Adams, Madison, Webster, Clay, and the rest—were commendably patriotic in intention, but lamentably deficient in taste. What have these primeval hills to do with eminent Democrats, Federalists, and Whigs? Far more appropriate would it have been had they borne the names of chieftains of the tribes that camped upon their slopes centuries before the Genoese adventurer first saw American soil. As it is, the only mountain so titled is Chocorua—flattened to "Corway" by Yankees of the district—which commemorates one of the last Algonquin rulers, slain, so legend says, in a tragic feud with a settler whose wife and sons he had murdered.

ECHO LAKE.

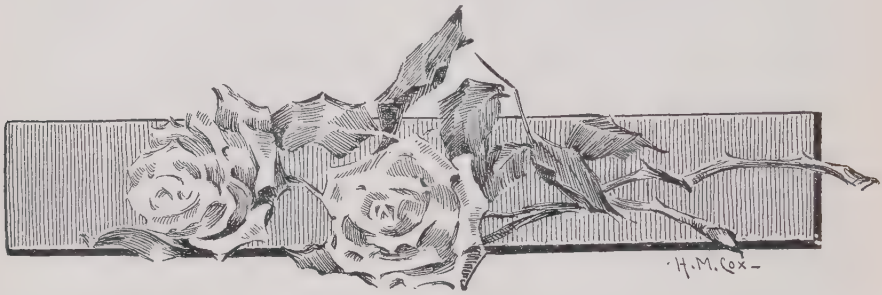
In one respect the White Mountains suffer by comparison with the Adirondack hills and the Maine woods—they are almost devoid of lakes. Echo Lake, in the Franconia Notch, is the only sheet of water that lies close beneath their summits. Small as it is, this "little tarn rimmed by the undisturbed wilderness" is a gem of natural beauty. Above it is the noble steep of Eagle Cliff, one of the most imposing precipices of the region; and beyond this rises the lofty crest of Mount Lafayette. There could scarcely be a more poetic spot for a sail or paddle in the evening light, to hear the "horns of elfland, faintly blowing," that come from the mountain walls at the sound of the voice or of a bugle, or the thunders aroused by the discharge of a cannon. The echoes are repeated again and

again by the rocky amphitheater, and roll up toward Lafayette,

Till high upon his misty side
Languished the mournful notes, and died.
For never sounds by mortal made
Attained his high and haggard head,
That echoes but the tempest's moan
Or the deep thunder's rending groan.

A FINAL APOSTROPHE.

"Hail, glorious ridges and princely peaks!" says the prose poet of this New Hampshire hill region. "Hail to your stubborn masonry of tilted strata! Hail to your shaggy belts of pines, and the arctic shrubbery of your breasts! Hail to your black ravines, your savage gorges, channeled with torrents and gnawed with frosts; your granite throats scarred with thunder; your foreheads bare and defiant to all the batteries of storm! There you stand, the glory of New England, rooted, massive, majestic, as in all the years since the first tired pioneer gazed with awe upon you—as in all the years since Adam!"



THE BROOK.

WHERE willows stretch in lithe festoons
Their drooping arms down to the stream;
Where elders nod their tufted heads,
And iridescent beetles gleam;
I love to lie and idly dream—
To watch the merry rigadoons
Of water insects on some stone,
And hear the frogs from reedy beds
Croak forth their guttural monotone;
Idly to dream and be alone,
Where flecked with foam,
Past tranquil holes
The brooklet brawls in bubbling falls,
And babbles in the shoals.

The cresses by the swirling rift
Sway with the startled pickerel's rush;
The sandy shallows near the shore,
Where bathes a twittering mottled thrush,
Reflect the overhanging brush.
The crickets their shrill voices lift
To join the locust's rasping glee,
While from the rapid's distant shore
There comes a sound which seems to be
The soul of pure tranquillity.
From icy springs,
Through shady holes,
The brooklet brawls in bubbling falls
And babbles o'er the shoals.

Henry B. Culver.

A DAUGHTER OF ISHMAEL.

THE people of Riverton began to be conscious that a very handsome girl was growing up on the Island. They found this out even before Sam, Bob, or Tige Rell knew it, or their father, old Tom. But the people of Riverton had a better chance to find it out. They looked at Shamir whenever she came in sight, while the Rells seldom regarded it as worth the trouble. She was strong as her Indian pony, and had all she asked for in the way of food and garments; so what need to look at her?

But Red Jim Garrett looked at her one morning, as she stood on the ledge above the river, bare headed, with the sun streaming over her and a shot gun in her hand.

"Where you going?" he called.

"To shoot pa'tridges down in the brake, if the dogs'll ever come on."

"Look here, Shamir, you're getting too big for such gallivanting. 'Twas all right when you were a kid and had nothing else to play at; but you'd better tame down into a woman now, and think about getting a husband to see you go straight."

The girl paid no heed to the words that floated across from where he sat to her perch on the cliff, but continued whistling to her dogs. Red Jim had undertaken to lecture her in this strain several times lately, and she had not even wasted effort in wondering why.

Garrett turned to her father, and asked suddenly, "How old is she?" nodding towards the supple figure now coming up the path with the returning dogs yelping joyously behind her.

Rell shook his head without removing his pipe. Red Jim scornfully turned his back on the old piece of depravity, and put the question to Bob.

"Somewhereabouts nigh fifteen, fore or aft," answered Bob, who had once run away to sea.

The girl stopped near them, flashing her big black eyes disdainfully at both men, but not condescending to make the information more definite.

"Been to school?" continued Garrett.

"Dunno," replied Bob.

Garrett turned to Sam.

"No," said the younger brother.

"Then send her," said Red Jim imperiously. "Everybody goes to school nowadays, you ought to know, even the niggers. I went myself, and a lot of it. Educate her, and I'll take her off your hands—blamed if I don't. I'm not afraid to marry her; she'll make a fine Mrs. Jimmie Junior."

The girl's eyes flared a second blaze into his like the tentative flash above a young volcano's brim, and her lips curled in handsome insolence of defiance. Even the Rells looked at her now; she seemed new to them. But her eyes and lips needed no words to help their scorn, and she passed on with her dogs and gun.

Sam laughed. "'Pears to me you mought be afeard, Garrett. Jest as well go matin' with a catamount. Ain't she a little fury?"

But Bob drawled after him, "Let him alone, Sam. Like hitches onto like. She ain't no strange craft to Red Jim. He's h'isted them same colors on too many seas. Let him have her; their logs'll tally."

Nobody in Riverton could tell how far back the autocracy of the Rells dated, nor had anybody's grandfather handed it down. Before Riverton was, a half wild clan had held strong sway over much of that section of the State. As civilization strode on and claimed more, they had sullenly sunk back on the Island, and here Riverton had found them. Riverton herself was not young now; she had seen generations of Rells grow up and pass away, only to be succeeded by other generations of the same lawless, fearless, unlettered, whisky drinking, and whisky selling race. They seemed to have their use—no good one, but a use. From farther back than one could count, they had held the monopoly of the liquor traffic in Pembersly County. When suddenly Pembersly voted for prohibition, the Rells, after a few final brawls, closed their Riverton bar and their three others, scattered over the county, and, as in case of their homes, so now with their business—they sank back on the Island.

The Island was not in Pembersly County, although it was only five minutes' good rowing from the lower wharf of Riverton. By some strange dispensation of past enactments, it belonged to the county across the river, which was still under an anti prohibition régime. Thus the Island came to

be the seat of all Pembersly's former bars, and riot held it for her stronghold. Great indeed the temerity of the officer who would dare to set official foot on this hereditary demesne of the Rells!

They quietly paid their annual license dues, nobody ever knew why. It was their one tribute to law, and it may be that in very irony they enjoyed giving it, because of the delights of lawlessness which they wrested from it.

Shamir had been at the Academy three years when Carey Benford came to be master. Riverton was scarcely yet accustomed to the novelty of a female Rell in school. But the other students had ceased to drive her into daily volcanic outbursts by staring or remarking on her appearance and manners, and the three years' study had enabled her to take her place in classes with girls of her own age; so her position in the Academy was not wholly anomalous.

Shamir had learned more in this brief period than she could have acquired in a thousand years of mere book conning. She had learned to dress well. She had learned to smile when she chose, with that rare smile like an effulgent sunburst through storm clouds. She had learned that she was more beautiful than even Helen Walker, the belle of Riverton. But she had learned to hate her half savage beauty; for she could read unerringly, after a little, the ugliness of the thought that leaped to the eyes of those who looked on her and knew that she was Shamir Rell.

The girl had never seen a Bible until she attended the Academy. The daily scriptural lesson read and expounded by the senior professor, whom she liked and listened to, was always fascinating to her. She went to it with an eagerness amusing to her classmates, who belonged to a civilization and a generation fast growing blasé on Holy Writ. But one half hour in that sunny, peaceful room of Professor Ormsby's could never be forgotten by the Island child. He was giving the class the picturesque pathos of Hagar's story, and he outlined the stormy future of her race. Shamir was sitting in the front line, as she usually did in his classes. In her intentness of listening, she was leaning forward, bringing her face to the view of the entire room. He had reached the climax of the story, when suddenly the girl knew her kindred. Her lips almost formed the words, "*We* are Ishmaelites!" and surge after surge of hot blood swept from cheek to brow. She felt—unwarrantably, however—that every eye was on her, and she longed either to slip through the floor, or to stand erect in her place and defy them all in one tempestuous outburst.

The remainder of the reading was a blank to her, so far as seeing and hearing went. She sat there with drawn brows, clenched hands, and set teeth, feeling the blood surges drowning her, and a fierce madness of universal hatred tearing her heart.

Carey Benford instituted a stricter régime than Riverton Academy had known; idle students soon found themselves in trouble, and dull ones in despair. His new methods and exacting thoroughness brought no disaster to Shamir at first, for she scorned indifferent lessons. But she was obviously so accustomed to following her own untutored will that Benford saw rocks ahead, and kept an eye clear for them.

The inevitable conflict was not long in coming. The class in English composition had followed its own deviating line with the preceding master, each girl coming up with an "essay" when it was easy for her to write one, but usually claiming lack of inspiration when the task was difficult. Shamir had seldom sought the cover of this excuse in her rare failures, but had frankly owned that she had not tried. The smooth going professor, a dilettante himself, who guided his own erratic literary work by the inspirational theory, had invariably let the matter pass thus, assigning an easier theme next time. But with Benford, failure—his own or that of another accountable to him—was not easy. It must be paid for in retrieval.

The class in English composition found this out, one day, when five of their number came up with missing exercises. He quietly assigned another half hour in which the delinquents must prepare these papers under his eye. Shamir was among these delinquents, for no other reason but that she had not been taught to rank this task equally with her serious school duties, and when any other pressing lesson, or an insistent emotion, crowded out something from the week's work, the something crowded out was always her composition. Just now it was not a pressing task, but an insistent emotion that pushed aside the writing; and when the time for writing the required essay arrived, she was yet more busy with her tempestuous thoughts.

She vaguely heard, without comprehending, when Benford formally stated that each young lady must write, during the half hour, a composition of certain length upon the subject assigned; or, that being impossible, upon a subject of her own

choosing. Failing these conditions, she must remain to a detention class after school hours. In the quiet that followed, while the four other students were busy with pens and paper, Shamir sat in her corner by the window, looking across the river. Her brows were drawn down, and her eyes fastened darkly upon a patch of green glistening in the midst of the dull waters. The emerald patch represented the vivid canebrakes of Rell's Island, and a boat was shooting shuttle-like from Riverton wharf in the direction of the brown path that lay just beyond them. It was too far to distinguish the occupants of the boat, but one of them must be Red Jim Garrett; it was his hour for an afternoon visit to Rell's.

Shamir Rell felt intensely, at the moment, that she, a daughter of the house of Ishmael, was a natural part of that scene and its free savagery. But here—the limitations galled perpetually, and might drive her headlong into untold wickedness at any hour or day. How could she answer for her fierce blood if things went on from bad to worse like this?

Isabel Crawford had been kind, and Shamir had come to love her as she had not known that her wild heart could love anything. In the three years of her contact with civilization, she had passed through all the phases of hating, scorning, envying, and defying her fellow students, who stared at her, mocked at her, or drew back from her with the quiet reserve which cuts class lines most deeply. A few had tried to be patronizingly kind, and yet a few others had made advances in different spirit, since her abundant spending money could furnish frequent treats. But lately there had come a difference; and in a growing happiness the girl had felt her spirit unfolding strange new petals of beauty and affection. What if, after all, she were not fated to be forever outlawed in heart, child of the wilderness, passing from the keeping of a father and brothers whose hands were perpetually raised against the hands of the world, to that of a husband of like stamp, though possessed of greater wealth and of a name that had once been an honored one? What if she were yet destined to be blessed with the beautiful, undying friendship of one of her own sex, and through this friendship perhaps come to know other sweet human feelings?

Isabel Crawford had been drawn to Shamir at first, probably, by the strong spell of her physical grace, and then by her high courage and her scorn of meanness. The fascination grew upon the slighter nature, and the other took it for love and responded to it by lavishing all the treasure of unused affection in her ardent soul. Their schoolmates recognized the bond between the two, and other looks toward Shamir changed; for the Crawfords were the social arbiters of Riverton.

All might have been well still had not Isabel persuaded her mother to invite Shamir to spend a few days' holiday with her. Shamir accepted with trembling gladness, and went, gentle and dove-like in the new joy of friendship. Allan Crawford, recently back from college, dined at the hotel the first day that Isabel's guest was in their home. He would not wound Isabel by telling her why he stayed away, nor was he afraid to let a school girl friendship run through its ephemeral existence. But he could not bring himself to sit down to dinner with the daughter of a Rell.

Next day he breakfasted late, and, learning that the girls were out for an early drive, came down to smoke a peaceful cigar in the library before going to business. He was fairly in the room before he saw her—the most beautiful creature he had ever looked on, he thought—the sister of depraved Tige Rell! Her great eyes were lustrous with gladness, the savage in them asleep; the unrivaled carmine of her cheeks and lips was deepened by the morning air; tender little curls were blown about her face from the shining mass of black hair crowning her fine head. Too amazed to retreat, he might have stood there in awkward silence until she left the room, if Isabel had not rescued him by entering opportunely and performing the necessary introduction.

From that hour Allan was madly infatuated, and Shamir's fresh trouble began; for Isabel grew colder as her brother grew ardent. Shamir would gladly have decreed that young Crawford should never come into her presence again, if that would have saved the friendship. He never was anything to her except the brother of one who had called out the first worship of her life. But the shaft had already penetrated deeply, and the mutual affection of the two girls was dead.

On the day that Benford detained her to write an essay, Shamir was in an agony of mental suffering. While the others wrote, she sat, tense and moveless, by the window, living over the pain and shame of the past few weeks.

Only the morning before, she had come into school vexed and flushed because Allan Crawford had insisted on joining her in the street and walking with her to the Acad-

emy. When she entered, the bell had not sounded for study, and the older girls were gathered about a window of the senior hall. As she laid her books on her desk, a classmate made some teasing allusion to "Shamir's beau," and Isabel Crawford haughtily left the room. Letitia Levert, whose brother had shadowed Shamir's path many an afternoon, rebuked the would-be tease, and added, with coarse insolence, "Fortunately our brothers don't wish to *marry* every common creature they run after, even when she is vulgarly good looking and buxom." Fierce and instant warfare might have ensued had not bell tap, at that very minute, dispersed the students.

Not a waking moment of the thirty six hours since that coarse speech was uttered had the words of it, or the thoughts of it, been out of Shamir's mind. They drove her mad with bitterness and hatred, and she dashed stormily from one wild resolve to another. First, she would marry Allan Crawford, and, secure in the social position he could give his wife, despite any coldness of his family, she would defy them all. Again, she would laugh to scorn the base insinuations of Letitia Levert, and prove their hollowness by marrying her brother Réné. She knew that at but a word from her, young Levert would only too gladly bring a minister and a license to Rell's Island the next morning. But no! A fiercer nerve was touched, and she vowed revenge of a different sort. She would not stoop to marriage ties with any of blood that hated and scorned hers. She would only lure them on to moral and physical destruction, and let their haughty mothers and sisters reap a goodly harvest of anguish for their pride and their distrust.

Beaten back from this hideous determination, too, by some spiritual lash in her own nature, she wearily wondered what else was left. There was nothing but to go back to the Island, marry Red Jim, and join warring hands with him and her brothers against Riverton, Pembersly, and the world.

Still in the vortex of such whirling and chaotic thought, she did not hear the bell tap, nor notice that the other four students had passed in their compositions to the young master, and been dismissed to another department. She was only aroused by Benford's voice, as he stood at her side requiring her paper.

"I have written nothing," she said, looking up at him with defiance of the world and its every law darkening her eyes like a tempest cloud, while splotches of dull, sumac red stained her cheeks.

He stood in silence. She was the handsomest feminine thing he had ever seen; and, for all his young austerity, his heart was not an iron ribbed fortress. But yielding was no easier for him than for her.

"Then, Miss Rell, you will form a detention class of one, and remain after hours to write your paper."

"I shall not do it," she burst out tumultuously. "I am going to the Island. Nothing could make me remain another minute in this place. I loathe it!"

She started toward the doorway, but Benford forestalled her intention by taking his stand in it. She stamped her foot; and stood there facing him like some sinewy creature of the forest, brought to bay. His lips set in a resolute line, but for a moment he said nothing. Then, taking out his watch and regarding it earnestly, he broke the silence with his measured tones:

"It is four o'clock, the hour for dismissal. You will please be seated at a desk and write your exercise. As soon as you have finished, I shall be glad to excuse you."

With this he left the room. She was on the threshold ready to follow when she reflected what a scene it would make before the mocking students if Benford should stop her at the foot of the staircase, the one means of egress. She remembered the firm line of his lips, and a little steely gleam that she had seen flash out from his eyes sometimes. She was not afraid of him nor of the scene; but she was unwilling to afford her schoolmates the pleasing entertainment they would derive from such an exhibition. She would wait until they were gone.

Pacing the floor like a youthful tigress in first durance, she thought with anger and hatred of those who were going out from the halls below—creatures like herself in physical strength and youth and comeliness, but born under no wilderness brand, open to all gentle sentiments, friendship and love, compassion, happiness, sympathy, free comradeship with one another. Then her anger passed to Benford. How dared he keep her here in an atmosphere that stifled her? Coward that he was to contend with a girl!

Her anger became contempt, and, as she had wearied her body, she sat down again by the window, busied with ironical thoughts of the master. She had paid little heed to his qualities, physical or otherwise, during the few weeks of his rule, because she had been tensely occupied with painful emotions, and he had seemed to her only a piece of mechanism created to sit in a tall chair and ask questions on her daily lessons.

But now she recalled that he was rather small, and her lips curled in disdainful amusement to think how easily one of her great brothers or Red Jim Garrett could pick him up and drop him out of the window. She had never regarded men as a high order of creation, and she did not know many of their essential virtues; but one certainly was that they should be big and tall and strong limbed enough never to be afraid.

"He's only big enough to keep a girl in prison," she said scornfully, aloud. "Why, even Allan Crawford must be inches taller than he!"

She made note, in a sarcastic mental memorandum, of the nameless colorlessness of his hair and complexion, his thin and unmustached upper lip, and the repellent austerity of his square chin and stern jaw. She admitted, with resentment, a certain attraction in his clear gray eyes and honest brow, but passed quickly from this thought to another, which entertained her wonderfully. Catching up pen and paper, she hurried into a humorous lampoon, which she headed, "The Dominie of Riverton." She touched off all Benford's characteristics that she knew, sparing no little peculiarities in gesture, attitude, slight pendantry of speech, or other school room mannerism. It surprised her to find that she knew him so well when she had thought of him so little. When it was done to her satisfaction, she folded it and laid it conspicuously upon his desk, with only the superscription, "Shamir Rell's Composition."

Going to the staircase to listen, she could hear no sounds from below. It must be nearly five o'clock, and every student gone long ago. Why did he not come and say that she, too, could be excused? He was waiting—was he?—for her to come down humbly and say that her exercise was written, and might she go?

She began to cast about for some means of escape from such humiliation, and crossed to a window overlooking a retired part of the grounds. With the accurate eye of a barbarian, she measured the distance from the broad ledge without to a strong branch of the Spanish oak that towered beside it. Certainly she could do it, and without peril.

Resolution was scarcely speedier than action, and in a few moments the supple young animal was swinging herself from limb to limb of the oak, reaching the ground breathless, scratched, disheveled as to hair and attire, but exultant and ready to make good her flight across the campus to the girls' dormitories near by.

* * * *

It was Saturday of another week, and all was quiet and unstirring on the Riverton side of Rell's Island. No habitué ever so far forgot the significance of certain Saturdays in each season as to halloo for a ferryman between five o'clock in the morning and three in the afternoon, or even to row himself over, during those hours, in one of the numerous canoes that facilitated transportation across the river. In the minds of some law revering citizens of Pembersly and the adjoining counties, there existed a profound suspicion, moderately substantiated, that on these particular days, when quiet brooded over the Riverton front of the Island, "something was going on at the back stoop." It was an easy drop for the Friday night barges from the moonshining districts in the northern counties down to Rell's southeastern landing, and there was a tranquil and secret harbor for them in Canebrake Cove until Saturday night's friendly shadows invited them homeward. If the Rells must put a tariff on their drinks, on the one hand, because of that annual license, yet, on the other, who among their patrons could object to having the account balanced by buying chiefly spirits unsponsored by revenue officials?

Shamir had not returned to school since the tumultuous day which ended in her flight. She was sullenly resolved to put herself no more where insults such as Letitia's might sweep her suddenly into wild revenge. She knew how slender was her anchor chain, and she would not strain it to the danger point again, she told herself. Her anger against Benford had cooled until she could have laughed over it if other bitter things had let her laugh.

Her brother Sam came up the path from Canebrake Cove early on Saturday morning, and surlily called to Bob, who was lying in lazy ease, stretched in the sunshine behind some shrubs on the ledge overlooking the landing. Bob lifted his head.

"What's ahoy?"

"Oh, Tige's jagged at the wrong time, you know. He's rolled over, an' we're 'bleeged to have another hand in liftin' the kaigs. You come erlong an' le's trust Shamir to keep the landin' clean and rake the river if anybody's contrairy."

Bob came up, gave her the shot gun, and with some final directions to their sister, the brothers betook themselves to the Cove. For an hour she was left alone with her unserene thoughts, until she began to grow

drowsy, crouching there in the indolent spring sunshine. She settled herself into an easier posture, and perhaps was more than half asleep when the dip of an oar close at hand aroused her. Cautiously lifting her head, she peered through the shrubs. Carey Benford was rowing swiftly to the foot of the cliff. What could it mean? She felt instinctively that he was not coming for whisky; could it be on revenue investigation, then? Startled and wondering, she allowed his boat to touch the pebbles of the landing before she was mistress of herself again.

Benford sprang from the boat, dropped the chain, and started up the brown path, his heart beating quicker with eager expectation. At least he would see her again!

"Halt!" rang sharply from the ledge, as he was half way up the ascent. He looked up to find a shot gun's tube pointed straight at his head, and in very unpleasant proximity. But his nerves were not bad, and he looked beyond the gun's barrel into a pair of fine and flashing dark eyes.

"Your welcome, Miss Rell, is not wholly expected," he observed, with some natural asperity in his tones and glance.

"What do you want here?" she asked, keeping her aim true.

"Does every visitor of yours go through a hostile catechism under a battery like this?" he returned, unable not to think more of her eyes than of the shot gun.

"I have no visitors," she retorted. "And if you come for whisky, it is an off day. But if you come for any sort of spying, I beg you to push your boat out quickly and be off up the river at once."

He flushed angrily, affronted by either supposition; but as he comprehended the entire situation, his eyes softened, and he bent them tenderly on the girl's face.

"Put up your gun, Shamir. I shall go, merely because you wish it—for no other reason whatever. But I come neither for whisky nor spying. I am here solely to see you; to find out why you have not been at school, and to tell you how angry I am with myself whenever I think of the hazards of your escape by the window ledge. Yes—and also to return your sketch of 'The Dominie of Riverton'; it is quite too clever for any corrections."

He touched his hat respectfully to Shamir and the shot gun, and handed up her paper, which she took in silence. He turned back to his boat, but paused before pushing off.

"Will you not come back next week, Shamir?"

"No," she answered hotly; "I shall never come back. I hate everything there. But I hate everything here, too. Yet there—I shall do something terrible; they will drive me to it. Do not ask me to come back. It was not the composition. I am out of place in Riverton. I belong to the wilderness."

Another keen moment of insight came to him, and in a sweeping retrospect he saw what she must have suffered.

"I understand it now," he said, after a solemn space of silence. "Yet I do still ask you to return to school. I want you back for your sake and my own. You are too brave to be vanquished by any evil."

"Go," she cried tempestuously. "I do not care to have you talk to me of that—or anything. Go!"

Once more lifting his hat to her—this time with reverence—he pushed off from shore and sped away over the sunlit waters. His thoughts were in a whirl, but always uppermost was this: "My Shamir, my rose of the wilderness! The name they gave her is a thorn; but she is the sweetest thorn that ever pierced the heart of a man—sweetest and sharpest. I will not yield; I will transplant my thorn, and she shall blossom into the fairest flower of the world."

At roll call on Monday, Miss Rell quietly answered to her name with "Present. Week's absence: unavoidable," and resumed her school tasks as if no hiatus had occurred. But she no longer lodged at the Academy dormitories, having arranged to return to the Island every afternoon and cross each morning. Thus she was more isolated from her fellow students and the townspeople than before, a condition she had resolved on. She filled more of her hours with books, and called herself happier, trying to forget that a growing restlessness was upon her.

The spring days seemed to loiter, but were suddenly gone, and full summer brooded over the town and slept upon the languid river. The school session would close in one week, and Shamir could not perpetually fight down the painful thought of what would probably come next for her. Red Jim had announced, as he sat one sleepy afternoon among her brothers, when she joined the group momentarily to speak of some detail of domestic arrangement:

"Schooling's good, but she's had enough. Stop it when this is over, and get her ready to marry me. My cousin Black Jim's got fine heirs growing up around him, and it don't overjoy me to see that branch of our family flourishing so much above mine. I'll marry her when the July fishing's done."

"No, you will not," she broke in, with the old time scornful flash of eye and lifting of dimpling chin. But her heart stirred with the old dread, too, lest after all there was nothing else for her.

"Women folks' lips wuz made fur *no*, warn't they, Jim?" drawled Sam, and the girl left the room amid the laughter that followed.

It was only a day or two later that Carey Benford was walking with her again down the path that led to her own little boat, moored separately among the rushes. She had never let him row her over to the Island, but the walk she could scarcely deny him. He was talking with animation now, watching thirstily, meanwhile, for her rare smile. How beautiful beyond words she was, in his eyes! Through his talk of books, vagrant thoughts kept claiming half his mind, and he found himself wondering how she would look if he should suddenly ask her why she had sent Allan Crawford away with a breaking heart, or why young Levert was haughtily denied access to her presence. What lay behind the new rumor of her engagement to Red Jim Garrett? Would she hear indifferently, or would she look up with sweet regret in her eyes, if he should tell her today that he had accepted the chair of mathematics in a distant university, and would scarcely see Riverton again after the holidays?

She seemed deliciously subdued and gentle today; and, as he looked more and more often at her face, his talk of writers died, and softer words were near his lips. They had reached a turn in the path, but a brief distance from her boat's tiny harbor, when Red Jim Garrett stepped out from the shadows of the trees, and covered Benford with his rifle.

Shamir was too much accustomed to weapons, and even to bloodshed, to cry out or make any womanly demonstration. She stood still, and glanced keenly at the two men. Used to crises, she yet was able to recognize that this was a supreme one in her own existence. For one leaping heart beat she seemed to read, in a flashing but far reaching vision, how different a meaning life might hold for her if Carey were a man of action instead of merely a man of books. But Garrett was saying,

"You meekity vender of grammar and arithmetic learning, trot! Turn quick and trot back up that path without any Lot's wife performance. I've had something over and above enough of your walking down to this river with my girl, and you'll be securer on the wholeness of your hide if you keep your shadow a long and safe remove away from her path and mine, too, in the future. Face about and trot, I say!"

"I shall do no such thing," said Benford, with a steely blaze lighted in his clear gray eyes. "I shall not stir from this spot until I hear from Miss Rell herself as to the soundness of your claim upon her. But this much I will concede to you: if it had been possible for me to believe one instant that she was pledged to you, I should not even have desired to walk with her."

The irony was lost on Garrett, but not on her. Yet she stood there moveless, in varying anger, but with a growing amazement.

"Why don't you speak, girl, and tell the puppy that you've been promised to me nigh four years?" Red Jim asked sharply.

She looked at him with a steady scorn in her eyes; but she seemed a new creature, for she spoke calmly, with no fiery wrath hurtling out ill weighed words.

"Promised to you by whom, Jim Garrett? Have you ever had one word from me that could be twisted into a pledge?"

"You always knew that I took your nays for yeas. Ain't Bob and Sam and Tige owned to the engagement all the time, and been no end proud of it? What else do you suppose they educated you for? Did any of your female folks ever have schooling before? No; and you've got sense to know you'd have had none if I hadn't ordered it, and stood straight promising to marry you if they'd spend enough money on you to make a Rell fit for a Garrett that warn't quite up to mark. End your fooling, Shamir; it won't help this milksop, and it'll be the worse for you."

Combating the intense defiance in her eyes, the usually wary marksman forgot for one moment his rifle's aim. With a well measured leap, Benford threw himself on the other's breast, and they grappled.

Garrett lost in trying to keep his hold on the gun; for he judged, in a flash, that the schoolmaster thought to wrest this from him, catching him off guard. It could not occur to him that a light weight such as Benford would deliberately fling himself into a close combat with as powerful a man as himself, without trusting to weapons. Therefore, he grasped his rifle tightly, and watched for the knife which he expected his antagonist to attempt to draw.

But the collegian had tactics unknown to Red Jim's brawny strength. Straining yet more fiercely, the two rolled over together. That he had kept the record of first boxer and wrestler in his class for four years, counted for Benford, until they were

down in the dust together; but here, alas! Garrett's ponderous frame and powerful muscles regained for him what he had lost in the outset, and soon he was able to hurl Carey from his chest and throw himself across the prostrate young fellow.

It was plain that there could be only one issue to the fight now, and Shamir sprang forward to snatch Red Jim's gun. But even on the Island there was a code of honor—"One and one, and the best man whips"—and she could not bring herself to touch the weapon. She moved back a pace or two, hands clenched, eyes blazing, breast heaving, but not a sound crossing her lips.

With Benford in his power, Garrett relaxed a little to catch his breath. Fifteen years of steady imbibing, and many new layers of flesh, had not tended to make him longer winded. Benford suddenly made a feint of seizing the rifle, employing his left hand, whereupon Red Jim, in fresh alarm, grasped it with both his. His seemingly vanquished foe snatched at the opportunity, used a wrestler's dodge, with right hand and foot, and unbalanced the heavy weight. After an intense struggle of a few seconds he had Garrett down, and clutched his throat in a choking grasp.

When the ruffian finally ceased to resist, Benford wrenched the gun from his hand and arose. Breathless himself, and staggering with the faintness of fatigue, he dropped upon a fallen pine trunk, yet watching alertly the great figure lying there, repulsive with dirt and blood. He was ruefully conscious, even through his exhaustion and dizziness, that he himself must make little better appearance—and before the eyes of the one woman in the world!

Red Jim arose to a sitting posture, and Benford to his feet. With his eyes on the desperado, the latter fired the gun into mid air. When the smoke had slowly cleared, he said,

"Now, tell me, straight and square like a man, Mr. Garrett, if this issue is settled between us."

"Yes," answered Garrett doggedly, getting up and reaching for the rifle, which Carey extended to him. Taking it, he left the two where he had halted them nearly an hour before.

The schoolmaster, still a little dazed from exhaustion, again sat down on the pine log, and watched the burly figure retreating through the woodland shadows. Shamir had still spoken no word; but she ran down to a spring close at hand, and brought him her wet handkerchief and a gourdful of water. Then she broke her long silence.

"I must go now; they will be looking for my boat and me."

"Not yet, Shamir," said the young man. "Listen to me a little. I was about to tell you, when he interrupted us, that I love you and want you for my wife."

"No, no, no," she cried. "You forget who I am."

"I forget nothing," he returned; "but I am not afraid to remember."

"See," she went on, in fierce shame, still retreating from him, while the surges of hot blood swept up to her temples, "see what a little of my love has brought you to already. How, then, if you had it all?"

"Do you think," he broke in warmly, "that I am so pusillanimous as to be driven from you by any dread, or doubt, or fear? How if I had it all, you say? I must have it all, and all in all, my darling. I will take nothing else; and nothing but good shall come from it. I want you, my thorn rose! Come to me! I want you to blossom in my heart forever, and make glad all its desert places."

She shook her head still, but he would not have it so. He drew her to him and lifted her face to his ardent gaze, reading in her beautiful eyes that the savage was dead, with all the bitter shame and hate of the wilderness, but that a new Shamir was born into love and happiness and sweet human ties.

* * * *

A wedding at Rell's! Strangest of all strange things that the fair Southern sun had looked upon among the cliffs and canebrakes—the wedding of a beautiful, noble, and loving hearted woman to a man worthy of such a bride—on Rell's Island!

Shamir's bridal day dawned, fair and calm, in rose and pearl, sapphire and turquoise; a flawless day in a flawless month, June. She would be married on the Island, she said, and Benford was well pleased to take her literally from the wilderness to his heart. Before noon they would be on their northeastward journey; soon, in a new atmosphere, she should have nothing to remember but the sacredness and joy of their home nest and their love.

His deep eyes shining with the inward glory of dreams like this, Carey walked rapidly across the campus, in the early morning, to the deserted Academy, purposing to bring away a book he had left there at school close, a week before.

Meantime, over on the Island, Shamir, glad, too, with happy visions, had gone for a farewell walk down to her old jungle haunts by the Cove. She came back with

deepened color, and lustrous splendors in her great eyes. Finding the time short, she hastened to dress herself in a simple gray gown, whose nun-like severity only emphasized the majesty of her head and throat, while relieving the vivid warmth of her coloring; but she caught a red rose in her hair, and a cluster of them at her belt, as he had asked.

"Red roses bring misfortune to a bride," something seemed to whisper unexpectedly to her. She laughed away the sentiment as she recalled the foolish school girl story it belonged to; and the joy in her eyes grew more intense while she whispered to her heart that as her past had been all pain so should her future be all gladness. She sat down by an upper window to watch for his boat, when the last touch had been put to her attire. One came, and another, and another, but not his yet.

When half an hour had gone, she found a strange oppression creeping about her heart. Yet another boat still shot out from the pier, and she leaned far out to see, sure that this was his. Nearer, nearer, it came, and she began to distinguish the figures in it. She flushed rose red, as brides can but do; for she recognized the black coated, white cravatted minister. Carey must be just behind; something had detained him. She would go down and welcome the reverend man, for no one else on the Island would know how to receive him.

She was dazed when the clock struck eleven and no bridegroom had come. Ten was the hour for the ceremony. She left the minister sitting alone, staring uncomfortably first at floor, then ceiling; and she crept back to her little room, again straining her eyes, through minutes eternity long, across the glistening waters, at every stirring thing on the Riverton side. Bob called her below, and she hurried down. Red Jim was waiting in the entry, and her brother slipped away.

"Shamir," said Garrett, looking redder, more hairy, and more furtive eyed than ever, "I've just come, and found that the puppy's fooled you, as we all thought he would. But I'm willing to marry you yet. Don't let that blamed preacher go back and set the town talk and winks a-going; for Riverton's said all along there wouldn't be no wedding on Rell's Island. Keep him here thirty minutes, and I'll be back with the license."

But he cowered this time before the flames that leaped from her eyes, and, muttering some evil, left her there.

At twelve o'clock, Sam Rell, in ominous silence, rowed the minister back to Riverton. Near the landing, they met a boat starting over to the Island, and a wild eyed boy in it was carrying to Shamir the news that Benford's body had been found in the deserted schoolhouse; a pool of blood was beside it, and a dark wound in his chest showed where an assassin's bullet had done its ghastly work.

Blank ages seemed to roll over Shamir, as she lay in her lonely room, rigid, unsentient, but for one burning spot where all her blood appeared to be hurrying, in a molten vortex, to pour into her heart. It was dawn of another day when something impelled her to arise and stagger to the casement. Crouching there, she heard voices floating upward, but was too benumbed for any meaning to write itself on her brain at first.

"They've cut the bullet out, an' they're after his gun now. Ef it fits—"

She quivered with life again, and bent her ear for the drawling words with which Bob interrupted the speaker:

"Ef it was molded to fit, I reckin Red Jim an' his rifle'll be tackin' fur furrin ports afore the sun's well up. Canebrake Cove's a fine harbor to start f'um."

Through the darkness of her room, the rayonnant lights palpitated from her eyes once more; such lights as the tropical traveler shudders to find gleaming at him across jungly bamboo and cactus. Alive now, she sprang up, glided down the stairs without a sound, caught something from the rack, and, still wearing her bridal dress, gray like dawn, she slipped out and was merged in the morning mists.

But the Fates occasionally pause with shears half closed over the fatal thread.

Some one at the landing was hallooing excitedly as the girl started with swift stealth down the Cove path. She hesitated, then turned and advanced towards the cliff.

"What is it?" she called.

A voice swept upward to her, and the first glad light of morning seemed to cut through the mist at the same moment:

"I've come for Miss Rell. Carey Benford has revived since the surgeon's operation, and is begging to see her."

* * * *

After all, Riverton, and not the Island, had the wedding. But Shamir was too happy even to remember her earlier thoughts. Thenceforth the wilderness was to be nothing more than a vague memory to her, as of another existence; she was to learn the consecrated meaning of home loves and hearthstone ties.

Leonora Beck.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

OPERA IN RETROSPECT AND IN PROSPECT.

This year's supplementary opera season at the Metropolitan was a success, notwithstanding the warm weather and the absence of many opera goers from New York. Two striking events were a great night upon which Calvé sang "Carmen" in a manner which surpassed anything she had before given us, and the presentation of a truly magnificent diamond tiara to Mme. Nordica.

Every year this last singer gains new favor with American audiences. It may be mentioned incidentally that we hear no more of her engagement to Zoltan Doehme, the Hungarian tenor. It seems that the marriage, which has been so many times announced, is finally off entirely.

It is said that next season the supplementary season will be given up, and its place taken by a company of German singers, under Pollini of the Stadt Theater in Hamburg. Some of Abbey & Grau's artists may be engaged with these, but more probably not. But as the singers who came over to sing in German opera this year have been allowed to go, it being found that performances in German were not pleasing to the general opera goer, Director Pollini might do well to think twice before engaging Van Dyck to come at two thousand dollars a night.

Walter Damrosch lost money, but it was chiefly in the South. He thinks that his company may do better next year; but it will probably take another decade to educate the Americans of the South and West to care for Wagner—at least in paying quantities. Mr. Damrosch has been trying to obtain guarantees from some of the Western cities. St. Louis is said to have responded with eight thousand dollars, although the company lost heavily there last winter.

We shall again have Mancinelli as a conductor next season. It was a serious disappointment to his many friends and admirers here that he did not come back this season, and he was no less missed by the managers. But as a composer, he has no reason to regret his season's retirement. The success of his opera, for which Boito supplied the libretto, is practically assured, although Albani was cast for its first performance in Norwich. Later, at Covent Garden, it will be in the hands of Melba and the de Reszkes, and its full beauties will be discovered.

The subject is "Hero and Leander," and we have a right to expect a poem from that ambitionless man of talent, Arrigo Boito. He seems to care more for assisting at other men's triumphs than for creating works of his own. Without him, Verdi's genius would never have reached its full development in later years. "Otello" and "Falstaff" are great in their librettos as in their scores. In his verse, and also in his own music, Boito shows the dreaminess of the North and the passion of the South, and a wide culture.

It is becoming more and more difficult to understand why Albani should be cast for any important rôle; for her voice is a thing of the past. Her career is a continual reminder that a reputation will carry a singer through many failures. It appears to give her a momentum which cannot be checked until a new generation of hearers comes upon the scene. Can it be that after all we have no genuine ear for music, and take the opinions of critics, who grow so fond of a signer whose reputation they have once helped to make that they will never destroy what they have created?

EAMES' STAR IN THE ASCENDANT.

It is probable that Mme. Eames will be able to do a little dictating upon her own account next year, so notably has she heightened her reputation in Europe. At one time it was rumored that she would not come back here unless she possessed the exclusive right to certain rôles. This was not true, but she did stipulate that such a right should be given to no one else. *Juliet*, *Elsa*, and *Marguerite* are the rôles in which Mme. Eames has made her great successes. If she is to see these the property of other singers, she is at once placed in a second rate position.

Her independent stand last winter was abundantly rewarded. She was one of the few prima donnas of her rank whom Abbey & Grau and Damrosch left on the other side. The field was before her, and she reaped not only a golden harvest, but such prestige as would have been impossible under existing conditions in America. She has realized her powers.

LEONCAVALLO'S EARLY STRUGGLES.

The success of Leoncavallo's "Thomas Chatterton," produced in Rome a few weeks ago, recalls the early history of the opera. Leoncavallo is popularly known by his two act opera, "I Pagliacci," but "Thomas Chatterton" was written long years before the conception of the showman stabbing his wife in earnest as the climax of a play had come to him. It was the young man's first work, and, as is usually the case, it proved almost impossible to find a manager who would produce it. At last he paid a man three thousand francs to bring it out, with the result that he never saw money or manager again. Finally, poverty and stress of circumstances compelled him to sell it for about sixty dollars; but after fame had come to him, he was able to find it again, revise it, and put it properly upon the stage. It is full of a dramatic interest which is amazing when we realize the youth of its author.

Leoncavallo, like Boito, is a man of letters as well as a musician, writing all of his own librettos, and these are usually a trifle more original than his music, which is as full of plagiarisms as of cleverness.

AT THE SHRINE OF WAGNER.

The lovers of Wagner who go to Bayreuth this season will see produced there, for the first time in twenty years, "Der Ring der Nibelungen." The opera was given at the opening of the Bayreuth festivals, but it was found necessary, shortly afterwards, to sell the scenery and costumes to pay expenses.

There are no great singers promised at the festival this year. Frau Wagner appears to consider that the name of Bayreuth, and the management of herself and her son, are a sufficient guarantee that the performances will be artistic. For the scenery and accessories, however, she has gone to a good deal of expense. The horses in the "Walküre" are to be shod with rubber and trained to make some sort of showing. It is said that Frau Wagner thought of having the warlike sisters pictured from a magic lantern, to get a realistic rendering of their appearance from the sky.

Jean de Reszke was expected to sing *Tristan* at Bayreuth this season. It is said that it was one of his ambitions to do so, and that he learned German for this special purpose, but now we are informed that Frau Wagner has not invited him.

GOLDMARK'S "CRICKET."

Goldmark's last opera has for its libretto a free version of Charles Dickens' "Cricket on the Hearth." It will seem to England and America something like "Hamlet" minus the *Prince of Denmark*, for *Caleb Plummer* has been left out. The whole story has been radically changed, and to our ideas there seems nothing suitable for an opera in it; but Goldmark has made for it a score which requires as much orchestration as one of the Nibelungen dramas. The libretto is uninteresting and weak, but the music is a different story altogether. There is not one *motif* which is not fresh, original, full of life. It comes at a time when few even passably good scores are being written, and its value is great to the musical world.

THE ECLIPSE OF A NEW STAR.

Mascagni has brought forth another failure. They built those triumphal arches in his native town a little prematurely. Up to this time "Cavalleria Rusticana" is his only worthy work, and the critics of a bygone day, those who did not "discover" him, are crying "I told you so!"

His new opera, "Zanetto," is founded upon Coppée's "Le Passant." It is said to be fairly creditable musically, but exceedingly slight. There is only one noteworthy scene—one that takes place between the soprano and the mezzo soprano, the latter of whom assumes a masculine rôle.

But Mascagni had the triumphs of a lifetime compressed into a few years.

"HANSEL UND GRETEL."

When Humperdinck in "Hansel und Gretel" applied the methods of Wagner to a familiar old *Hausmärchen*, he could not have anticipated that it would make the best record as a popular piece which any German opera has ever enjoyed. The opera ran a hundred times in Berlin in eighteen months. In September, 1894, the opera was produced fourteen times in the empire; in the following December, 248 times; and it has been given nearly two thousand times in the past year. In Russia they are going wild over it, three theaters in Moscow producing it at one time.

Here in America it was regarded as rather childish—a sort of fairy play. It was not very well produced, no singers of any note taking part in it; and managers are beginning to learn that in nine cases out of ten it is the singer and not the opera that is the listener's first thought.

A FAIRY TALE WITHOUT WORDS.

Vienna has produced a child prodigy of whom a story is told which is so good that it is to be hoped her fame does not die down and leave it out of the biographies.

She is a pianist named Paula Szalit. Johannes Brahms has taken her as a protegée, and spends hours with her. The child is hardly more than an infant, and the other day the famous musician took her on his knee and told her a quaint old fairy tale. She looked at him with curious eyes as he unfolded the story, and when it was ended still sat staring at him.

"Do you understand it?" he asked.

She slipped down, went to the piano stool, and began to let her baby hands wander over the keys. She was repeating it. When she had finished, Brahms stood with his eyes filled with tears.

FOR STUDENTS OF CHOPIN.

An interesting book for music students is the English edition of Jean Kleczynski's studies of Chopin. These have been translated and added to by Natalie Janotha, who first delivered them as a course of lectures, and then published them under the title of "Chopin's Greater Works."

Miss Janotha is not so well known in this country as in Europe, though she has been spending the winter and spring in America. Mr. Gladstone, who has not left music out of his far reaching studies, wrote to his daughter, Mrs. Drew, "I am extremely glad to hear that Miss Janotha is giving her aid to the interpretation of Chopin, whom she so deeply venerates, for I feel sure that no one living is more competent to do it."

The translator wishes it understood that her book is no study of musical feeling or style, but simply of technical execution, of mechanism. Chopin's style is seemingly simple, yet it requires the highest art to interpret his work successfully. Some of the difficulties

Miss Janotha has tried to obviate by her clear analysis.

NORWAY'S GREAT MUSICIAN.

No pianist writing today is more individual, gives more truly the note of his national temperament, than Eduard Grieg. His works should be familiar to every student who has dreams of composing, not that their methods may be imitated, but because they show how the inmost spirit of a country may be translated into exquisite sounds. Grieg is as true to Norway as if he painted pictures of her mountains and fjords, or described the passions of her people.

He has just finished a new pianoforte quartet which is spoken of with enthusiasm by all who have heard it. He will visit England during the summer, and take to the musical world there his variations on an old and popular Norwegian theme called "Legende," which was produced in Copenhagen not long ago.

Grieg is a friend of the reigning family of Denmark, whose queen is one of the best royal musicians in Europe. The French Republic lately conferred upon him the knighthood of the Legion of Honor.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN AGAIN.

"The Grand Duke," Gilbert and Sullivan's last opera, proves again that these two men are to be found at their best only when they are working together.

"The Grand Duke" may not have the elements which made "Patience" and "Pinafore" loved—at least, not in such quantities—but it has the old dash and spirit and really humorous fun, with a bit of harmless satire here and there. One never knows exactly to whom this is due. It does not seem to appear when the two craftsmen work with others. The music is mischievous when the *Chamberlains* sing their chorus, and when the "wealthy members of the brewing interest, to the peerage elevated," gather in. Sir Arthur Sullivan has the talent for modern comic opera, and is almost alone in his field—when he has Mr. Gilbert to select his themes.

THE SINGER OF MANY FAREWELLS.

Patti has been on the Riviera all spring, and will sing in England in her usual concert tour. Her home at Craig-y-Nos, which she was once so eager to sell, seems to become dearer to her as she grows older, and she stays there for longer and longer periods, but almost always with a party of friends who can be actors and audience in her little theater. She herself is beginning to realize that her voice is not what it once was, and she will probably never again appear in opera.

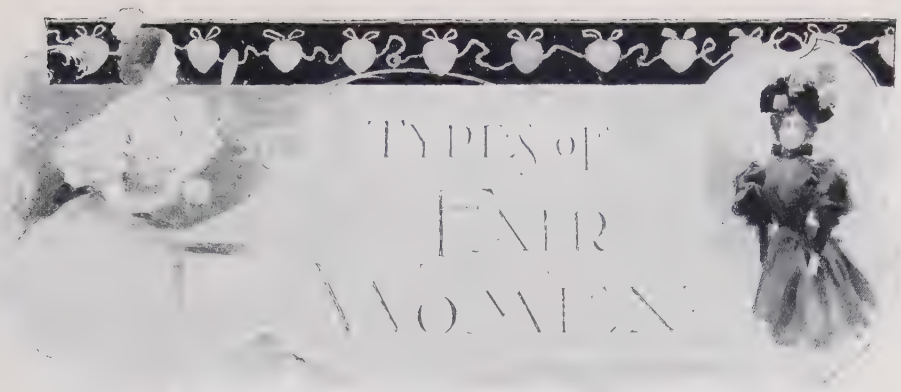
THE QUESTION OF ENCORES.

We spoke last month of Joseffy's reappearance after a silence of five years. An incident of the famous pianist's return to the world of music brought to a head the much agitated subject of encores. The craze for repetitions and additions has gone to silly extremes with us, and there is something ridiculously businesslike in the way an American audience rolls up its sleeves and proceeds to pound its palms raw in order to extort the last possible extra performance from an artist. On his first appearance in New York the frantic audience compelled Joseffy to play an encore before it would allow the orchestra to go on with the next number. On his second appearance he was forearmed, and could be induced to respond with nothing more artistic than a long series of graceful bows. Mr. Walter Damrosch finally took his place and signaled the orchestra to be ready for the next selection. Still the audience applauded stormily. After a short wait the orchestra struck up, but its music was drowned by the increased fury of the applause. At length the conductor was compelled to rap for silence. Then he rebuked the audience with a severity not conveyed in his well chosen words. He said that the concerto was a very exhausting performance, and that it was a privilege of genius to decline encores. "So," he added, "it is surely bad taste on *our* part to insist." Then the audience permitted the concert to proceed.

When the encore fiend carries his mania to the point of bulldozing obstruction, it is time to call a halt. But there is too common a tendency to condemn a good thing *in toto* on account of the evil of its abuse. It is true, perhaps, that such obliging geniuses as Paderewski have spoiled their audiences; yet a request for an encore is generally both natural and justifiable. A great composition interpreted by a master sets an audience completely *en rapport* with the personality of the artist, and inspires it with a sort of musical ozone. At the end of such a display piece, an audience is unwilling to be dropped back into the formal air of the ordinary concert hall. It is hungry for further spiritual exaltation, or at least a gradual letting down into dull silence. Such a feeling is the highest tribute to the magnetism of the artist, who should himself feel the same atmosphere, and be as reluctant to cease his flight upon the wings of music as the audience is to accept silence. This feeling surely explains the "indulgence" of many great pianists and singers.

Mr. Joseffy further objected that no encore could be found suitable for the spirit of the Brahms concerto. If this were true, he ought to have played last, and not allowed the orchestra to follow him with a piece of different tone. But contrast has the highest artistic possibilities. The concerto itself depicted several different moods with abrupt changes.

At the same time, the question of fatigue to the performer is an important one. Few people realize what a muscular feat a concerto is, with its thousands of blows and sweeps; and what a nervous feat it is with its infinite shadings and emotions. When an audience finds the performer unwilling to play again—and this is easily discoverable—it is flagrant discourtesy to try compulsion. Yet the justification of the encore lover should not be forgotten in the denunciation of the encore fiend.



In these enlightened days, when we are taught philosophy in the kindergarten and made to apply it to everything in creation, it is one of our first lessons that the history of a country's mental life can be better understood by studying the features of its inhabitants. The types that are representative are considered beautiful, and are preserved by the survival of the fittest.

America has reason to congratulate herself upon the change in her ideal beauties, if this be true. The "Book of Beauty" woman, with her sloping shoulders, her eyes larger than her mouth, her curls, and her simper, would be lost in our healthy "rose bud garden of girls," where loveliness holds the same meaning that was put upon it in the days of Greece's ancient

Miss Lillian Yarbrough.

From a photograph by Homeier & Clark, Richmond.

Miss Virginia Drewry.

From a photograph by Homeier & Clark, Richmond.

glory. But our beauties have something seldom possessed by those classic maidens who could run races and play ball. They add to physical comeliness the fire of intelligence, and an understanding of their own powers. Nearly every woman who has become famous for her beauty in our time owns some other attraction which goes to make it potent. Between our modern belle and her classic prototype, there is the same difference as that between a full, rich dahlia and a brilliant, perfume laden rose.

Although Miss Lillian Yarbrough, of Richmond, is one of the beauties of her native Virginia, she is always first spoken of as a singer whose voice could make her famous in the great outside world as it has already in the social sphere she knows. Miss Yarbrough, who is the daughter of an old Virginia family, only made her début two years ago. She is a descendant of one of the English gentlemen who left family and friends behind to make Virginia the proudest colony ever planted by the mother

Miss Nellie Mayo.

From a photograph.

Mrs. J. Lee Tailer.

From a photograph by Cummins, Baltimore.

country, a place where stately old traditions and pride of race came in time to be more regarded than in England itself, creating an influence which has been potent in American history, as well as in the creation of brave men and beautiful women.

Miss Virginia Drewry, daughter of Clay Drewry, and niece of Major A. H. Drewry, is the chatelaine of old Westover, the former home of William Byrd, which we illustrated among the historic Virginia homes a few months ago. She is a fitting representative of the train of fair women who have danced in this ancient house, and whose girlhood and womanhood were lived here.

Miss Nellie Mayo, a third Virginian, is famed as one of the handsomest girls ever "raised" in the old Dominion. It is difficult to tell the full meaning of such a phrase by a printed portrait. Paper and ink, or even canvas and paint, are cold mediums by which to transfer the charm of a true daughter of the South. Miss Mayo is the granddaughter of Henry A. Wise, and she has inherited the magnetism that made him one of Virginia's favorite sons and most famous governors. She is very tall, with a fine figure and commanding carriage.

Almost every year some Southern girl marries into New York society. With the friendliness born of constant association with people who have known her family

for generations, she usually makes her way into the hearts of the most worldly, and takes a position which no other stranger ever expects to gain. One of the latest of these is Mrs. J. Lee Tailer, who was Miss Marie Stirling, a daughter of Commander Yates Stirling of the United States Navy. Mr. Tailer belonged to the list of handsome and clever young New Yorkers. He is the only son of Robert W. Tailer, and was born with the traditional gold spoon. Young Mrs. Tailer has the Titian type of loveliness. Her hair is ruddy blond, and her skin very fair. Since her marriage she has been one of the conspicuous young married women of the metropolis, her softness of manner and beautiful dignity bringing her great popularity as well as admiration.

Mrs. Reginald de Koven, the wife of the well known composer, shines by no means by reflected light. She was one of several beautiful sisters, the daughters of Senator Farwell of Chicago. Another is Mrs. Hobart Chatfield-Taylor. Mrs. de Koven has made New York her home for several years, and her house on Irving Place is noted for its unique entertainments. It was Mrs. de Koven who first arranged that series of Sunday night musicales where so many famous artists have been seen. She is a musician who thoroughly understands and appreciates the best masters, and has

Mrs. Reginald de Koven

From the portrait by Mrs. Leslie Cotton.

The Princess of Pless.

From a photograph by Mendelssohn, London.

given real assistance to her clever husband. Nor does she confine her talents to her personal friends. In "A Sawdust Doll," which she published last year, she gave a very clever picture of social life, with a fund of rather cynical observation and comment.

As Miss Cornwallis West, the Princess of Pless came into London society with what has generally been a handicap to a young girl. Her mother had been, and was still, what is known in England as a "professional beauty." Mrs. Cornwallis West belonged to the decade in which Mrs. Langtry rose to fame, and these two were rival beauties. The former was not a woman of great family or wealth, but she had the qualities which make success. Her husband was appointed lord lieutenant of one of the Welsh counties, and for a time he and his wife were not so regularly in London. Then they came back again, bringing a daughter of seventeen, whom they launched in society at an age when most English girls are in the school room.

Mr. Ward McAllister used to say that the younger a girl married the better match she made, and Mrs. Cornwallis West appeared to be of the same opinion. Within a very short time the young beauty, who was a second edition of her mother, married a "serene highness" who had wealth as well as a princely title.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

THREE ROYAL BRIDES.

The gilt edged pages of the "Almanach de Gotha" are to be enriched with three more royal weddings. Two of the high contracting parties are grandchildren of old King Christian of Denmark, whose family is already allied to nearly every court in Europe—Prince Carl, who is to marry his first cousin, Maud of Wales; and his sister Louise, who is to wed a German princeling, Frederick of Schaumburg Lippe.

Both of these are said to be love matches, and for once the statement is probably true. Neither has any political import, though there is a faint possibility that Princess Maud's wedding may one day bring her the Danish crown. Her bridegroom is the second son of the present crown prince, and the brother who stands between him and the direct line of succession is unmarried. Prince Carl is a year younger than his bride, but to compensate for this he is a foot taller —though he is several inches shorter than his brother Christian, who is the tallest man

Prince Carl of Denmark and Princess Maud of Wales.

From a photograph by Downey, London.

in the Danish army. Carl is now serving in the navy as a first lieutenant. Rumor once selected him as the destined consort of the girl queen of Holland; but from boyhood he has been the special "chum" of his cousin, whom he met every summer when the Princess of Wales brought her children to visit her old home in Denmark. described as a handsome young officer with no special prospect of political or military eminence. His home is Vienna.

The third marriage is remarkable as linking the ancient royalty of France with a name famous in the annals of the second empire and the third republic. The foremost heirs of the Bourbon line are now the

Princess Louise of Denmark.
From a photograph by Hohlenberg, Copenhagen.

Princess Maud—or "Harry" as she is nicknamed—is something of a "new woman," and the brightest member of the English royal family. She will be an acquisition to the quiet court circle of Copenhagen, where she is to settle after her marriage in July.

In gaining one princess, Denmark will lose another. Louise, the crown prince's eldest daughter, is a girl of twenty one, with the family characteristics of a tall, commanding figure and a fresh, healthy complexion. Her betrothed, whom she met while visiting in Germany, is a lieutenant in an Austrian cavalry regiment, and is two sons of the late Count of Paris—the Duke of Orleans and his brother Ferdinand—and Prince Henry, son of the count's brother, the Duke of Chartres. A sister of the Duke of Orleans is Queen of Portugal, and another may one day be Queen of Italy. Now the Princess Marguerite, daughter of the Duke of Chartres, is married to Patrice de MacMahon, Duke of Magenta, eldest son of Napoleon III's famous marshal, who was also president of the third republic. As head of the Bourbon family, the Duke of Orleans is reported as giving his formal consent to the match

"in a letter full of sentiments of affection and patriotism." He probably regards it as strengthening his position as a claimant of the throne from which his great grandfather was expelled; but the supporters of the existing régime are not likely to see in it any cause for alarm.

Princess Marguerite of Orleans.

From a photograph by Byrne, Richmond, England.

A MAGNATE OF COLOR.

A strange chapter of history is that of the island of Hispaniola, almost the first land discovered by Columbus, and now divided between the Afro American states of Hayti and Santo Domingo.

There is a marked difference between the peoples of these two so called republics. The Haytians are very dark skinned negroes, whose language is French; the Dominicans are considerably whiter, and speak Spanish. So far as morals and progress go, the advantage seems to be with the latter. The Dominicans have had the wit to discover that there is much good in the white man, and that his presence means thrift, money, civilization. On the other side of the boundary line, he is merely tolerated, and is made to feel that his room is much preferred to his company.

A New York merchant, who has had commercial relations with Santo Domingo for many years, gave it as his opinion that President Heureaux was the most re-

markable man he ever met; inasmuch, he explained, as the statesman in question has no conscientious scruples, is apparently devoid of moral sense, and without fear of God or man. A soldier of fortune, born about fifty years ago in one of the British islands, he has fought his own way to his present position. Having won it by the sword, he has held it by the same means. He owns and controls the lives of all his subjects. No one dares defy his wishes. He fills the jails with subjects, one day; delivers them to freedom the next, at his own caprice, or shoots a man or two, just to make the weight of his authority felt.

President Heureaux of Santo Domingo.
Drawn by J. M. Gleeson from a photograph.

He is a man of magnetic presence, modest in his bearing; slow of speech, but capable of expressing himself, and well, in English, Spanish, and French. It cannot be said of him that he has undertaken any great reforms, or has entered upon any enterprise for the good of his abject subjects. He has delivered over the customs duties of his island to a syndicate, which doles out to him and his friends a certain amount at stated periods, and retains the rest for its trouble of "running the country." This agreement being terminable only by an open rupture—of which he is capable, when it shall suit his purpose—he is always on the lookout for new schemes whereby he may replenish his impoverished exchequer. Whatever public project may be brought before him, he is likely to inquire as to what "there is in it" for him.

There are two railroads in the island, both built by foreign capital; and several sugar plantations, whose proprietors alone know what their concessions cost them, but do not know when those concessions may be terminated. The roads of the republic are almost as wretched as those of Hayti, which are the worst in the world. Its priceless antiquities, relics of the earliest period of European colonization of America, are allowed to go to utter ruin, or exploited for the sake of gain. The grasping hand of covetousness without ability to create, of oppression without the will to revivify, is stretched out over all this fair land.

"SILVER DOLLAR" BLAND.

Richard P. Bland, whom Missouri is to present at the Chicago convention as her "favorite son," is the logical Presidential candidate of the supporters of free silver coinage. His services to the cause of the white metal have been great; and whatever his subsequent career, he will be remembered in history as the chief author of the measure which, since its passage over President Hayes' veto in 1878, has caused the government to issue something like half a billion of the "cart wheel" dollars.

In early life Mr. Bland spent several years upon the Pacific slope, where he was interested in California and Nevada mines. That is where he got his first ideas on silver. Afterward, when he was sent to the Forty Third Congress from Missouri, he made the coin-

Richard B. Bland of Missouri.

From a photograph by Drenkel, Aspen, Colorado.

age a study, and as chairman of the House committee on coinage, weights, and measures, he became identified in the public mind with the silver question. During his long service at Washington he confirmed his reputation by persistent championing of his favorite cause. He failed of reëlection to the present Congress, but this was not due to his political principles. He was caught in the Republican landslide of 1894, and buried with a great many others.

Mr. Bland is not an orator, though he is a nimble tongued advocate. He is a man of medium stature, who dresses plainly in the conventional "statesman's" costume of black frock coat and gray striped trousers. His voice is rather low and not at all musical, and he speaks in a monotone. By profession he is a lawyer, but he has been in public life for more than twenty years. His first office was that of county treasurer of Carson County, Utah, before Nevada was split off from the Territory and made a State. Since his retirement from Congress he has done some lecturing on political subjects, and has been well received in the States where his views find general sympathy.

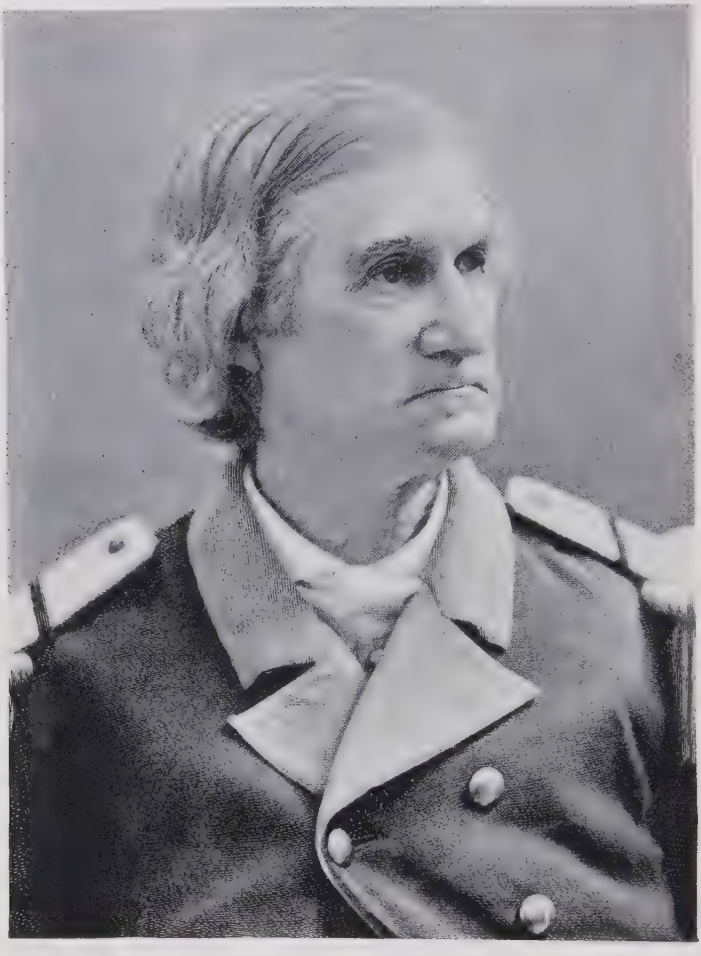
A KINSMAN OF WASHINGTON.

One of the picturesque personalities of Washington is Colonel Ebenezer Burges Ball, who claims to be the nearest surviving kinsman of George Washington. His personal resemblance to the First President is very marked, and is strongly emphasized in the portrait engraved herewith, showing him in the uniform of the Continental Guards, of which body he is an honorary member. "George Washington," says Colonel Ball, "got his looks from his mother, Mary Ball, and I got mine from the same side. When foreigners see my photograph, they always mistake it for a picture of Cousin George."

Colonel Ball's grandfather, Colonel Burges Ball of Virginia, sank his whole fortune in raising a troop for the Revolutionary army. He was Washington's close friend and cousin, related to him through three lines of cousinship; and he added a fourth bond of kinship by marrying the general's of '49, and where he spent seventeen years. He is now a stalwart veteran of almost four score, who has never found time to marry.

UNCLE SAM'S CHIEF DETECTIVE.

It is believed that the public is more secure against counterfeit money at the present time than ever before. Much of the credit for this desirable result is attributed to the skill and energy with which William P. Hazen, chief of the United States secret service, has warred upon counterfeiters during his two years' tenure of his office.



Colonel Ebenezer Burges Ball.

niece, Frances Washington. The three sons of this marriage were George Washington Ball, who commanded a company of cavalry in the war of 1812, and died of camp fever, unmarried ; Lafayette Ball, whose son, Captain George Washington Ball, is now living in Washington ; and Charles Burges Ball, father of the late Judge Ball, of Richmond, and of Colonel Ball.

Colonel Ball was one of the pioneers of the Pacific coast, to which he made his way five years before the adventurous Argonauts

Mr. Hazen may be called a post graduate detective. His father was for many years in the service of one of the great express companies, his sphere of operations extending throughout the West. These companies

William P. Hazen, Chief of the United States Secret Service.

make it a rule, as a matter of principle and of policy, never to allow a thief to escape. No matter what the cost—even should it be ten times the sum stolen—no matter what the effort or the lapse of time, the robber is run down if human ingenuity can find him anywhere on earth's surface. Trained in this atmosphere of deadly hostility to crime, and with twenty years' experience in his special line of work, Mr. Hazen was recommended to President Cleveland as the right man to head the government's unending campaign against the forgers of money; and since his appointment, in February, 1894, he has made a remarkable record of captures and convictions. He is an Ohioan, and a little less than forty years old.

The counterfeiter is probably the shrewdest of criminals. He is almost always a man of education, prepared to match the government's precautions with the latest devices of science. Only death or imprisonment will suspend his criminal activity; once a counterfeiter always a counterfeiter. To discover his operations, the keenest vigilance is needful; to fasten his crime upon its author, and secure his conviction, requires the very acme of detective skill. In this difficult service, Chief Hazen commands a small army of men, stationed in every large American city. He has brought their discipline and organization to perfection, and it is thought that he is likely to be retained in his present office without regard to the political complexion of the next administration.

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN SENATOR.

Shutting speculation out of business is a good rule, which sometimes has expensive

exceptions. It cost Senator Teller a fortune some years ago. When he was practising law in Colorado, he was asked to undertake a case involving the title to an undeveloped mine, and to accept an interest in the property as his fee. Mr. Teller replied that he would prefer payment in cash, and his client scraped up enough money to give him a small retainer. He won the case, the mine was opened up, and it proved a bonanza that made its owner rich.

Mr. Teller has been reasonably successful in other ventures—principally gold mines—in which he has been interested. Though never a practical miner, he claims to be a good judge of mines, and says that he has examined more of them than most mining experts. He swears by Colorado as the richest mineral State in the Union. He is known as one of the foremost advocates of the free coinage of silver, but he declares that though his party refuses to accept his favorite doctrine he intends to remain a Republican to the end of the chapter.

Under President Arthur, Mr. Teller left the Senate to become secretary of the interior, returning to his old post when his term in the cabinet ended. As a speaker he is forceful and voluminous rather than graceful; when he launches forth upon the currency, or upon Indian or Territorial questions—on all of which he is a recognized authority—his earnest eloquence has been compared by irreverent critics to the music of a buzz saw. But he has an excellent record as an official and a legislator, and is popular at Washington and in the West.

Henry M. Teller, United States Senator from Colorado.
From a photograph by Parker, Washington.

A PROTECTIONIST CHAMPION.

In hailing Governor McKinley as the one apostle par excellence of protection, the American public displays a lack of knowledge of recent Congressional history. Any

Nelson W. Aldrich, United States Senator from Rhode Island

From a photograph by Horton, Providence.

one familiar with that not very abstruse topic is aware that Mr. McKinley's special identification with the bill that bears his name was due largely to impersonal circumstances; that he was by no means its sole author, and that Nelson Aldrich, who steered it through the difficult waters of the upper chamber, had much more to do with the final shape of the measure than he. The Rhode Island Senator sat behind his desk every day for weeks, defending the proposed schedules against attacks from all quarters, accepting an amendment here and rejecting another there; and what left his hands was a different bill from the original draft—of which Mr. Blaine had said that it failed to open a market for an additional bushel of wheat or barrel of pork. Mr. Aldrich is regarded, by those best qualified to judge, as the first Republican authority upon the tariff question; and if he came from a more influential State he might now be a leading Presidential candidate. It was the same consideration of geographical expediency that once intervened to disqualify him for the Treasury portfolio.

Mr. Aldrich has sat in the Senate for fifteen years. He is not an orator. He is a plain, straightforward business man of the best American type. What he has to say he says tersely, simply, sometimes awkwardly; but he is always heard with respect, and his colleagues care more for the substance of his speeches than for the manner of their delivery. He was a wholesale dealer in groceries before he entered the Senate. Within the last two or three years he has become interested in street railroading. He is president of a company which has acquired control of a "trolley" system that gridirons the State of Rhode Island. This new enterprise promises to make Mr. Aldrich a rich man—a condition he has not known before.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK

THE SPRING EXHIBITIONS.

In the spring, as the poet tells us, a livelier iris glistens on the burnished dove. Still more brilliant are the hues that blossom forth on the walls of the art galleries where the painters set their work before a more or less admiring public. On the other side of the Atlantic, Paris has her two Salons; London her Royal Academy. Munich, Berlin, Vienna, and other capitals boast their national displays, and minor and provincial exhibitions are almost innumerable. Even from so far off a spot as Tunis, not long reclaimed from barbarism, the "In-

"Primrose."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by R. Collin.

"Good By, Summer!"

From the painting by Walter Satterlee.

"Three Friends"

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by Miss Elizabeth Gardner.

stitute of Carthage" announces in a Paris gazette that it is about to hold its annual exposition.

American artists make no showing of their work comparable to the Salons or the Royal Academy. A generation hence, possibly, we may be able to institute such a comparison. It would be less impossible today, if our art world centered at a single point as France's centers in Paris and England's in London. With us, New York claims, and no doubt deserves, the primacy ;

"Evening."

From an engraving by Ad. Huot after the painting by J. Lefevre—Copyrighted by William Schaus, New York.

but there is a clash between her and her sister cities—a clash that is in some aspects a healthy rivalry, and in others a source of weakness. Philadelphia and Boston have their old established schools; the West has its active and growing interests; and none of them has any very close fellowship with the metropolis. The artistic societies of New York consist almost solely of New York painters, and to their exhibitions comparatively few pictures are sent from other cities. The catalogue of the display that closed last month at the National Academy showed a total of 276 exhibitors, of whom

"The Vision of Joan of Arc."
From the painting by P. Lafon.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO. 257 FIFTH A.E., NEW YORK.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CO., 257 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

"The Music of Olden Days."

From the painting by F. A. Bridgman.

"An Offering to the Household Gods."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by Diana Coomans.

209 resided in New York and its immediate suburbs; Boston contributed thirteen, Philadelphia seven, Chicago two; only eight hailed from beyond the Alleghanies. At the American Artists', of 155 exhibitors just 100 were New Yorkers, and but four from the wide West, against nine from France.

It may be added that both of these, the two chief exhibitions of the year in the metropolis, contained sufficient evidence of

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO., 257 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

"The Straw Hat."

From the painting by Jacques Blanche.

"A Daughter of Bohemia."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by A. Delobbe.

the technical excellence of American art at its best. The American Artists' work was decidedly the more brilliant, as well as more uniform, while the Academy display was the more comprehensive, interesting, and popular—wherein each institution maintained its traditional character and policy. The Academy, as usual, illustrated the progress American art has made since the days of its senior members; the American artists showed the splendid work of a single coterie, the Franco American school.

"Lost Illusions."

From the painting by Charles Gabriel Gleyre.

PATRIOTIC SOCIETIES OF THE CIVIL WAR.

THE FEDERAL VETERANS' ASSOCIATIONS THAT PRESERVE THE MEMORIES OF BATTLE-FIELD AND CAMP FIRE—THEIR NUMBERS AND INFLUENCE, THEIR INSIGNIA, AND THEIR AUXILIARY SOCIETIES

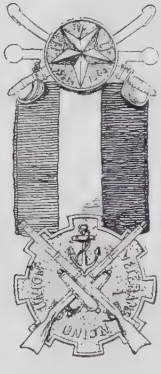
THE 15th of April, 1865, was a sad day in the history of the United States. Grief, deep and earnest, had taken the place of the joy of victory. War's ending was spoiled of its gladness by the cruel blow of an assassin. The nation was in mourning.

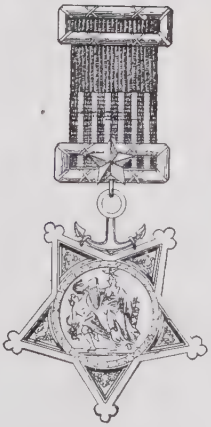
It was under such conditions that a small group of army officers met informally in Philadelphia, and after discussing the event uppermost in the minds of the people determined to found a society on the plan of the Cincinnati, that should hold the same relation to the civil war that the Cincinnati does to the war of the Revolution. "Having aided," as their preamble said, "in maintaining the honor, integrity, and supremacy of the national government at a critical period of its history, and holding in remembrance the sacrifices in common made and the triumphs together shared in discharge of this sacred duty," these officers and honorably discharged officers of the army, navy, and marine corps of the United States, agreed to unite and establish a permanent association, to be known as the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States.

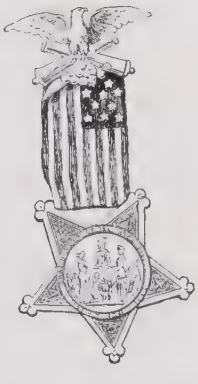
The Late General John Gibbon, Commander of the Loyal Legion.

From a photograph by Pach, New York.

As in the Cincinnati, membership in this, the oldest and most distinguished of the patriotic societies of the civil war, is restricted to commissioned officers who took part in the war, and the eldest male descendants of deceased officers, according to the rules of primogeniture. These constitute companions of the first class, while the eldest sons of living original companions form the second class. A third class, into which elections ceased on April 15th, 1890, was originally created to include "gentlemen who in civil life during the Rebellion were specially distinguished for conspicuous and consistent loyalty to the national government, and were active and eminent in maintaining the supremacy of the same." In the entire order there are only sixty two of these companions; and typical of







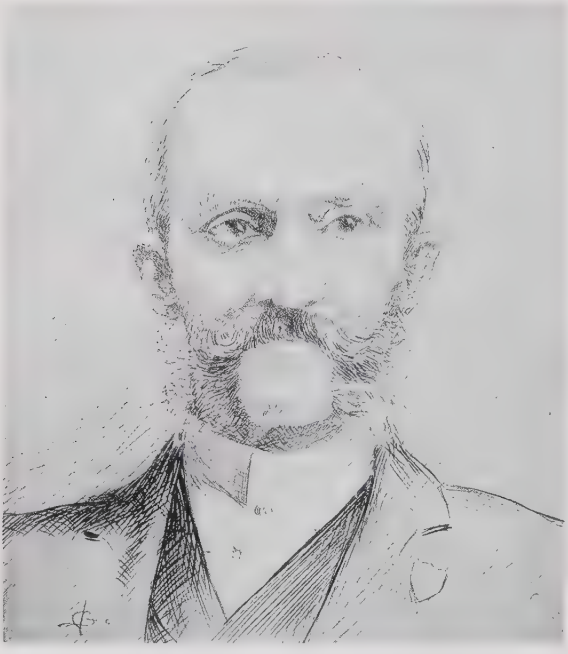
BADGES OF PATRIOTIC SOCIETIES.

Woman's Relief Corps. Loyal Legion. Woman's Relief Corps, President's Medal, 1895.

Union Veteran Legion. Regular Army and Navy Union. Society of the Army of the James. Society of the Army of the Potomac.

Society of the Army of the Cumberland. Society of the Army of the Tennessee. Sons of Veterans.

Union Veteran Union. Army Medal of Honor. Navy Medal of Honor. Grand Army of the Republic.



Colonel George C. James, Commander of the Union Veteran Legion.

Membership is distributed among twenty State societies (including that of the District of Columbia), which are called commanderies. The Pennsylvania commandery, the first to be organized, now has a membership of 1,178. New York, organized in January, 1866, is the largest, having 1,202 members. The total membership was given, on July 31, 1895, as 8,707. At first the order grew slowly, and in 1885 there were but ten commanderies. In that year a commandery in chief was organized, with headquarters in Philadelphia, its members being the principal officers of the subordinate bodies. Its commanders in chief, the executive heads of the order, have included such distinguished veterans as General Winfield Scott Hancock, General Philip H. Sheridan, General Rutherford B. Hayes, General Lucius them is Senator John Sherman, who is the only companion of this class in the Commandery of the District of Columbia.

The objects of the Loyal Legion must be given in full. They are: "to cherish the memories and associations of the war waged in defense of the unity and indivisibility of the republic; to strengthen the ties of fraternal friendships and sympathy formed by companionship in arms; to advance the best interests of the soldiers and sailors of the United States, especially of those associated as companions of this order, and to extend all possible relief to their widows and children; to foster the cultivation of military and naval science; to enforce unqualified allegiance to the general government; to protect the rights and liberties of American citizenship, and to maintain national honor, union, and independence."

Joseph B. Morton, Commander of the Regular Army and Navy Union.

Fairchild, and the late General John Gibbon, who was elected at the meeting held in Washington in October last. The navy is also represented in this governing body, and Admiral Bancroft Gherardi, the present senior vice commander, by the death of General Gibbon becomes the highest officer.

It is the State commanderies, however, that constitute the life of the Loyal Legion. They meet at regular intervals, and at their gatherings it is customary for some companion to present a paper on a war topic, which is sure to evoke a flood of reminiscences from men who helped to make the history of those eventful days. Many of these papers have been printed and gathered into volumes. Worthy of special mention in this "war series" is "The Other Side of War," in which Miss Katharine Prescott Wormeley, well known for her translations of Balzac, narrates her hospital experiences. It was published

Admiral Walker, Commander of the Naval Legion.
From a photograph by Brady, Washington.

General Grenville M. Dodge, President of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee.
From an engraving by A. H. Ritchie.

Louis F. Ellis, Commander of the Union Veteran Union.
From a photograph by Krauss & Ebersole, Lima, Ohio.

rosette of the order, worn in the upper buttonhole of the left lapel of the coat, and varying in pattern according to the class of the wearer, is well known. A joint resolution of Congress permits the insignia of the Loyal Legion to be worn on occasions of ceremony, and at important functions its eight pointed golden cross is sure to be seen on the uniform of those officers who are members of the order.

The Grand Army of the Republic unquestionably takes rank as the greatest and most powerful patriotic organization the world has ever seen, for its latest report shows a membership of 357,639 veterans. Of its State departments, Pennsylvania is the largest, containing 43,213 members, while New York, with 38,036, is a good second. It is worthy of note that in most of the Southern States the Grand Army is well represented. In

in 1888 by the Massachusetts Commandery.

The commanders of the State organizations have been chosen from such eminent veterans as Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Hancock, Farragut, Slocum, Hawley, and Gresham. Like the Cincinnati, too, the Loyal Legion has conferred its membership on foreign officers who fought for the preservation of the Union; and an honored companion of the Pennsylvania Commandery was the late Comte de Paris. He was always proud of his connection with the order, and during his visit to the United States a few years ago he constantly wore the red, white, and blue rosette. Another evidence of his appreciation was shown by the handsomely embroidered banner that he sent to his own commandery from Paris.

The red, blue, and white

General W. S. Rosecrans, President of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland.
From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

Alabama, for instance, are 243 members, in Florida 550, and in Louisiana and Mississippi 1,129. As yet the four posts in South Carolina have not been organized into a department, but with this exception all the Southern States are provided for.

Dr. Benjamin F. Stephenson is accepted as the founder of the Grand Army. He served as a surgeon in the Fourteenth Illinois Infantry, and it was at Decatur, in that State, on the 6th of April, 1866, that he organized the first post, with General Isaac C. Pugh as its commander. A few weeks later a post was formed in Springfield, the State capital. The movement rapidly spread through Illinois, and thence to Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, and all over the country, until at present there are 7,301 posts.

Michael A. Dillon, Founder of the Medal of Honor Legion and of the Union Veteran Union.
From a photograph by Parker, Washington.

Ivan N. Walker, Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic.
From a photograph by Potter, Indianapolis.

The chief purposes of the "G. A. R." are thus stated: "To preserve and strengthen those kind and fraternal feelings which bind together the soldiers, sailors, and marines who united to suppress the late Rebellion, and to perpetuate the memory and history of the dead. To assist such former comrades in arms as need help and protection, and to extend needful aid to the widows and orphans of those who have fallen." It admits to membership every soldier or sailor of the United States army, navy, or marine corps, who served between April 16, 1861, and April 9, 1865, in the civil war; also any member of a State regiment that was called into active service between the dates mentioned.

Annual meetings of the Grand Army, called national encampments, have been regularly held since 1866, when—on November 20—the first was convened

Charles M. Betts, Commander of the Medal of Honor Legion.
From a photograph by Phillips, Philadelphia.

in Indianapolis. Dr. Benjamin F. Stephenson, the founder, who presided, was succeeded as commander in chief by General Stephen A. Hurlburt. The second encampment met in Philadelphia in January, 1868, when General John A. Logan was elected. It was on this occasion that the 30th of May was set apart "to be observed by the members of the Grand Army in commemoration of the deeds of our fallen comrades." It was from this beginning that the beautiful and now almost universal observance of Memorial Day had its origin. General Logan's successors were General Burnside and General Charles Devens, Jr., of Massachusetts. As might be expected, some of the recent commanders have not been so well known, although the list includes such names as Lucius Fairchild in 1886, and Russell A. Alger in 1889. The badge of the Grand Army is a

Mrs. Lizabeth A. Turner, President of the Woman's Relief Corps.
From a photograph by Hastings, Boston.

five pointed bronze star, made from the metal of cannon captured in decisive battles during the war.

Besides the establishment of Memorial Day, the Grand Army has accomplished much towards its specified objects by charity. Sick and suffering comrades receive ample bounty at its hands. Memorial relief committees have been established in some of the leading cities, and the building of State homes for veterans has been largely accomplished by its influence. Thus far it has built no monuments to its own glory or in honor of its deceased heroes; though it contributed generously to the memorial of America's greatest soldier, whose splendid tomb is now rising above the Empire City of the new world. In Washington, the site of its encampment in 1892 has received the name of Grand Army Place, and there, where the flagstaff stood, some day a memorial will be raised in honor of the great host that fought to save the Union.

In July, 1883, the Woman's Relief Corps was organized by the mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters of Union soldiers of the civil war as an auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic. Like the last named, it is divided into departments, of which there are thirty five, and into smaller divisions, called corps, of which there are 3,141. Its membership was reported, last July, as consisting of 140,305 women "of good moral character and correct deportment, who had not given aid and comfort to the enemies of the Union, who believed in the perpetuation of the principles to which the association stands pledged, and who had attained the age of sixteen years."

Besides aiding and assisting the Grand Army, the Woman's Relief Corps states its objects as being "to perpetuate the memory of their heroic dead, to extend needful aid to the widows and orphans, to cherish and emulate the deeds of our army nurses, and to inculcate lessons of patriotism and love of country among our children and in the communities in which we live." In the fulfilment of these purposes, it has endowed and supported, entirely or in part, homes for destitute mothers and widows of soldiers, and for army nurses; has established industrial training schools for girls; has helped to build memorial halls and monuments, and to secure patriotic teaching in the schools, and the raising of a flag over every schoolhouse. In such good causes it has spent, since its organization, more than twelve hundred thousand dollars. It has indeed proved its faith by its works.

The Woman's Relief Corps holds its meetings at the same time and place as the Grand Army. In Louisville, where it assembled last September, Mrs. Lizabeth A. Turner, of Boston, was chosen to the office of national president. Each delegate to these annual conventions receives a bronze medal bearing a portrait of the retiring president. That issued at Louisville, Ky., in 1895, was made from metal of both Northern and Southern cannon, and showed the face of Mrs. Emma R. Wallace, of Chicago, Mrs. Turner's predecessor.

The character of the society called the Sons of Veterans is indicated by its name. Its membership is designed to be comprehensive, all male descendants of veterans of the civil war being eligible, if eighteen years old, and unless disqualified by moral objections. Its first camp was formed in Pittsburgh, fifteen years ago, by Major A. P. Davis, a member of the Grand Army. The idea proved a taking one, and camps multiplied rapidly. They exist today in every State and Territory, and there is one in Honolulu. At its high water mark, the membership reached almost a hundred thousand; but there has been a great falling off in the last few years, and the latest report shows only thirty five thousand. This is a small percentage of the total number of persons eligible to the society, estimated at more than four millions. The encampment of 1895 was held in Knoxville, Tennessee, and William H. Russell was there elected commander in chief.

The simple requirements for admission to the Grand Army gave rise to the criticism that the substitute, who sold himself for money, and the drafted man, who fought under compulsion, could share the honor of membership with veterans who volunteered for service from motives of pure patriotism. Hence arose a demand for a more restricted association. "It is believed," said the promoters of the movement, "that those who entered the service prior to July, 1863, had but one object in view, and that was the preservation of the Union. There were no bounties prior to that date, nor were there any fears of a draft; consequently, those who shouldered a musket or wielded a saber felt that it was a sacred duty to offer their lives in defense of their country's honor."

For such men the Union Veteran Legion was organized, in Pittsburgh, in March, 1884. Its national organization was perfected two years later. Only those are admitted to membership who volunteered prior to July 1, 1863, and who served their full term of enlistment of two or three years—including, of course, those who were

honorably discharged by reason of wounds received in the line of duty. Its rolls now contain more than eleven thousand names, divided among 144 encampments. The tenth annual meeting, or national encampment, was held in Buffalo, last October, when Colonel George C. James was chosen national commander in succession to the well known Corporal James Tanner of Washington.

Another society organized on lines more or less parallel to those of the Grand Army is the Union Veterans' Union, which admits soldiers, sailors, and marines who served at least six months during the war, part of which service must have been at the front, or who were discharged on account of wounds. Its objects are the same patriotic and charitable duties as those of kindred bodies, and it is organized into departments and precincts, with a national command that meets annually. Its inception dates from June, 1886, and at its first encampment, held in Washington during the following January, Michael A. Dillon, the society's founder, was elected its commander in chief. The present incumbent is Louis F. Ellis, chosen at the encampment held in Rochester last year. The Woman's Relief Union is an auxiliary organization of women, while the Loyal Guard contains the sons of the members of the Union Veterans' Union.

Besides the foregoing there are several societies in which membership is restricted to a more limited class. Conspicuous among them is the Regular Army and Navy Union, composed of some eight thousand honorably discharged veterans of the regular army, navy, or marine corps. Its principal objects are "to reunite those separated by reason of discharge; to preserve and strengthen that fraternal feeling which binds together the regular soldiers, sailors, and marines of the United States who have rendered faithful service to the government; to do all in our power to promote and elevate the social and material standing of the enlisted man, and the man before the mast, and to encourage and abet legislation for his benefit." The membership is distributed among 107 garrisons, many of which are on ships stationed at navy yards. The present national commander is Joseph B. Morton, of Washington, who succeeded James P. Lockwood, of Chicago.

Two orders, both of which are hereditary, and in a general sense comparable to the Loyal Legion, demand brief mention. The first of these is the Medal of Honor Legion, to which are admitted only officers and enlisted men of the regular army and volunteer forces, or the navy, to whom medals of honor have been presented by the President or the secretary of the navy as having distinguished themselves by acts of special gallantry during the civil war. The order was organized in Washington, six years ago, its first commander being Michael A. Dillon, who was mainly instrumental in founding it. James R. O'Beirne and Charles H. T. Collis, both of New York, were his successors, and at the reunion of 1895, held in Philadelphia, Charles M. Betts of Philadelphia was elected to the command. Besides the members of the first class, the order admits a second class composed of their sons or daughters, who succeed to the first class as vacancies are created by death. There are about three hundred members. The medal itself constitutes the insignia of the order, but a button, on which is the design contained in the center of the badge, is worn as a "recognition pin."

The absence of any distinct order for those connected with the naval arm of the United States led to agitation in favor of the organizing of such a society as early as 1890, but it was not until June 19, 1893—the twenty ninth anniversary of the sinking of the Alabama by the Kearsarge—that the Naval Legion of the United States came into formal existence, at a congress held in Boston. Subsequently the word "Legion" was changed to "Order." A second congress was held in Boston on the 5th of last October, the anniversary of the adoption by Congress, in 1775, of the resolutions formally authorizing the fitting out of the first ships of the American navy. The original constitution was then still further amended, so that at present membership is restricted to surviving officers and "the lineal descendants of commissioned officers, midshipmen, and naval cadets in actual service in the navy, marine corps, revenue, or privateer services under the authority of any of the thirteen original colonies or States, or of the Continental Congress during the war of the Revolution, or of the United States during the war with France, the war with Tripoli, the war of 1812, the war with Mexico, the civil war, or in face of the enemy in any engagement in which the navy of the United States has participated, and who resigned or were discharged with honor, or who were killed in the service." A second class consists of such enlisted men as have received the naval medal of honor. Their membership is for life only. The object of the order is to transmit to posterity

the glorious names and memories of the participants of the memorable conflicts of the navy; to encourage research and publication of data pertaining to naval art and science, and to establish libraries in which to preserve documents and relics of our maritime history. At the congress of 1893, Lieutenant John C. Soley was made general commander. At that time the Massachusetts commandery was the only one in existence, but at last year's gathering, held in October, 1895, delegates from commanderies in Pennsylvania, New York, the District of Columbia, and Illinois were present. They united in choosing Admiral John G. Walker as the second general commander. Captain Henry H. Bellas, who is the only army officer connected with the order, fills the office of general recorder. He is an enthusiastic member or officer of nearly all the patriotic societies of this country.

Many of the larger armies of the civil war have special organizations, notably the Army of the Tennessee, the Army of the Cumberland, and the Army of the Potomac. Of these the Society of the Army of the Tennessee was organized April 14, 1865, in Raleigh, North Carolina. It admits to membership "every officer who has served with honor in that army," and membership may descend to a son or daughter according to the expressed wishes of the member. The total membership is about 460. The society holds annual reunions; that of last year took place in Cincinnati. General Sherman, the army's old commander, was president until his death in 1891, since when General Grenville M. Dodge has filled the office. Through its influence statues have been erected to Generals Rawlins and Macpherson in Washington, and statues of Generals Logan and Sherman are to follow. For the latter, competitive designs have already been submitted by a number of prominent sculptors.

The Society of the Army of the Cumberland was organized in Cincinnati, February 6, 1868. It admits to membership "every officer and soldier who has at any time served with honor in that army." The present membership is about 600. Annual meetings are held at which an address by some distinguished orator is the conspicuous feature. Statues to Generals Thomas and Garfield have been raised in Washington through its efforts, and funds are being collected for a memorial to General Sheridan. Its first president was General Thomas. He was succeeded by General Sheridan, on whose death the present incumbent, General Rosecrans, was chosen.

The Society of the Army of the James was organized September 2, 1868, and General Charles Devens, Jr., became its president. It held several reunions, and finally, in 1876, was merged into the Society of the Army of the Potomac, which body was organized on February 22, 1869, in New York. It admits to membership "every officer and enlisted man who has at any time served with honor in the Army of the Potomac." More than 2,000 names are on its rolls. Annual reunions are held, at each of which an oration and a poem form conspicuous features. At the meeting held in 1895 General John Gibbon was the orator, and H. C. Bunner was the poet. The officers of the society include a president and a vice president for each of the nine corps, as well as one for the cavalry, one for the artillery, and one for the staff. The first president was General Sheridan, who has been followed by a brilliant galaxy of names, including Meade, Hooker, Burnside, Hancock, Sickles, and Grant. Last year the late General John Gibbon was elected to the presidency.

There are also corps organizations, and many regiments now hold periodical reunions. High on Round Top, overlooking the field of Gettysburg, is the heroic statue of Gouverneur Kemble Warren—the hero of Gettysburg and the victim of Five Forks—which the comrades of his own regiment from the Empire State have raised in his honor. And so throughout this country, in the South as well as in the North, these patriotic organizations have preserved in bronze and stone the records and memories of the heroes of our civil war.

Marcus Benjamin.

A PRIVATE CHIVALRY.*

By Francis Lynde.

XXVII.

SINCE obstinacy, like a dog that is beaten, is constrained to course the truer for the blows of the whipper in, the two days of confinement and the anxious expostulations of Forsyth and Antrim served but to crystallize Brant's expiatory impulse into a fixed purpose. So far from regretting the step he had taken, the chivalric inspiration grew hardily by what it fed upon; and by the morning of the third day of his imprisonment it had developed into a sacrificial mania, impatient of nothing but the law's delay, which retarded the dawn of the day of expiation.

In such a frame of mind the well meant efforts of his friends left him unmoved, save from a certain sort of satisfaction derived from his success in foiling them; and after Forsyth's Sunday visit he beguiled his solitude by speculating upon the further strategic resources of his would-be helpers. As long as there was a chance of saving him, he felt sure that neither Forsyth nor Antrim would abandon the effort; but since he had only to hold his peace to defeat them, he fancied his purpose was sufficiently well defended. Accordingly, he busied himself chiefly in fortifying the gate of silence, overlooking, in the singleness of his purpose, an unguarded postern leading to the very innermost stronghold of his resolution.

By that postern he was presently assaulted; and when the jailer unlocked the cell door to admit Judge Langford, Brant knew that he was to be attacked at a point where his defenses were weakest. The test promised to be the severest he had yet undergone; but he was generous enough to pave the way for whatever the judge might have to say.

"Good morning, judge—this is kind of you; I hardly expected to see you here," he said, doing the honors of his cramped quarters as best he might.

The judge set his cane in the corner, and sat down on the edge of the cot.

"That doesn't speak well for your good opinion of me," he rejoined genially. "At our last meeting—in your office, you remember—I told you you had placed me under obligations which I would gladly repay. Since then you have added somewhat to the score, and I am here to do what I may to square the account."

Brant bowed. He thought he knew what was coming, but he chose to let the judge find his own way to the offer of assistance.

"After the examination, Saturday, I met your friend Forsyth—and, by the way, he is a good friend of yours, too. He tells me that you refuse to employ counsel, and without giving any reason. Now we can't allow that, you know, and to make it impossible for you to persist, I have this morning taken out a license to practise in the Colorado courts for the express purpose of defending you."

"Of what?" exclaimed the prisoner. He had expected sympathy and kind words; persuasion, and perhaps an offer to furnish bail; but not this.

"Of defending you, I said. And I am here now to beg you to speak freely to me as client to advocate."

"But, Judge Langford—my dear sir! it is impossible—utterly impossible! You don't know what you have undertaken."

"I think I do, and I am ready and willing to do my best for you."

"I say you don't," Brant insisted. "Let me ask you one question. Have you remembered that as my counsel you would have to cross examine your own son?"

"I have."

"Good God!—and you'd do it?" Brant was very near to betraying himself, but he faced about on the verge of the precipice. "But you must know I wouldn't allow it," he went on, more calmly; "it is the height of unselfishness in you to offer it, but I can't accept—indeed, I can't."

"You must; it is my privilege to insist upon it."

"And mine to refuse, ungracious as it may seem. I can't give you my reasons,

* *Copyright, 1895, by Francis Lynde.—This story began in the December, 1895, number of* MUNSEY'S.

and you must not ask them, but I'll say to you what I haven't said to anybody else. If I should allow you to do this thing that you propose, you would never forgive me as long as you live !"

The judge met him boldly on his own ground. "That is only adding mystery to mystery. Be frank with me, Mr. Brant, at whatever cost to yourself or to any one."

Brant had no reply ready for this, and the judge pressed his advantage vigorously.

"Let us put away all equivocation, and try to understand each other," he went on. "You have committed this crime"—Brant breathed freer at this—"and for some reason, real or fancied, you are determined to make no effort to save yourself, or to let others help you. From a purely selfish point of view this may seem to be the proper thing to do, but you must remember that no man lives or dies to himself. You owe something to your friends—you owe something to me, inasmuch as you were seeking my son when this thing happened."

"Then you know——" began Brant.

"Yes, that much and no more. It is for you to tell me the rest."

"I can't do it, and I repeat you don't know what you ask. I appreciate your kindness more than I can tell, but I can't suffer it. I have sins enough to answer for, as it is, without adding another for which there would be no forgiveness."

The judge saw that the time for winning his client's confidence was not yet ripe, and he rose and buttoned his coat. "You are still speaking in riddles, and while you elect to do that no one can help you. I am not going to press you further this morning, but I shall come again—and yet again. Meanwhile, I am ready and anxious to act for you the moment you will permit it. I can't say any more, can I?"

He held out his hand, and Brant grasped it thankfully. "No one could be kinder than you, judge, and some time, in this world or another, you'll know that I'm not ungrateful."

When the judge was fairly out of the cell, and the sound of his footsteps had died away in the corridor, Brant ventured to hope that he had successfully repelled the attack.

"Thank God, that trial's over!" he gasped, throwing himself full length upon the cot. "If they could pull many more such strings as that, I'd hang myself to the grating and be done with it!"

In the mean time the judge went home cogitating. In his own way he was quite as persistent as Brant; and having fully determined to do his whole duty in the matter, he was not to be turned aside by such a trifle as his client's refusal to be defended. After luncheon he went down town again, and sought Forsyth in the editorial rooms of the *Plainsman*. After telling the editor the result of his visit to the prisoner, the judge opened a vein of inquiry.

"Since he refuses to talk, we must just do the best we can without his help, Mr. Forsyth. Please begin at the beginning and tell me everything you know about him."

Forsyth did so, repressing nothing but such portions of Brant's confidential talk as would have betrayed the secret of his love affair; and, indeed, he would have exposed that also if he had thought it could have any bearing on the matter in hand. When he had finished, the judge lighted a cigar and puffed it reflectively.

"More mysteries," he said, finally. "Who were these two men, and what were they trying to do? Why should anybody burglarize Brant's room, and then get drunk and go to sleep in his bed? Who is this John Brinton, and what does he want with Brant?"

"I can help you a little on the last, but not on the others," said Forsyth. "John Brinton is the brother of a man who was murdered about a year ago in Taggett's Gulch, Pitkin County. He is out here for the purpose of prosecuting the murderer, if he can find him, and I presume he thinks Brant may be able to help him."

"Can he help him?"

"I don't know; but it's not unlikely. Brant was very much 'in evidence' in the mining camps."

"Tell me what you know of his life there."

"I don't know anything more than I have already told you. He was a man of his hands, I fancy, but I'm sure he was no worse than he had to be."

"In any case, he must have had friends who know all about him. I wish Hobart were here; he could probably tell us what we want to know."

"Who is Hobart?" asked Forsyth, becoming the questioner in turn.

"He is the assayer at the Gentle Annie, at Silverette, and his wife is visiting us now."

"Does he know Brant?"

"They were at college together, but Mrs. Hobart is not sure that they met at the camp. She wired Saturday night, asking her husband to come down; but the superintendent at the mine wires back that

Hobart is out with a prospecting party, and they can't reach him."

"Then that throws us back on our own resources again. I'll tell you what I'll do, judge; I'll start my young men on a still hunt after Brant's acquaintances among the submerged people here in town. Perhaps we can learn something in that way."

"Do; and I will go home and piece out this story you have told me. Keep me fully informed, and don't omit to hammer Brant at every opportunity."

That evening two things happened and a third transpired. Dorothy, thirsting for information, learned all that her father was able to tell her; and the reportorial force of the *Plainsman* resolved itself for the time being into an amateur detective corps. And a little later a fact leaked out which Forsyth hastened to telephone to the judge; the grand jury had found a true bill against George Brant for the wilful murder of James Harding.

XXVIII.

For two weeks after the judge's first interview with his unwilling client, the possibility of successfully defending Brant receded steadily, and no new discoveries came to countermine the wall of evidence that was slowly closing in upon him. In that interval Colonel Bowran had returned, and, contrary to Brant's expectation or desire, had at once championed his draftsman's cause. There had been more than one stormy interview — tempestuous, at least, on the colonel's part—in which the chief engineer's wrath was directed at Brant's obstinacy. And when expostulation and friendly abuse had failed, the colonel sought out Judge Langford and Forsyth, joining forces cordially with Brant's friends, but bringing nothing helpful in the way of additional information.

On the other hand, the prosecution lacked nothing but the culprit's confession of having a complete case. Brant's record was exploited, his reputation for violence made much of, and the details of his previous quarrel with Harding, or so many of them as were known to the barkeeper, dragged out of Deverney as sound teeth are extracted from the jaw of an unwilling patient. So much was known to Brant's friends, by what means Forsyth's young men could have best explained, and there was consternation among them in just proportion. If the tide could not be turned before the rapidly approaching day of the trial, the judge knew that he should go into court without any case; and making due allowance for the change that had recently been wrought in public sentiment, he had reason to fear the worst for his client.

"I tell you, Forsyth, the man will hang in spite of anything we can do. It's wilful murder, clearly premeditated; and, so far as we know, there isn't a single extenuating circumstance. Handicapped as we are by our lack of information, we cannot do a thing; we shall simply have to stand by and see him sentenced."

So much the judge was constrained to say in one of the many conferences with the editor, and Forsyth had nothing to offer in rebuttal.

"I'm afraid you're right," he admitted. "Having done what one man might to bring about the present trend of public opinion against lawlessness, I can appreciate the situation. If Brant would only tell us what he knows——"

"It couldn't make the slightest difference in the result now," the judge broke in. "It might give me something to say at the trial, but it wouldn't change the verdict by a hair's breadth. So far as discussion in the newspapers and the talk of the streets can do it, Brant has already been tried and condemned, and we might as well face the fact first as last. There is only one thing that would certainly save his life now."

"And that is?"

"The clearest proof of his innocence."

The editor shrugged his shoulders. "The day of miracles is no longer with us, and nothing less would fill that bill," he said. "You have had no word from Hobart yet?"

"No; not even a hint of his whereabouts. But that isn't singular; the party was provisioned for a month. By the way, have your young men been able to find out anything further?"

"Nothing helpful; nothing but what the prosecution will turn to better account than we can. And the man from whom I hoped the most seems to have done nothing."

"Who was that?"

"A young fellow named Jarvis; he was the one who hit upon the idea of locating the point from which the shot was fired. Since doing that he seems to have lost all interest in the affair, but perhaps that's only natural; he's a friend of Brant's."

The judge nodded. "We're all in the same boat, pretty much—all but Antrim. He still hangs to his firm belief in Brant's innocence."

"Yes; I know he does. In his way he's

as obstinate as Brant himself. It is entirely sentiment, though, on his part. I wish his faith had a better foundation."

Antrim had wished so many times, himself, and having racked his brain for a fortnight in a vain search for something tangible wherewith to buttress his belief, he was finally indebted to the chapter of accidents for a clue which seemed to point most hopefully. It was in the afternoon of the day on which Judge Langford had summed up Brant's case in the talk with the editor. Antrim had been rummaging in his safe for a missing paper, and he chanced to stumble upon the packet given him by Brant.

His first impulse was to send it to the judge, and he obeyed it at once, addressing the envelope and giving the package to the office boy for immediate delivery. Before the boy had had time to reach the street, however, he began to doubt the wisdom of the hasty conclusion. What if the packet contained that which would make Brant's precarious condition still more desperate? The thought was distracting, and the next moment Antrim had raced out into the street, hatless and coatless, and just in time to catch a glimpse of the boy turning the nearest corner. When the packet was recovered he went back to the office and had a battle with his sense of the proprieties, a struggle in which a masterful desire to help his friend finally overcame all scruples. When that happened he broke the seal, and was presently reading the evidence of Harding's guilt.

Not until he had gone twice through the papers did he begin to comprehend their purport; and when this became plain he went quickly adrift on a wider sea of bewilderment. Admitting the theory that Brant was at feud with Harding, why should he commit a murder when his enemy's life was already in his hand? It was past belief that he should do it—more so now than ever; but Antrim's joy in the discovery was speedily overwhelmed by a fresh wave of perplexity. What should he do with these papers now that he had found them? How could they best be turned to account in the desperate game of life and death? As a last resort they might stand for what they were worth at the trial, but in the mean time was there not some way in which they might be used to unseal Brant's lips?

Never in his life had Antrim felt so sorely the need of a confidant; but argue as he might, he could not persuade himself that he ought to go to either the judge or Forsyth. They both believed Brant guilty, and the belief would inevitably belittle the importance of the discovery and bias whatever action they might decide upon. The same objection applied to Colonel Bowran; and besides these there were no others. None, did he say? Yes, there was Dorothy; if she did not fully believe in Brant's innocence, her point of view was at least undistorted. And her woman's intuition might point the way where a man's reason stumbled blindly.

Having admitted so much, an immediate interview with Dorothy became a sheer necessity; and since he could not go to the house without risking a meeting with Isabel—a thing he had not been able to contemplate for a fortnight—Antrim wrote a note to Dorothy, asking her to come to the office, and sent it post haste by the boy. She answered in person, and Antrim led her quickly into the superintendent's room and closed the door.

"I'm glad you came right away," he said. "I was afraid something might stop you, and what I want to talk about won't wait."

Dorothy sat down in the superintendent's chair and untied her veil. "I was just getting ready to come down when Tommy came. He said it was a 'rush message,' so I caught the next car."

"That was lucky. Dorothy, would you still be glad to believe that Brant isn't guilty?"

She sat up very straight at this, and the sensitive chin quivered a little. "That's a hard question, Harry; if it wasn't Mr. Brant or——"

"Just leave Will out of it entirely," he interrupted; "try to forget that he was there."

"If I could do that, the question would answer itself."

"That's all I want to know. Now I have believed all along that Brant didn't do it, and a little while ago I found some papers that prove he could have no possible motive for doing it. It isn't necessary to go over the whole thing, but you'll understand what I mean when I say that the papers are Brant's, and all he had to do any time he wanted to get rid of Harding was to turn them over to the district attorney of Pitkin County. That would have been the end of Mr. Harding as quick as they could catch and hang him."

"You say you found them—where?"

"In my safe. Brant gave them to me to keep for him."

"Do you know why?"

"No."

"I do." She tugged at the fingers of her glove, and a light came into her eyes that told Antrim more than she would have admitted under torture. "It was because he was afraid to keep them—afraid he might be tempted to let the law do what everybody says he did with his own hand. Harry, he is innocent!"

"Of course he is—that's what I've said all along. Now there are two of us who believe it, and something has got to be done quick."

"What have you thought of?"

"I can't think—I'm badly rattled, and that's why I sent for you. You can plan all around the rest of us. What do you say?"

Dorothy sat back in the great chair, and thought it all out in the turning of a leaf.

"Mr. Brant must be made to listen to reason," she said decisively. "He must let papa defend him; he must let papa use these papers; and he must tell us all the things we don't know."

Antrim spread his hands helplessly. "But that's just what we've all been trying to get him to do for two weeks!"

"I can't help it; that is what must be done."

"And it shall be, if you'll only go a step farther and tell me how to do it."

"Can't you persuade him?"

"Persuade nothing! Why, Dothy, you don't know what a mule the fellow is! Your father, and Forsyth, and Colonel Bowran, and I, have fairly worn ourselves out trying to make him open his head. There isn't a thing any of us could think of that hasn't been tried; not a—yes, by Jove! there is one thing, too!"

An inspiration much too large to be readily put into words came to Antrim, dazzling him with its invincible simplicity. Dorothy divined it with quick intuition, and her heart sank at the mere suggestion.

"What is it?" she asked faintly.

"Why, it's the simplest thing on top of earth! Brant won't talk to any of us, but if you'll go to him——"

"Oh, Harry—I can't, I can't!" she wailed, but he was not to be turned aside.

"Yes, you can, Dothy, and you must—it's life and death, now. Only this morning Forsyth told me it was all up with Brant. Think of a man being hanged for a thing that he didn't do; think how awful it would be if you had to remember that you might have done something to prevent it and didn't. Think of—of Isabel, and be a brave little sister of mercy, as you have always been to every one in trouble."

"Oh, don't, *don't*," she pleaded pitifully. "Don't say any more, Harry. You haven't any idea of what you're asking me to do, but I—I'll go. Can we do it now—right away—before I have to go home and face them all again?"

Antrim made a dash for his hat and coat, and they were half way to the jail before she spoke again.

"Isn't it a very dreadful thing for me to do?" she asked shamefacedly. "Do ladies ever go to see the prisoners—alone, I mean?"

"I don't know, and you mustn't care, Dothy, for this once. I'll go as far as the corridor with you and wait till you come out again. You must just keep saying to yourself that it's life and death; and—and Isabel's happiness," he added softly.

She caught the inspiration of his unselfishness, and answered in kind. "You are very good and noble, Harry; I'll remember, and I'll try to do my part—as you are doing yours."

XXIX.

BRANT was lying down when he heard the jailer's steps in the corridor and caught the rustle of a woman's dress. He thought it was another of the cut flower faddists who had lately been making his prison life miserable, and sprang up with a muttered malediction. A moment later the lock clanked and the door swung back. He stood transfixed for an instant, hardly daring to believe his eyes; then the crash of the closing door brought him to his senses, and he turned and hid his face.

Dorothy stood still, abashed at her own boldness, and waiting timidly for some sign of recognition. When it was over long in coming she plucked up courage and went to him.

"Haven't you a word for me, Mr. Brant?" she asked softly.

"Don't ask me—what can I say? Why did you come?"

"Because you made me come," she said simply. "You wouldn't listen to any of the others, you know, but you must listen to me."

He nerved himself for the struggle—the cruelest they could possibly have brought upon him, he thought—and turned to face his visitor.

"Sit down, Miss Langford," he said, pointing to the single chair. "I think I know what you have come to say, but it's no use—indeed it isn't."

She ignored the invitation, and leaned

against the wall within arm's length of him.

"Please don't say that, Mr. Brant—not to me. None of the others had my right; it was I who sent you."

He flinched at that and gave ground a little. "What would you have me do?"

"Whatever papa wants you to," she rejoined quickly, thinking it best not to go too deeply into particulars.

"That is altogether impossible."

"Why?"

"Because—God in heaven! None of you know what you are asking."

"Then tell me, so that I shall know."

"I can't do that, either."

"Won't you tell me if I guess it?"

The pleading eyes unsteadied him and he receded yet another step. "Perhaps," he said, hesitating.

"Are you afraid that if you defend yourself my brother will be in danger?"

To deny it would be a lie; and try as he might, he could not look into her eyes and find words in which to frame the falsehood. So he evaded the question, but clumsily.

"And if that were true, what then?"

"You would be making a very great mistake. Don't you know—haven't they told you?—it has been proved that my brother could not have done it?"

He did not ask how. It was enough that she believed it, and it was the last drop of bitterness in the cup of expiation. She, too, believed him guilty. It was more than he could bear, unmoved; and he turned from her that she might not see the anguish in his face. When he did not reply she spoke again.

"That was the reason, wasn't it?"

"It was—it *is*." The words said themselves because there was no strength left in him wherewith to check them.

"I was sure of it; but you won't hesitate any longer now, will you?—not after what I've told you."

"Hesitate—to tell them I'm guilty? No, I won't hesitate; I'll confess to you—here—now, if you wish it." He faced her suddenly, but again the pleading eyes unmanned him. "No, I can't say it to you," he went on, softening in spite of himself; "in the eye of the law—in the eyes of the whole world—I am a murderer, taken in the very act, but I can't go to my death with the thought that the only woman I have ever loved believes me to be guilty of such a cold blooded crime. I did not kill James Harding."

Dorothy forgot her errand, forgot the papers, forgot everything in the horror of a great doubt that suddenly threatened to suffocate her. Nevertheless, a misunderstanding, rooted and grounded as hers was, dies hard.

"You mean that I should—that you want me to—to tell my sister?" she faltered, and she could no longer look him in the face.

"Your sister!" Brant fought a good fight for self control and won it. "No, Dorothy, it is not Isabel's belief that troubles me—it's yours! How could you have misunderstood?"

Dorothy felt the solid floor of the cell swaying under her feet, and she clung to the wall for support. "How could I?—but she told me——" she broke off in pitiful confusion, and Brant sought to help her.

"What was it she told you?"

She saw that she must go on or leave Isabel under an imputation too dreadful to be contemplated. "She told me that—that she sent you away!"

"Sent me away? But that couldn't be; there is a mistake somewhere, Dorothy—an awful mistake. It was not I, it was Harry."

"Harry!" said Dorothy faintly. "Oh, dear, what have I done? Tell me one thing, please; whom did you meet the last evening that you came to see us?"

It was Brant's turn to be confused, and he answered her with his eyes on the floor.

"Your mother," he said briefly; then he took heart of grace and swept the misunderstanding aside. "I went over that evening to tell you that I loved you, Dorothy; to tell you what I had been and what I hoped to be, and to ask you to wait till I could make my promises good. Your mother met me, and—but no matter about that. It was she who sent me away; and for good reasons, you will say now. None the less, bad as I am, and good as you are, I love you, you, and no other, Dorothy—how well you may know, some day."

"Some day!" Dorothy knew at that moment, and the keen joy of it made her lose sight of everything but the sublime fact. "Thank God, I know it now—know that you are here in prison because you thought it was the only way to save my brother. Oh, how could I——"

"Be so faithless," she would have said, but he caught her quickly in his arms, and his kisses put the remorseful exclamation to death.

"Say but two words, Dorothy, my darling," he whispered, "that you love me and that you believe I am innocent, and I shall die happier than most men live!"

The word brought her back to the perilous present. "Oh, please, don't say that!

Yes, dear, I do love you, and I know you are innocent; but so is Will."

He shook his head sorrowfully, and drew her closer. "I wish I could believe that, but I can't," he said gravely. "I shouldn't have betrayed him, even to you, but you must keep my secret, and so help me to save him. He is young—the lesson is a terrible one, and he will surely profit by it."

He spoke with such an air of mournful conviction that Dorothy's faith in her brother's story was shaken.

"Oh, George! Are you sure? Did you see him do it?" she gasped.

"No, dear; it was done in the moment of darkness. But who else could it have been?"

"Oh, I don't know; but they say the shot couldn't have been fired from where Will was sitting—that it must have been fired from the doorway."

"From the doorway?" A great desire to live and love and be loved came quickly to Brant, but he put it away before it should possess him. "I wish I had known that sooner, but it is too late now. I wasn't in the doorway; I was half way across the end of the room."

"It mustn't be too late!" cried Dorothy eagerly. "Oh, why didn't they tell you—why——"

She stopped and disengaged herself quickly from his arms at the sound of a footstep in the corridor. It was the jailer coming to release her, and there was time for but a single question.

"May I tell——" she began; and he bent over her till his lips brushed her forehead.

"I am yours in life or in death," he said gently. "Do what seems best to you, dear."

A moment later she had rejoined Antrim in the passageway, but neither spoke until they were out of the building.

It was after nightfall when they reached the street, and the chief clerk's impatience slipped the leash while they were hurrying to catch a North Denver car.

"What luck?" he asked, as they threaded the crowded sidewalk in Larimer Street. "Did you find out anything?"

Dorothy blushed hotly, and drew down her veil. "Yes, much; wait till we get out of the crowd, and I'll tell you."

They missed the car, as a matter of course, and had to wait on the street corner. Whereupon Antrim drew his companion into a sheltered doorway, and refused to be kept longer in ignorance.

"For pity's sake, tell me, Dothy—what did he say?"

"He didn't do it, Harry—he is innocent!" she began triumphantly, and Antrim could see her eyes shining behind the veil.

"I knew that all along," he interrupted. "What then? What about the papers?"

"Oh, dear, I forgot all about them. I can't talk about it, Harry—not here; but there is one thing I must tell you." The blush came again, and its attendant emotion threatened to stop her, but she went on bravely. "It's about—Mr. Brant and—and Isabel. I was just dreadfully, horridly, stupidly mistaken — she meant — it was somebody else—there's nothing at all between them, and there never has been anything. I ——"

Antrim waited to hear no more. There was an idle carriage standing at the curb, and before she knew what he meant to do he had put her into it, slammed the door, and swung himself up to a seat beside the driver.

"To Judge Langford's, over in the Highlands," he said briefly; "and the quicker you get there the more money you'll earn."

In an incredibly short time he was helping Dorothy out at her father's gate. "Fix it some way so I can have ten minutes alone with Isabel," he begged, as they hurried up the walk, "and then I'll be ready to hear the rest. You'll do that, won't you, Dothy?"

Fortunately, it needed not to be arranged. Isabel met them in the hall, and Dorothy had but to dart quickly into the library and so leave them alone together. Two weeks of utter neglect had humbled Isabel rather more than she was willing to admit. Hence, she permitted herself no more than a cool little "Good evening, Harry; won't you come in?"

"I am in; and I'll stay to dinner—if you'll ask me," he replied promptly, penning her into the small space between the door and the stairs. "But first I want to say something that I'm going to repeat every time I see you, regardless of time, place, or present company. I love you, Isabel—I've always loved you—and I'm always going to."

"Indeed!" said Isabel, with admirable coolness.

"Yes, in deed and thought and word. More than that, I know now that you love me. Don't take the trouble to deny it, please; you told Dorothy you did, and she gave it away without meaning to. So you see it's no use, and you might as well give me the kiss I asked for the last time you told me fibs——"

"Not now—or ever!" she retorted, slip-

ping under his arm, and darting down the hall toward the sitting room door. He caught at her as she eluded him, and then ran after her. She paused with her hand on the knob.

"Keep your distance, sir, or I vanish," she threatened. "Now stand there right where you are and tell me why you went off in a dudgeon that night; and why you froze me out two weeks ago; and why you haven't been back since; and why——"

The catechism was never finished. With a lamentable want of vigilance she took her hand from the door knob, and Antrim—but sufficient unto the day of youth are the small triumphs thereof. Twenty minutes afterward, Kate Hobart, coming down to dinner, stumbled over two young persons sitting on the lowest step of the stairs. She recognized them, even in the darkness, and being but a Sabbath day's journey beyond her own courtship, understood at once why the hall was not yet lighted.

Antrim sprang quickly to his feet, and made the explanation which does not explain; and Kate benevolently helped him out by asking if there were anything new in Brant's affair.

"No—yes, there is, too, by Jove! And we've been sitting here talking, that is—ah—er——"

"Spooning, Harry, dear," said Isabel, with refreshing frankness; "tell the truth and——"

"While Dorothy is waiting to tell us about it. Let's go in and hear her story."

Isabel tapped at the library door, and they all entered. Dorothy was sitting on the lounge, her hat and gloves still on, and her face pale and grief stained. The judge was walking slowly up and down in front of the fire, but he stopped and turned at the sound of the opening door.

"In a moment," he said, waving them back; and then he bent over the still little figure on the lounge to whisper a word of encouragement.

"It is hard to win and lose in the same moment, I know; but you must be brave, my child, for your own sake and mine. I'll keep your secret; your mother mustn't suspect—now or ever."

She nodded, and the tears came afresh.

"Go up to your room," he added, seeing that there was no present balm for the hurt. "I'll make your excuses at table."

Then he joined the trio in the hall. "Dorothy brought good news," he explained, leading the way to the dining room, "but I was obliged to meet it with bad. From what she tells me there seems to be a reasonable doubt of the young man's guilt, but his conviction is rendered doubly certain by something which I learned this afternoon. They have discovered that the pistol with which the murder was committed belongs to Brant."

There was manifestly nothing to be said, and a sympathetic silence followed the startling announcement. While they were taking their places at table, the telephone rang, and the judge excused himself to answer it.

"Don't wait on me," he said. "Harry, lad, take my place and carve, will you?' And he went out and carefully closed the door behind him. And inasmuch as the hall was still unlighted, he failed to see a shadowy little figure on the stairs which paused and bent over the balustrade as he answered the telephone.

XXX.

"ARRAH, now, Misther Jarvis, it's no use your flattherin' me the like o' that. Fwhat I know, I know; an' that I'll keep to meself. Besides, wasn't it Misther Brant himself, poor dear, that says, says he, 'Mum's the wurrud, Mary, me jool; sure it's but a b'y's thrick, an' I'll not be havin' it talked about'?"

"But that was before it all came out," cut in Jarvis glibly. "He don't mind your talking about it now—in fact, he told me to ask you."

For something better than a week the reporter had been assiduously cultivating Mrs. Seeley's housemaid, and one of the results of the intimacy was a second visit to Brant's room, made in the landlady's absence, and sanctioned by the connivance and presence of Mary McCarthy.

"Did he then, poor man?" said the girl unsuspectingly.

"He did, for a fact," rejoined the reporter, clenching the falsehood promptly. "Now show me just what you did and tell me what you saw."

Thus adjured and absolved, Mary McCarthy went circumstantially over the account of her discovery of the burglar, and Jarvis absorbed the story as it was told, leaving the journalistic compartment of his brain to sift the few facts from the mass of embellishment and exaggeration.

"Black clothes, you say?" he interrupted, when the housemaid came to a description of the intruder.

"Yis."

"Then he didn't look like a tramp or a tough?"

"Only for the oogly face av him, he might well 've been mistuk for Mr. Brant himself."

Jarvis strolled to the window and stood with his hands deep in his pockets, looking out on the tin roof of the porch. "Dang the thing!" he muttered, "it gets blinder with every move. Now, who the deuce is this gentleman burglar that Brant wants to screen? By Jove! I wonder if it was young Langford? He always wears gamblers' mourning. But what the dickens would he be doing here?"

He turned away from the window, and made a slow circuit of the room, in the vague hope that he might stumble upon some overlooked clue to the puzzle. There was none, and he was about to give it up when he came to the closet at the foot of the bed.

"Where does this door go to?" he asked.

"Sure, it's on'y the closet."

Jarvis turned the knob and glanced at the garments hanging in an orderly row at the back of the shallow recess. "These are all Brant's, I suppose," he said carelessly.

"'Deed an' they are, then; whose else 'd they be?"

"Are these all he has?"

Mary McCarthy picked a fancied suspicion out of the meaningless question, and promptly resented it. "D'ye think annybody'd be shtalin' them?" she demanded. "Av coorse they're all there, barrin' fwhat Misther Antrim an' the b'y tuk to 'im in the jail."

"Boy? What boy?"

"'Deed, then, I don' know; some little scaramouch from the sthrates, I'm thinkin'. But he brought a letter from Misther Brant; that's it on the table."

Jarvis sauntered across the room, and took a dirty scrap of paper from beneath the paper weight. It was a misspelled pencil scrawl signed with Brant's name, but the reporter did not have to look twice to see that it was a clumsy forgery.

"Mary, dear," he said feelingly, "you're a pearl of price, and the mate to you has never been found."

"Be off wid yez wid yer flattherin' tongue!"

"It's not flattery—never a word of it. Did Mrs. Seeley see this letter?"

"Sure, she did that same."

"And she gave the boy the suit of clothes it calls for?"

"Av coorse. An' it's meself as was wonderin' fwhat Misther Brant'd be wantin' wid thim ould rags."

"From all our friends—so they be women —good Lord deliver us!" said Jarvis, under his breath; then aloud, "That was quite right, of course. Did you happen to see the clothes yourself, Mary?"

"I did that—an ould dirty suit o' pepper an' salt it was, the likes o' fwhat Misther Brant never did be wearin' in the whole swate life av 'im."

"Exactly."

Jarvis slipped the note into his pocket, and got away as quickly as he could. It was but the slenderest thread of a clue, but it fitted one of the many gaps that he had been vainly trying for a fortnight to bridge.

At the very beginning of his investigation he had stumbled upon Harding's disguise in the West Denver lodging house; and a painstaking inquiry into the habits of the red haired and fiery bearded lodger had developed the fact that he was seen oftenest in company with a smaller man, whose description the reporter had gathered from many sources, but whom he was as yet unable to identify.

So far as could be ascertained, the unidentified one had disappeared on the night of the shooting; and until the opportune discovery in Brant's room there was nothing more than the overheard conference in Hedrigg's restaurant to connect the man with Brant's affairs. The finding of the letter, however, led to a fairly evident conclusion. It was doubtless Harding's familiar who had burglarized Brant's room; and in a fit of drunken recklessness he had stolen a suit of Brant's clothes and left his own—a slip he had made haste to retrieve when he became sober enough to realize its possible consequences.

Knowing nothing of Harding's stake in the burglary, the reporter was still in the dark as to the motive, but he was too intent upon following out the chain of consequences to trouble himself over much about first causes. If he could establish the identity of the unknown housebreaker, and ascertain the exact relations which had existed between him and Harding, Jarvis felt that the mystery would then begin to clear itself up. To that end, he spent the day—or so much of it as remained after his visit to Mrs. Seeley's—plunging the dragnet of inquiry into such turbid waters as were most likely to reward his efforts.

There was no lack of corroborative information, so far as it went. There were many persons in Denver, bartenders, dealers, and men of that ilk, who had seen the "big man gone thin," in the company of the red bearded farmer from Iowa. They had

drunk together at many bars, and they seemed to be friends. So far all reports agreed; but when it came to describing the less remarkable of the pair, Jarvis got as many verbal pictures of the man as there were persons who remembered him. In one point only did the pictures resemble one another; it was admitted by all that the man had always appeared in a shabby suit of pepper and salt, much the worse for wear.

The reporter pushed his inquiries well into the evening, forgetting his supper in the ardor of his quest, and giving over only when it was time for him to go to the office for his assignments.

At the end of a fortnight, in which he had said little, thought much, and worked more, he was obliged to confess himself beaten, and that at a time when he seemed to be on the verge of a discovery which promised much. It hurt him to acknowledge it, touching his reportorial pride on the raw, and he turned up Sixteenth Street toward the *Plainsman* building, thinking he would have it out with Forsyth, telling the editor what he had been trying to do and how he had failed.

At the corner of Larimer Street he met one of the employees of the Osirian Club, the man who had been on duty in the upper corridor on the night of the shooting.

"Hello, Binkie; going on watch?" said Jarvis, stopping to buttonhole the man from sheer force of habit.

"That's what," was the reply.

"Good man. What's new, anything?"

"Nary; business been mighty quiet since that scrap in Number Seven."

"Go shy, do they? By the way, Binkie, was there anybody else up stairs in the big room that night, at the time when George Brant went in?"

"Not a soul." The man shuffled a moment, and then went on as one who seeks to divide a harassing burden. "That's what I said to the cop, and it's what I say now; but for all that, there was a blame queer thing happened that I hain't told nobody, and I've sweat about it till I'm galded raw."

"What was it?" asked Jarvis carelessly, but with curiosity sharp set.

"Why, this: George he comes up and asks me about them two ducks and which room they was in, and I tells him. Then I sees him go a swinging up the middle of the big room with that there git out o' my road sort o' gait of his, jest about as plain as I see you now—see? Well, about two minutes after that I leaves the door to go open a window in the hall, and when I gets back, there he is yet, still a goin' up the room same as I'd seen him before. Blame me, if I didn't think I'd got 'em ag'in, for a minute."

"Sure it was Brant?" said the reporter, hungering and thirsting for a negative answer, and not daring so much as to suggest it.

"Cert," said the man briefly. "First I wasn't; seemed like he'd gone thinner, somehow, so 't his clothes didn't fit him. But it couldn't a' been nobody else, 'r I'd seen him comin' up the stairs—see?"

The man evidently wanted corroboration, and he got it promptly. "Of course it couldn't," agreed Jarvis; "most likely George came back to ask you something, and then changed his mind. Well, I must get a move; good night."

"Holy smoke!" said the reporter to himself, as he left the modern Egyptian on the corner; "and yet they say there ain't any such thing as chance! Why, great Moses! here I've stumbled up against two things today when I wasn't looking for either one of them—and they go together like rot gut whisky and a Pi-Ute medicine man! Brant nothing! It was his double in the stolen outfit—that's what it was!"

Fifteen minutes afterward, Forsyth was in possession of all the facts gathered so painstakingly by Jarvis; whereupon he changed his opinion of the young man in whom he had been disappointed, and decided to call an immediate council of war. Judge Langford was reached by telephone, and this was the skirling of the bell that had interrupted the judge as he was sitting down at the dinner table, and startled Dorothy as she was going up to her room. She had a vague presentiment, but whether of good or evil she knew not, and she listened anxiously from the stairs when her father answered the call.

"Hello—well? Yes, I am he. Who is talking? Oh, it's you, is it, Forsyth?—all right, what is wanted? Tonight? Why, certainly, if you think it necessary. I'm just sitting down to dinner; will a half hour or so later do? All right; I'll join you. Good by."

The judge replaced the ear piece in its hook, and was about to go back to the dining room when a whisper came out of the darkness overhead.

"Papa, what was it?"

"Is that you, daughter? It was a message from Mr. Forsyth; there have been some more discoveries—on the right side, this time, I infer. I'm going down after dinner, and if you're up when I get back I'll

tell you all about it. Keep your own counsel and don't lose hope."

The judge went back to the dinner table, but before he had taken his seat the door bell rang, and the much interrupted meal halted again when a servant came in with a telegram for Mrs. Hobart. Kate read it and handed it to her host.

"H'm—that's good," he said. "Harry, what time does the train get in from the west?"

"About eight thirty tonight; she was two hours late when I left the office."

"That will suit exactly. Hobart's coming in and we'll pick him up at the station."

"Are you going down town this evening?" queried Mrs. Langford.

"Yes," the judge replied, and not wishing to be drawn into details, he carefully steered the table talk as far as possible away from the subject with which at least four out of the six persons present were most deeply concerned.

It was fifteen minutes past the hour, and Number Four was just crossing the bridge, when the judge and Antrim reached the station platform. They stood under the electric light while the train was pulling in, and the chief clerk read a company telegram which had been thrust into his hand by the night messenger. It was from the superintendent, directing him to go at once to Voltamo, and Antrim upbraided his luck unsparingly.

"Confound that fellow at Voltamo!" he said, as they pushed through the crowd toward the sleeping car. "He's always getting sick at the wrong time. I suppose I'll have to get right out on Number Seventeen, but you must wire me what you do. Can't you drop by the despatcher's office when you get through with Forsyth and give Disbrow the facts? He'll get them to me, and I shan't sleep much till I hear."

Judge Langford promised, and a moment later caught sight of Hobart, who was presently shaking hands with an old friend and a new one.

"You're just in good time, Ned," said the judge. "Leave your valise at the check stand and come up town with me. I will explain what is wanted as we go."

As he promised, so he performed, and by the time they reached the editor's room, Hobart knew all that the judge could tell him. Forsyth welcomed the newcomer heartily; and then Jarvis was introduced and invited to retell his story for the benefit of the judge and his companion.

Hobart heard him through without comment, but when the reporter finished he gave a sigh of relief. "That burglary business helps me out," he said. "I heard about the thing for the first time last night; and from a letter Brant wrote me about three weeks ago, I had every reason to believe that he had simply avenged himself on his enemy."

"His enemy?" echoed the judge.

"Yes; listen and I will tell you his story, so far as I know it."

He did it truthfully, beginning with their friendship in college, and ending with the impressive little scene in the moonlight on Jack Mountain, when Brant had turned his back upon the past, and set his face toward better things.

"What has happened since that night, you all know better than I do," he concluded, "but I want to say one thing; if Brant says he didn't do it, that settles it—he wouldn't lie about it if the lie would save his life a dozen times over."

The judge was profoundly moved. "My friends," he said, "this is no time for concealment. I have that to add to Mr. Hobart's story which makes the young man's hitherto inexplicable reticence a part of a most chivalrous and heroic purpose—a deed worthy of the bravest knight that ever figured in ancient legend. Up to within a few hours Brant has believed that my son was the murderer of James Harding, and in his belief he determined to sacrifice himself to save the boy. What his motive was you may perhaps gather for yourselves when I tell you that it was to my daughter, and after she had divined his purpose, that he admitted the fact."

A silence more eloquent than the loudest praise fell upon the little group gathered around the editor's table. Hobart was the first to break it.

"It was very like him," he said quietly; "like the George Brant I used to know and love in the old days. But in our admiration we mustn't lose sight of his peril. As I understand it, his life is no less in danger tonight than it has been at any time. Putting it all together, what are we prepared to prove when he is brought to trial?"

The judge shook his head. "Nothing, I fear, that would appeal to a jury. I presume it is clear to all of us now that this unknown man who broke into Brant's room stole the weapon, and with it killed Harding; but we can neither prove this nor show the motive. If we could only identify this man, and so be enabled to find him, we might be able to show why he shot a person with whom, by all accounts, he was on friendly terms."

While the judge was speaking, Jarvis amused himself by defacing the blank page of a scratch pad with a sketchy outline of a human face. He did it mechanically, and without realizing that he was trying to draw the features of the man of many descriptions. When he did realize it he passed the pad across to Hobart with a query.

"Did you ever see anybody that looked like that?"

Hobart shook his head.

"Nor anybody else, I guess," said Jarvis, taking the pad and beginning to obliterate the picture by idly adding a bushy beard and a bristling mustache to the face. The judge and Forsyth were anxiously discussing the advisability of calling in one of the great detective agencies, the editor urging it and the lawyer objecting on the score of time.

"It is too late to do that now," he said; "by the time they could get their men at work we shall be out of the race, unless we can take an appeal. No, what is to be done we must do ourselves, and that quickly."

Hobart took no part in the discussion. He was leaning over the table watching the reporter's pencil. Suddenly he put out his hand and stopped it.

"Hold on a minute; that looks something like a man I've seen somewhere, but I can't remember when or where."

The exclamation attracted the attention of the others, and they examined the sketch while the assayer was trying to recall its suggestion. "Let me look at it again," he said, and he knitted his brows over it for a breathless minute while they waited in silence.

"I can't place it," he added, at length; "I thought at first it looked a little like Ike Gasset, the desperado that Brant shot in the row that night at Gaynard's, but——"

The editor's pivot chair made a quick half circle, and he smote upon the table with his fist in a speechless ecstasy of exprobration.

"What an infernal lot of idiotic chumps we are!—saving your presence, judge," he burst out. "Why, the thing is as plain as twice two! Gasset is the man who fired that shot, and he meant to kill Brant—not Harding!"

"By Jove, you're right!" rejoined Hobart excitedly. "Now I think of it, I remember that some one in Silverette told me a month ago that Gasset was out of the hospital and hunting for Brant with blood in his eye. I meant to write George about it at the time, but since he'd cut the whole business I didn't think there was much danger."

"Thank God," said the judge, with a little tremor in his voice; "that changes the face of the affair most decidedly. Now, if we can only manage to lay hands on this man Gasset——"

"That is precisely what we're going to do, if he's anywhere this side of his master's smelting pot," cut in Forsyth; "and there is no time to be lost. If you and Mr. Hobart will go over to headquarters and set the wires at work, I'll have my young men ransack the city. They'll do it better and quicker than the police. Jarvis, send the boys in here, and then chase over and put a flea in Brant's ear. Good night and God speed, gentlemen; we'll all meet here and compare notes in the morning, if you please."

Two hours later it was definitely ascertained that Gasset had left town on the day following the tragedy; and before midnight his description, together with the offer of a liberal reward for his apprehension, had been sown broadcast through the mountains in every camp and hamlet touched by the far reaching wire nerves of the telegraph.

(*To be concluded.*) 437

HEAVEN'S MIRROR.

I saw a million dewdrops, in each one
A bright reflection of the morning sun.

Thus God's great love can form of life a part,
Supreme and perfect in each human heart.

And by the potent blessing of His grace
I find the whole of heaven in thy face!

Maurice Baldwin.

THE STRONG MEN OF CANADA.

THE POLITICAL, INTELLECTUAL, AND FINANCIAL LEADERS OF THE CANADIAN DOMINION—TRAITS AND CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MEN WHO ARE MOLDING THE DESTINIES OF OUR GREAT NORTHERN NEIGHBOR.

THE political generation that saw the Canadian colonies welded into a unified state, vast in extent and boundless in its hopes of coming development, is now rapidly passing away. Of the foremost public men of the first period of the Dominion's history, Macdonald, Mackenzie, Cartier, and Brown are no longer living, while Blake has forsaken the country of his birth for that of his ancestors and become one of Ireland's representatives at Westminster. It is the successors of this group of leaders who now control the destinies of a land that covers half the North American continent, and whose citizens, akin in blood, speech, and institutions to those of the United States, are also their close neighbors along three thousand miles of the imaginary geographical line that marks the dividing frontier.

Of the heads of the two great political parties in Canada brief sketches have already been given in this magazine (June and August, 1895). Since that time, Sir Mackenzie Bowell has shown a somewhat unexpected strength in his grasp upon the premiership—to which post he succeeded at the sudden death of the late Sir John Thompson a year ago last December. Exclusion from office has long been the lot of his Liberal antagonists, at whose head Wilfred Laurier has stood since Mr. Blake's withdrawal; but the general elections about to be held may possibly reverse the present order of things, and for the first time in eighteen years place the Reformers on the treasury benches. In such an event Mr. Laurier's accession to the premiership will be significant, owing to the fact that heretofore no French Canadian has ever held that important post. His friends predict that his very broad ideas, and particularly the fearless stand he took upon the Manitoba school question, will insure for him a greater support from the Anglo Saxon element than from his own countrymen.

Though his career has fallen upon the rocky path of opposition, while others, perhaps less deserving, have luxuriated in the rose scented ways of power, Mr. Laurier is one of the most respected personalities in the Dominion. His most notable gift is that of oratory, which has won for him the title of the "silver tongued." His French parentage has not debarred him from reaching greater perfection in the English tongue than any of his Anglo Saxon rivals. In the musical language of his own race he must, perhaps, share honors with Chapleau, once the magnetic leader of the Quebec Conservatives, but now a "sulking Achilles," who has laid aside his coat of mail and donned the purple robes of the lieutenant governorship. Impressive in appearance and courteous in manner, Mr. Chapleau is the idol of the French, and could, if he wished, wield as great an influence as did Honoré Mercier in the palmy days of his invincibility.

One day, a good many years ago, the late Sir George Cartier was attempting to address his constituents at an open air meeting. His efforts were in vain; the crowd hooted and hissed their well meaning chieftain. The situation was critical, for a hearing was necessary to explain away numerous false charges that had been made against the promoters of the confederation movement. Suddenly the pale, handsome face of a beardless youth appeared at the window of a carriage, and as if by magic imposed silence upon the angry crowd. Then in the midst of the calm rang out the clear tones of the young orator, and in that maiden speech Chapleau saved his leader from defeat.

On the government benches Chapleau was always powerful, but his ambitions were of Cæsarian amplitude, and are credited with estranging him from his colleagues —who now, rumor says, have become fully alive to his loss. When Sir Charles Tupper relinquished his comfortable post of Canadian high commissioner in London, it was whispered that his design was to relieve Sir Mackenzie Bowell of the arduous duties of

Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Premier of Canada.*
From a photograph by Topley, Ottawa.

Wilfrid Laurier, Leader of the Canadian Liberals.
From a photograph by Topley, Ottawa.

the premiership; and part of the plan, it was said, was the nomination of Mr. Chapleau as his chief lieutenant. Sir Mackenzie, however, declined to abandon his position, whereupon seven members of his cabinet resigned. The crisis ended, however, in a compromise, and in the temporary triumph of the veteran premier.

Chief of the repentant seceders were Messrs. Foster and Haggart. The former first gained prominence as a temperance lecturer, and the late Sir John A. Macdonald held the opinion that any one who could command an audience's attention on such a droughty subject should be a valuable man to have in the government. As usual, his judgment was correct; and though Mr. Foster has since then given up cold water effusions he is quite as successful in the dry intricacies of budget speeches, which as finance minister fall to his lot. An ardent love of power has fed his imagination to such an extent that he dreams of the premiership, but it is likely that his lack of popularity will prevent such a dream from taking a more material form.

It is worthy of mention that Mr. Foster is the gentleman who recently spoke of "Eng-

J. W. Longley, Attorney General of Nova Scotia.
From a photograph by Gauvin & Gentzel, Halifax.

* As we go to press, it is announced that Sir Mackenzie Bowell has resigned the premiership, and that Sir Charles Tupper succeeds him.

Sir Richard Cartwright, K. C. M. G., a Prominent Canadian Liberal.
From a photograph by Topley, Ottawa.

land's splendid isolation "—a phrase for which a London correspondent claimed that its author deserved knightly recognition. In that case the editor of a certain Canadian journal would be the rightful recipient of the honor, and not the statesman who so paternally adopted the idea.

As secretary of state and leader of the House, Sir Charles Tupper is a very influential member of the Bowell ministry—more influential, some say, than his nominal chief, and should the government be sucessful at the polls he will probably be the next premier. At seventy five, he is still the "war horse" of his party, as keen and plucky a fighter as ever. Once, as he was driving along a lonely road, a shot was fired at him. Instead of giving the whip to his horse, he jumped from the carriage, and, rushing towards the spot whence the shot had come, captured his would be assassin. The story is characteristic of the man, in political as well as private life. During the past session he has done little to immortalize himself, and the heat he displayed in handling the vexed question of the Manitoba schools gave offense to many of his followers.

One of Sir Charles' best works is his son, Charles Hibbert Tupper, the clever lawyer whose services as counsel for the Dominion in the celebrated Bering Sea case were recognized in the usual way, with a knighthood. It is true that he has not escaped the inheritance of his father's powers of enlargement, and that in the midst of a speech his imagination sometimes parts company with probability; but withal he is able, energetic, and determined. He is, furthermore, not so much given to the use of the first person singular as is his sire; and never takes unto himself the credit of bountiful harvests and other gifts of nature. Sir Hibbert was one of the seven seceding ministers, and later re-

Thomas Greenway, Premier of Manitoba.
From a photograph by Topley, Ottawa.

signed in real earnest to make way for the "Star in the East," as one enthusiastic parliamentarian has dubbed the elder Tupper. Many Conservatives see in the son a future premier of Canada.

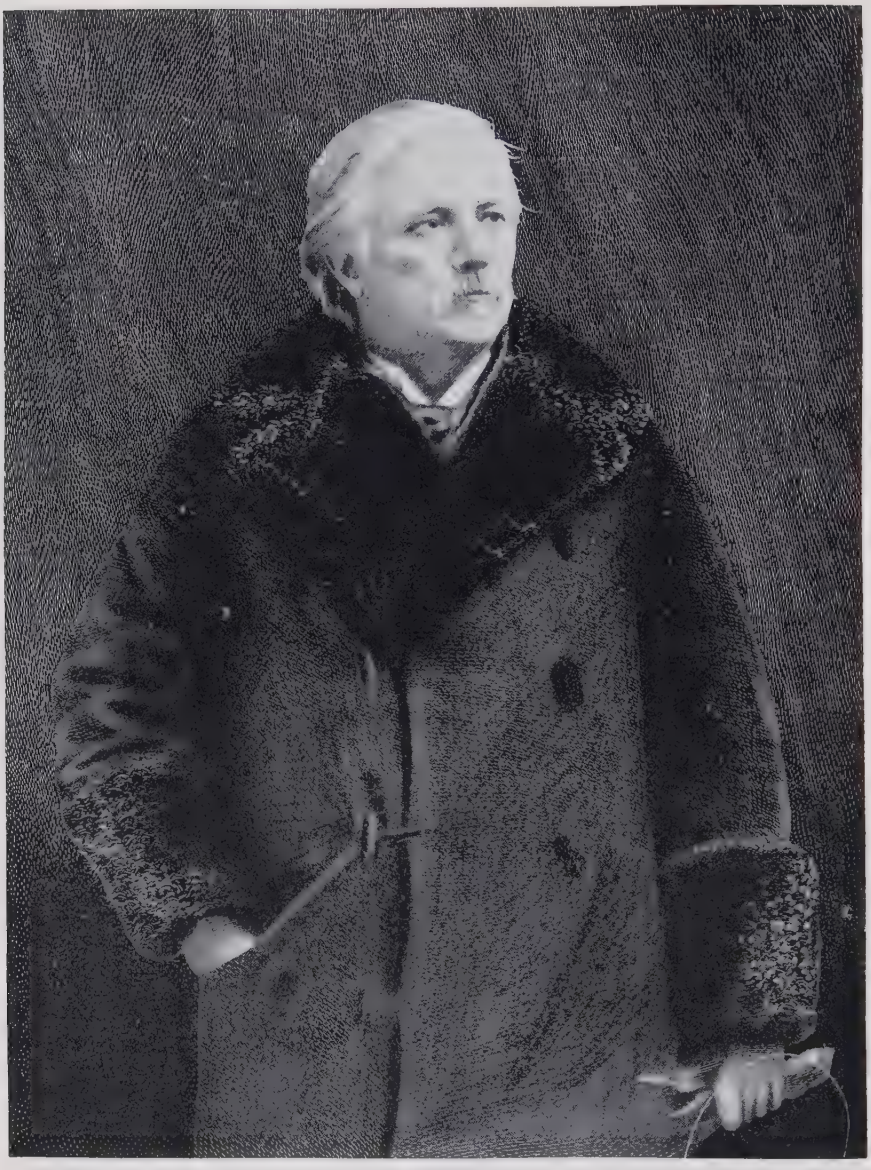
In the event of Mr. Chapleau reëntering the government, his place as lieutenant governor of Quebec would probably be taken by Sir Adolphe Caron, now the Dominion's postmaster general. The wearer of a monocle which he balances with Chamberlainian skill, and attired according to the strictest mandates of fashion, Sir Adolphe is famed at Ottawa as the Beau Brummel of the House.

It is unquestionably true that the Canadian people, as a whole, are stanchly loyal to their present political connections, and any "annexation" ideas that may be expressed by men of advanced opinions are likely to be received with audible disapproval. Hence it is that Professor Goldwin Smith's well known opinions debar him from the homage and popularity that might otherwise be his. The Dominion cannot claim this shining man of letters as its own, which, considering the country's comparative barrenness of literary ability, is a fact to be regretted. No less an authority than Mr. Frederic Harrison credits Mr. Smith with being "master of a power of expression which has scarcely a rival among us," but in spite of all his qualifications he is showered with Anglo Saxon abuse because of his faith in unpopular political principles. He is chiefly known to Americans through his connection with Cornell University, though previous to that time he had distinguished himself as a professor at Oxford. A celebrated cartoonist has depicted him *plus* a liver pad, thus mildly suggesting the cause of his apparently pessimistic tendencies; but this is an injustice, as Mr. Smith is in reality an earnest optimist.

Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., Secretary of State of the Dominion.
From a photograph by Notman, Montreal.

Major General Gascoigne, Commander of the Forces in Canada.
From a photograph by Topley, Ottawa.

The same may be said of Sir Richard Cartwright, a political



J. A. Chapleau, Lieutenant Governor of Quebec.

From a photograph by Quéry Bros., Montreal.

leader with whom he is to a certain extent in sympathy. Sir Richard is not an annexationist, but he is one of the strongest advocates of close commercial relations with the United States, and on this account has time and time again been called upon to repudiate the baseless charge of disloyalty. With the possible exception of Goldwin Smith, he is the most maligned man in Canada. He is, however, well able to defend himself, and, though not always judicious in his remarks, never engages in a tilt without leaving a mark upon his adversary. His chief *bête noir* is Sir Charles Tupper, upon whom he recently made a bitter attack on the floor of the House. In many respects he resembles his antagonist—mainly in his love for a fight, and in the bulldog persistency with which he sticks to it. It must be admitted that he

seems to have become soured by his years of honest yet thankless work in the interests of his country.

Of the same stripe of politics, but almost ignorant of the trials of opposition, is Sir Oliver Mowat, the unobtrusive little gentleman who for twenty four years has presided at the head of Ontario affairs. Sir Oliver is a Liberal, but a Liberal of the most conservative order, and his long rule has been so uneventfully successful that it looks as if only death or resignation can depose him from his place of eminence. It might be thought that a man of his advanced years would hesitate before surrendering the comfortable sinecure of a provincial premiership, but Sir Oliver is apparently ready to sacrifice this and more for his party, and it is said he will join forces with Mr. Laurier at the approaching federal contest. His assistance will be of incalculable value to the Liberal chieftain, who, should he be successful, will reward such devotion with

L. O. Taillon, Premier of Quebec.
From a photograph by Notman, Montreal.

Sir Adolphe Caron, Postmaster General of Canada.
From a photograph by Notman, Montreal.

Dr. William Peterson, President of McGill University.
From a photograph by Notman, Montreal.

nothing less than the justice department. Sir Oliver is a striking contrast to Mr. Taillon, premier of the older but less progressive province of Quebec, who is a man of commanding stature, and blessed with a strong, clear delivery linked with an effective command of the graceful gesticulations characteristic of the French race. Mr. Taillon lacks the brilliancy and dash of his meteoric predecessor, Honoré Mercier; but in his freedom from self assurance he differs from his Ontario contemporary, whose confidence in his own powers is quite as strong as that felt in him by the electorate. The "little premier" is not a great orator, but he is always heard with interest by his supporters. Being a prominent member of the Presbyterian denomination, he can always count upon the "low church" vote, and with no little diplomatic skill he makes extremes meet at the polls, where he secures the almost unbroken support of the Roman Catholic electors.

In Ontario the latter have become quite an important factor, but in the prairie province of Manitoba they are in a small minority. It is in Manitoba that "the farmer premier," as Thomas Greenway is called, has, by his action in abolishing the Roman Catholic separate schools, given rise to one of the most aggravating questions that has ever threatened the confederation. Every pressure has been brought to bear against him, the last session of the Dominion legislature having been convened to discountenance his action by the passage of a remedial bill—a measure left stranded by the death of parliament. But Mr. Greenway is determined in his stand, and is backed up by three quarters of the population in his refusal to reëstablish a double educational system. He is a man of iron—a veritable Cromwell—but his position is a trying one. Rumor says that

Sir Donald A. Smith, K. C. M. G., Canada's Wealthiest Citizen.
From a photograph by Notman, Montreal.

like Sir Oliver Mowat he will engage in the impending electoral contest as a lieutenant of Mr. Laurier.

The cause of Protestantism is at all times well fought at Ottawa by the leader of the so called Third Party, Mr. D'Alton McCarthy. This gentleman is without doubt an agitator; he cannot escape the epithet, and in this respect resembles the strife stirring Mercier. He is no such political gambler as the late French leader, but he is no less inspired with the antagonism of Canada's races, and equally willing to ferment the feeling, already too strong, that rises up as a wall between the two peoples. He has even gone so far as to state publicly that "as members of the body politic they (the French) are the great danger to the confederacy." It is impossible to say whether Mr. McCarthy will ever attain a high political position, or whether he will always mark time to the march past of others.

Rivaling Mr. McCarthy in ability, energy, and perseverance, and superior to him in point of diplomacy, is J. W. Longley, the popular attorney general of Nova Scotia. For some years past Mr. Longley has played a prominent part in provincial politics, and having forged his way to the top has signified his intention of seeking the wider range open in the federal House. In the event of the Liberals being returned to power, he would doubtless receive an important portfolio. He has been accused of annexation tendencies, a charge which has subjected him to ferocious attacks, but which as yet has neither deposed him from a foremost place in his province nor checked the growth of his popularity.

Sir William C. Van Horne, K. C. M. G., President of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

From a photograph by Notman, Montreal.

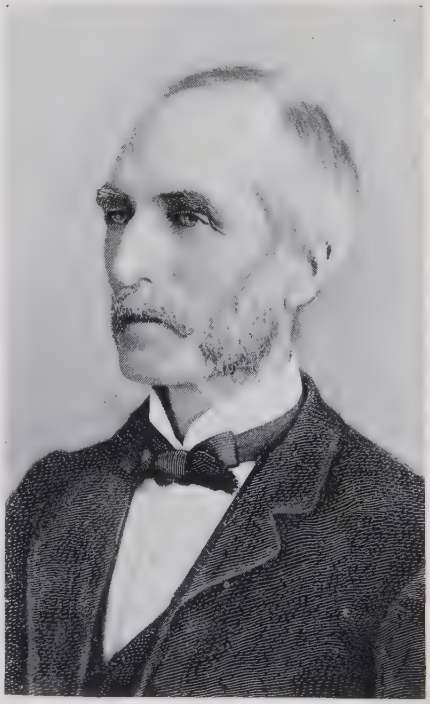
The great majority of Canadians who have won fame in the speculative world of politics, or in the less perilous though less interesting mazes of commerce, are Scotchmen by either birth or descent. Sir Donald Smith and his cousin, Lord Mount Stephen, who have amassed fortunes unequaled in the Dominion, are of the number. As a boy, Sir Donald was in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company, of which he is now the head. At one time, when stationed in far off Labrador, he was smitten with snow blindness, and threatened with the loss of his sight. The nearest doctor was several hundreds of miles distant, but the sufferer determined to reach him. In company with two half breed

Sir Charles H. Tupper, Q. C., K. C. M. G.
From a photograph by Topley, Ottawa.

guides, he successfully accomplished the journey, and obtained the needed medical aid. On the return, the weather became so violent and cold that both guides succumbed, but young Smith struggled on alone, arriving at his destination more dead than alive.

It is commonly stated that he was knighted for services rendered in the first Northwest rebellion; but as the honor only reached him six years after that event, it may be conjectured that his connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway had something to do with it. He and Lord Mount Stephen (then plain George Stephen) were the promoters mainly interested in the construction of the road, for which—and partly, no doubt, because his childlessness obviated any possible objection to the creation of a hereditary peerage in Canada—the latter received the unprecedented distinction of a barony. It is not impossible that Lord Mount Stephen may be the next Canadian governor general, and certainly no one would be more welcomed by the people. Both he and Sir Donald, though more particularly the latter, are pleasantly noted for their philanthropy. Among their many beneficent acts, they built and endowed a hospital in Montreal a few years ago, which cost more than a million dollars.

The Canadian Pacific owes its existence to the above named capitalists and the Dominion government, but much of its success is due to the present president and general manager, Sir William Van Horne. Like Mr. Hays, the recently appointed head of the Grand Trunk, Sir William was born in the State of Illinois, and his railroading experience was gained in the American West. He was general superintendent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul when he resigned to take hold of the embryonic C. P. R. Having been duly naturalized, he later received a knighthood of the order of St. Michael and St. George—a perquisite which seems to go with the prominent positions in the company. A great part of his leisure is spent in painting, one of his favorite jokes being to put fictitious names on works from his own brush and then invite criticisms. It is said that his salary is fifty thousand dollars a year—about one third more than the amount which tempted Mr. Hays from his command of the Wabash system to take charge of the Grand Trunk. Whether this latter gentleman will follow Sir William's example by becoming a British



Professor Goldwin Smith.
From a photograph by Bruce, Toronto, Ont.

subject, and incidentally, perhaps, a K. C. M. G., is a thing that the future holds secret.

The institution that comes in for the lion's share of Sir Donald Smith's munificence is McGill University, the Oxford of Canada. For many years the well known geologist, Sir William Dawson, was the university's principal, and it was chiefly through his management that it attained its present development. His successor, Dr. Peterson, hails from Scotland—a fact which, considering that Sir William was a Canadian born, is scarcely a compliment to the Dominion's progress in the world of science and learning. Previous to his appointment to McGill, Dr. Peterson had been principal of University College, Dundee, having reached

Sir J. W. Dawson, C. M. G., Formerly President of McGill University

From a photograph by Notman, Montreal.

Lord Mount Stephen, the Only Canadian Peer.

From a photograph by Notman, Montreal.

that position at the remarkably early age of twenty five.

Sir William Dawson is a peaceful old gentleman, whose retirement is devoted to scientific research and literary work, his favorite topic being the question of man's first appearance on earth, and the apparent conflict between biblical history and the facts of geology. He is quite unlike the clerical principal of Queen's University, the Rev. George Grant, who, aside from his collegiate duties, exercises a considerable influence in the political arena. Principal Grant is a strong advocate of imperial federation, and expresses his views forcibly. "The annexationist," he once declared, "at the outset surrenders the name of Canada, with all it involves —its history, its constitution, its past struggles, its present life, its hopes and aims—as things absolutely worthless. Of course, to some men—*and all cattle*—such things are worthless."

Mr. Chamberlain and other English statesmen are displaying at least an academic interest in Mr. Grant's pet scheme, but its realization is probably far distant. It looks, however, as if the present Canadian government is prepared to move toward it, the first indication being to vote three million dollars for the thorough rearming of the colonial militia. The forces of the Dominion are under the command of Major General Gascoigne, who was appointed last summer, and has so far created a favorable im-

Charles M. Hays, Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway.

From a photograph by Robertson, St. Louis.

pression. He has seen service with the British army in Egypt and in the Soudan, and amongst other engagements was present at Tel-el-Kebir.

Other prominent Canadians might with justice be mentioned, did not lack of space make it necessary to draw the line where notability ceases and importance begins.

Edgar Maurice Smith.

A SONG OF LONGING.

WHERE I with spring erewhile
Kept golden comradery,
And saw her kindling smile
Illumine stream and tree,

Behold, is set the sign
Of one with numbing breath,
Who holds, through power malign,
White brotherhood with death!

Hushed is the lyric bough,
And not a ripple runs
To stir the reed bed now
With silvery benisons.

I list, and list in vain
For melody and mirth;
O give me back again
The ardors of the earth!

Give me the fields I knew,
And not this blank despair—
The sun divine, the blue
Sweet vastitudes of air!

And then to crown my bliss,
To seal my rapturing,
Ah! let me know her kiss,
The love kiss of the spring!

Clinton Scollard.

Princess Achille Murat (Miss Catherine Daingerfield Willis.)

AN AMERICAN PRINCESS.

THE HISTORIC ROMANCE OF THE VIRGINIA GIRL WHO MARRIED THE SON OF THE DETHRONED KING OF NAPLES—MME. MURAT'S LIFE IN FLORIDA AND IN EUROPE, AND HER FRIENDSHIP WITH NAPOLEON III.

WHEN Louis Napoleon was a thin, rather shabby young man going about the world trying to make people believe that his castles in Spain would some day become veritable palaces in France, the most enthusiastic and sympathizing listener he found was the American wife of his cousin, Achille Murat. During the year she and her husband spent in London, the visionary, thin faced young Bonaparte was their constant guest. "When I am emperor, Cousin Kate," he would say, "you shall have a chateau and everything you want in return for your kindness to me now." And she, accustomed to children's dreams, would say, "Yes! yes!" to it all, little thinking that the fairy tale would come true.

Catherine Murat was the daughter of Colonel Byrd Willis, of Willis Hall, near Fredericksburg, Virginia, and his wife Mary Lewis, the niece of General Washington. When she was fifteen she married a Scotch

gentleman named Grey. At sixteen she was a widowed mother. Before she was twenty three her father removed to Florida, where Tallahassee was then known as one of the social centers of the United States, and it was here she met Achille Murat, eldest son of the exiled King of Naples. He at once declared himself, in the fashion of that old day, as a suitor for her hand. The

Prince Achille Murat.

young widow looked at him with anything but favor. Though he was the nephew of one of the greatest emperors in history, he was also the grandson of an innkeeper, and the blood of the Murats was not considered to rival the blueness of the fair Virginian's. She shrugged her shoulders, and said that he "had no breeding." She herself was a beauty who had the manners of a queen, and who was accustomed to a queen's homage. But the prince's devotion conquered her at last, and they were married and went to their plantation home.

It was a lucky thing that beautiful Kate Murat had a sense of humor and grew to love her husband devotedly. The experiments which he tried upon himself, his wife, and his slaves, would have driven most women mad. He had a mania for cooking everything he could lay his hands on and trying to eat it. He has left a pathetic note that "alligator soup will do, but turkey buzzard is not good." Upon one occasion he induced the slaves to eat cherry tree sawdust, and nearly killed them all. Once his wife spent the day with a distant neighbor, and came home to see her husband, smoke begrimed, dirty, stirring clothes in a boiling kettle over a fire in the yard. He greeted her with enthusiasm.

"Oh, Kate," he said, "I have discovered a new dye, and I have made all your clothes a lovely pink!"

She found that in that witch's caldron was every gown she possessed except such as her maid had been able to hide from him. But madame did not storm. She sat down and laughed until she was exhausted.

Achille was the image of the great Napoleon, and the incongruity of his freaks was a source of continual amusement to his wife. He hated water. One day he was

showing William Wirt over his sugar plantation, when he slipped and fell into a vat of syrup. He climbed out ruefully, a mass of dripping stickiness.

"Oh, dear! Kate will make me wash!" he said disgustedly.

But eccentricities were not all of the heir to the throne of Naples. In spite of them, he was a brave, noble, and accomplished gentleman. He and his wife went to Europe for a few years, and there they made a notable addition to the family gatherings of the exiled Bonapartes. While in Belgium his likeness to the dead emperor drew old soldiers about him, and they formed a regiment which the King of Belgium was obliged to disband, as it menaced a neighboring state. There was a momentary chance that Achille would come at least to the steps of the French throne.

They tell a story of Mme. Murat in Belgium, that one day she went with a couple of friends to ride on a particularly mettlesome horse. It ran away with her, but she would not acknowledge that her physical strength was unable to control it. She let them admire her horsemanship, and think that it was a fashion in America to ride at breakneck speed.

After their return to America Achille studied law, and went to live in New Orleans, but he lost money in speculation and returned to Florida, to serve with distinction in the Seminole war. Through all that trying campaign his wife followed him, sharing his dangers. It is said that once he was so ill that she feared he would die, yet it was impossible even to have a light at night for fear of an attack by the Indians. She sat by him till dawn, in total darkness, putting her hand now and then before his lips to see if his breath still fluttered through them.

The prince died in 1847, and his widow settled at Tallahassee, in the quaint story and a half cottage which is pointed out to tourists today as her home. Two years later came the *coup d' état*, and Louis Napoleon was at last on the throne, with his memory all alive for "Cousin Kate."

After the emperor's marriage she visited at the Tuileries, and the offer of the "chateau" was renewed; but Mme. Murat had a plantation and two hundred slaves in Florida, and she felt that her duty called her there. At the state dinner given in her honor, the empress absented herself that the emperor might take "Cousin Kate" on his arm and give her the seat beside him. It was said by those who thought little of Eugénie's manner as an empress that the place had never been so well filled as it was by the American princess.

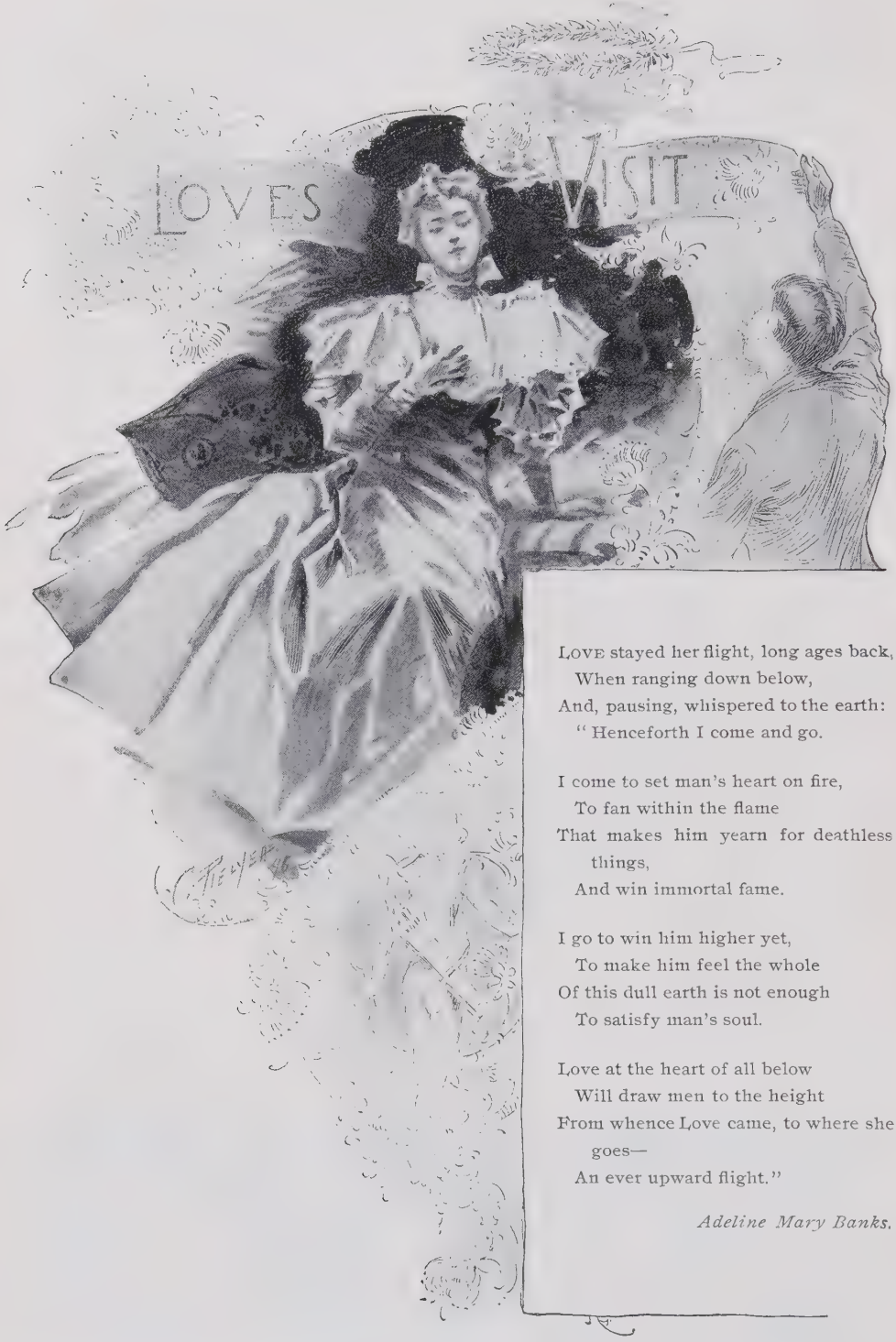
Back in Florida, Mme. Murat took up the busy old life of the mistress of a great plantation, but she found time for endless outside work. It was mainly due to her exertions that Mount Vernon was preserved to the nation. Her life was a full and peaceful one until the war came and brought ruin. Her slaves looked to her for help and support, and she could not turn them away. She let them live on her plantation, selling her jewels for her livelihood, until she was reduced to her last penny. Then the kindness of the young American princess to the dreaming boy Bonaparte came back in the most approved fairy tale fashion. He had feared that she had met with reverses, and he sent her ten thousand dollars, telling her that the same sum would come as an annuity as long as she lived.

Not long after this she paid another visit to France, where she told the emperor the story of her suffering South, and asked why he had not come to its aid.

"Cousin Kate," he said, "you had my sympathy, but if I had done one thing to aid slavery, I should have had a mob in the Paris streets."

After a round of visits, Mme. Murat again returned to America, where she died the following year. The two simple graves in the old Episcopal graveyard in Tallahassee are among the few relics of royalty on this side of the world.

Elisabeth W. P. Lomax.



LOVE stayed her flight, long ages back,
When ranging down below,
And, pausing, whispered to the earth:
"Henceforth I come and go.

I come to set man's heart on fire,
To fan within the flame
That makes him yearn for deathless things,
And win immortal fame.

I go to win him higher yet,
To make him feel the whole
Of this dull earth is not enough
To satisfy man's soul.

Love at the heart of all below
Will draw men to the height
From whence Love came, to where she goes—
An ever upward flight."

Adeline Mary Banks.

THE STAGE

A PROPHET WHO HAS FOUND HONOR IN HIS OWN LAND.

During the latter half of a dramatic season more disastrous than any for many a year, there has been such a universal hue and cry raised against the imported play that one is almost inclined to fear an overdoing of the matter. It behooves our native playwrights, then, to be very careful what they serve up in this the hour of their opportunity, lest, if they fall short of what is expected of them, the pendulum of fickle public taste should swing back across seas again, and the last state of things be worse than the first.

An interesting event of next season will be the reproduction here of Wilson Barrett's play, "The Sign of the Cross." It was originally brought out in America some three years ago, but failed to score, and was dropped from Mr. Barrett's repertoire. In January last, at a most critical period of his career, he presented the piece to a London audience, and made one of

Maud Hoffman.

From a photograph by Notman, Boston.

Anna Robinson.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1896, by J. Schloss, New York.

Mabel Stephenson (Mrs. A. J. Adams, Jr.)
From a photograph by Wilhelm, New York.

the three pronounced hits of the year—"Trilby" and "The Prisoner of Zenda" being the other two. The play ran at the Lyric Theater far into the spring, and has placed Barrett once more in the front rank of British players. If the work succeeds in its new trial here, the English trademark may perhaps regain the prestige it has lately lost.

Maud Hoffman, who made her first professional appearance in Boston as *Juliet*, played *Berenice* when "The Sign of the Cross" was originally presented in this country. The part calls for strong manifestations of the emotion of jealous wrath, and her rendering won Miss Hoffman much praise. The scene of the play is laid in Rome under Nero, and the theme

shows the triumph of love and religion over passion and paganism.

THE OPPORTUNITIES OF ANNA ROBINSON.

When Caroline Miskel married the author of "A Temperance Town," a grave responsibility rested upon the person chosen to succeed her as *Ruth*. In selecting Anna Robinson, Mr. Hoyt evidently made no mistake, as she was retained in the rôle for two seasons. But Miss Robinson, young as she was, was well grounded in stage work from a happy experience that fell to her lot during her first engagement, six years ago.

Conceiving the idea of entering the profession, she went to Charles Frohman, then in the flush of his triumph with "Shenandoah," which he was about to send upon the road. He decided to give her a trial, and before she left the company she had played almost every female character in the piece. Again, a brief three months' "loan" to Richard Mansfield afforded her the chance to understudy all the leading parts in his repertory, with opportunities, too, of playing them. In this way she has had remarkable opportunities of acquiring a versatile training in the very best of acting schools, and of being at the same time on the pay roll.

This season she and her sister Margaret were the twins in "The Governor of Kentucky" with Mr. Crane, and next fall she is to play with the new Brooks Miner syndicate.

"IN GAY NEW YORK."

For the last three years Canary & Lederer have followed a French idea and given each spring at the Casino a review of the theatrical season. "In Gay New York" is the 1896 successor to "The Merry World" and "The Passing Show," and as vaudeville has carried off the cream of the business throughout one of the most disastrous periods in dramatic records, it ought not to be a difficult thing for Mr. McConnell to give variety to a concoction whose success depends on the amount of this element stirred into it.

Our picture of Mrs. Adams recalls one of the most taking features of "The Passing Show" in its early days. This was Mabel Stephenson, who burlesqued *Hannele*, the funereal child heroine of a realistic German importation that had wearied the critics and set the Gerry society by the ears. Miss Stephenson's impersonation of the weak witted maiden was as artistic in one way as the whistling and bird warbling she did a few moments later was in another, and when she married Albert James Adams, Jr.,

Gertrude Elliott.

From a photograph by Bond, Rockland, Maine.

Ethel Knight Morison.

From a photograph by Martin, Chicago.

a resident of New York, just a year ago, the stage lost a really promising artist.

TWO TALENTED GIRLS FROM MAINE.

Maxine Elliott has more common sense than most members of her profession. She has refused to let her head be turned by all the current talk about her beauty, and keeps working steadily along to perfect herself in the depiction of character by constant study of her art. Since leaving Daly's, she is besieged with offers to "star," but to them all she replies, "Yes, if you can give me a suitable play. The play's the thing, after all."

While her own plans for next season are still unformed, Miss Elliott takes the greatest possible enjoyment out of the promise shown by her younger sister Gertrude—"a mere slip of a girl," she calls her; "but wait till you see her act." She is pretty, too, as our portrait shows, and bids fair to win as high a place for herself as her sister has done. She has been playing with Marie Wainwright, such rôles as *Helen* in "The Hunchback" and *Lydia* in "The Love Chase." Of her work in the latter piece one critic writes: "The maid came near carrying off the honors of the production."

It will be interesting to watch the develop-

Charlotte Crane.

From a photograph—Copyrighted, 1896, by W. M. Morrison, Chicago.

ment of this talented sister of an artist so worthy as is Maxine Elliott of the esteem in which she is held by theater goers.

PHILADELPHIA'S STOCK COMPANY.

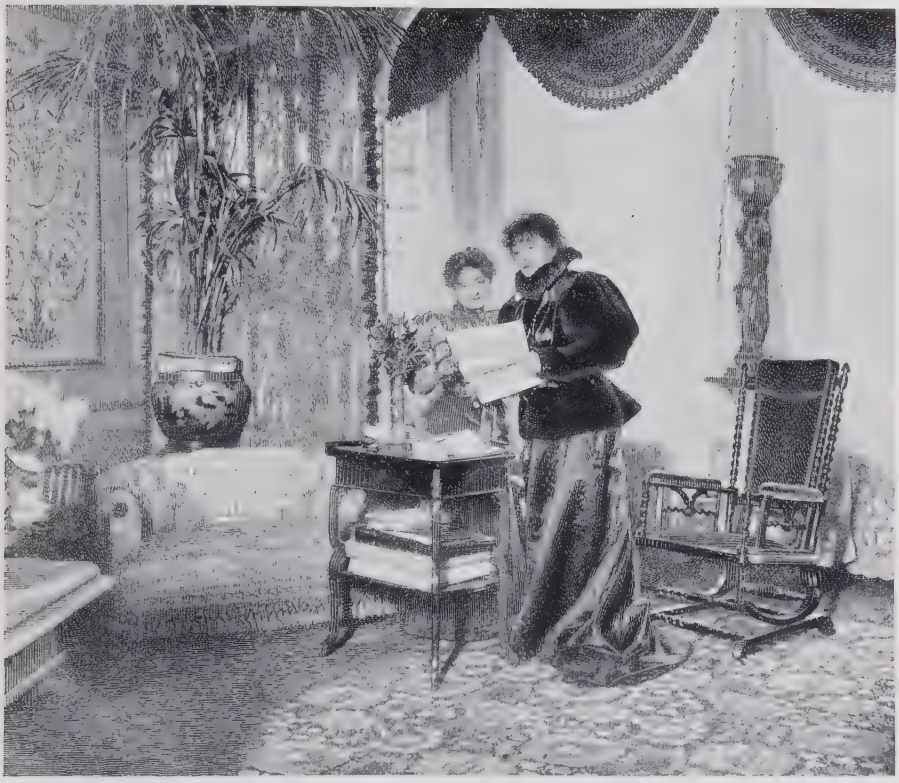
What the Castle Square is to Boston in light opera, the Girard Avenue Theater is to Philadelphia in comedy. Conducted by a brother of E. M. and Joseph Holland, with a weekly change of bill and "rock bottom" prices for seats, the Quaker City has had a very fair substitute for the "good old stock days" of which graybeard playgoers are so fond of prating.

Among the members of the regular company at the Girard Avenue is Ethel Knight Mollison, whose portrait is presented herewith. Miss Mollison has been on the stage only since November, 1894, when she made her appearance in Philadelphia as *Nichette* in Olga Nethersole's production of "Camille." Later she followed the example of almost every professional of standing, and temporarily joined Mr. Daly's forces. Then she went to the Girard Avenue Theater, where she made a special hit as *Lady Thomasine* in "The Amazons," the mannish rôle created here by Elizabeth Tyree. As a complimentary critic rather aptly put it, she was "a sweet mixture of masculinity and herself."

THE YOUNGEST "BOSSY."

There are few, if any, younger leading women than Charlotte Crane, who has been playing *Bossy* in "A Texas Steer." She is

barely seventeen, and although this is her first season, *Bossy* was her second leading rôle, the first being *Carey* in "Alabama," the character created by Agnes Miller. Her initial appearance with this company in a minor part marked a double epoch in Miss Crane's life—her début upon the boards and her first wearing of a long dress. At the end of the week her manager asked her to take the place of the leading woman, who was suddenly called away.



Sarah Bernhardt—"I Want My Pictures to Catch Me Just as I Am in My Own Apartments."

From a photograph by Byron, New York.

"I found it very hard work," Miss Crane naïvely says, in writing an account of the experience, "and many times in the emotional scene I went on with tears streaming down my cheeks. What people thought good acting was in reality my genuine distress at the thought that I did not read my lines as well as I should."

Although Miss Crane is still so young, she has succeeded in carrying out her hopes only by surmounting obstacle after obstacle placed in her way. But she loves her work, and nature has happily fitted her for it.

A DAY WITH BERNHARDT.

No woman of the century has held public interest at so high a pitch for so long a period of time as Sarah Bernhardt. The American public finds her doings, her whims and caprices, and her personality as interesting today as when, on her first memorable trip to the United States, she was heralded as a woman of most eccentric habits, preferring coffins to sleeping couches, and finding pet tigers and snakes more companionable than the fashionable poodle or Angora cat.

In the theatrical world she has made history, but her genius has never won greater approval than during her last visit. She herself acknowledges this, not without surprise. "*C'est incroyable*," she says, "*mon reception cette année!*"

The very name of Bernhardt brings with it a certain atmosphere of magic. Scarcely any one is more talked of, or has been more often described; but to gain anything more than a brief and formal interview with her is as difficult as to enter a royal palace. One may see her, touch the nervous, slender hand, hear the *voix d'or* murmur a few words, and then away she is whirled—or the visitor is, and it is all over. A day with her is a privilege to be locked away in the storehouse of valuable memories. To very few comes an opportunity of really

knowing the woman whose art has held the old and new worlds spell bound for almost a generation.

"Come to me early tomorrow and have déjeuner," was madame's whispered invitation as she crossed the "coulisse" in a gold cloth gown with a wreath of flowers encircling her head, and a stem of lilies in her hand, ready for the last scene of "Gismonda."

So strongly was this picture impressed upon the writer's mind that it would not have been surprising, on being announced the next morning, to see a room of Oriental splendor, with its mistress languorously posing on downy couches, amid the drowsy fumes of incense. Instead, a voice called from another room:

"*Attendez, attendez*, you are in time for the photographs! I will be out in a moment."

No lilies and no incense came with Mme. Bernhardt's entrance. Like a happy go lucky boy she ran through the great doors, pulled aside the curtains, called to the photographer, and greeted her visitor with the welcome that warm hearted genius gives to those whom it wishes to make happy. She well knows her power.

"Such happy hours we shall have now. Lord Byron"—for so she insisted on calling the photographer—"will take me in my rooms. I want my pictures to catch me just as I am in my own apartments. They are for *nos intimes* and for my family. Of course, stage pictures must be taken in the theater and at the gallery; but I enjoy these much more."

Off the stage Mme. Bernhardt's voice has a deeper tone than when heard *dans le scene*. While it fascinated her listeners, who sat at a great bay window, the representative of this magazine was wonderfully impressed by the youth of Mme. Bernhardt. In the full sunlight she sat, not one line marring the smooth, velvety texture of her skin. The blue

"We Often Spend Half an Hour This Way, I Accompanying Suzanne."

From a photograph by Byron, New York.

"This Will Please Maurice, Mon Fils."

From a photograph by Byron, New York.

eyes—rare in color and expression—looked out from beneath the dark lashes, showing no sign of fatigue, although she has given more performances this winter than any other star before the public. The lithe figure moved with a rapid grace, and her laugh rang out with a silver note as she called to "Suzanne" to "come and sing for me while I play."

Leaning against the mantel, she made a graceful note in the dark room, wearing a trailing skirt of velvet with a short coat of the same material—the style of gown most affected by madame when off the stage. The full, lace ruffled bodice peeped out when she moved, and great folds of the lace fell over the jeweled hand. The only ornaments on the coat were exquisite buttons of rare workmanship. Several chains were around her neck, all suggesting bizarre oriental art. With her hands in the pocket of her short jacket she paced the room, touching and smelling this flower, or asking who had sent the other vase of roses, while Mlle. Suzanne answered with apparent omniscience upon all topics, from the donors of the flowers to Mme. Bernhardt's future plans. Mlle. Suzanne is not only a clever actress in the French com-

"How I Look When I Go Down to Meet People."

From a photograph by Byron, New York.

pany, but is madame's companion, living with her, and always *en evidence* wherever one sees the actress.

"This is the way we often spend a half hour, I accompanying Suzanne; so let us be photographed this way, *n' est ce pas, ma cherie?*"

With great interest Mme. Bernhardt inspected the camera and the flash light apparatus. Finally all was ready, and with a "Steady!" from the photographer the light flashed through the room, followed by a stream of smoke. Madame laughed as she puffed out her cheeks to blow the vapor away, and seemed more than ever like a roguish gamin. Open went the windows, and though it was a cold day in early spring she stood there driving the smoke out.

"Now, come, another pose! Ah, this will please Maurice—*mon fils.* I shall be reading his paper, you know, in which he is so much interested."

So she was photographed again, standing by the mantel. She fell into each pose easily, never changing a line of her gown or allowing the photographer to make a suggestion. Everything must be perfectly natural, just as she was, without any studying out of effects.

The room was full of smoke, and she hurried out into the corridor.

"*L' escalier, l'escalier!* Ah, yes, I shall be taken there, and then I will see how I look when I go down to meet people."

Some one here reminded madame that—*on dit*—when she built a house in Normandy she determined to design it herself, and it was found that staircases had been entirely forgotten in her plans. A protest, but not a denial, was the answer to this.

"*Vite, vite, déjeuner!* We all are starved. Ah, I know Mme. Chartran is," she said, as she turned to her friend, the wife of the great painter, who after déjeuner was to carry us off to his studio to see the portrait M. Chartran was painting of Mme. Bernhardt. Then followed a pleasant hour, as we gathered around the table, while madame talked about art and the American stage.

"Only one fault have I to find with you here, and that is that you do not give your native talent enough credit. You follow too much, and wait too long for foreign approval. If your Julia Marlowe Taber, for example, would receive the recognition that is due her, she should go to London, and create a furor there, as Mary Anderson did; then you would appreciate her. Your beautiful Miss Anderson's greatest success in her country was after her London triumph.

"The greatest artist of today, I think," continued madame, as we lingered over a cup of mocha, "is Calvé. She gave me more pleasure when I attended her performance of 'Mefistofele' than I thought it possible for me to feel. Such a gloriously appealing voice, such histrionic abilities, linked in one person, seem almost too much of a gift." There was not a trace of artistic jealousy in her estimate of the famous singer, whose work she criticised in detail, and with enthusiastic appreciation.

As dish after dish of dainty viands passed, madame, in the most practical manner, asked the *garçon* how they were cooked, and told how she enjoyed concocting "good things to eat" in her chafing dish. A letter was handed to her—a letter of appeal, one of the hundreds that she receives every month. It was laid aside; it came from a man, and Mme. Bernhardt will help only women. For the woes of her own sex she has a warm sympathy, and thinks it her duty to relieve them whenever she possibly can.

"The funniest letter," she said, "that I received during this visit was from a man who wished to borrow an immense sum of money, and signed himself 'a countryman of yours, Schuff Schubert.' Apparently he thought I was a German."

Mme. Bernhardt delights in a good story, and in telling of the amusing experiences that have befallen her all over the world. "It is strange," she said, "that in the many voyages I have made, only once have I faced death. That was on board of a ship that was nearly wrecked. In all seriousness I can say that death has no horror for me. I do not want to die, but yet I have no fear of it."

Much has been written about her eccentricities. The scribbler usually delights in depicting the peccadilloes of a great genius. But her good nature and tolerance under trying circumstances show the amiable side of Mme. Bernhardt's character.

One Sunday night, when she was in New York, she was rehearsing "Magda" with her company. Two plays had already been gone through, it was almost midnight, and everybody was tired. In the second scene, when the time came for M. Deval to come on, no Deval was in sight. The action of the play was stopped. Every one called for the missing actor, and stage hands hurried about the theater to find him, but in vain, though he had been seen a few minutes before. Five minutes passed, and five more, and muttered imprecations were heaped on the defaulter's head. The writer, who was present, waited for a storm to burst, when Mme. Sarah was informed that Deval could not be discovered; but she merely turned to the company, and said in the gentlest tone: "I am sorry, you are all so tired, and have worked so hard!" She sat there, a model of patience, the calmest member of the company. Finally Deval entered, flustered and hurried. Surely now there would be an explosion. But no, she simply turned to the actor's wife with "Mme. Deval, please have a scene with your husband some time tonight; he really deserves it." Not a word of anger, only a look of reproach did she give him, and then the rehearsal went on.

As we looked over some photographs, Mme. Bernhardt never seemed so lovable as when she took up those of her beautiful daughter in law and of her son's child. Almost every second word was some affectionate reference to Maurice Bernhardt and his family. Her love for him is the strongest point in her life. "*Mon*

fils, mon fils," she repeats, and her face lights up when she hears him mentioned in a tone of approval.

Wrapped in a French creation of lace, with a violet toque on her red gold hair, madame started for her drive to M. Chartran's studio, where her quick wit made the minutes fly while she gave the painter a sitting. On the way back she stopped to leave flowers for some sick French actress, reaching home in time for a hurried dinner before her departure for the theater.

That night the writer sat in the stage box, saw the surging mass of people who crowded the theater from gallery to orchestra, waiting for her, and watched her entrance as *Izeyl* in the poetic oriental play. Thunders of applause greeted her, and each act aroused still greater enthusiasm. It scarcely seemed possible that this heaven gifted creature could be the simple, genial companion of the morning and afternoon.

THE MARCH KING'S NEW CONQUEST.

Sousa knows what the people want, and gives it to them. "El Capitan" is an emphatic success. It is more original than any comic opera since "Robin Hood," and full of sparkle and dash and go. The marches have the true Sousa ring; they almost lift the audience to its feet. The book is clever. It has sufficient vigor to be self sustaining, a somewhat rare quality with the prevailing libretto. Charles Klein, the author, has written for Hopper, and written well. His lines fit.

Hopper has not been seen to such good advantage since "Wang." In fact, "El Capitan" is splendidly suited to the whole Hopper company, from the assumed bravado and real cowardice allotted to big De Wolf himself, to the whimpering plaints of little Alfred Klein. Edna Wallace Hopper infuses snap and spirit into a military rôle, and the topical song she sings with her husband and John Parr is delightfully droll. Alice Hosmer brings to the termagant princess all the vim and force the part demands, and Bertha Waltzinger's really sweet voice is heard to capital advantage.

Sousa's rise to fame has been rapid. He has had an exceptional manager in David Blakely. Mr. Blakely had a prophetic eye. When he interested himself in Sousa, the latter was the leader of a Washington band, and was little known to the world at large. Mr. Blakely had the courage of his convictions, and spent money unstintedly in bringing Sousa before the people. As a shrewd newspaper man, he knew how to spend it wisely and well. But all the management in the world cannot make a popular favorite out of mediocrity. The true merit must be there, and Sousa has it.

OPERETTA IN THREE CITIES.

For more than a year now Bostonians have been enjoying light opera in delightful variety and at extraordinary prices. To be sure, the casts at the Castle Square Theater have not been of the stellar order, but with the best reserved seats at fifty cents, and a change of bill almost weekly, this was hardly to be expected. None the less, providing an opportunity for the million to become familiar with good music at continuous show prices is an enterprise deserving of the success which it appears to have won. The "Four Hundred" of the Hub have by no means disdained to avail themselves of this opportunity to enjoy an opera season "at cost," and some of the matinée audiences are made up largely of the "smart set."

Manager Pitou, of the Grand Opera House, is to do a somewhat similar service for New York, beginning this month with a revival of "Pinafore," and at the American we have Dorothy Morton in such pieces as "The Bohemian Girl."

"Miss Philadelphia" appears to have pleased Quakertown so greatly that we shall doubtless soon see other cities in the field with musical mélanges of their own fads and foibles, served up in "1492" style, with local coloring of the most pronounced stripe. Of course such concoctions will be useless for road purposes, and the road is the money maker nowadays. But the ingenuity of managers is boundless, and they may yet contrive some scheme whereby even a travesty on the idiosyncrasies of Hoboken or Oshkosh may be made acceptable everywhere.

"HIS ABSENT BOY" AND "THOROUGHBRED."

These two comedies, both of foreign origin, have filled two houses whose record for the major part of the season has been one of comparative emptiness. This fact is the only excuse for linking their names together; the plays themselves differ widely. "His Absent Boy" is droll on the old lines, but then its material is generously cut. One is not constantly harassed by the thought that the plot is going to fall to pieces in the middle of the evening, because there is not enough of it to last out. The Garden Theater was closed more than once during the past six months for lack of a suitable attraction; hot weather will probably be the only cause of its closing now.

"Thoroughbred," at the Garrick, is exactly adapted to the class of patrons Charles Frohman desired to gain for the house he so kindly took off Mr. Mansfield's hands. Light in structure, daintily acted, presenting English and Americans on a commingled society footing, and seasoned with that dash of "horsiness" which is as far removed from horse play as a hobby is from a stable—the "smart set" have taken it up with real enthusiasm, and the Pompeiian red audience room off Herald Square has become the spring trysting place of a throng that recalls the Horse Show.

"Thoroughbred" is presented with what has been called the "crack cast" of the season. The critic who so dubbed it evidently had not the fear of the "all star" company organized for "The Rivals" before his eyes. Nevertheless, these surely are six names to conjure with —Dixey, Mrs. Whiffen, Fritz Williams, Agnes Miller, Robert Edeson, and Joe Humphreys.

LATEST FADS

THE ORNAMENTED WHEEL.

America is always good natured. Our people dislike the sight of anybody in a state of vexation, and when "Ouida" took the trouble to write a long article in an English review upon the "Ugliness of Modern Life," and pointed many of her rhetorical arrows toward the bicycle, we felt that something must be done.

We couldn't give up the wheel, although we cringed before the stinging picture drawn by Mlle. de la Ramée's caustic pen of "the cad rushing on with his shrill scream of laughter as he knocks down the feeble woman or the yearling child." We cannot do much for the cad or his "shrill scream of laughter." We can discourage the knocking down of the "yearling child," by invoking the arm of the law, and we are trying to do away with the "ugliness" of the bicycle.

One large firm lately presented a comic opera queen with a gold bicycle, and offered to put diamonds at the ends of the handles if she would like to have them there. A young New Yorker of exquisite taste, and far too well mannered to run anybody down, has had one wheel of his machine plated with gold and the other with silver, and the handles made of lapis lazuli. The jewelers are making pearl handles, and ornamenting the wheels of fashion, and the handsome leather tool cases which are part of their accessories, with gold and silver monograms. One bicycle is not considered by any means an equipment for a young man or woman of modish ways. The machine must match the costume and suit the hour of the day. For early morning a wheel of dark brown, mounted with russet leather and silver, exactly matches a suit of heather mixture. Later in the day, violet cloth finds its corresponding detail in a wheel with violet enameled metal and gold.

"Ouida" need utter no more plaints concerning the bicycle. Since these luxurious innovations have come in, we may not have entirely rid ourselves of the "cad," but he is too solemn a creature for "shrill laughter," and too much borne down with his own magnificence to do more than turn his wheels. Even the "yearling child" stands in no danger from him. If he "scorched," the whole effect of his decorated bicycle would be lost. He must pedal slowly, and give an admiring world a chance to behold its glories.

Next year's Easter "dress parade" may be transferred from Fifth Avenue to the Boulevard, and the paraders may be awheel instead of afoot.

THE BICYCLE TEA.

The picnic of early American life has been wrapped up and filed away, as it were, in those social archives which supply material to Miss Mary E. Wilkins. The modern substitute is the "bicycle tea."

Al fresco repasts become more and more popular as people live out of doors more and more. Residents in those parts of the country where the word "picnic" denotes a Sunday school function, seeing a party of young people seated, plate on knee, in some woodland glade, might imagine that an old fashioned event of the semi ecclesiastical description was going forward. But a closer inspection would show a sad difference. The white gown and ribbons of the maiden youth have departed, to give place to leggings and stout Norfolk jackets. There are no screams at spiders, no fainting fits at sight of an inoffensive garter snake. There is no time for the boat on the river, no horse for the long drive, no hammock for the lazy swing. The rubber tired wheel waits against the fence while the rider eats sanitary food prepared by a good cook. The insipid lemonade, the indigestible cake, the dubious salad, the leaden pie of other days are left behind. The "bicycle tea" has been an "order" to a caterer, and when the short wait is over the dishes are packed in a tin box on three pneumatic tired wheels and trundled back to his establishment. Ask a bloomer girl to pack up soiled dishes! She would hurl back *Chimmie Fadden's* most scornful "Nit!"

The hills have forgotten the echo of college songs, for a bicycler needs his breath. A "long day in the country" used to mean a loaf under the leafy tents of a wood. Nowadays it means a century run.

PERSONAL DINNER CARDS.

At first glance there might appear to be a pretty compliment in the "personal dinner card" which each guest now finds lurking beside his plate; but the idea has some disadvantages. Its charm consists in the tact of the hostess who has been clever enough to select the particular thing for which we like to be remembered, and to call the attention of ourselves and her other guests to the accomplishment of which we are most proud. When she has not been so lucky, there is an abrasion to delicate feelings which sometimes casts a gloom over the table, be its wax lights ever so abundant.

It is said that every general owns two horses —one steady and sedate, which carries him into the stress of battle, and another, gay and curvetting, which he rides on parade. Most people who possess any energy of mind live by one art or profession and like to consider themselves adepts in another. It is the parade horse which the judicious hostess selects for illustration on the personal dinner

card. The man who is famous as a maker of railroads, and who now and then falls over a fence while arrayed in a pink coat, will be delighted if you put on his card a hound, a hunting horn, and something about the "cloudy skies" that "proclaim a hunting morning," while he will sit glum if you show him a locomotive. The architect will flush and lift his eyebrows at the hostess who thinks she has been delightfully clever when she adorned his card with spires and porticos and "He builded better than he knew." If she shows him the fiddle wherewith he loves to bore his friends, and a note or two, he bows his delighted appreciation of the woman who understands him.

After a season's reading of personal dinner cards, a man ought to have a first rate idea what his "best foot" looks like to outsiders. It is the desire of everybody who designs one of these cards to give him a sketch of it; but the result is sometimes a little bewildering.

ELECTRIC TABLE DECORATION.

The application of electricity to interior decoration is calculated to bring joy to the heart of the seeker after novelty. Especially in the furnishing forth of the table is it a welcome innovation. Flowers, ferns, and ribbons are all very well in their way, but we have had much of them, and here is a new effect to take their place, or rather to lend them added charms. For electricity can hardly be employed alone with satisfactory results, while in conjunction with floral decoration it accomplishes wonders.

It is said that for a dinner given by one of his friends Mr. Edison, surnamed the Wizard, planned the following novel feature: a miniature pond was constructed, in which swam half a dozen live goldfish, each having a tiny incandescent light concealed in his digestive apparatus—a literal case of interior decoration. The floating lamps were lit by means of a slender wire passing through the fish's mouth to a storage battery. For this story we refuse to be responsible. If it is true, it is to be hoped that none of the guests belonged to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

What might cause annoyance to a goldfish, however, works like a charm when tried upon a rose. At several dinners this spring the queen of flowers has been thus illuminated, and with great success. A singularly beautiful effect was obtained by studding the bottom of an ample crystal dish with small globes, and sending a flood of light up through violet tinted water, on the surface of which floated great yellow pansies.

Here again, of course, the eternal question of money arises. One cannot indulge in electric table decoration unless one is prepared to foot an imposing bill. But after all, it is hardly more expensive than the elaborate center pieces which have already figured at swell dinners. One New York florist has sent in—and, what is more wonderful, collected—an account of over five hundred dollars for decorating one dinner table. It would be an extensive electric plant that could surpass this record.

And where shall we draw the line? We may yet see dinners where the oysters, reed birds, and ices are all brilliantly illuminated with different tints, and where the interior of the entrées is revealed by a Roentgen ray apparatus. We are prepared for anything.

THE DELFT MANIA.

The craze for Delft has reached such a point that the art journals which tell you how to paint a drainage tile peacock blue, and border it with apple blossoms, as a receptacle for umbrellas, are getting out "Delft supplements," showing the amateur exactly how to turn the commonest of white china into the favorite brand. Supposedly, the only thing necessary is to have a blue windmill painted on it.

Already our wall paper and carpets and coal scuttles are blue and white "to match," and there is a rumor that the bodies of this season's yachts are to be painted Delft blue, so that with their white sails and the agreeable hue of sea and sky the picture may be complete. Paintings have come down from dining room walls, to make places for the thick and hideous china plaques, not one in ten of which has the least artistic value. The most absurd and ridiculous subjects have been used in the amateur decorations. The latest was a large plaque with an empire border, across which was painted a row of Frederic Remington Indians.

Everything that can possibly be twisted into a decoration is destined to be pictured in amateur Delft before the wave passes by. We may expect to see Delft churches and Delft street cars ere long.

PORTRAIT PIPES.

Some recaller of the "good old times" says that we never see a woman blush nowadays. Perhaps not; but we can see "color in her face," if we watch the pipe bowl of her masculine admirer.

A fair index of a country's social progress is given by the ideals of its femininity. In this century we have seen the women of one decade embroidering smoking caps and jackets, and those of the next period hiring halls wherein to lift their voices and denounce the tobacco habit. It was the flower of today that conceived the idea of having her face carved on the bowl of a pipe. Rudyard Kipling's song of a cigar, in which he reminded mankind that

> A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke,

probably suggested to some ingenious maiden that the thought of the two might be combined with advantage.

If the fad continues, a man's pipe rack will become as varied as his memories, and much more lasting. A meerschaum pipe upon which a pretty girl's face is carved is not a thing to be lightly destroyed, nor is it a thing to return to the fair owner. What can she do with it?

She cannot put it among her treasures, a constant reminder that once she loved and was loved, with an intensity proportionate to its hue; for the telltale nicotine will show how long the pipe was used. She cannot give it to another man, because he may desire always to see the woman he loves pure white, and even one breath of smoke drawn through the carved face will have dimmed its purity, and will tell him the story plainer than any words. There is nothing for the smoker to do but keep it. It may be a chastening reminder to his conscience. He may, in a reflective mood, look upon some face whose day was so short that it was hardly worth while to have stained the bowl with the weed. He may see another whose rich and glowing color tells of long hours they have passed together, but which was finally put aside for a newer pattern.

It would be wise, perhaps, to have the fashion extend to married people only. Otherwise its results bid fair to be a little painful.

THE "ARTISTIC GIRL."

When Mr. Charles Dana Gibson returned from his famous "style broadening" trip to France, and began publishing slapdash pictures of Parisian types, he gave the first impetus to the "artistic girl" movement. The photographs of that celebrated Parisian beauty, Mlle. Mérode, have done the rest. The word striking, applied to women, has come to have a new significance, and to deserve it one must be eccentric as well as beautiful in appearance. Moreover, striking beauty is not merely a birthright. A careful study of Mr. Gibson's types and of Mlle. Mérode's *coiffure*, and a policy of close imitation, will—given reasonably good material to work upon—produce that latest type of modern femininity, the artistic girl.

In the days when our fathers tripped the light fantastic at the old Delmonico "cheap and hungries," the artistic girl was a thing unknown. She remained in that condition till about two years ago, but today she reigns supreme. Do not imagine that because she is called "artistic" this delectable maiden wields the palette and the brush, the chisel and the hammer, the pencil and the pen. She is artistic in a passive, not an active sense. To particularize, she has arched eyebrows, and her gowns are fearfully and wonderfully made. Her hair is parted in the center, and falls smoothly across her ears. She wears a fillet of silver across her forehead. She has met "Dick" Davis, and is aggressively communicative of the fact. She has studied Delsarte, "adores" Paderewski, and most alarmingly resembles a Beardsley poster.

This is the girl of the hour, as distinctly new as if she had dropped from Mars. Never have we beheld her like before; never, probably, shall we look upon her like again. She tells you that she has dabbled in French and Italian, and you may perhaps be innocent enough to suppose that this signifies her to be a mistress of both. In reality she can say "*Nous avons changé tout çelà*," and "*Dolce far niente*," with a tolerable accent, and beautifully useful these phrases are.

To continue our catalogue of the artistic maiden's charms, she has a strange little trick of shrugging her shoulders—which trick she tells us she has picked up somewhere, and which is, of course, thoroughly Parisian. Her exclamations are *phlut!* and *lalala!* and she drifts down the avenue dreamily, her eyes on the dim hereafter and her thoughts a million miles away, cheerfully cutting her friends and coming perilously near to being run down by passing vehicles. It is a fine thing to be an artistic girl, but woe betide the unhappy man who marries her! She is one vast fad, in dress, in speech, and in appearance. As a helpmate she is a grotesque failure, for she has been so busy making herself artistic that she has forgotten to learn whether lamb chops come by the yard or the bushel, and whether babies subsist upon bananas or *pâté de foie gras*.

Lowell somewhere says, "It is the vain endeavor to make ourselves what we are not that has strewn history with so many broken purposes and lives left in the rough." This fad of the hour, the artistic girl, would no doubt bitterly resent being told that she is "left in the rough," but what else can we truthfully say of her?

Of all fads, the living fad is undoubtedly the least agreeable.

SCENTS AND SENSIBILITY.

We have been solemnly warned that the use of perfumes, or even an appreciation of them, is an alarming token of moral and physical degeneration. The warning, however, seems to do little toward their decline in the classes where they were used. Pink note paper and patchouli have been as close companions as "gents" and "pants," though none of the four ever seemed likely to touch any element of society that knew or cared whether it was degenerate or not.

But some caprice has changed all this. It may be the ferment of degeneration which is responsible, or it may not; but the news has gone to far Cathay that the woman who presides over New York and London tea tables wants something beside the cheer of the cup. She has a sense that demands more than it has been getting, and the wily Chinese are giving it to her. Today miladi drinks a brew made of tender buds of the tea plant dried with heavily perfumed flowers. Where the familiar aroma of the *Thea Sinensis* once arose, the air is heavy with an incense-like vapor.

As you come close to a devotee of this new ichor, you may perhaps perceive a subtle odor which seems to surround her, and you wonder if it is the effect of scented tea. She will let you think so, because she is shy of a certain little steel instrument which lies at home, carefully hidden. The hypodermic has been so long associated with morphine that woman is chary of acknowledging its use for any purpose, but it is a fact that she has taken to using

it for perfumes. One little needle prick, a push, and a powerful essence travels swiftly through the veins, making her body into a fragrant rose.

Alas! These are the latter days when women offer incense instead of receiving it!

THE WANING OF "LIGHT TALK."

Taking as their cue the famous definition of an afternoon tea by that gentle cynic Oliver Wendell Holmes—"gabble, gobble, and git"—philosophers have bitterly assailed the devotees of society for the inanity of their conversation. Too often the reproaches have been well deserved. That invaluable topic, the weather, has done duty until it is a-weary, and still it is employed to some extent by lads and lassies whose minds incline to dances and to teas. But of late there has arisen in swelldom a disposition to talk more seriously; and while it has not as yet been productive of great results, the tendency is at least a move in the right direction. At a latter day dance, mention of the weather is met with scornful smiles, and the talk soon drifts to cathode rays, Presidential possibilities, and wars and rumors of wars. The man who thinks is having his innings, and the man who has never thought before is forced to do so now, or to pretend to, if he would keep up with the procession.

Hence come curious results. Tell it not in Gath, but society is not always omniscient. Indeed, at times it is densely ignorant upon subjects supposed to be matters of common information. When your débutante, or your young clubman, begins to declaim, it may happen that he speaks with the tongues of men and of angels upon topics of which he knows nothing whatever, and of which—such is human nature—for that very reason he discourses the more mellifluously. An instance of this was a conversation held not long since between several society leaders upon the supposititious bombardment of New York by a British fleet, wherein one man vocally disported himself, asseverating that shells could be thrown into Harlem from beyond Sandy Hook, and quoting in proof thereof the names of various battle ships whose guns could fire the requisite distance. These oral gymnastics were hailed with approval, and the self appointed oracle smiled with learned superiority. Mayhap it was hypercritical to note that no such battle ships exist, albeit the names were euphonious, and might be adopted with advantage for the next English cruisers!

It may be that the conscientious warfare waged by the philosopher and the humorous weekly is having its effect, and that society twaddle is doomed. These are days of great events on land and sea—so great, indeed, that they can hardly fail to attract the attention of even the most inveterately vacuous proser. At all events, there are signs of a change. It is distinctly a fad to be "posted" nowadays, and, even if the information we glean be a trifle contorted, we bring away from a latter day cotillion more than tired feet and an armful of favors. Are we returning to the fashions of long ago, when men's letters were essays, and their conversations as elaborate as lectures?

FREAK PERIODICALS.

A fad of the past year, and one that seems to be still on the increase, is what may be colloquially termed the "freak periodical." Its name is legion, and each new representative of the species is, if possible, more preposterous than the last. The earlier examples had, in their own peculiar way, some claim to merit; but each successive imitator seems to be less sane and more grotesque. As a rule the editors are young men—very young, lamentably young, with adolescence cropping out in every line they write, and a craving for notoriety leading them into the wildest eccentricity. In some instances they are not yet out of college, and having no intimate knowledge of the world they apparently conceive it to be a mastodon football, especially designed by a beneficent providence to afford them an object at which to kick. They rave furiously, tearing at popular idols, and beating in impotent rage at accepted standards. They delight to pose as iconoclasts. Their tirades against successful authors, and against their big brothers in the magazine world, are interrupted by spasms of rage against each other, when, as Mr. Stephen Crane would say, many red devils run from their hearts and out upon the page. To the outsider this internecine war savors of farce comedy, and recalls the desperate war between the frogs and the mice; but to the little combatants it is a great and terrible thing. Many die of it.

Nothing succeeds like success, and no fact is so irritating to the unsuccessful. The fury of the freak magazines is, no doubt, strongly tinged with envy. Where and how they obtain contributors, and where and how subscribers, must for all time be a matter of mystery. Their poets refuse to be bound down by trivial rules of rhythm and of rhyme, and their prose writers seek out strange expressions wherewith to make the reader stare. Their type is marvelous to behold, and their paper gives evidence that it was originally designed to wrap groceries or adorn walls rather than to be printed upon. In their general makeup they recall the Episcopal confession—they do that which they ought not to do, and they leave undone that which they ought to do.

And so these little papers arise and rave and vanish into the oblivion from which they came—scores of them, a new birth and a resultant death every week; for they die almost as fast as they are born. It would be poor testimony to the public's judgment if they did not. They are curious little literary fads, with no apparent purpose save to be very testy and peevish. The matter has its humorous side, but it is pitiable to think how hopeful the editors must be, and how swiftly and surely comes the conviction that the great world is too busy to heed them.

LITERARY CHAT

"SUMMER READING."

June finds the publishers putting out books which are considered to have the qualities that make them peculiarly fitted for "summer reading." They must be light and bright, with sustained interest sufficient to keep the eye from wandering, and yet with no suspicion of heaviness. It takes a man of talent to write a successful summer story. A man of genius is likely to have no coin quite small enough.

This year we have two books which are likely to be seen in every hammock from Atlantic City to Bar Harbor—"The Babe, B. A.," by Mr. Benson, the creator, or rather the historian, of *Dodo*; and "Cinderella," by Richard Harding Davis. The first edition of "Cinderella" was sold before the printers had begun to set it up.

Robert W. Chambers, whose "King in Yellow" was talked about a good deal, has out a sprightly book called "A King and a Few Dukes," which reminds one that "The Prisoner of Zenda" is still fashionable. Mr. Hope's book holds its own with the best of them, the book sellers say. "Trilby," on the other hand, is commercially dead, and scarcely one copy a month leaves the shelves.

Mr. Crawford comes into the summer list with "Adam Johnstone's Son." They used to say that Mrs. Henry Wood wrote three hundred and sixty five novels a year, and on leap years three hundred and sixty six. It begins to appear that Mr. Crawford has the same ready talent. Mrs. Wood's novels used to consist chiefly of plot; but a trifling detail like that seems to be immaterial to Mr. Crawford. Nevertheless, he writes a fairly good story, even on his busiest day.

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's "Tom Grogan" is another story which the publishers expect to be popular. It is the story of an Irishwoman who was a contractor—a fresh and readable story, but not an extraordinary one. Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, the author and artist, should know everything concerning the life depicted in "Tom Grogan," for Francis H. Smith, his business self, is a civil engineer.

IMITATIVE LITERATURE.

It might be expected that a literary mind would contain sufficient of the salt of humor to prevent its possessor from making his work ridiculous. If such were the case, the public would be spared some inflictions.

The imitator is the solemn clown of letters in this decade. Every author with a particular bent of mind, who writes a book on new lines, becomes a victim of these stupid followers. He cannot help seeing the world as he does, and he is so certain that his is the correct point of view that he starts out with vivid interest to prove his ground. Human nature is so constructed that one man is the opinion maker for thousands, the medium through which many see life; and the enthusiast, the believer in himself, the discoverer of new ways, is always sure, in our enlightened and curious age, of his fame and his following. His honors arouse the cupidity of the imitator.

Thus it is that Stevenson has been responsible for the shedding of more blood—on paper—than was lost at Gettysburg. Thomas Hardy might put his hands to his head and groan over the number of "falls" that can be put down to his account; while Barrie has let loose upon us all the dialect and cheap sentiment left in Scotland. Each of these men was a master; each had a new note to sound. Their methods have been taken up by the armies of cheap imitators, and the good natured and indolent book reviewers have given to these latter the ear of the public. It is only necessary to compare one book by the original leader with the machine made stuff of his followers, to see the difference.

A JOKE THAT FAILED.

We haven't anything better, in his way, than Andrew Lang. Mr. Zangwill amuses us sometimes with his rather labored *mots*, which his friends so kindly circulate and advertise for him. From James Payn's sick room there come sunny gleams that give us a smile; but Mr. Lang always has a light and pleasant touch. Sometimes his humor is too delicate for the British downrightness to which he is obliged to look for an audience. The other day, in a playful moment, he invented some "Answers to Lady Correspondents," and he made one of the questioners ask for the author of the line "Life is real, life is earnest." In his answer he insinuated that the sentiment might have emanated from Lord Macaulay. If he had been writing for the American public he would doubtless have ascribed it to Mr. Hamlin Garland, or perhaps to Mary Ellen Lease, the political orator of Kansas.

But Mr. Lang was not to be left in ignorance, if the British public knew itself and its Yankee literature. He was snowed under with anxious letters assuring him that the lines belonged to Longfellow's "Psalm of Life."

MR. CLEMENS AND MLLE. D'ARC.

There is no end to the Joan of Arc books. Besides Lang's "Monk of Fife," and Mark Twain's "Personal Recollections," Mrs. Oliphant is at work upon one, and there are two or three by the imitators who use the other men's material and clamor at their heels.

The foolish pretense of hiding the author of Mr. Clemens' biography of the French heroine has done very little to advertise the book. It has not been half as efficacious as

the declaration of Mark Twain as the author would have been. The publishers tell us that the work is the result of twelve years' serious study. It may be, but it only illustrates the rather vulgar adage that it is hard to teach an old dog new tricks. Mr. Clemens spent more than twelve years in learning the peculiar expressions of the American West, and even after twelve years of saturation in the records of ancient France he has made *Joan* and her companions speak and act like the people he knew best. There is not a page of the large book which Mr. Du Mond has so beautifully illustrated that does not show the peculiarities of the Mark Twain we all knew. Although the subjects are so widely different, it is the same voice, with the same intonations, and much the same vocabulary, that tells the story of "Huckleberry Finn" and of "Joan of Arc." The narrator may dress in medieval armor and call himself "Sieur Louis de Conte," but the drawl and the humorous vision of Mark Twain betrays him.

After all, "Huckleberry Finn" is the better book, and will do more for its author's reputation than this rather labored work over which he spent twelve years.

ROBERT BARR'S NEW STORY.

People may read morbid books; they may fill their minds with problems concerning every known trait in human nature; they may be philosophers, or they may be degenerates, but an absolutely fresh *story* charms them when they find it. Marion Crawford says—and everybody knows that it is true—that the demand for clever, wholesome books far exceeds the supply, and that the world waits for each new one and greets it with gladness.

Mr. Robert Barr has done something toward increasing this supply in "A Woman Intervenes." There is not one single problem in it, but there is a very natural, very worldly, very womanly journalist, in whom we delight. But then "character sketching" is not what Mr. Barr set out to do. Indeed, his characters haven't one bit of art. Nobody is going to sigh, and think, and wonder what they did in "coming years." Nobody cares. They are not of any particular importance except to keep along a plot which gets deeper and deeper, and which keeps us reading, wondering how it is all going to come out. Of course, in the good old fashioned way, it all comes out right in the end, and we like everybody, and close the book with quite a youthful and joyous little thrill.

There may be heavier books, more learned books, more complex books, but—if you are a man, did you ever go to a dance, and see a dignified, learned, elegant woman sitting in one corner, and in the other a bit of bright eyed frivolity waiting for a chance to dance? Which corner did you generally choose?

A LITTLE BOOK OF THE HOUR.

There is generally some one book which is a fad, which everybody reads and presses upon visitors, and whose characters form part of society's jargon for the space of its dominion. Not to know it argues you as belonging to the utterly unknown. Readers are not always sure why they have chosen the book, and in fact they have not done so at all; it has been chosen for them. They have a stock lot of rapturous epithets which they know must fit it, because they have heard them applied to it so often.

The pet volume of the present moment is of the "quaint" and "lovable" order. It is bound in the fashionable hue, and it is the belle of books. Mr. Andrew Lang introduced it into society. It is a simple little child's story called "The Invisible Playmate," in which there is more than a touch of the supernatural. At a casual glance, it is hard to understand the sensation the book has made, but a careful reading carries you into the heart of it until the fascination fastens itself upon you, and you are deep in the illusion, even while you are admiring the wonderful literary workmanship. It is a father's story of his little girl's short life, and it tells how her pure child's heart left her in touch with the invisible world. It will take its place as quaint literature in a little while, but today it is the *pièce de resistance* of afternoon teas.

MR. CROCKETT ON LOW LIFE.

To the glory of an emancipated reading public, be it noted that it is a matter of no particular importance whether or no Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson and his fellow gods of the magazine world are, as Mr. Ford would say, "down on low life." The stories that the world reads today are those which it sees fit to read, and not those which a clique of self ordained censors deigns to recommend. There is a wide spread craving to know "how the other half lives," which finds satisfaction in the latter day fiction of the slums. A single year has seen the publication of "Chimmie Fadden," "Tales of Mean Streets," "A Daughter of the Tenements," "A Princess of the Gutter," and, last and best, Mr. Crockett's "Cleg Kelly, Arab of the City." All these have been readily sold and eagerly read, and no doubt a conviction has been borne in upon Mr. Johnson that it is a mistake to be "down on low life" when abler men are proving themselves up on it.

The only mistake in Mr. Crockett's new book is the attempt to make a consecutive novel of what would be an excellent collection of short stories. The thread connecting the chapters is at best a slender one, and oftentimes is entirely invisible. Viewed as independent sketches, related only in the names of the characters, the adventures of *Cleg Kelly* are glowing examples of their creator's versatility, and suggest to what heights *Chimmie Fadden* could be raised in a chronicle of his more serious actions. To be sure, *Cleg* and *Chimmie* are as different as east and west, but they are both sons of the slums, and, while Mr. Townsend strove only to show the infinite

humor of a Bowery boy, Mr. Crockett has drawn his Edinburgh gamin with a finer touch We find in him not only humor, but other qualities which are pretty sure to bring *Cleg* close to every heart.

Mr. Crockett's book is of course strongly impregnated with dialect, and to those who cannot understand the intricacies of the Scottish tongue this will prove a serious objection. In moments of great mental excitement, *Cleg's* language is of a surprisingly convoluted nature, and his fellow characters do not illumine the dialogue particularly when their turn comes round. "That's gye sair shauchelt," remarks one, and another lucidly observes, "Three at a whup disna gang wi' cancylairies in the cabbage plots, my lad."

These are deep waters, but some of us have learned not to seek for pearls in shoals. Mr. Crockett is always worth diving for, even through fathoms of Edinburgh brogue. *Cleg Kelly* has no lack of shrewdness, though perhaps his own boon companions of the South Back are alone able entirely to appreciate his expression of it. The gamin's better instincts would put the vaunted chivalry of prouder personages to blush, and in his very worst moments, when his powers of repartee burst into full flower, and he devises ingenious methods of revenge, we cannot but feel that he is more sinned against than sinning, and admire him for dealing to a persecuting world good measure of its own coin.

FOR REVENUE ONLY.

Mr. Allen may be the man who laughs last in the war upon his "hilltop novels." Of course nobody believes now that he wrote them for any of the high moral purposes he announced. We, the public, have discrimination enough to lump the preface with the rest of the fiction. If "good sellers" are what Mr. Allen is after, we are all helping him, so he cannot complain.

It is almost worth while to wade through the swamp of Mr. Allen's latest to appreciate the fun of Mr. Traill's "Barbarous Britishers; A Tip-Top Novel." His parody of the solemn preface is good. He says:

> Do not imagine for a moment that I have said anything I don't think. Absurd as some of my opinions may seem, I really hold them. What I complain of is that I have all along held more absurd opinions still, which owing to the cowardly cringing of editors to common sense, I have had to suppress.

Matthew Arnold, serious essayist, said long ago: "Parody is a vile art, but I must say I read one with amused pleasure. I wonder if it is by that demon Traill!"

"That demon Traill" is trying to send Mr. Grant Allen spinning to the bottom of his hill, but we can assure him that the task is hopeless. All that Mr. Allen wants is advertising, and even Sarah Grand has gone out of her way to give it to him, and of exactly the sort he needs. She says that "Mr. Allen evidently wishes us to return to the morals of the poultry yard"—a remark that is just unpleasant enough to be a fitting commentary upon Mr. Allen's books.

MISS CORELLI CARVES "CAMEOS" AND CRITICS.

We are convinced that in "Cameos" Miss Marie Corelli, the priestess of esotericism, has found her true level. We state this not so much as our conscientious verdict on this her latest book as from prudential motives. For Miss Corelli has been good enough to say that in America she looks for candid and responsible criticism, while in her own land she expects nothing but prejudice and mercenary motives. This would seem to be a trifle severe upon English critics, but in extenuation it must be remembered that Miss Corelli has suffered severely at their hands, and in despair has turned to us for appreciation. She does not ask for favor. "At least read my books before you slate them," is her plea; and we agree with her in saying that a majority of American reviewers feel in duty bound to glance through a work, at least, before they give forth the unqualified praise or the sardonic condemnation which are alike distasteful to a conscientious writer—for in this age of the world it is well nigh impossible for any book to be the best or the worst ever written.

Unfortunately, a just criticism of Miss Corelli is not necessarily a favorable one. She may believe that American critics are even handed, but the fact remains that here, as elsewhere, her work is strongly assailed. We ourselves have made bold to attack "The Sorrows of Satan" and her other unintelligible flights of fancy; and it is for this very reason that we take pleasure in commenting favorably upon "Cameos."

These short stories are unexpectedly free from skyrocket theories and dark, mysterious hints anent the powers of darkness and of light. In but one instance, "The Distant Voice," does Miss Corelli give rein to her conception of a future state, and even here her unmitigated fancy is not aggressive. The two stories containing ghosts are not in the least iconoclastic, but merely productive of a still, small shiver if the hour be midnight and one's nerves unstrung.

Miss Corelli has a shrewd insight into society which, unaccompanied by a panorama of demons and heavenly hosts, will be appreciated. In "Three Wise Men of Gotham" and "Angel's Wickedness" she has told two clean cut stories, the first clever and epigrammatic, the second forceful and of a delicate pathos. The best thing in the book is "An Old Bundle," which of all the tales is most deserving of the general title. It is indeed a cameo, and one of singular charm.

Yes, Miss Corelli has found her level. If this is not the best work she can do, it is at all events the best she has yet done. If she will henceforth consent to write rationally, and forswear her habit of floating half way between heaven and earth, like Mahomet's tomb, the

critics and she may yet become reconciled to each other.

"THE DAMNATION OF THERON WARE."

Mr. Harold Frederic has made his début as a novelist with a book entitled "The Damnation of Theron Ware." Mr. Frederic is favorably known to us by his foreign letters to the New York *Times*, and those who have followed his work closely will not be surprised to find in his first novel proof that he is entitled to high rank in literature. The book deals with the fall from grace of a young Methodist minister, *Theron Ware*, who is what is popularly known as the "hero" of the story; but he differs from other heroes in that no justification of his actions is offered by his creator. His personality is one which it is difficult to view with favor. Weak, vacillating, and egregiously conceited, his downfall is eminently deserved, and Mr. Frederic makes no attempt to palliate his offenses or divert their consequences. When he falls, he falls with a completeness that leaves nothing to be desired.

It is a favorite trick of latter day writers to create a distinctly disagreeable character who wades through depths of mire, and emerges crowned with a halo of glory, triumphing over the forces of evil. Take the case of Mrs. Burnett's "Lady of Quality," in which the heroine drinks, swears, and generally misbehaves during the early stages of the story, commits a murder, and finally develops into a model of virtue. She has been most justly criticised as untrue to nature, for even in these days of erratic conceptions we do not like to see crime and dishonor go scot free.

To Mr. Frederic such a plot is evidently repugnant. *Theron Ware* is nothing if not human. He is drawn with a fidelity that commands attention, for it is palpable that his depicter is no more prejudiced in his favor than the average reader of the book will be. He views him with an impartial eye, and does not attempt to pervert natural consequences. We are told that the wages of sin is death, and though Mr. Frederic leaves *Ware* alive and apparently cheerful at the end of the book, we realize that his moral death is complete.

"The Damnation of Theron Ware" is in many ways an unpleasant story. There is not a single character in it that arouses sympathy. Even *Ware's* wife, who is fearfully upright, is one of those good hearted and well meaning persons whom to know is infinite boredom, and as for the revivalist, *Mrs. Soulsby*, she is so frankly a woman with a past that even her natural sweetness of disposition does not wholly redeem her. Yet taken merely as a story, without reference to the good or evil qualities of individuals, Mr. Frederic's book is worthy of him. It is strong and vigorous, briskly and epigrammatically told, and, above all, human from start to finish.

GOOD FICTION BY MRS. WARD.

In sharp contrast to Mr. Frederic's book, but equally able, is "A Singular Life," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. *Ware* was believed by his spiritual superiors to be orthodox, while in reality he was quite the opposite. Mrs. Ward's hero is charged with heterodoxy and unsoundness, but proves the injustice of the judgment by a life of self sacrifice. It is interesting to read and compare the two books, which, differing widely, are nevertheless allied to each other by a kind of ecclesiastical atmosphere. It is a pleasure, too, to take up the work of two writers from whom we expect much, and to find that they have not disappointed us.

Most of Mrs. Ward's literary work is done in her quaint home near Gloucester, Massachusetts. The house has a pleasant and breezy air about it, and its decorations suggest the sea and harmonize with their surroundings. Here it is that Mrs. Ward has lived a life upon which it must be satisfying to look back. Here was the "Old Maid's Paradise," which even those who never saw it have learned to know, and from these quiet portals have been sent forth the pure and tender messages that have touched the hearts of countless women. For Mrs. Ward views her profession with an ambitious and loyal eye. To her literature is a mission, a thing too sacred to be lightly treated; and in every line she has written, from "The Gates Ajar" to "A Singular Life," this thought is preëminent.

In "A Singular Life" Mrs. Ward has departed somewhat from her usual line, but in so doing she has lost nothing. The book is one of remarkable force. Its style is irreproachable, and its portrayal of character reasonable and consistent. There is a strong element of romance in the story, and, considering its character, no lack of stirring situations. Mrs. Ward's use of the word "singular" in the title is the key to the story. Mrs. Burnett's *Lady of Quality* led a singular life, but there is a subtle distinction. Mrs. Ward's book might be more readily understood if it were named "A Single Hearted Life."

JOHN HEARD AND HIS WORK.

A few years ago a number of short stories appeared in stray places, signed "John Heard." The best of them were stories of Mexico, and, unlike most of the romances from that land, they sounded genuine. Those who are always on the lookout for a new genius thought that they had discovered one, and waited and watched to see its full flowering. It never came; the stories ceased, and as time went by they were lost under the dust of every day happenings. The young author died before he had time to prove what was in him, though the promise which he gave surpassed the achievement of most men. He has lately been "discovered" by European critics, and translations of his short stories have made something of a sensation in France.

In clear, plain, incisive English, with the purest narrative style, Heard gave the picture of the lives he found in the mud villages of Mexico. They gleam with color, they throb with the universal passions, they are

stained by the universal sins. These untutored ones, these children of nature, close to the earth, are more intense, more dramatic, than the same people in a colder climate, and Heard's genius made them seem real to us.

"Maxima" is probably the best of the collection. *L'Honi*, the young French engineer, finds a mother starving to death rather than sell her child. He takes the girl, watches her grow into beauty, and finds that he loves her. Her reversion to her own low type makes a powerful study in heredity.

"EMMA LOU" AND HER BOOK.

A curious little book, which the authoress herself probably does not take quite seriously, is "Emma Lou, Her Book," by Miss Mary Mears, of Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

It is supposed to be the diary of a girl of sixteen, who taught school, went to the academy, and had the joys and sorrows of her place and age, well seasoned with mistakes. *Emma Lou* is such a remarkable young person that we are compelled to believe her actual. She writes sermons for the young minister, who flings his hair off his forehead in the fascinating way known to young ministers everywhere. She is a thousand times more natural than Hamlin Garland's *Rose*, and her historian has the sense of humor which Mr. Garland entirely lacks; but unfortunately Miss Mears also lacks Mr. Garland's depth of literary purpose. That is a quality which may come with time, for Miss Mears is quite a young girl.

We can make almost any prophecy for the author of "Emma Lou." She belongs to a talented family. Her sister, Nellie Mears, is the young sculptress, who, without ever having seen a good statue, or having a single lesson, made the beautiful symbolic figure of Wisconsin for the World's Fair. She is in Europe now, with what the artists call "a future." *Emma Lou*, sermon writing at sixteen, and with an appreciation of the fact that her sermons are "not orthodox, or any other kind of dox," probably has her great characters to carve.

INK AND INSANITY.

Sometimes it would appear that the crying need of today is sanity, common sense. Imagination is very good, but imagination carried beyond the limits ends in a madhouse; and with all due respect to his public we would call attention to the fact that Mr. Aubrey Beardsley is on the road thither. He has started a new periodical called the *Savoy*. It resembles the early editions of the *Yellow Book*, except in its color, which is an unhealthy pink; but it far exceeds that journal in "scope." We do not know why Mr. Beardsley left the *Yellow Book* coterie, but it may have been because there was somebody in the house who saw that his novel—which he is publishing and illustrating in the *Savoy*—is the raving of a mind diseased in a particularly unpleasant fashion. "Vathek" was a piece of light, wholesome, clean literature beside Mr. Beardsley's production.

It is said that Mr. Beardsley is preparing to illustrate Pope's "Rape of the Lock." It has not been long since this busy young man took his very black ink and his flourishes into "Morte d'Arthur," with a result which even his most enthusiastic friends pushed out of sight. Pope has been dead so long that he is defenseless against such attacks; but we can let our imaginations take us into the scene that would be enacted were the waspish, sarcastic poet of Twickenham to come back to defend his verse from Beardsley!

Mr. Beardsley missed his vocation. He should have been an instructor in penmanship, and then it would not have mattered if his meaning were lost in flourishes.

"SIX MODERN WOMEN."

If the gaiety of nations depended upon those who deliberately undertake the task of providing it, it is to be feared the chorus of laughter would lose volume.

We must put into the category of the unconscious humorists Fru Laura Hansson, a German lady who has married a well known Swedish writer, and who has, we are told, become well known in her own country by her literary criticisms. She has offered us an example of her work in "Six Modern Women." The six are Marie Bashkirtseff, George Egerton, Eleonora Duse, Sonia Kovalevsky, Amelie Skram, and Fru Eggren Leffler. The two last named are Swedish celebrities. But it makes little difference whom Fru Hansson chooses as her illustrations, so diverting are her theories in themselves.

She points to these women, and says: "Here are painters and writers and actresses who have worn their lives out for ambition, and have been unhappy, when all they wanted to keep them quiet and amused was a lover." According to Fru Hansson, the exercise of the intellect is pure and utter folly, and there is only one destiny for women. They are told to sit tranquil until that comes to them, like the sleeping princess in the fairy tale. In some quarters this advice will be welcomed. The indolent of mind, those to whom the friction of intellectual life is tiresome, or who have not the capacity to strike boldly into the modern current, will use the book as the text of another jeer at woman's ambitions. And it has a certain cleverness, too. It amuses because of its shrewdness. Certain fundamental facts of feminine human nature have been given, but to the average woman who reads "Six Modern Women" they will serve simply as guide posts to show her what to avoid.

One puts down Fru Hansson's book feeling something of the horror which possessed the Valkyries when the king of gods gave to Brunnhilde the terrible curse of commonplace womanhood.

DUMAS AND HIS TREASURES.

At the sale of the effects of the late Alexandre Dumas, the outside world discovered what had long been known to his friends—

that the author was one of the best art critics in France. Three years ago Dumas sold his pictures, but since then he had collected a new gallery. His study was lined with canvases by Tassaert, whose silvery paintings were his especial delight. Meissonier was one of his intimate friends, and presented him with a great many sketches and small pictures.

A book which was eagerly bid for at the Dumas sale was a copy of "The Clemenceau Case" which had been illustrated by Heilbuth, Leloir, Detaille, and Meissonier. The book was printed on Holland paper, and illustrated, page by page, by these men, who loved Dumas, and whose art was of the highest. The subject of Meissonier's picture was "Iza Posing before her Husband."

The selection of this book to illustrate shows the difference between the French and the Anglo Saxon taste. To us it was something to hide away, not to make the most prominent of its author's works.

BERNHARDT'S MEMOIRS.

An old friend of Sarah Bernhardt's has been telling of her coming book of memoirs. If she tells half she knows, nothing could be more interesting. She has known every famous man in France, and most of the great men of the earth, and in these latter days she is cultivating women as well, queens being her favorites.

Bernhardt and Dumas were devoted friends. From her earliest youth she carried all of her troubles to him. He was introduced to her one night at the Odéon, in her dressing room. With her usual impetuosity, she asked him to write a play for her.

"My child," he said, "you were created for the language of the gods. I only write comedies in prose."

But he did write parts for her afterwards, and *Camille* was one of her favorite rôles, the one in which America best knows her.

Dumas and Sardou lived side by side at Marly, and with Bernhardt made a trio of devoted friends who never tired of one another.

POVERTY AS A SPUR AND AS A DRAG.

Daudet and Zola, those old comrades in poverty, have been giving their views upon its efficacy as a stimulus to genius. Daudet says: "We"—he means himself and penury, not himself and Zola—"lived together long—too long, I think. The stereotyped idea that poverty spurs up temperaments inclined to idleness is pretty well worn out. When you live in solitude, face to face with the work you are obliged to do, when hunger gnaws at your vitals, and pride prevents you making known your need to those who might help you, it is a terrible experience. Is it impossible to have talent because a man dines every day? Goncourt, Flaubert, and many others entered life by the flowery path. That did not prevent their writing masterpieces."

Zola says that he sometimes finds himself regretting the days when his next meal had the character of an unsolved problem. Yet in his years of struggle he had no real friends to keep up his courage; and even now he has no one outside of his own family to whom he gives the *tu* of affection, except some old schoolfellows far away in the country. It was only the hot fire of ambition in his heart that kept him warm and alive.

ROCHEFORT'S MEMOIRS.

The irrepressible Rochefort, who did so much to insure the fall of Napoleon III, and whose latest conspicuous appearance before the world was as the editor of the recognized organ of General Boulanger, has just presented his memoirs to the public.

Few men have led such exciting lives as this Paris journalist. He has seemingly been acquainted with every man or woman of note of his day and generation. He has been sentenced to death, and thrice exiled from France, and he was one of the famous leaders of the Commune. But the interest of his book lies not so much in the personal adventures of the author, as in the light he is able to throw upon past history.

Rochefort came of a noble family. His grandmother was imprisoned with du Barry the notorious, and was a witness of the execution of Marie Antoinette. She lived to tell her grandson vivid stories of an acquaintance with the greatest personages of modern history, and incidentally to take away a great deal of the glamour of conventional romance. We hear that du Barry was imprisoned because she made herself continually conspicuous by her demands upon the public treasury, and not through treachery, as we have so long been told. After she reached the prison, the great court lady airs which had made her admired by all Europe dropped away, and the common woman of the streets—the plain Jeanne Bécu she once was—came again to the front.

We hear from this old lady, too, that Marie Antoinette did not go to the scaffold with proud mien, a queen to the last, but that she was almost fainting, and bent double like a very old woman. She had to be carried to the guillotine. Rochefort claims to have proof that the luckless queen actually went to Cardinal de Rohan and begged for the famous diamond necklace which was that prelate's ruin.

Even Napoleon is shown up in a new light by this idol smasher. Barras made him contemptible, but Rochefort shows him "not the heroic and impassive Jugurtha who, captured by the Romans, dies of hunger without uttering a complaint," but a cringing, humble prisoner, sending letters of congratulation to the French royal house upon the birth of an heir. Of course Eugénie and Napoleon III do not escape from this cynical recorder of history.

The book is amusing to the student of human nature, no less than to the student of history, but it will hardly become a text book in girls' schools.

ETCHINGS

IN A GARDEN OF JUNE.

She lay in a hammock of scarlet and gold,
In the far spreading shade of an oak
Whose centuried trunk with the lichens and moss
Was folded about like a cloak;
The wood robin sped on a bonny brown wing
To the rose laden trellises near,
Where he sang her a song of the mornings of June,
The loveliest days of the year.

But impatiently swaying a delicate foot
In a slipper of silver, she cried:
"The butterfly's wooing the lily—the bee
Has taken the rose for a bride.
I am weary of swinging alone in the shade;
A gallant should kneel to me here;
For this is the season to love and be loved,
The loveliest days of the year."

He opened the gate in the ivy draped wall,
And parted the lilies to pass;
"Where birds and the blossoms are thickest, I know
I shall find her asleep in the grass;
And if I should tell her the hopes of my heart,
Perchance she would listen—my dear!
For the soul of a maiden to love is inclined
In the loveliest days of the year."

The wood robin stopped in the midst of his song,
And the bee hid away in the rose,
When over the beautiful sleeper he bent,
And broke with a kiss her repose.
"Oh, sweeter than honey the dew of thy lips!"
He sighed, at her dainty pink ear;
"Thou fairest of all the fair flowers that unfold
In the loveliest days of the year!"

With a smile and a blush and a hint of a tear
And a toss of her curls in the sun,
She circled his neck with an ivory arm,
And he knew that at last she was won.
So, lover, whose lady has laughed thee to scorn
When frost bitten branches were sere,
Go tell her thy love in a garden of June,
In the loveliest days of the year.

Minna Irving.

A LOVE SONG.

Come, love, to our trysting! The mountains are greening,
While valleys are smiling and burgeoning sweet,
And torrents are rushing from snows in their flushing,
The river to greet.

Oh, love, were you sleeping, when valley and hillside
Reëchoed the musical mockingbird's song,
Low cooing a dove note or lilting a love note
The starry night long?

And did you not dream that the Tennessee water,
A lancet of crystal, was cleaving the hills
Of laurel crests lifting o'er silver threads drifting
In turbulent rills?

Ah, soon you awakened to earth's tender beauty;
You lifted your lashes at parting with night,
The flush of the morning your fair face adorning
With rapturous light.

Oh, season of seasons for living and loving,
In sunlight or shadow, in star shine or day!
Oh, springtime is meetest and love time the sweetest,
Forever and aye!

James Graham.

A GENTLE HINT.

"You may not kiss me, sir," she said,
As saucily she tossed her head,
While laughter welled deep in her eyes;
"You may not kiss me—till snow flies."

Now this befell in jocund May,
When all the air with bloom was gay;
But I—I wished each leaf was sere
And dull December days were here,

Till there beneath the apple trees
White petals showered in every breeze
And lay in fairy windrows piled;
"Why, how it snows!" she said, and smiled.

Winthrop Packard.

THERE WERE GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS.

Is Orpheus dead, and are the heights
Of old Parnassus lonely,
That we should hear, these days and nights,
The minor singers only—
The little woodland notes, the strain
Of tiny song rills flowing?
Oh, shall we never hear again
The blast of bugles blowing?

Where is the organ and the shrill
Of fife—the call and rally?
Cannot one singer climb the hill
Of all these in the valley?
Gone is the blast of trumpet tone,
The lilting note fast dying,
And all the empyrean lone
With not a skylark flying.

We have our singers—quaint and sweet
Their little notes upspringing ;
Dainty and pretty and discreet
Is all their faultless singing ;
But Milton's organ voice—the strain
That sets the blood a-flowing—
Ah, could we hear but once again
Those mighty pipes a-blowing !

Keats', Shelley's singing—is it lost
With all its pain and passion ?
As an unvalued bauble tossed,
In careless modern fashion,
To make a place for those who sing
Bird notes in pleasant numbers ?
Hark, how the polished cages ring
While old Parnassus slumbers !

Joseph Dana Miller.

FRIENDS.

THE path I trod when autumn neared its end
Was spanned by heavens heavy eyed and drear,
And all the death and drooping of the year
Saddened the world till I met you, my friend ;
A hand grip at the crossing of the ways,
And then we parted ; yes, but where I strode
Skies smiled serenely, and beside the road
Lay violets and the slim arbutus sprays ;
And oh, from out a copse—strange, sacred thing—
A God sent bird voice rioted of spring !

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

A JUNE LASS.

FOR her the pale tea roses spill
Their attar of the orient ;
The dog rose by her window sill,
Seeing her smile, is well content ;
The moss rose feels a gladder thrill,
Knowing the path she went.

The peerless crimson climber there,
If she pass heedless, droops in pain ;
The Marechal Niel, so proudly fair,
Would wither under her disdain ;
The hedgerow wildings everywhere
Of her regard are fain.

And I, whose heart is most in tune
In rose time, with its balmy stir,
Find all the perfect joys of June
Compacted and complete in her ;
So, with the roses, crave for boon
To be her worshiper.

Clinton Scollard.

SINCE, LOVE, TODAY.

SINCE, love, today the clear sunshine
In murmuring brooks reflects the roses,
By whose flushed length of mossy closes
The clear tongued thrush, where branches twine,

Uplifts its hallowed note with thine,
Who, then, would say all fraught with prose is,
Since, love, today the clear sunshine
In murmuring brooks reflects the roses?

For why should ever faint heart pine
When slippered love in dainty hose is,
And elf bees rock on summer posies ?
Ah, naught but glad thy mood—nor mine,
Here, love, today in clear sunshine.

Archibald Douglas.

THE FIRST KISS.

IT took so long to say good by ;
The curtains were half drawn, and I—
For once I seemed to hesitate,
She looked so pleased to have me wait ;
And so we let the minutes fly.

The hours just then were all awry :
"'Tis early yet," I heard her sigh.
The clock responded—"It is late !"
It took so long.

Now there was no one near to spy
A maiden and her lover shy.
Ah, well ! I can't quite demonstrate
Just how her lips met mine. 'Twas fate !
Love's first, sweet kiss, and that is why
It took so long !

Felix Carmen.

TO A CELEBRATED ACTRESS :

MEN call you of the "classic type,"
And though I am untaught of books,
That means, I'm told by scholars ripe,
The ancient Greeks would like your looks.

I see, when gazing on your cheeks,
Just how this notion they derive :
You *would* seem young to ancient Greeks
If they, forsooth, were still alive !

H. C. Ficklen.

WHERE MABEL WAITS.

FAR from all the blare and bustle,
From the city's glare and glow,
Rhythmic with the forest's rustle,
And the rillet's silvern flow,
Wild flowers for their fair adorning,
Birds as guardians of their gates,
Old as time, yet young as morning,
Are the hills where Mabel waits.

Like the trees in leafy trebles
Is her graceful garment's stir ;
Like the ripples o'er the pebbles
Is the vernal voice of her !
Bloom-like is her fascination ;
Faith, I bless the happy fates
I've an early invitation
To the hills where Mabel waits !

Ne'er did words of dearer candor,
In the gracious years of yore,
Thrill the heart of brave Leander
By the Hellespontine shore !
I shall haste, a joyful rover,
Unto love's divine estates,
And shall dwell—a bee in clover—
'Mong the hills where Mabel waits !

Clinton Scollard.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

CIVILIZATION AND SAVAGES.

It begins to look as if modern times were to see another uncivilized nation work out its own destiny unconquered. King Menelek of Abyssinia fought with barefooted warriors, but he fairly defeated Italy's best soldiers. He has not only proved his ability to maintain his ancient empire, but has shown that he understands honor and generosity as well as courage.

The usual process of "civilizing" a new country means only one thing—rapid or slow extermination of its original habitants. We are told that a race is "inferior" because it dies under the hothouse treatment of modern civilization. The kindly reformer takes the uncivilized man, clothes him, gives him bakers' bread and whisky, teaches him to read, and tries to pour into his brain the learning of centuries. When he cannot receive it, when it demoralizes and kills him, the reformer says: "Inferior! Better out of the way," and with a sympathetic sigh, begins to sell his hunting grounds for town lots.

Except for Lord Napier's punitive raid upon Magdala, the Abyssinians have never been conquered; and it is likely, as they are not an aggressive people, that they will be left alone in future. They have already learned the modern methods of warfare, and it will be interesting to see in what direction they advance upon their own responsibility.

Japan has shown us what a semi civilized nation can do in a few short years. How many other peoples might have followed in her footsteps, had their fate been propitious, it is difficult to say. The American Indian was widely different from the Japanese, but the Six Nations had many elements of advancement, and it is not wholly impossible that they might have made another and greater Japan if they had been let alone for another five hundred years.

THE REIGN OF THE BUSINESS MAN.

As the world grows richer and older, business interests play a more and more commanding part in its affairs. In the good old times, the trader cut a very small figure beside the warrior. He was fortunate to be permitted to live and transact business in the intervals of the campaigns to which men gave their best energies. Nowadays, the situation is reversed. The soldier cannot march upon the foe without the sanction of commerce and finance. Wars are more likely to be fought for "markets" than for glory. The power of industry and property is greater than that of the sword; and it is well for the world that it should be. Pessimists complain that we are becoming sordid, that our spirit is decaying; but there is no real basis for such allegations, and they are readily disproved on occasion.

Would the movement for arbitration as a substitute for war between England and the United States have reached its present proportions but for the immense moneyed interests involved? Here we certainly owe a debt of gratitude to the business men on both sides of the Atlantic who have made it plain to their respective governments that hostilities can be precipitated only by a criminal blunder.

The matter has its amusing side, too, as was instanced the other day. Perceiving that Spanish pride and Cuban resentment have brought about a disastrous deadlock in the Queen of the Antilles, certain enterprising London capitalists formulated a proposal for "syndicating" a new government for Cuba upon a basis which they guaranteed to make satisfactory to all parties concerned. Full details of their plan were forwarded to the Madrid government and to the insurgent leaders—none of whom, however, has yet accepted it.

It would be interesting to trace the influence of business considerations in modern political movements, and future historians may attempt the task. They will have something to say about gold and diamonds as disturbing factors in South Africa, and may tell us whether it was the sugar corporations who overthrew the native monarchy in Hawaii.

"LET THE DEAD PAST."

Another relic of a closed chapter of American history was obliterated by the recent removal, at the instance of Senator Hill, of the regulation that prevented army officers who had held commissions from the Confederacy from again entering the service of the United States. Intrinsically the repeal of the restriction is of little importance, as there is small chance that the government will need the services of the few survivors who came under its terms. It is notable, however, as another sign of the passing of sectionalism, and as a recognition of the fact that should our flag be threatened no swords would be drawn to defend it more swiftly than those of the veterans who attacked it three and a half decades ago.

When debated in the Senate, only one vote was cast against Mr. Hill's proposal. It is to be regretted that there was even one Senator anxious to maintain an obsolete sectional disqualification, and unwilling, at this late day, to accept the reunion of North and South as final, absolute, and complete, without a reservation or a distinction of any sort.

WHAT AMERICANS READ.

Americans are called frivolous; but can the epithet be just when out of 3,837 new books published last year no less than 1,157 were upon "law, theology, religion, political and social science, and mental and moral philos-

ophy"? Such are the figures given by the trade reports. Volumes on these subjects, and especially on religious topics, appear in great numbers, and often are widely read, without attracting a tithe of the notoriety that attends a successful novel.

Of novels we learn that 573—not reckoning reprints—published in 1895 were the work of American authors, 827 of foreigners. This, again, militates against an accepted idea, and shows that the native novelist is not so utterly submerged by the flood of British fiction as we have been told. After all, he is writing 41 per cent of our novels, against 59 per cent by the authors of England, France, Germany, Norway, and elsewhere.

Another salient fact of the trade reports is that fewer books are issued in the United States than in England, Germany, or France. It would be quite a mistake to infer that we are less of a reading people. The explanation is a very easy one, lying in the far greater strength and variety of our periodical press. There is practically nothing in Europe that corresponds to our daily papers, with their copious literary contents, and to our monthly magazines.

THE PASSING OF THE DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER.

WHEN a distinguished foreigner—it matters not what he may be distinguished for—comes to America, he is sure to be interviewed by every reporter who can get within hailing distance. The opening question has become so stereotyped that the arriving celebrity knows it before he leaves home, and smiles when he hears it—"What do you think of America?"

Now let us, as representatives of all America with the possible exception of the reporters, say that we do not care one brass button what any foreigner, from the Emperor of China to the last Parisian skirt dancer, thinks of America. America is entirely capable of going her own way and taking care of herself, irrespective of anybody else's opinion. When we find it necessary to impress a sense of our importance as a nation upon those who deny it, we have ample means of doing so; but these are not the personages who come sailing up New York harbor with their eyes open, gathering in impressions for publication.

The newspaper writers devoted columns to the sad news that Mme. Duse, the Italian actress, did not like us. She is reported as saying that she despised us. Her remarks did not strike us in such a sensitive spot that we stayed away from the theater where she was playing. We liked her—as an actress. She came over here to amuse and entertain us. We paid her our money for what she gave us, and there the transaction ended, so far as we were concerned. If she disliked us, she had a perfect right to say so. The only wonder is that anybody cared to ask her about it.

M. Paul Bourget and Mme. Blanc have lately written serious books about us—which books, we trust, have enjoyed, in their own country, the popularity they deserved. Their authors took the trouble to come over to write them, and they contained a great deal of information, but they have attracted little attention here.

Self consciousness is a fault of a nation's youth. We are old enough and big enough, now, to have outgrown it, and to regard our critics with courteous indifference. The "distinguished foreigner" might as well leave his notebook at home.

AMERICAN GOOD NATURE.

SCARCELY a day passes on which the American man or woman does not receive, from some petty official of a corporation, sufficient provocation to ask for his removal. Insults, or discourtesies that border upon insults, from car conductor, ticket seller, or policeman, are universal experiences. The first impulse is to resent them; the second forgetfulness.

A woman who was roughly jerked upon a car by the conductor, was asked why she did not report him. "Oh, he is an ignorant creature," she said, "and he probably has a wife and children to support."

There are Americans who have argued in favor of this spirit in our uneducated classes. They say it shows "independence"; that this is a free country, where no man "toadies" to another. They forget that mutual respect is the first principle of really free and enlightened people. These petty officers as a rule take just the position toward the public which that public allows. When they invade its rights, they should be reproved, not only for its protection, but for their instruction—for the creation for them of a proper viewpoint. It is not recognizing him as an equal in the body politic to let pass the offense of the rude official. He simply gets the consideration of a bad tempered brute who belongs to another man, and who is to be avoided, it being too much trouble to admonish him properly.

Our good nature is degrading to its beneficiaries, and proves us lazy and indifferent.

DRESS REFORM IN RUSSIA.

RUSSIA is not usually regarded as the favorite land of the star eyed goddess of reform. It is a little surprising to learn that the dress reformers, who in our supposedly progressive country have toiled for years and reaped so infinitesimal a harvest of converts, are making great strides in the empire of the Romanoffs. The Society for Rational Costume recently held a congress in Moscow, to which the fashion and intellect of the old Muscovite capital are said to have flocked. The Czarina herself, it was announced, has indorsed the objects of the movement—a statement that is especially significant.

The almost total failure of all previous attempts in this direction has been mainly due to the fact that its leaders utterly neglected, and even deliberately antagonized, the established powers that govern the habiliments of woman. If once they could make fashion their ally, instead of their foe, at least half the battle would be won.

From a photograph by Lane, Camden, Me.

On the breast of the dimpling bay
  The white winged yachts careen,
  To the strong sea airs they lean.
On the rippling tide they sway,
With an upward plunge and a downward lunge,
  And a tack to the south away,
In calm or in gale it is good to sail
  On the breast of the dimpling bay.

When the rosy flush of the dawn
  To the eastward fills the sky,
When the twilight paints it fawn,
  When the stars are lit on high;
Through the sunlit days, in the evening haze,
  In the face of the madcap spray,
With the breeze in the west, with the wind at rest,
This life is of all good lives the best,
  On the breast of the dimpling bay!

The Fleet of the New York Yacht Club Running to Vineyard Haven, August 3, 1895.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1895, by C. E. Bolles, Brooklyn.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XV. JULY, 1896. NO. 4.

Marblehead Harbor.

ALL ALONG SHORE.

GLIMPSES OF SUMMER LIFE ALONG THE ATLANTIC COAST, AND THE CHAIN OF WATERING PLACES THAT STRETCHES FROM THE SANDS OF NEW JERSEY TO THE ROCKY SHORES OF MAINE—THE SEASIDE REALM OF FASHION AND PLEASURE.

FROM Easter Day, when the seasons turn, those who love the "spacious moonlit strand," and have homes by the summer sea, cast longing glances toward the places which

> Twice a day with its embossed froth
> The turbulent surge shall cover.

But it is not until Decoration Day is over that the great seaward migration begins. Then those born and bred inland journey to the shore to feel time waste itself while leaving them passive; and those who came into a world where waves boomed a welcome, return to do homage to an old god.

A proverb says that no man may come twice to bathe in the same river; but surely every year brings us back to the same sea. When the tide runs out, it leaves us with an "*au revoir*," and before it is fairly gone it rushes back again. Its never ceasing motion condones for our own idleness; the balm of the air it blows in our faces is lethal. It is an old, comforting friend, and happy are they who can spend the long days adapting themselves to its moods, lingering on some wide, shining place where the seabirds call to each other, and where there is nothing more disturbing than the wreath of salt foam on the wind swept floor; and happy they who can hide away in the rocks of some "high browed shore," and listen to the pines and the ocean singing songs to each other.

There is joy, too, in being a yachtsman who goes down to the sea in a slim, white ship, which belongs to himself or another (at the end of the season, preferably to the other), and which runs into the pleasant roadsteads or bays where light and gaiety are to be found at night and welcomes all day long.

It is not until July, or the early days of August, that the time can be found for the long cruise along shore, and it is then that

The Fleet of the Eastern Yacht Club in Camden Harbor, Maine.

From a photograph by Lane, Camden.

the North Atlantic coast blooms like a garden. The sun has warmed the sea, and its breezes stir the sweet scented air into life. All the world of leisure and content has rushed to the edge of the earth to enjoy it. From New York to Fundy's Bay stretches a great water way of pleasure. During the weeks when the billowy winged sailing yachts or the heavier looking steamers are in commission, they dot the surface of the sea all along shore.

A Contrast—The Modest "Dinky" and the Towering Sloop

The beginning and end of American yachting, however, seems to be at Newport. It is here that most of the owners live, and it is here that the oldest yacht club in the country makes its rendezvous every year. There is no prettier sight in the world than the pleasure squadron in the beautiful harbor. There is a regular forest of masts—somebody said a gentleman's park of them—with many steamers' funnels among them. When night comes on, Chinese lanterns festoon them from stem to stern, and of late years wreathes of electric globes run around the awnings. Thousands of reflections shimmer in the smooth water, and from ship to ship glide the gigs taking parties here and there on visits. The white dresses of women,

"Over Smooth Seas, and Under Sunny Skies."

Drawn by C. M. Relyea.

The Beach at New London, Connecticut.
From a photograph by Bolles, Brooklyn.

the sounds of music and gaiety, make the night merry.

Newport has become the show place of the whole Atlantic coast. Strangers who come to America feel that they have not seen the flower of our social civilization until they have visited it in the summer season; but unless they come as guests on a yacht or to a house, they will find their sojourn dull and lonely. The amusements that belong to other watering places, the hotel life, the bathing, the mingling of people from all over the Union, are quite unknown. Fashion seldom bathes. The hotels are ignored. It is a colony of people who have long known each other, who give each other dinners and luncheons and teas and dances, and who drive on the Ocean Road in the afternoons.

The man who has taken to his white ship to get away from the world he knows, runs in to Newport long enough to wander once along the Cliff Walk, to nod to his friends, to let his brother yachtsmen know that he

Ma'den Cliff, near Camden, Maine.
From a photograph by Lane, Camden.

is afloat, and to fire a rocket in farewell. Sometimes he lets his own big vessel lie in the harbor while he accepts an invitation to make one of a party running over to Narragansett Pier. There used to be gay stories of Narragansett. As you leave staid and conventional Newport behind, and sail through these holiday seas, where everybody has whistled care down the wind, you feel that you are making an excursion into a new world. Flags fly everywhere, and other craft greet yours joyously. But the first glimpse of the Pier is disappointing. It is not until you reach the beautiful Casino or the beach that the place begins to live up to its reputation. Over here, everybody bathes. The exclusive Newporter, whom you have brought from the most closely guarded palace over yonder, finds that she too has a bathing suit, when the noon hour

An American Steam Yacnt—W. J. Slater's Eleanor, Now Leased to Cornelius Vanderbilt.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1894, by C. E. Bolles, Brooklyn.

The Ovens, Mount Desert, Maine

A Typica. American Schocner Yacht—J. Rogers Maxwell's Emeraid.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1895, by C. E. Bolles, Brooklyn.

comes, and the spectators sit in the red lined straw chairs or in the little tents along the curve of the sands.

The bathing costumes at Narragansett are as charming as they can be made, and some of the boldest swimmers are seen here beyond the rollers. Some bare armed, bare legged athlete, mahogany colored from sun and wind, takes a catamaran and pushes out beyond the farthest line, only to be followed by half a dozen maidens swimming as freely as mermaids. Out beyond the white wings of the yachts perpetually float by — sometimes a cup winner that has made its name famous all over the world, sometimes the bearer of the President or some other great man. The rig of the vessels is known, and they are saluted as old friends. A champion yacht gets a cheer, even though it may be too far away to realize its honors.

The Atlantic Yacht Club House, Bay Ridge.

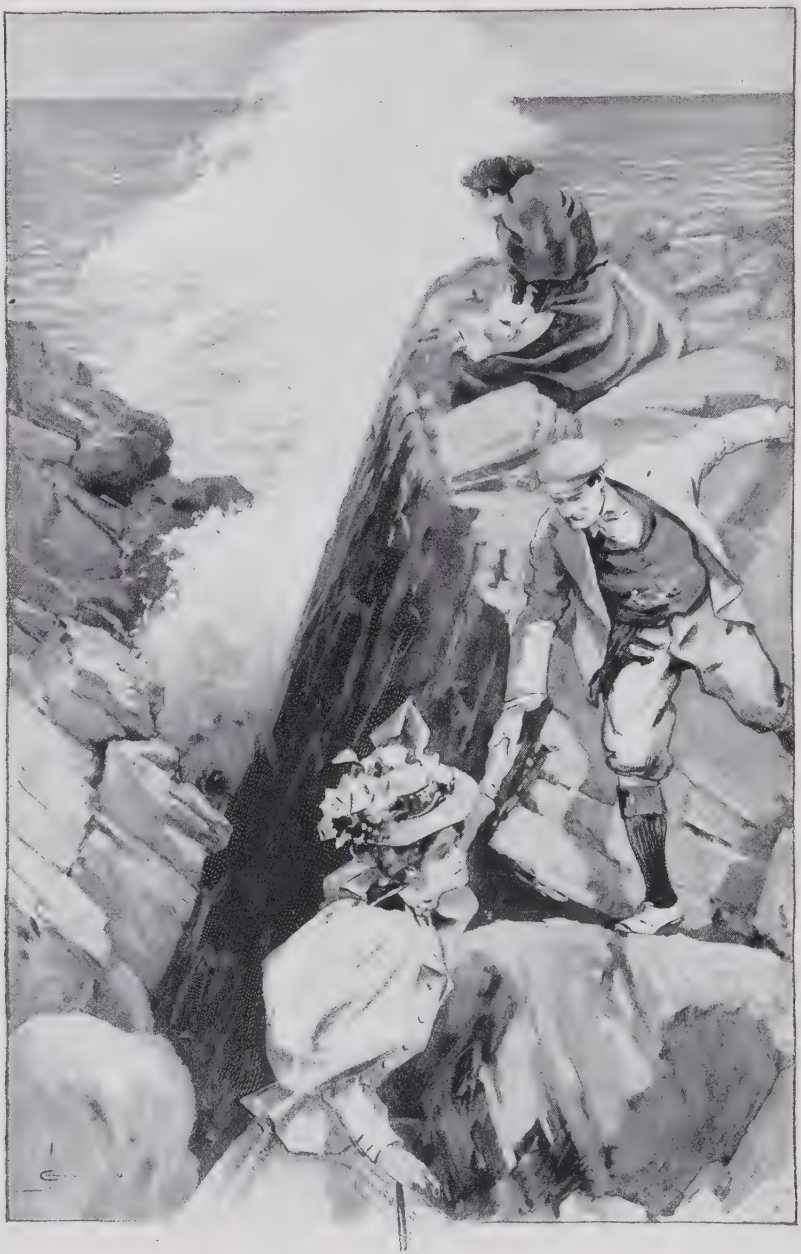
The Casino at Narragansett gets a usage

The Fleet of the New York Yacht Club at Anchor in Newport Harbor

From a photograph by Johnson, New York.

which its rival at Newport never knows. It is distinctly fashionable to go over there after the bathing hour for luncheon, and

sion is "rocking." Like almost everything else in this world that is interesting and important, it requires two people.



The Churn, Marblehead Neck.

then up to the sea promenade that leads to Point Judith. The rocks along here are the most imposing on the Rhode Island shore, and one of the famous forms of diver-

When the day is one of those perfect ones which break so often on this coast in summer, "rocking" has the romance of the most poetic idyl, although it may be only the

Gull Cliff and Lightnouse, Grand Manan.

Drawn by J. M. Gleeson from a photograph by Peabody, Boston.

mildest of flirtations. A natural seat on some brightly colored ledge is just wide enough for two, and its barriers rise behind and hide the "rockers" from the army of inquisitives who scramble about here like goats. They two are left alone, with the dashing sea in front, over which the yachts move with sails of silver. It is a world of pleasure and of always afternoon, and who would be out of tune with nature? The gulls swing low, and the far headlands are bathed in opal light. The practical affairs of life have disappeared.

A hundred years ago there were great plantations about Narragansett, whose owners were hereditary friends with the Virginians. They visited one another, raced their horses together, and drank one another's punches; but long ago their traditions were lost in the distinction of "North" and "South." And the young Southern girl who comes here today has not even a cousin, however remote, on these shores. Sometimes she makes up for it in the number of

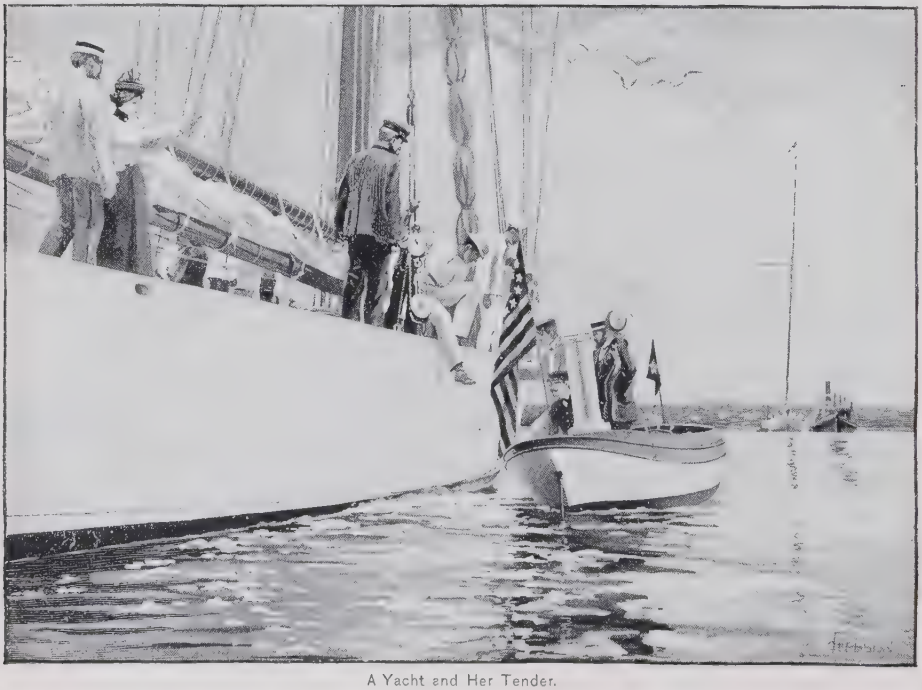
The Bridge on the Ocean Walk, Newport.

The Surf at Nahant.

From a photograph by Peabody, Boston.

"brothers" she leaves behind after a "rocking" season.

Dropping into these quaint old places, which have taken on new ways and life during the summer, one is reminded of the trouble the third man in Mr. Jerome's boat



A Yacht and Her Tender.

The Flagship of the New York Yacht Club—Commodore Brown's Steam Yacht Sylvia.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1895, by C. E. Bolles, Brooklyn.

had in escaping *Mrs. Harris*' "funny tomb." They always want to carry you off to some windy cemetery, and show you the eccentricities which the living (now also entombed) once put over their helpless dead. It is a curious seaside place in New England that hasn't at least one "funny tomb." Perhaps the winters on these shores are not so restful as the sunny July days, and when the waves boom upon granite and shingle, they wear their way into the inhabitants' nerves as well as the rocks.

"At the Wheel."

Drawn by C. M. Relyea.

It was as long ago as 1602 that Captain Gosnold cruised about these waters and discovered Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket. It is worth while landing here. Nantucket sits like an old sailor in the sun, his story written all over him. Once the island harbor was full of trading and whaling fleets from all over the world. Every "best parlor" had its curiosities from the far east and north. Most of the curios are still there, but the rotting wharfs are empty.

In the smaller seaside places, as at Newport and Narragansett, the tennis dress of a few years ago, and even the later affectation of yachting costume, which seemed so appropriate to the sands and the boats, have given way to golfing and bicycle insignia. Links are laid out all along the coast, and there are as many "tees" as there are sand wells. But it does not seem to take away anything from the sea. Just as many boats push out from shore, and the banjos tinkle along the rippling silver path that the moon weaves, as in other days.

No self respecting yacht on this coast passes by Plymouth, but after you have followed the example of the Pilgrims, and landed, you wonder why they stayed. It seems in some way incompatible with the Yankee temperament to have settled in such a quiet spot. The renowned Rock no longer suffers from the defacement of vandals. It has been cut into two parts, one of which lies at the base of Cole's Hill, covered by a stone canopy; the other has been removed to Pilgrim Hall, and is protected by an iron railing. From the fine esplanade of Cole's Hill there is a wide view of Plymouth harbor and the lighthouses beyond; but the true yachtsman will not tarry here. He will long for the open sea, the rolling waves, and the clean white

A Rowing Club Barge.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1895, by C. E. Bolles, Boston.

"Wnere Roll the Cool Atlantic Waves."

Drawn by C. M. Relyea.

decks; for the view of only clear sky and blue ocean.

The yacht fairly rushes along on its northward way. It passes larger ones, sisters in the same club—some that are the club's pride for size and general splendor of decoration and entertainment; but our gay little craft goes jauntily by them all, saluting the commodore's flagship one hour, and the modest catboat the next, seeing only the happiness of the breezy day, and pouring out from its cutwatea, to the sea god who shakes his mantle under it, libations which sparkle like the

> Love spangles just off yon cape of trees,
> Dancing upon the waves as if to please
> The curly foam with amorous influence.

Bar Harbor and Mount Desert are the limits of most cruises, although Campobello, which Mr. Howells set out to immortalize in "April Hopes," has its pilgrims. Castine, with its sand and lighthouse, Camden, where the Eastern Yacht Club loves to gather, and Grand Manan, with its cliffs and gulls, all have their lovers. People who have old associations, born before the day when some freak of fashion made one place the belle of the coast, will seek the quaint old spots, where garish hotels and Paris gowns have not absorbed all the local color, and where old customs and old habits of speech do not yet hide themselves. Marblehead is one of these, and as we walk the quaint old streets, we seem to hear echoes of that dreadful day when "old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart," was beaten at the cart's tail by Marblehead's women. Its harbor is one of the greatest gathering places for yachts of all the Massachusetts coast.

It was by a mere chance that Bar Harbor was not left to become one of these quaint places. Its first summer settlers were people with short purses and an eye for beauty. But somebody of fashion discovered the place, and it became a rage; and now the simplicity of even the other day has disappeared. Half a dozen years ago, young men might have been seen dancing in the ball room in striped blazers; but already the custom is as out of date as the coat.

At Bar Harbor everybody has a canoe, and seems entirely able to paddle her own. The inner harbor is land locked, and makes a smooth place for the frail craft from Indian Village. What girl could look anything but pretty in a gay boating gown, bending on this side and that like some Indian maid of song or story?

All over Mount Desert Island are marks of what the bitter winters can do. It is in these black months that the icy waves come dashing in, rushing into the "ovens" and thunder caves, spouting out to dash up for a hundred feet. The wild sea works its savage will then. In summer, when we come to it and find it the soft and purring playmate, letting us play in the caves it has made, it is hard to realize the terrific force it holds in reserve.

It was at Bar Harbor that the fog came down upon us as we lay on the yacht. At first it crept up, as if the opaline sea had left its bed and floated up around us to take us into its soft mysteries. The sun shone through it, then it settled down upon us, a thick, white, mysterious wall. We were cut off from every living thing, and had only our fancy to frame any connecting link between the little yacht and the great world.

> The blind sea shoreward rolls,
> The blind stream seaward flows,
> To the west the fog bell tolls,
> To the east the fog horn blows.

It was early morning when it lifted, and we slipped away toward the open sea, called south by the August winds that had brought signs of early storms. The sea took on a sullen look as of one who might not let us go, who thought on ancient injuries. We fled before that aspect, running through clear moonless nights when the ocean held a light of her own, and the Milky Way reminded us that the gods were still alive, filling us with that faint sentiment that the gloaming brings. Nobody wants the Chinese lanterns or the electric lights on nights like these.

It is in these days that are not broken by coming in to shore that we come to know the ocean. The sun, shining hazily, makes mirages on the horizon. Distant strips of land seem to float on the sea, and fairy tales become possible. Bevies of sails go by, and each one may be a golden argosy of treasure and romance.

But we are coming back to the every day world and to practical life. Our last dinner on board is almost in sight of New York, and already we feel the thrill of that magnetism by which the great city holds her children. Coney Island, with her lights and her crowds, sends her popular music booming out over the water toward us, firing a dozen cannon that it may surely reach us. As we come up through the Narrows we run so close to the twin forts that guard the New World's main gateway, that we can hear the sentries cry, "All's well!" Staten Island's lights fringe her with long, quiver-

ing reflections. Robbins Reef Light turns and turns, and the goddess holds up her torch far on toward the city. A loaded excursion boat goes by, its passengers listening to the last new melody, which comes full of the music of familiar things to our own ears.

The lights of the Brooklyn Bridge make a chain of brilliants upon which our eyes can run to the city; and with a little thrill we realize that it is still there to welcome us. Then, having made our detour to look at it, we swing around to Bay Ridge and come to anchor with the rest of our kind, off that famous rendezvous of New York yachtsmen, the Atlantic Yacht Club.

DRIFTING.

AFAR from land they go together sailing,
Forgetting all save new discovered bliss;
Her idle hand, above the waters trailing,
The playful waves leap laughingly to kiss.

His arm is thrown with love's protection round her;
With trustful peace she nestles by his side,
Unheeding all except that he has crowned her
With dual sovereignty of queen and bride.

Content they float in love's ecstatic rapture,
Nor care nor strife mar their serenity;
All other fetters, loosed by Cupid's capture,
Fall far away and sink into the sea.

About the twain the circling seagulls hover
And pipe low, laughing cries of feigned distress
In mimic envy of the loved and lover,
Sailing the haven of their happiness.

The darkness falls upon the story olden;
The sapphire night displays a single gem;
Above the brink the moon lifts round and golden;
And spreads a dimpled pathway out to them.

Yet on they drift, their fond hearts never fearing;
And though dark clouds may come athwart the skies
Faith falters not; they know that Love is steering
Along that golden path to Paradise.

William Richard Hereford.

IN THE REIGN OF BORIS.

By Robert McDonald,

Author of "A Princess and a Woman."

I.

THE New York had given her last signal, and was just about to slip backward from her dock and give herself into the hands of the officious little tug which was waiting to turn her into the stream, when a young man with a dress suit case in one hand and a bag in the other, came tearing his way down the pier shed. He passed among the people who had reluctantly left the vessel and their departing friends, and with an impetus which was almost savage, ran toward the gangplank just as it was thrown down from the steamer's side. He fairly floored a fat old gentleman who was mopping his forehead and shouting good by to a loving family on deck, gave a leap and gained the vessel's rail just as the gangplank fell.

"That was a close shave, young man," an official said sternly. "You had better learn to be on time."

"Great Scott! What do you call being on time?" the young man replied. He put his traps on the deck, and took out his watch. "I have had just forty five minutes since they told me to start. I'd like to see you pack for Europe and get here from Thirty Third Street in any less time."

He pushed his cap back from his damp forehead, and began to laugh. Then he took the cap off and looked at it and laughed again. It was a trifle large for his blond head, and bore the insignia of the New York Yacht Club. It was altogether a likable face that was exhibited by its removal. The mouth and chin had been firmly set, and the thick eyebrows drawn close together over the nose during the race, but now that it was over, and won, the features were relaxed in relief.

The passengers who stood about looked at him with interest and sympathy; and presently one, a dark, handsome man of about thirty, who moved with a deliberation which his glancing eyes belied, came up and held out his hand.

"Mr. Beverly, how do you do?"

Beverly met the thin, smooth, dark palm cordially.

"Good morning, Count Lubona. I did not know I was to have you for a fellow passenger. I hadn't much time to study up the passenger list."

"It looked for an instant as though I were not to know that I had you for a fellow passenger," Lubona returned. "It was a close shave."

"Closer than you think. An hour ago I was peacefully asleep in my apartment overlooking Greeley Square, without any more idea of starting to Europe this morning than you have of going back on that tug out there."

Lubona looked inquiringly at the bag and dress suit case.

"Oh, there is something in them; linen—clothes—I don't know what. I think they mostly belong to Hardin, particularly the shirts. His laundry had just come home, and was lying on a chair; but we are about of a size," he concluded, with relief.

"Are you in the habit of going about the world, shot out of a cannon, as it were?"

"Count Lubona," Beverly said solemnly, "I am a newspaper man, and I go anywhere on earth where I am sent. I went to bed at two o'clock this morning, tired out, and now I am on my way——"

"Where?" Lubona asked.

They had both seated themselves, and Beverly fanned himself with the cap.

"I am sure I do not know. I am under sealed orders. There was no time for me to talk anything over. They sent me a package to look at, and I suppose I shall find a cable on the other side, but my explicit directions were to get on this ship."

"Every room is engaged. What are you going to do?"

"I haven't the least idea. Perhaps the *Herald* has made some arrangement. Something will turn up, but I must go and see what it is."

He gathered up his traps, and made his

way through the ship toward the purser. Everybody looked at him as he went along, his sensational entry having made him one of the spots upon which idle curiosity will center for a time. He found a very angry man when the purser was finally reached.

"The impudence of these newspapers is amazing," that official said. "We have no place for you. You will have to go back on the pilot boat."

"They seem to have some pretty good sofas scattered about," Mr. Beverly said suavely. "I've slept in worse places; or there is the steerage. Travel is doubtless light in the steerage."

"You know confoundedly well that we can't afford to treat you badly, and get roasted by your paper year in and year out."

"I know that," Beverly sweetly agreed.

"We'd have an accident every trip for the next forty years, according to your account."

"Oh, no, not so bad as that. Mr. Wesser will be dead by that time, and you know his son, who is at college, is going to make a 'clean sheet,' when he comes into power;" and Mr. Beverly smiled.

"Say, will you go into a room with another man if he will take you?"

"If he is a pleasant person, why not?"

"I'll see what can be done for you, but it's an imposition"—and the purser grumbled as he started away. At the door he almost ran into Lubona, who stood aside politely to let him pass.

"I came down to see how you were getting on," he smiled at Beverly. "If you have no stateroom, I shall be very happy to share mine with you."

Beverly had a habit of mind which had helped him to become what he was. He was quick to see a proposition from every point of view. He was not naturally suspicious, but rather given to caution, and ready to defend himself. He had met Lubona casually in New York and Washington during the past year. Nobody knew much about the count, though he was said by the society reporters to be seeking an heiress. If he were, he evidently had not found her. Beverly had come into contact with him while writing up the history of the efforts of a band of politicians to get the A. M. & C. bill through the House and Senate, and it had appeared to him that Lubona was something more than a society butterfly. He might be rich, or he might be poor. He might want his company in his stateroom because he needed to share expenses—or because he thought a newspaper man might some day be of value. At any rate, Beverly was glad to have part of the room, and he said so.

The two men went in together, and Lubona sat in dignified silence while Beverly arranged his possessions about the room, and talked. He finally took a heavy manilla envelope from his pocket, and with an "Excuse me while I discover where I am going," broke the seal, and began to read the hastily scribbled notes. As his eyes traveled down the sheets, torn from a notebook, they dilated, and then the brows drew themselves together over his nose very much as they had done as he ran his race for the steamer, and a long breath made a whistle between his lips.

He read the notes two or three times, and then without a word he put them back into the envelope and slipped it into his pocket, buttoning his coat over it.

"Want to go on deck? We must be about down to the goddess. She always reminds me of a fine, healthy mother lighting her children up to bed. There may be poetry in that idea, but I do not believe it is exactly the one her creator intended."

Lubona had followed him, Beverly stopping to put a band of paper inside the lining of the yachting cap, so that it made a more presentable fit.

"The statue impresses one who has never had too much liberty," the foreigner said quietly.

Beverly turned and looked at him.

"Russian, I suppose," he said himself. "Probably feels tyranny in the regular George Kennan fashion. Do you know any of the passengers?" he asked aloud. "Suppose we look over the list, and see where we are going to sit at the table, and all that sort of thing. Everything depends upon how agreeably we are placed. The last time over I was next to a lady reformer who lectured upon the corruption of the press three times a day. I shouldn't like that to happen again."

Beverly found the passenger list, and went rapidly over it. Lubona seemed to take no interest in it, but spent his time looking at a little girl whose nurse was showing her the beauties of the ship. Many of the names were known to the newspaper man. It was just the season for the annual flitting across the seas, and every cabin was crammed not only with the fashionable New Yorkers running over for the London season, but with the flotsam and jetsam from the social life of Europe

that had been wintering in America. There were several opera singers who were going for short stays in Paris and Vienna, or in some quiet country place, before they made their appearance at Covent Garden in London. But Beverly ran all of these by without heed, and fastened his eyes on one name. Then he went up and down over the list again, as though he were searching for some connecting link between that and himself; but he found nothing, and the result did not seem to disappoint him.

As he put the card down, Lubona took it up, adjusting an eyeglass in his eye with an effect which made the younger man smile. Lubona looked like the pictures of those stiff white petticoated Albanians and Montenegrins which Caton Woodville used to send home when there were border wars in the fighting East. He was a Carpathian, but he seldom took the trouble to name his nationality, as he found that few people had any idea where his country dotted the map of Europe, and feared to show their ignorance.

"Mr. and and Mrs. L. Harrod Peyton," he read, and then musingly, "a beautiful American;" and so on down the list. Almost everybody came in for some comment. Sometimes he asked Beverly for information, and the list was so entirely made up of well known names that the newspaper man could almost always give it.

"John Marr," he read out finally. "Is that one of your millionaires or politicians?"

"That is a man you ought to know better than I," Beverly said carelessly. "He spends most of his time over in your part of the world. He is said to have mines, or railroads, or concessions, or something of that sort; to be a sort of second Baron Hirsch without his philanthropic schemes. I believe he is a German who came to America in the steerage when he was a baby, and made money in Montana or somewhere."

"Didn't I meet his daughter in Washington, at a dinner party?"

"Possibly," Beverly said, as if the subject did not interest him in the least.

"I do not see her name on the list here."

"Don't you?" with greater indifference.

"A beautiful girl, if I remember rightly."

"You seem to admire American girls, count," Beverly laughed. "That is about the tenth on this list whom I have heard you call beautiful."

"But she isn't on the list."

They had walked up on deck, and Beverly was looking for an unoccupied steamer chair. As he left Lubona the smile on his face widened.

"I wonder if he thinks I am a fool," he said to himself. "He wanted me to point out that the 'Miss Moor' on that list was a misprint for 'Marr.' That little affectation tells what he is doing here—following the heiress! That is probably what brought him out of his own country, in the first place. The insolence of these foreigners!" And with the cocksureness of youth Mr. James Beverly, star reporter and all around journalist, temporarily settled an important question which was going to have something to say to his own movements before it was settled for good.

Beverly's hunt for a chair was not successful, but he ran across two or three acquaintances. He was a representative journalist of the young men's generation. He had graduated from one of the best colleges in the country a few years before, spending the last year or two there with his eyes steadily fixed upon Park Row in New York as the ultimate end of his mental journeyings. He had not edited the college magazine, because nobody thought of asking him to do so. He was a crack athlete, and an all around good fellow who never heard the word "literary" associated with himself. But in the editorial rooms of the *Herald* they already knew his name. None of his contributions were signed, and he was content to know that his pen was gaining facility day by day. He made no secret of the hope that he would be asked to take a place on the paper when he had received his degree, and the managing editor appeared to be ready to hold out the bottom rung of the ladder.

For a few months after he took his place in the *Herald* office, Beverly had seen his work cut, slashed, crowded out by the last pertness of the last girl from below Mason and Dixon's line whose soft R's had taken the managing editor's ear for an hour; but he had stuck it out. He trained his eye to see, his understanding to proclaim first causes, and his pen to write decent, readable English without any attempt at eccentricity of style. Before the managing editor himself realized it, Beverly saw that he was looked upon as the always reliable man, whose story was sure to need no apologies the next day. When that came about, he knew that his feet were planted for good and all in the ways of journalism—thorny, rocky ways, but after all leading through the highways of the world.

A month before, Cresson, the managing editor, had said, as he let the corners of his dry lips twist over a lucid report of the doings of a Washington committee, "If

there is a war, we have a man in this office who is going to come out of it with a Phil Sheridan captaincy or a bloody grave, and the first letter of his name is B."

There was no new war cloud on the smoky sky of Europe, but evidently something was on hand for the man who owned that name. New York had taken kindly to Beverly as a self respecting young fellow who knew his own business and attended to it. Honest business men and politicians felt relieved when an interview was put into his hands, and then forgot all about him until the next time. It was only six months before that he had made himself something of a social lion by writing a novelette which ran through a popular magazine for a few months, and then came out as the book of its hour. So, when he appeared on the deck of the most fashionable steamer of the spring, he found plenty of eyes to follow him. The curious who had seen his entry had learned his name by this time, and were whispering it to others.

"Going yachting?" a slightly sarcastic voice asked, and Beverly looked around to see a languid young man lying cross legged in a steamer chair.

"Hello, Marsh! I assure you I'm thankful to have any head covering at all. Unfortunately I am not one of the *Van Bibber* young men who keep a collection of hats. I have just two in commission. Last night I dressed at the club, and put on a silk hat. This morning I found that by some mistake I had a choice between that and this yachting cap of Hardin's. I took this. Now I am traveling under false pretenses. Here is Hardin's name inside. Anybody is welcome to look at it;" and he held it up.

They had steamed pretty well down the bay by this time, and a puff of wind came over the water and blew the lightly held bit of cloth and braid out of Beverly's hand, and sent it bowling along the deck. He started after it, but there were dowagers in the way, and the baby from down stairs had to be lifted aside. When he reached the cap at last, he found it in the hands of a girl. Beverly could see her long before he reached her. She had picked the cap up from the deck, and he saw that she was looking at it inside and outside. It was a frank article, seemingly with a great deal of information to give concerning its owner.

Beverly found himself unconsciously forming in his brain the words by which he would explain that the name and the club did not belong to him. But as he came nearer he looked beyond the girlish figure, and saw a tall, middle aged man, wrapped in a steamer rug, reclining in a long chair. He turned his face toward Beverly with what appeared to be a habitual look of inquiry. It was an expression which the young man knew. He was a Jewish looking person, thin and tall, and gray with a grimness of stone. The sight of him checked the words which were half out. Beverly took the cap, which was held out to him, with a word of thanks, and sauntered on. The wind was coming in his direction, and he heard the young girl say very distinctly,

"His name is Reginald Hardin, and he belongs to the New York Yacht Club."

"It is a name I have heard. I knew his father, a good many years ago," the man's voice answered.

II.

BEVERLY had taken a fancy into his head, and when a man does that he is pretty sure to cut situations to fit it. It was so seldom that he could allow his mind to run in the pleasant paths of fancy, except when he proposed to make literature—and incidentally money—of it, that he enjoyed it almost as much as a city man would enjoy a stroll through green fields. When he gets there, the city man is given to leaving even the faint guidance of the cowpaths, and striking for the middle of the clover. Beverly had so thoroughly made up his mind that Lubona had fastened his affections upon Miss Marr, or her American fortune, that he was ready to weave all sorts of romances concerning them. He had never seen her until that day, but the instant he saw her father he knew that it must be she; and he had mentally commended Lubona's good taste.

She sat some distance from him at dinner, and some stiffness or reserve upon the part of her father seemed to isolate them from all their neighbors. Lubona was also far away, and Beverly sat at the table with Marsh. He was not a vain young man, but in the past few months he had for one reason and another become so well known in New York that he was constantly being pointed out as one of the minor sights of the town, and unconsciously he found himself looking in Miss Marr's direction to see if any one was telling her that he was not Reginald Hardin. But she spoke to nobody, and seemed to carry an intention of maintaining her reserve.

Once or twice he caught her eye, and

looked away consciously. She was such a remarkably pretty girl, after the splendid, goddess-like type, that it was a pleasure to look at her. She had brought her red gold hair up to the top of her head, where it made a fine contrast to her white forehead and dark eyes. There was a strain of poetry in Beverly, and he found himself thinking that the fine, clean arch of her thin, dark eyebrows was like a melody. Her neck was round and white, and she had put on a little waist which let its whiteness show above a gathered frill of lace. Certainly Lubona had shown good taste, but the Carpathian count must have audacity to think that that girl would look at him. She was probably too good an American to do anything of the sort, Beverly thought.

After dinner he went up on deck, declining an invitation from March to come into the smoking room and play cards. The air was chill, and a heavy sea was rolling, so that there were few people visible. Electric lights dotted the whole place, leaving hardly a corner for the dusk to gather. Beverly buttoned his coat about him, and walked up and down for a few minutes. He wanted to think, to get his ideas marshaled. There were complications in his situation.

There were plenty of steamer chairs now. He took one, and pushed it into a corner which had been left dim; and pulling Hardin's cap over his eyes, he sat down to think. The heaving seas looked dark, and for an instant Beverly lost his self poise and felt helpless. His enterprise seemed a wild goose chase; but then hunting wild geese was most distinctly a sport. He was trying to think out the reason for his mission. The information for it must have come from somewhere, and the sender must have had a motive. He wondered if it were as exclusive as the great Mr. Wesser seemed to think. He would probably find an Englishman already on the spot.

When a man loses himself in his own thoughts, the actions of others are likely to pass by unnoticed. For three or four minutes a couple had been walking up and down on the deck, talking earnestly. The woman was very tall, and her head was well muffled in lace. The man had fur on the collar of his coat. As the electric light brought out these two characteristics, Beverly classed them as belonging to the opera singers—some mimic *Romeo* and *Juliet* perhaps, making the story real for the moment. They seemed to be in earnest conversation, and Beverly gazed at them with the interest which everybody permits themselves to feel when looking at public characters.

A climax in their talk appeared to have been reached as they neared Beverly for about the tenth time, for they stopped and faced each other. They were directly under the light, and to his surprise he saw that it was Lubona and Miss Marr. He gave a little whistle of surprise which almost betrayed him; and then, how Beverly did pat himself on the back as a past master of perspicacity!

"It was intuition," he said approvingly. "Why, it is a full plot for a drama. Cruel father! Noble lover! Wealth on one hand, and supposedly poverty on the other! Secret meetings, and all the rest of it."

They walked on, but they had taken a line which brought them so near to Beverly that now and then he could hear a word. He would not allow himself to listen, and he was feeling about under his coat for a cigar and a match, that he might make his presence known, when he was arrested by the sound of his own name.

"You will be a heroine," Lubona said. "The American press is alive to this great struggle. It knows how to appreciate a crisis. They are sending Beverly of the *Herald* to tell the story."

"But—" she stopped dead still, and looked at him with startled eyes—"I will not be known. It will never reach the ears of anybody. Not *the papers!*"

"Certainly not, unless you wish it," he said gravely.

"I certainly do not wish it. It is impossible. My father would never forgive me *that*. I may have my principles, but——"

Lubona interrupted her. "Your great goodness——"

At that moment Beverly smashed his two feet down upon the deck with the greatest clatter he could make, and having called attention to his proximity arose and walked away. The two moved down toward the railing, and stood silent until he was quite out of the way.

"That is that Mr. Hardin from New York," the girl said. "Papa knows some of his relatives."

"How do you know?" Lubona asked. He did not know how much Beverly had overheard, or whether he had recognized them.

"I picked up his cap from the deck, and it had his name inside. I wonder if he heard us! If he did, and should chance to know that man of whom you spoke, why, then——" She clasped her hands as if she

wished to escape from some promise or situation.

"There is no danger. He could not have overheard." Lubona was trusting that he could explain matters if he had.

It was late when the count went into the stateroom which he and Beverly shared, and the room was in darkness except for a faint glimmer which came in from the outside. From Beverly's berth there came the deep, regular breathing of a healthy man asleep. Lubona did not touch the electric light screw, but sat down and began to undress. He unlaced his shoes, and slipped them noiselessly to the floor. Then he lifted his head like a stag who listens. Beverly was undoubtedly asleep.

He took a box of wax matches from his pocket and struck one on the velvet of the sofa, so that the flame flared up noiselessly, and for an instant he held it high, showing his companion fast asleep. Beverly lay with his face fully exposed, and one heavy, sinewy arm, from which the pajama sleeve had fallen away, was thrown over his head. He looked very big and powerful as he lay there, Lubona thought. He gave him only a passing glance, but that sufficed to illuminate the mouth, closer set and sterner in sleep than when influenced by the mobile thoughts of waking hours, as is the case with all strong men.

The Carpathian's gaze ran quickly to the hooks on which Beverly had hung his clothes. His coat was almost by Lubona's hand. A puff sufficed to put the room in darkness again, and for a second the figure stood motionless. Then the count's hand began to creep up toward Beverly's coat. He could feel the stiff papers; they were still in the pocket. His fingers were almost on them. There was the manilla envelope with the notebook leaves inside. If he had been a nervous man he would have trembled. He almost knew, he felt, what he would see when they were open before his eyes, but it would mean much to be certain.

The slender fingers began to slip them from the pocket. There was a movement from the berth. The breathing stopped.

"Is that you, Lubona?" Beverly asked sleepily. "Funny, isn't it, how another person in the room will pull your consciousness back! Why haven't you a light?" He put out his hand and turned the electric light screw beside his head, instantly flooding the room with its brilliancy. Lubona was taking off his coat leisurely.

"I didn't want to disturb you. I have the eyes of a cat. I can see in the darkness. It is a family trait."

"Oh, disturbance is an every day event to me. I am educated past minding it. Been playing cards?"

"No. I walked on the deck for a while."

"So did I. Rolling sea."

"Yes."

Beverly yawned, and then looked up with new interest.

"Pitch me my coat over here," he said. "There are some papers I want to look at again."

He took the envelope from his pocket, opened it, read the notes again, and then, taking a match from his pocket, struck it and held the notes in the flame until they were ashes. Lubona, whistling a popular song, prepared for bed.

III.

THE next morning, when Beverly went on deck, he found all the passengers who owned sea legs out enjoying the wonderful brilliancy of the day. With his hands in his pockets, and Hardin's cap making a shadow over his nose, he took his place in the promenade. Marsh, the languid young man of the day before, joined him.

"Quite a lot of celebrities this time," Marsh said. "There is you, to begin with. I have heard any number of maiden ladies congratulating themselves upon the privilege of going over with the author of 'My Lady, the Queen,' and on the prospect of getting your autograph or photograph or something of that sort—a lock of hair, maybe. Tell me, do you fellows carry your photographs around for distribution, or do you divvy with the photographer, or how? I might be famous myself some day."

Beverly smoked his good cigar, and declined to answer.

"Think what a harvest the enterprising collector may have by the time she reaches the other side! Think of the prey on this ship. You, the opera singers, and the richest man in the world. They may get a sentiment out of you, and a note or two out of the opera singers, but I wonder if they will get any money out of old John Marr!"

"Richest man in the world? What are you talking about?"

"Him. They say he owns everything, including a small principality or two, over on the other side—mines, railroads, concessions. Not common gold and silver mines, but turquoise and ruby, and diamond and—— well, anything expensive you like to think of. I am no lapidary myself. I don't know their names."

"Where are all these possessions?"

"That is something nobody seems to know, not even the American widows and orphans and executors who have put their savings into his latest company. But then, that class enjoy a mystery. They say mysteries pay better interest, and the promises are greater. Nobody knows much about Marr nowadays, except that he has a pretty daughter, and he keeps her as close as he keeps his money and his secrets. Now, I am a pretty decent sort of person when I am at home, and my kin have behaved themselves and held their heads above water ever since the first one landed at Plymouth Rock. I thought I could take my place almost anywhere. Yesterday I hunted up an excuse—not a very good one, to be sure—and spoke to Miss Marr. Her father made me feel like a Broadway loafer. Evidently they do not intend to know any one. Look at them there. He is like a guardian griffin."

"I think they know Count Lubona. I heard him say he had dined with the young lady in Washington."

"I'll wager twenty five cents the old man doesn't recognize him. Now watch—there he comes." Marsh and Beverly had leaned against the railing, and the Boston man spoke with excitement. His traditions taught him that he was a thousand times worthier of consideration in the eyes of a man like John Marr, or as an acquaintance for any man's daughter, than any third rate count, and he was still sore over his rebuff.

Lubona, tall, grave, handsome, walked by the Marrs without stopping. To Beverly's amazement, the beautiful girl looked out over the sea without the flicker of an eyelash. She appeared to have totally forgotten her talk with the Carpathian the night before.

At first Beverly thought that he must have been mistaken in what he had seen and heard; and then he looked about him. No, there was no other woman with anything like her nobility of carriage and beauty of appearance. That was the girl. She was going to perform some service for Lubona, and her father did not recognize him. Although Beverly was not an eavesdropper, he had overheard a sentence or two the night before, and he could not throw them out of his brain again. A sudden impulse overtook him.

"I will make you a wager," he said to Marsh, "that I will know Mr. Marr and his daughter before the voyage is over."

"Oh, I suppose so," Marsh replied. "Send in a photograph and one of your traveling copies of 'My Lady, the Queen,' and the trick is done. She's a girl, just fresh from boarding school. They tell me all of them use that volume of yours as a book on etiquette."

"And I'll not mention my name, either."

Marsh looked at him inquiringly.

"They think I am Hardin. Miss Marr picked up the cap when it blew away yesterday, and read the name inside. Hardin would lend me his name for a day or two. He is welcome to mine. I want to improve that curious old person's acquaintance. I want to hear where he keeps his hoards, and how they affect his mind."

"Material, eh?"

"Yes, I want him for material," Beverly said, and then laughed.

"I'll not bet with you," Marsh said. "You have too many cards up your sleeve. I wish you luck."

Beverly was in a rather curious frame of mind. If his reasoning were wrong—and it was not a very strong chain—he might do his cause irretrievable harm. On the other hand, it would be infinitely to his advantage if he could make the acquaintance of John Marr without that personage suspecting his connection with the world of printing presses. He had never done any reportorial detective work, the sort that calls for subterfuges, even in his callowest days; but he had known cases where it had been necessary. His was not one of those hard consciences which can see the end justify the means, wherever the means may lead, but he saw that sometimes, for the good of the public, for which the press is under bonds to work, a man must not be too dainty with himself. He fully intended to let Mr. Marr imagine that he was Hardin, for a time, at least. Nobody on the ship would get near enough to this reserved man to tell him the truth, and Lubona had denied him once to Miss Marr. Even if he did betray him to the daughter, she would not dare tell her father.

"I'll just travel incognito," Beverly put it to himself.

He did not know exactly how he was going to do it, and he walked up and down the ship two or three times, trying to think.

"If I were a hero of romance," he said to himself, "the very skies would fall down to give me a chance. The fates always take care of the young man who sets out to make his fortune. But being only a man who lives by his invention, I shall have to think of something."

He had made the turn past the Marrs for the fifth or sixth time. He had bowed when he saw them, thinking so much due for the

cap episode, when he heard a noise behind him, and saw Marsh coming as fast as the careening ship would allow.

"See here, Beverly," he said, as he took his friend's arm, "I forgot something which I must tell you before you let the ship throw you across Marr's knees or begin any of those little ways by which people make chance acquaintances. Hardin is about the very worst name you could have chosen."

"What's wrong with Hardin? There isn't a better fellow alive."

"It was his father. Old Marr knew his father."

"Yes, I heard him say so. But what on earth could be the matter with Hardin's father?—a Governor, a Senator, the Spotless One! What are you talking about?"

"That was just the trouble. Of course"—with his usual airiness—"nobody could expect you to know anything about it. You are only a newspaper man. They never have any time for facts; they are too busy gathering news. But you may remember that old Senator Hardin, when he was in the Senate, was one of the few incorruptible ones."

"Yes, that's one of the reasons Hardin is a poor young fellow living with me, instead of being a millionaire."

"Exactly. And John Marr is one of the men who tried to contribute toward that end, and failed."

"You mean?"

"I mean that it was the telling of the story of how the old Senator held out against John Marr's schemes, fifteen years ago, that informed me concerning Marr. He vowed to get even with Senator Hardin if it took his lifetime. Hardin exposed Marr's plan to grab the biggest land and railroad concession ever known in this country. Marr's failure sent him abroad. If it had not been for Senator Hardin, he would just about own the West. I heard the story told at the club the other night. Choose another name, my boy. If I had taken that bet up I wouldn't have told you. I'd have let you rush to your fate. That old hyena would chew you up if you came near him, labeled Hardin. 'Ware the dog."

"I call that a very interesting story," Beverly said, and then he took off his cap and looked at it ruefully. "Such is fate and chance! If I hadn't picked up Hardin's cap——who knows? Well, I can perhaps use the mistake for an explanation. I'll say my name is Smith. There are reasons why my own name is out of the question just now."

In his heart Beverly gave up the whole scheme. He must go on and do his work without any brilliant dashes. He lounged down the ship by Marsh's side. That young man soon departed to his usual occupation in the smoking room, and Beverly, declining his invitation, found a book. It was a new story of the eastern states of Europe, by a well known and brilliant London journalist, and Beverly was soon very much interested in it. It was rather a conspicuous volume, with maps and pictures, and Beverly put it up before him and let himself wander through its pages. He himself was to go over part of the ground described, he was on his way thither, and he was taking the book as a guide, besides enjoying the journalistic and diplomatic work of the writer. Beverly meant to do this sort of thing himself, and mingled with his approval were some dreams. It was with a start which left him dumb with astonishment that he heard a soft, pleasant voice addressing him, and looked up to see the tall and beautiful figure of Miss Marr beside him, her hands full of photographs.

"Pardon me," she said, "but my father saw the book in your hand, and has sent me to make a request. He left his copy of 'The Unfamiliar East' in the hotel, and finds that there is no copy in the ship's library. He very much needs some statistics which are given in the book." She hurried as she felt that her speech was growing long. "And he asked if he might see the book for an hour when you had finished with it."

"Certainly. Let me take it to him now."

"And," she went on, "he asked me to bring these photographs, which are better illustrations than anything the publishers have shown."

Beverly was by no means obtuse. He knew what to do when a distinct advance was made to him, and although in the light of what Marsh had just told him he had no explanation of it, he responded to it with his usual tact. He was on his feet at Miss Marr's words, and had taken the heavy cards from her slim, loosely gloved hands.

"It is extraordinarily good of your father to think of sending me the pictures. He must thoroughly appreciate what it means to study a country. I wonder if I can ask him some questions;" and they walked together to the spot where Mr. Marr lay back in his chair, looking, as his angles showed under the gray steamer rug, like some rocky human promontory against which social waves might break forever. Rather to Beverly's surprise, he had no

need of assuming Hardin's name. Miss Marr murmured something, but it seemed to be one of those meaningless sentences with which women bridge over momentary gaps. Before he knew how, Beverly was talking about the Balkan states, and their future, and saying to John Marr things that he had never hoped to be able to say to him, asking questions, and keenly sifting the answers. He found that this gray man had dug down miles below the clever London journalist.

"And how about Carpathia?" Beverly asked at last. "That little country appears rather left out in the cold. What is its rôle?"

"Carpathia? I am on my way there now. Carpathia's eventual end is, of course, to belong to Russia. It is a little corner broken off."

"A member of the Russian royal family is now on the throne, I believe?"

"A branch of the family," Mr. Marr said. His voice was entirely different from what Beverly had expected, and the rugged gray face took on a new and distinct character when he spoke. Beverly had never seen a man quite like this before, and he was compelled to acknowledge his strong magnetism. His voice was deep, and would have been harsh had it not been for a certain lucidity of expression. But always behind every expression of himself there was a strong and masterful personality. Beverly found himself thinking that if this man were to enter any situation his presence would be felt. He was a vibrating force.

"The present king was put on the throne two years ago," he went on, "by an uprising against Johann. He was Prince Curt, the morganatic nephew of the Grand Duke Sergius of Russia. He reigns as Boris I; a scatter brained boy, who has developed ideas of his own in these two years. He has no sense of the wisdom of bringing his kingdom into its proper place. He cannot see an inch before his nose."

"I am thinking of traveling through Carpathia." Beverly spoke as though Carpathia were Ohio, and nothing could be more natural than to go there. "I think I might find it picturesque."

"Do you paint?" asked Miss Marr.

"Nothing to speak of. I sketch a little sometimes. The fact is, I want to go somewhere where I can live cheaply and have leisure. I want to do some studying."

"A specialty?" Mr. Marr asked, with so much real interest that the question lost all suggestion of rudeness.

"Political economy," Mr. Beverly answered, and mentally wondered if the recording angel knew his business, and had a proper sense of discrimination. "I have become very much interested in the subject. My—er—father devoted some years of his life to the theories of his day."

"So he did," went on the mental reservation. "He damned them all, and burnt the books."

"I think I have seen some of the writings of Senator Hardin," the millionaire said suavely. "A great subject. Do you expect to go into politics? I believe everybody who studies political economy expects to be a politician or a college professor."

"I certainly have no intention of becoming a college professor."

Beverly was young, and the romantic tides of youth rode high in his brain. He had been giving an ear and a comprehension to the man before him, but it was not in the nature of things that he should not be influenced in some measure by the young girl who sat beside him. The ways of sea life had turned almost every other woman into a rather blowsy object, but this girl was so beautiful that Beverly found himself thinking that she was as delicately drawn as a rose, and might be looked at under a microscope like any other exquisite piece of nature. He could not keep his eyes from her face, as the talk went on. The conversation of the night before, her talk with Lubona, ran through his mind, and gave her the attraction of a mystery. What was she going to do for Lubona—what service of which her father knew nothing? She looked so innocent, so unconscious, while they talked of this far country. Beverly suddenly turned toward her.

"And do you go to Carpathia? It can hardly be so attractive as London and Paris."

"I am charmed with the prospect of going there," she said. "I am like you. I am fond of study."

Her father laughed with a peculiar and almost soundless contortion of his face.

"Fond of the study of a horse. My daughter"—speaking of her as though she were absent—"lives on horseback when we are in the country. I have taken a country house not very far from Carpeth, back in the hills. Life is primitive in Carpathia. I should be glad to see the son of my old friend, Senator Hardin, under my roof there. I might be able to give you some practical examples of your political theories, If not exactly upon the lines of political economy"—and he smiled with a sarcasm which made Beverly wish he had chosen

some other subject for his supposed studies —"still upon certain subjects which might be very useful to you in dealing with men and events."

"I shall be very glad to come, if you still care to ask me when we reach Carpathia," Beverly said, rising; "which, translated, means," he went on to himself, "if you are not lucky enough to discover that I am not the son of your old enemy whom you may succeed in getting into hot water and making a catspaw of, and that I am, instead, a man who has been sent over here to show you up, and let a lot of Americans know how you are using their money to further your own ends and to betray a free state."

"Then we will consider it an engagement," old Marr said, almost with eagerness. "You will look us up. We can make you comfortable for a time. We have taken the castle of the Lubonas, a prominent Carpathian family. It is on the northwest road leading out of Carpeth, about thirty miles from the capital."

Beverly opened his mouth to say that Lubona was on the ship, living in the room with him—and then he paused. He wanted to get away somewhere and think. Complications enough had arisen; he would not add another. He bowed his good mornings, went away, sought a shady place, and sat down on a coil of rope. He felt in his pocket for the papers sent him by his chief, and then he remembered that they were burnt.

"So Lubona is a Carpathian, eh? Admires liberty! Has succeeded in getting the enemy of Carpathian liberty into his own house, and securing the friendship and coöperation of his daughter! Oh, indeed!" Beverly was growing cooler and cooler. "It appears at the present stage that I am not in for a plain newspaper story. What I am looking for is a melodrama. The only difficulty appears to be in knowing just how the parts are cast. I wonder if Boris I, morganatic scion of the Russian royal family, wants to sell his kingdom to Russia, or what? What is his rôle? And what has that beautiful girl to do with it? As for Lubona, he is a scoundrel, that goes without saying—trying to entangle that beautiful child in his schemes;" which shows that Mr. James Beverly had fallen under the influence of a prejudice as old as humanity.

IV.

NATURE herself seemed to be ready to take a hand in the game to which Beverly was sitting down with a zest that filled him with excitement. Heavy weather overtook the New York, and kept along with her for days, leaving most of the passengers prostrate and the nervous ones anxious. Now and then Beverly struggled to the deserted deck, and found a calm officer ready to say a short word of politeness; but the Marrs were not visible at any time. He and Lubona, lying in their berths, were forced into an intimacy which Beverly by no means relished. He felt very sure now that he would get nothing from the count, and he was not at all sure that Lubona might not get something from him.

Four days were a blank in which he found it impossible even to make plans. He did venture to mention to the Carpathian that he had heard Mr. Marr speak of having rented the ancestral castle of the Lubonas, but the matter of fact way in which the statement was met made Beverly feel that he had been guilty of an impertinence.

"We are poor in Carpathia. We rent our houses," the count said with dignity. "I do not know to whom mine went. I put it into the hands of an agent. I hope they are pleasant people who enjoy each other's society, for it is a lonely place, far away in the hills."

"It is John Marr and his daughter who have rented it. They are here on this ship."

"Ah, indeed!" Lubona said indifferently.

Beverly's notes had told him to report himself at once to the owner of his journal, who lived in Paris most of the year; and as soon as his ship landed he made his way there with all speed. He had a few natural heart beats as he waited in the reception room of the magnate who lived on one side of the world and managed a great newspaper on the other. He was said to be a man who knew how to deal out rewards, and who saw when they were deserved with extraordinary shrewdness. This was his first meeting with a young man who had certainly won some laurels for his paper.

He was a disappointment to the eager young American. He was slow of speech, cold, seemingly not very well informed. Beverly found himself cut off from making any confidences or asking any advice.

"You have had instructions as to your work for the *Herald*," the owner said.

"To an extent. Yes."

The elderly man before him put the tips of his long fingers together and looked at his lieutenant from under heavy brows. "To what extent?" he asked.

"My orders told me."

"Let me see them."

"They are destroyed."

"Why?"

Beverly hesitated for a second. He had intended to tell the full story to this man, to plan with him, to ask his advice, but he changed his mind. "I thought it best," he said firmly, and he had the pleasure of seeing a look of relief come into his chief's face.

"Well, go on."

"My orders told me that I was to go to Carpathia and investigate the company which John Marr has lately floated in America, in which his own name is prominent; that it was known that the St. Petersburg government had given him such concessions that it would be to his advantage to have Carpathia belong to Russia, and that it was suspected he had so interested American capital that whether his revolutionary scheme succeeded or failed he would personally be protected by the American government."

"Well, how far along are you?" And then, as Beverly looked at him inquiringly: "You came over in the ship with the man, didn't you?"

"He was ill for five days," Beverly said, "but he asked me to visit him in Carpathia."

The owner of the paper walked to a very ornate writing table and sat down. His expression had not changed. He picked up a pen which looked as though it had done nothing in its jeweled life but answer notes of invitation, and wrote a line or two.

"I had Prince Curt at my shooting box three or four years ago. He is the present King of Carpathia. Get this letter to him somehow, and I think you can find out how the land lies. I hear they steal his mail, so you must find a safe delivery for it. You will not encounter much court etiquette over there. Do you know anything of Boris? It is hardly likely that you should. He is said to be up to his eyes in debt, and very anxious to lose the Carpathian throne if he can lose it to Russia, so he will be likely to be a ready tool to John Marr's hand. He wants money, to be free to marry an English woman, rumor goes. But there is no counting upon him, because he loses his heart to every pretty face he sees, or did a few years ago. He is half American, and a hothead. I hear that Marr has a pretty daughter who goes to Carpathia with him."

To save his life Beverly could not keep the color out of his face. He was indignant with himself that the thought of that girl should have so filled his mind. That she, in her youth and innocence, should form part of the schemes of men, seemed monstrous. He had hardly seen her, had only spoken to her for a few minutes, but she was a woman.

Beverly's color went unnoticed, and the talk went on with no further reference to Miss Marr. A man had come in once or twice while they were talking, bringing cards, which were usually thrown aside with the briefest dismissal. As the great journalist took up a new one, and held it before his eyes at an angle which showed a trifling deficiency in his vision, he said in seeming conclusion:

"It is not necessary for you to go to Carpathia for a few days now—what is this? Ah! The newly appointed chamberlain of the court of Carpathia is here. I will put you in his charge;" and then to the servant, "Show Count Lubona in."

V.

His majesty, King Boris I, was eating his breakfast in the handsome dining room of his castle just beyond Carpeth. The room was a new one, with enormous fireplaces at each end, and a series of grotesque old portraits hanging along the walls. King Boris, who was known as Prince Curt to his intimates, the Boris being as much a part of his state trumpery as his crown, suggested that the various rulers of Carpathia had left on the walls the portraits of such of their august ancestors as they wished to disown.

Spring was late in Carpathia, and while the narrow windows, which opened here and there, were stretched wide, a fire burned redly on the hearth, and the flames flickered on the silver and on the spurs on Curt's tall boots. He had seated himself sidewise, and sat with one hand beating an impatient tattoo on the oaken boards only partly covered by the gaily embroidered cloth. Half a dozen letters lay beside his plate, and he was lifting them one by one and examining the seals. They had all been skilfully opened and resealed.

A tall officer stood by one of the carved chairs, and looked out of the window with the air of a wooden soldier. The noise at the table grew louder and louder, but he turned his head. Curt looked at him until his impatience mastered him.

"Lubona," he said, "sit down."

The tall man fell into a chair, first bowing his thanks for his sovereign's gracious permission.

"I wish you would tell them that I do not

so much mind their reading my private correspondence, although I think it hardly fair to print it in the Paris papers, but I do object to their sealing it up again before they hand it over to me. It is a reflection upon my intelligence."

Lubona bowed.

"I will tell them, your majesty."

"Tell whom?" Curt looked at him with amused eyes.

"Put it in the royal orders, your majesty." He spoke with unbroken equanimity.

"Have a cigar," Curt said, handing them over. "What have you for me to do today? They told me when you came that you were full of 'go'; that no one ever had an idle minute when you were around. You ought to be. They have it over in America, where you have been so long. I wish some of those people who want to be kings would take my place long enough to let me run over to New York for a week. I'd like to see my semi native land."

"If you were to run over to New York for a week——"

"They'd let me stay there, eh? Well, I am not so sure that I should enjoy that." Curt whistled to one of his dogs and threw him a bit of meat. "We came up here to hunt, and I suppose we may as well do it, but if the sport is not better than it was yesterday, I am going to buy the menagerie in Carpeth and let it loose in the forest. For wild savages and uncivilized barbarians, we Carpathians can have less amusement than any people I ever heard of."

Boris' crown rested heavy on his head this morning. He had found a London society journal among his papers, and it had given him the information that the girl sweetheart whom he had not seen for two years, and whose rank was not high enough to aspire to a throne, was about to become a duchess, evidently finding a duke in the hand worth a king in the bush. His comic opera kingdom had been amusing enough at first, but as time went on and left him on the stage alone, with few spectators, he found his rôle tiresome.

"Get out the horses. Is the American to join us this morning?"

"He will meet us at the point of rocks on the northwest road," Lubona answered.

Half an hour later they were in their saddles on their way to the hills, accompanied only by two servants. From the beginning of his reign Boris had refused to have any Russians about him, but he had found it stupid work. Now, as he looked at his retainers, he thought he had never seen two more sullen looking wretches. "Cutthroats!" he thought, and started to say as much to Lubona, but remembered that he too was Carpathian.

The spring sunshine was brilliant, although there was a chill in the air, and away up toward the north there was an ominous cloud that told of rain; but there could be no turning back for that. The showers came and went. The sun was not overshadowed until they were deep in the forest, in those terraces below the rocky slopes which already were thickly covered by the spring leafage.

The rain had begun to fall before they felt the drops, and the wind came up in squalls. Lubona drew his horse up sharply, and pointed through the opening in the trees. Gray towers showed across the valley there, rising dimly through the slant of the rain, above the tree tops.

"We are in for a heavy storm, your majesty," he said. "Just across the valley is my old home. The bridge is not far above here. On the other side we shall have a clear road. The house has been taken by some Americans, but they will be only too glad to give you shelter."

"Shelter?" Curt said impatiently. "I am not a child to be frightened by rain. The country appears to be full of Americans. They want to rent everything from the throne down."

Lubona gave him a quick look.

"This man's name is Marr," he said.

"I have heard of him," the king replied shortly. "I shall not go to his house."

Boris' servants had disappeared, galloping ahead up the winding road by Lubona's orders. He had called aloud to go on, that the wind was blowing trees down from the steep rocks above the road, and there might be danger for the king.

"Was it near here I was to meet the American, Mr. Beverly?"

"Not for several miles."

"We will push on."

The rain was pouring now, pushing aside the young leaves and sending them to the ground. Curt rode rapidly, his hat pulled down and his face bent to save it from the blinding downpour. Rocks made a wall up the mountain side on one hand, and on the other a steep slope, dense with foliage, descended to a stream. Not far ahead an ivy covered bridge led across the stream toward the gray towers, and there the road turned.

"Let us at least seek shelter in the bridge, your majesty," Lubona pleaded, but Boris was obstinate.

"If you are afraid of a drop of rain, you may turn back," he said; "go over to your

house and ask the Americans for dry clothing. For my part, I shall go on until I meet Beverly. The rain will soon be over;" and he touched his large bay hunter with the spur, and rode rapidly around the turn in the road.

Beverly, standing inside the bridge, saw the king when he had passed, and started after him. He was in time to see Lubona draw in his own horse sharply, expectantly, and then to see a young tree whose roots had been grounded in a thicket, fall from the hillside across the king's horse, bringing man and beast to the earth. The horse gave a scream, and struggled to extricate himself, throwing the unconscious Boris sidewise, and then lay still, with eyes dilated with terror and pain.

In one second Lubona was off his horse. The tree, not a very large one, had fallen across the horse's flank just behind the rider, bringing him down stunned and bleeding from the blows of the branches, and when Beverly and Lubona reached him he had not moved. Involuntarily the American looked up to the place where the tree had fallen. For one instant he saw a face peering through the bushes.

"Where are those servants?" Lubona stormed. "Will you stay here? I will ride to the castle across the bridge for assistance."

The two men had extricated Boris from the branches, and put him in a sheltered place under the overhanging rocks. They could not lift the tree from the horse.

Beverly's face was grim as he looked at the wounded man. There were no bones broken, but there was an ugly gash on his head.

"They meant to kill him, and Lubona knew it," the American said, as he wiped away the blood.

In a very few minutes the chamberlain came galloping back.

"We must take the king to the castle," he said, "and as he did not want to go there, and they are strangers, and—for other reasons—we will call him Count Festin. And you"—looking at Beverly keenly—"over there you must be known as Mr. Hardin."

(*To be continued.*)

TWO SPHERES.

WHILE eager angels watched in awe,
God fashioned with His hands
Two shining spheres to work His law,
And carry His commands.

With patient art He shaped them true,
With calm, untiring care;
And none of those bright watchers knew
Which one to call most fair.

He dropped one lightly down to earth
Amid the morning's blue—
And on a gossamer had birth
A bead of blinding dew.

It flamed across the hollow field,
On tiptoe to depart,
Outvied Arcturus, and revealed
All heaven in its heart.

He tossed the other into space
(As children toss a ball)
To swing forever in its place
With equal rise and fall;

To flame through the ethereal dark,
Among its brother spheres,
An orbit too immense to mark
The little tide of years.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK

AMERICANS ABROAD.

Mr. William M. Chase has declared his intention—and doubtless will have carried it out when this appears—of establishing an American art school in Madrid. "Such a venture would have been laughed at a short time ago," he says; "but today, pupils are promising to come from Paris and Munich, as well as from America." During the last few years Mr. Chase has spent a good deal of time in the Spanish capital, and thinks that its attractions for art students deserve to be better understood than they are at present.

In Paris, meanwhile, the American element becomes more and more prominent in the world of art. At both Salons, the catalogues are full of American names, which are attached to some of the best work in the two exhibitions. In London, the two most brilliant and striking pictures at this year's Academy are by the two American associates. One is Sargent's portrait of Joseph Chamberlain; the other, Abbey's "Richard, Duke of Gloucester, and Lady Anne," an ambitious and remarkably successful historical study.

By the way, the rivalry of the two Salons may not last many more seasons. The secessionists of the Champ de Mars, in spite of the high hopes and lofty purposes with which they left their old allegiance, have failed in one important point—they have not carried the people with them. Each spring their galleries are comparatively empty, while all Paris throngs those of the Champs Elysées; and it is freely prophesied that they will not maintain the struggle much longer. If their organization does not capitulate as a unit, most of its leading members are likely to leave it and return to the older body, which will receive the prodigals gladly.

ART TRAINING HERE AND ABROAD.

Henry Mosler is reported as saying that "the art schools here are quite as good as those abroad." No one, probably, is better qualified to have an opinion on the subject. He was born and "raised" in the West, spent twenty years in Paris—where he was a leader of the American artistic colony, and the first foreigner from whom the French government ever bought a picture—and is now firmly settled in New York, an associate—no doubt soon to become a full member—of the National Academy. Of course, Europe has much to give the student, and some things that cannot be found on this side of the Atlantic; but Mr. Mosler recommends the young American to study at home for at least five years. Here he will have the help and companionship of his own people, and can lay the groundwork of his training more readily and with less risk of premature discouragement. When he has proved his ability to become an artist, then comes the time at which foreign travel is most beneficial. On the other hand, if the material for artistic success is not in him, he can discover the fact as speedily and much more cheaply on this side of the ocean.

AN ARCTIC ARTIST.

Probably the only man who has won fame both as a painter and as an arctic explorer is Julius von Payer, the Austrian, who with his countryman Weyprecht commanded the expedition that discovered the polar island or continent of Franz Josef Land. Payer has had remarkable opportunities of studying nature in a region where the ubiquitous tourist seldom sets up his easel. One of his voyages to the northern ice was made for the special purpose of putting upon canvas with realistic fidelity that most terrible of arctic tragedies, the doom of Sir John Franklin and his comrades. The result was a series of four large paintings, the last of which was completed not long ago, and which are to be exhibited this summer at the Grafton Gallery in London. Their subjects are "The Death of Franklin," "Abandoning the Ships," "Church Service on the Ice," and the last scene at "Starvation Cove," where a hundred men perished in the polar snows of King William's Land.

Payer's work is said to be remarkably powerful, and is likely to arouse a good deal of interest in London, where the Franklin expedition, and the mystery which for fifteen years veiled its shocking fate, are still unforgotten.

A FAMOUS GAINSBOROUGH.

The atmosphere that surrounds a picture sale seems to be almost as highly charged with romance as that of the proverbial horse

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CO., 257 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

"A Secret."

From the painting by William A. Bouguereau.

"Marguerites"

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by H. Perrault.

trade. When Gainsborough's "Lady Mulgrave" was sold in London last year for ten thousand guineas—almost the "record" price for an English painting—it was positively stated that the purchaser was acting as an agent of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt

"His Father's Heir."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by Van den Bos.

"A Confession of Love."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by Van den Bos.

who was anxious to add to his collection some good examples of the older English painters. Now, however, it is still more positively announced that Mr. Vanderbilt had nothing to do with it, and that the picture has not crossed the Atlantic, and is not likely to do so.

It seems that there is a miniature replica of it in America, however. It belongs to Mrs. George Gould, who—on the authority of the *Art Amateur*—received it as a Christmas present from her husband.

DUMAS AND HIS PICTURES.

The late Alexandre Dumas was known as an excellent judge of art, and as the friend of most of the great Parisian painters of his day. It might have been expected that if any picture auction could excite interest and attract buyers, it would be the sale of

"The Heavenly Team."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors), after the painting by J. C. Watts.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"In the Orchard."

From the painting by E. von Blaas—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 11 East 23d St., New York.

"The Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine of Sienna."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by G. Chicotot.

his collection. Yet when this took place it proved a financial failure, his treasures bringing less than four hundred thousand francs in all. This was a small return when it is considered that among them was the work of the foremost masters of this and the last generation, and that many of them possessed a unique personal quality. There were eight Meissoniers, for instance, none of which brought $2,000; one, an original sketch presented by the artist to the novelist, was sold for $120. A portrait by the fashionable Carolus-Duran went for $52.

The best price, $5,000, was paid for Dumas' copy of "L'Affaire Clemenceau," which was cheap at that figure. It was an edition of one, printed solely for Dumas, the presses being stopped after a single perfect set of sheets had been stricken off; and it was illustrated with nearly two hun-

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"Spr[illegible]."

From the painting by F. A. von Kaulbach—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

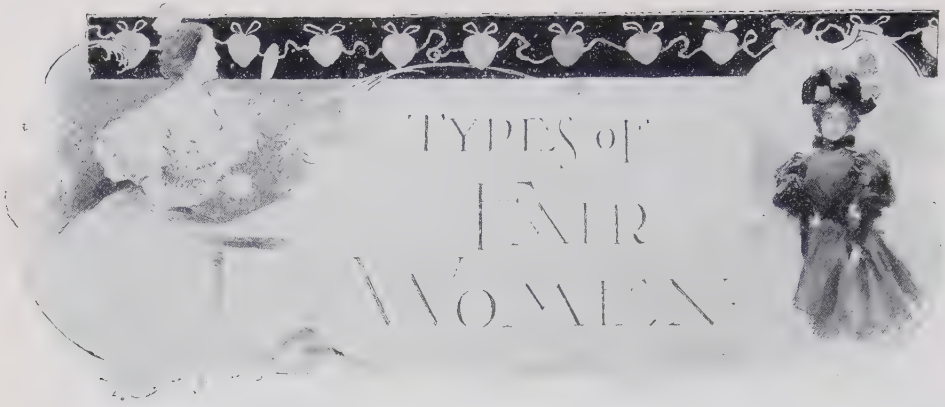
dred original paintings and drawings by men like Meissonier and Lefebvre.

Statues of Dumas *fils*, of his father, the author of "Monte Cristo," and of his grandfather, General Dumas, who commanded Napoleon's cavalry in Egypt, are to be erected in the Place Malesherbes, Paris, which is to be renamed the Place des Trois Dumas. Where are our statues of distinguished American novelists?

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"Behind Cupid's Back."

From the painting by H. Vogler—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.



THE New Orleans carnival is one of the few bits of romance left on this very practical continent. It has all the old world picturesqueness, combined with the enthusiasm which every American puts into his work or his play. Each of the nine societies who vie with one another, and with "Rex" himself, to make every year's festivities more gorgeous than those which went before, choose a queen whose beauty and presence is the center about which their gaieties gather. Of late years it has been the custom to select the most prominent among the débutantes of the season to bear these honors. We give portraits of the most prominent queens of this year and last, two of them having shared the throne of Rex himself.

To be chosen of Rex is the crowning honor of the carnival. The first ball of the season is always given on the 6th of January by the Twelfth Night Revelers. At

Miss Jennie Gibbs.

From a photograph by Condon, Atlanta.

Miss Emily Poitevent.

From a photograph by Washburn, New Orleans.

this their queen—one of the nine sovereigns of the carnival—is chosen, ostensibly by chance. A great "bean" is hidden in a cake, and the maiden to whom it falls is proclaimed queen; but the shrewd have long suspected that the honor is not wholly a surprise. It has never fallen to a Cinderella. For weeks beforehand, each carnival queen knows the honor in store for her, although it is always kept a profound secret. From the first ball where the bud makes her entry into society, she looks daily at her own face in the glass, and anxiously into the faces of all of her sisters, wondering which will be chosen.

To only one of the nine queens are given the emblems of royalty—the crown, the scepter, and the girdle of jewels—which mark her night's sovereignty. These are put away to become heirlooms, and to show future generations that the triumph of belledom has been in the family. Although the jewels are necessarily paste, they are so superbly mounted and so elaborate that they have a large intrinsic value; but this means nothing to the proud and happy girl who wears them. They mark her supreme hour of triumph. She has been named queen, and the emblems are more valued than the Kohinoor would be.

On the night of Shrove Tuesday Rex gives his great ball. This is more a ball

for the people generally than an exclusive social function. Rex has had his procession during the day, and at night, while his hosts make merry, Comus is leading his train through the streets. By the time Comus has reached the hall where his carefully chosen guests have met to dance before him, Rex' queen has also come to do him honor. A box is given up to the two queens, who watch together the most splendid sight of the whole carnival.

Miss Lydie W. Fairchild.

From a photograph by Washburn, New Orleans.

Last year Miss Lydie Fairchild was the consort of Rex, and no more royal figure ever ruled the carnival. It is singular that the title of "queen" should have been given to her almost from babyhood. When she was only a school girl, she was known far and wide as "the queen of the coast." They are used to talking of queens in New Orleans. When her first year in society came, it was a foregone conclusion that the chief honor would be hers.

Miss Emily Poitevent, who was queen of Comus in this year's carnival, belongs to one of the old Huguenot families of the South. Her father is a prominent and wealthy citizen of New Orleans, and Miss Poitevent already had a reputation as a beauty and a wit. She traveled a good deal with her aunt, the late Mrs. E. J. Nicholson, who was famous as the owner of the New Orleans *Picayune* and as the poetess "Pearl

Miss Artemis Baldwin.

From a photograph by Moore, New Orleans.

Rivers." Miss Poitevent is very handsome, with wonderful dark eyes and a magnificent carriage, and those who met her during the festival of last spring carried away a brilliant picture of the romantic beauty of Louisiana.

said to be the handsomest ever worn upon any occasion in the Crescent City.

Chicago has been showing her wonders to the East and the West and the South in the last few years, and by no means the least of them have been her beautiful and

Mrs. Charles B. Macdonald.

From a photograph by Cox, Chicago.

This year, the honor of sharing the crown of the great Rex fell to Miss Artemis Baldwin, who was also queen of one of the societies, "Les Mysterieuses." Miss Baldwin is one of the most popular women in New Orleans, which is proven by the fact that she was chosen to rule over the Mysterieuses, a woman's society, almost unanimously. Her gowns for her two mimic coronations were

charming daughters. They are more typically American than any other women. Nearly every one who is prominently known in the society of the Lake City is of American parentage, and has been able to realize her own individuality to the fullest extent by having a large income and a high degree of freedom. Nearly every one of these American beauties is full of life, of

keen intelligence, and of *savoir faire*. The New York woman models herself a little more upon European standards, and the Southern woman lives up to traditions which she of Chicago, although her mother may have come from New England or Virginia, has long ago cast aside. The beauty, brilliancy, and charm of these Western maidens and matrons is a revelation to her Eastern sisters.

artists who have had commissions to paint her portrait. She possesses not only a fascinating appearance, but the dramatic instinct. Muller Ury, the well known portrait painter, has made two beautiful pictures of her. One of them, showing her in a dark hat and gown, drawing on a pair of white gloves, was exhibited in New York, and attracted a great deal of attention.

Miss Jennie Gibbs, of Columbus, South

Miss Lulu Butt.

From a photograph by Hull, Augusta, Georgia.

Last summer, at Newport, Mrs. Charles B. Macdonald, of Chicago, was one of the surprises. Her husband won the title of golf champion of the United States at the tournament held there. Mrs. Macdonald was a Miss Porter, one of three beautiful sisters.

Mr. Du Maurier must delight in Mrs. Hobart Chatfield-Taylor when he sees her in London. She might have stood for his famous *Duchess of Towers*. She is nearly six feet tall, with hair and eyes and coloring which fully carry out that ideal of stately grace. She and her clever husband spend a great deal of time in London, and she is often seen in New York, both at the entertainments of her sister, Mrs. Reginald de Koven, and at the smartest functions during the season.

Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor is a delight to the

Carolina, has ties with the North as well as the South. She is a distant cousin of the Astors, being a kinswoman of the Miss Gibbs who married the third John Jacob Astor, and whose son is the present William Waldorf Astor. She might be taken for one of Thomas Nelson Page's heroines, a late blossom on an old family tree. During the Atlanta Exposition, the Woman's Building was decorated with colonial furniture and portraits, famous old relics, nearly all of them from Charleston. To Miss Gibbs it was like walking through her ancestral halls, so many of them were old friends of her childhood. Almost all the representatives of the old Southern families who found their way to Atlanta had a story to tell her of some famous aunt or uncle of the old historic days.

The Southern girl as she is shown on the

stage today is a strange creature who walks through her part in a muslin gown and the throes of negro dialect, so thick that she can hardly be understood. She might be mentioned with Mark Twain's description of the James Fenimore Cooper Indians, as belonging to "an extinct race which never existed." The characteristics of different parts of the South differ widely, but no lass of Dixie is at all like the theatrical conception.

Miss Lulu Butt, of Augusta, Georgia, came to Richmond last year, and was as great a novelty as though she had come from anywhere else but that land which is known as "the South." She was one of the belles of the season, and left an impression of firefly lightness and brightness. Augusta is famous for its pretty women, and although Miss Butt is so young, she has already taken her place with the elect.

Mrs. Hobart Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor.

From a photograph by Cox, Chicago.

THE LOBSTERMAN: A STORY OF THE MAINE COAST.

THERE is an entry in my vacation notebook, dated August 3, 189–, which reads as follows:

The Maine lobster law has been in force since July 1. This is not an event of universal importance, but it is a fact of tragic interest to our little world of fisher folk, whose lives are affected by it. The law prohibits, with heavy penalty, the catching of lobsters under ten and one half inches in length. This size is scarce, and is known as a "count" among the fishermen. The smaller sizes are plentiful, and are called "cullin's" by my lobsterman. He is dependent on his traps and the short season's trade with the cottagers at the Point, and can see no justice in the law. To throw his daily catch back into the sea means the denial of bread to himself and family.

But thereby hangs a tale not in my notebook. Let me tell it.

It was an unusual summer morning. Along the Maine coast a great calm had settled over land and sea. The sky was cloudless. A shining peace was over all. The islands lifted their sides and moved nearer by half their distance, bearing with them the fleet of fishing vessels, lazily drifting on their way to the fishing banks.

It was a morning for dreams, but our reveries were disturbed by the homely realities of sea shore life. A typical water scene attracted our attention, and earnest voices made us listen.

Half a mile off shore two fishing dories rode lightly on the water, and four strong brown arms rested on the oars; the occupants were in earnest conversation.

"Them law makers up at Augusty don't know noth'n what we needs down here. They hain't no business, nuther, takin' our bread outen our mouth—hey, Dave?"

"I hain't gut my bill to the store paid yit," answered Dave. "My rumatiz wuz bad nigh all winter, an' I run myself onto a bill of 'bout sixty dollars. What with the hens an' clams we pulled through without goin' on the town. 'Tain't likely's we'll pull through next winter. What with the six child'en an' the woman eatin' an' wearin' I can't git ahead. Tim here knows."

"We're all on us into it, Dave. The smack paid me sixteen dollars yisterd'y for four weeks' ketch, me'n Ned pullin' all the time like dogs."

"Same here. Lord knows me'n Tim works arly an' late—wet? My boots hain't fit no longer, an' Tim's is all gone. An' as fer oils—no oils, I can tell ye, under this law. John, this law's agin us. It'll make liars, an' liars makes thieves, an' thieves makes murd'rers."

"I've ben thinkin', Dave, as the fish wuz put here by the 'lmighty, that no law can't stop us takin' 'em."

"I'm nigh crazy thinkin' of noth'n else. Here's my fam'ly an' my two hands an' me's don't know noth'n else; an' here's the old sea what's gin my father an' me a livin' fer years. I tell ye, John, the sea hain't changed; God 'lmighty hain't changed; but the law makers, what knows noth'n of our work, says we shan't live by the sea. The old ocean never'll run dry. I say let ev'ry man have his pull an' his rights to the sea. There be strong risin' agin the law up shore."

The speaker stopped his passionate speech to recognize the signal of a customer, and then turned his dory towards the cottages.

"Good morning, Dave."

"Never's one better. God 'lmighty's good. Man makes the world bad by laws."

"Well, what's up today, Dave?"

"Things is all wrong. I've pulled fifty traps, an' here's just thirteen counts. That's a day's work for me 'n Tim, an' the woman an' child'n eatin' an' wearin'."

"Is the law hard on you?"

"Hard on us? It'll ruin us. I tell yer it's wrong. We've our rights to the sea. Law don't make right wrong."

"But you respect the law, Dave?"

"Respects the law? It makes us liars an' thieves. Is it wuss fer me to sell a short lobster nor ever afore? The sea gin me my rights. Law makers don't own the sea. God 'lmighty gin us our rights to the sea. The dep'ty's ben roun'; Ed Bass gut ketched an's sot down fer jail. The woman cries an' pulls me back, but I've gut to git my livin' outen the water. I hain't gut no respects fer no law what starves me."

Still talking, Dave backed his dory away from the rocks and pulled for home.

Dave Decker was a typical shore fisherman. He seemed born to his dory. He

worked early and late, and it was his boast that he kept his family off the town in winter when the average fisherman of the Neck was receiving aid. He had a blunt sense of honor and an unpolished integrity that marked him a superior among his rough neighbors.

As the August days went by he said little about the law. But old friends saw a change in his heavy face; it seemed marked by the firmness of a great decision. It was known in a general way that he was doing business in defiance of the statute. Once, in answer to a question from an old customer, he pointed to two liquor shops within sight, as he said, "Hain't thar a law agin rum? Them places is run open to cuss the hull Neck. If I sell one short lobster they'll jump onto me. Whar's justice, sir?"

Spying eyes were set on Dave's movements. Whispers from jealous neighbors went around. He was the boldest in his opposition to the law, and the officer watched him closely. Enough evidence was gathered to show that Dave pulled one hundred traps; that he and Tim were on the water by day and by night; that Tim had been seen coming from the cottages at night and in the early morning with an empty bag under his arm; that to all questions he gave the unfailing reply, "Clams." It was well known that Dave had a full car of short lobsters concealed somewhere, but it could not be found.

Dave's pale little wife was daily growing paler and more timid. She urged him to abide by the law. But he always argued his right to the sea and the winter's bread; then she was dumb.

"I'm afeared you'll do suthin' desp'rate, Dave, if ye wunst gits ketched," she one day remarked, as Dave left the table for the shore.

"Sally, ye keep to yer work, an' I'll bring bread to the family. If I've the rights to the sea, I've the right to defend myself; so keep to yer work an' don't bother me 'n Tim 'bout ourn. There's a hundred cullin's under the old dory to bile after dark an' git to the Point. Most likely's me 'n Tim 'll not be home till midnight. We've a thousand for the smack, an' most likely we'll wait till she comes roun'."

She turned to her work of preparing clams for the market, meanwhile tending a cross baby as best she could. The children came along so fast, and her burdens were so many, that her will was broken. She shrank from a contest with her strong willed husband. Dave really loved his wife, but their hard lot did not admit of much sentiment. To this fisherman, his house was the place to eat and dry his clothes. His home was his dory; his natural element the sea.

After leaving his wife, Dave repaired a leak in the boat, and did not leave the shore until after sunset. The moon was rising as Tim pushed the dory off and pulled leisurely along shore. There was a good sailing breeze, and many small craft were playing about the harbor. Rounding the Point, they came into view of Green Island, an uninhabited pile of rocks, some three miles away. They rowed slowly, not wishing to reach the island until late in the evening. They had a big haul to put aboard the smack, and wished not to attract attention to themselves. The law was against them, and they knew that the officers were vigilant, so they closely scanned every sail. For some time Tim had been watching a catboat having a small boat in tow.

"She's gone behind the island," he said.

They rested on their oars. The sea was purple and gold, but they had no eyes for that. Dave looked troubled. After ten minutes the craft showed her sails, moving away to the eastward.

"Guess she's a pleasurer," said Dave.

"Don't see no skiff what she had," remarked Tim.

"She mightn't had none."

"Thought I seen it."

"We'll play off a leetle, anyhow."

They kept off until nine o'clock. The water was free of small boats; and their suspicions at rest, they pulled a strong stroke for the island. A mile away the smack was awaiting them. She, too, was evading the law, and took no chances.

Dave had been promised fifty dollars for the car. The venture now seemed safe, and as he bent to the oars, he sang aloud.

In answer to Tim's look of surprise, he said, "Seems I hain't laughed nor sung fer months. I hain't felt safer all summer. The smack'll pay cash fer the lot. Both'n us needs boots an' oils; wet feet an' wet skins hain't good fer rumatiz. The woman hain't gut noth'n what's fit fer wear; an' the child'en with school comin' on needs things."

They rowed under the lee of the island, and easily drifted to where the car was sunk in deep water. The bold shores cast heavy shadows, and the massive rocks frowned upon them. To a romantic boy the situation must have suggested smugglers and pirates; but Tim was hardened into a man at fourteen. The ocean had no poetry for

him. He was interested only in the hard struggle for bread. Once or twice Dave peered cautiously into the darkness, but the regular beating of the waves reassured him.

They floated the car in silence. Opening the trap in the top, Tim began to transfer the short lobsters to the dory, while Dave kept the boat clear of the rocks.

"If my count's right, there's nigh onto a thousand," whispered Dave.

It was slow work; but, steadily dipping, the dory was at last loaded.

"We'll make two trips on it, Tim. Guess we'll let the car float. 'Tain't likely's nobody'll be roun' here this time o' night, with the wind stiff'nin', too. Honest folks is all in bed—hey, Tim?" Dave laughed at his little joke, while lighting his clay pipe for a comfortable smoke on the way to the smack.

They rested a few minutes, Dave puffing great clouds of smoke, while looking about him in every direction. Satisfied of safety, he said, "Coast's clear, an' I guess we'll git goin'. Wouldn't the dep'ty laugh to see us now?" Dave chuckled at the thought. "But he hain't here; we be masters of the sea tonight." He pushed the tobacco in his pipe with his great thumb, making the sparks fly as he puffed the draft clear, and then took up the oars. The stroke was arrested by an unfamiliar sound. Both turned in the direction of the rocks, out of whose shadows they had drifted.

"Hist, Tim!"

"The devil," responded the boy.

"Thunder," groaned Dave.

A small boat shot out of the darkness directly towards them. It was too late to do anything; they were caught. Something that gleamed in the moonlight gave force to the voice of the deputy as he called to them to surrender. In a moment the boat was alongside.

Dave and Tim were struck dumb. They offered no resistance. The hopeless situation tied their tongues. The deputy stepped into the dory, Tim taking his place in the boat with the assistant. No force was necessary. Dave took up the oars and steadily pulled the loaded dory homeward.

Once he found his tongue to reply to a remark: "It's hard luck. I own that ye've gut me, but it's mighty hard. The lobsters is mine. The law's agin the right. It's mighty hard, sir."

As the dory touched familiar bottom in front of the house, Dave looked at the light in the window; then, turning to the officer, he said: "The woman's up fer us; it'll kill her, this comin' home."

"I'll go to the house with you; we must be at the Harbor by midnight, and we shall have to go in the dory." The officer spoke kindly as he followed Dave up the path to the house.

They entered the small kitchen together. The wife turned from the hot supper that she had in waiting. She glanced from Dave to the officer, then sank to the bare floor without a word. There was something big in Dave's throat as he lifted her in his strong arms. "Poor Sally, she's all worn out with worry, an' has heart pains; this'll kill her," he said, as if speaking to himself. Then, turning to the officer, his voice rising like the gale, while pacing the floor with long strides: "Ye see the workin' of the law. It's agin right, sir. God 'lmighty gin us the ocean. The law's no rights takin' what I git frum the sea. It's mine; an' it's honest work. I say damn the law what's agin justice! I believe'n right, man atween man; wrong's wrong, laws or no laws."

He stood before the officer in a threatening attitude, the pale face of his wife white against his brown neck and arms.

"Don't threaten, Dave; you are in my power," said the man quietly.

"I'm not in your power; I'm in the power of the law, an' the law's agin the right," thundered Dave. "The law's agin God'lmighty. If ye be law, I'm agin ye, for ye hain't no rights takin' the bread outen the mouth of the woman here an' the six as is sleepin'. I'll take God'lmighty fer judge. He's not agin the poor; he'll take a han' in this, sir. Not that I've sarved him always, but he'll take a han'; mark me."

The fainting woman clung to Dave like a frightened child; but he put her off, rough even in his tenderness.

"Keep things goin', Sally; what's with the hens an' clams an' flounders p'r'aps ye'll weather. I can't pay no fine, an' yer know what they'll do; me'n Tim'll both go up."

He stepped to the door. The children talked in their sleep, and the baby nestled in the cradle. Dave covered his face with his great red hands, ashamed of the tears, as he left his door for the first time in sorrow and disgrace.

Like a specter, his wife followed him into the night along the path to the shore, talking wildly. "Dave, don't do noth'n desp'rate. We'll live till ye gits back. Don't do noth'n desp'rate. I'll work my fingers clean to the bone to keep things goin'. Dave—Dave—" She clung to him, agony expressed in her sobs.

"Don't cut me up, Sally; don't take on.

The law's agin the right, an' it'll fail; I feel it. They'll never jail us, Sally; God'lmighty hain't dead yit; he cares fer the sparrer fallin'. Don't cut me up, Sally; I can't stan' cryin'." He brushed her upturned face with his bearded lips, put her from him, and stepped into the boat.

Tim and the assistant had pulled on, and were out of sight. It was two hours past midnight, the Harbor was three miles away, but the sea was still, and the night perfect. Dave saw his wife enter the house, then he took up the oars without a word. He had been rowing for ten minutes, and had just rounded the dark rocks of an island. The dory was in the deep shadows of the wooded shores, when, without warning or apparent cause, the boat was bottom up. There was a struggle, short but intense; two men faced death in silence. Dave seemed to be breaking away from a drowning man, or attempting a rescue. All was over in a few minutes; he stood on the rocky shore, breathless and alone, his right hand raised high towards the lighted heavens. His bare feet left great imprints in the white sand; his shirt was open at the neck, showing his bare breast. Wet and tangled, his shock of iron gray hair fell over his face. Suddenly he plunged into the water, and swam the distance to the cove.

A light still burned in the window. A shadow passed and repassed it with monotonous regularity. Dave approached quietly, and peered in. His wife was pacing the floor, the picture of despair. She turned to see the face against the glass. It must have changed since an hour before, for she started back with a cry of fright; but his voice reassured her, and she unbolted the door, quick, eager questions on her trembling lips.

"Dave, what is it? What's ye here fer? Dave—ye're all wet—an'—an' just afore ye looked in the winder I seen him. Dave—"

"Seen—seen who?"

"Him—the deputy. He looked in the winder. I hid my eyes, and when I looked agin he wuz gone. Dave, where's he now? Dave—I—I'm afeard of ye, Dave!" and the agonized woman cowered before him.

An unnatural fire was in his eyes. Raising his right hand, he spoke in solemn, measured tones: "The law's agin God'lmighty. Him as ye seen at the winder's gone. He won't come no more."

"But—but, Dave, who——"

"The law's agin the right, agin God'lmighty. The sea's hisn; he took a han'; wrong can't never stan' afore the 'lmighty."

He said no more. He explained nothing, but his suffering wife knew. She forgot not the face at the window. It may have been the moonlight on the broken panes, but she saw a face. Dave walked the floor in silence till morning. With her babe at her breasts she waited; she guessed the end.

The Neck had the news by early morning, and a curious and excited crowd of men and women gathered at the cove. The dory had drifted ashore, and the deputy's body had been found above the tide on the island, a deep gash across the forehead. Was it done by the rocks? Some said so; others that it was the cut of an oar.

Groups of fishermen stood here and there in earnest conversation. Some more curious or bolder than the rest came near the house with many suspicious and menacing gestures. To their surprise and fear, Dave opened his door and strode past them to the shore. No one blocked his path. He saw no one, spoke to none. His feet were still bare. He was hatless and coatless. His mop of hair fell over his face. Like a prophet of old, he appeared to the gaping crowd as they stepped back to let him pass.

The wind was increasing to a gale; but he lifted his skiff into the water, and pulled out of the cove.

There was a movement in the crowd as if some would follow; but none dared; his presence overawed them. One old man shook his head as he said, "Hold on thar, fellers. 'Tain't Dave; that's suth'n supernartural. I've heared my mother tell of sich things as 'tis blastin' to go nigh."

"His skiff can't live in this sea, nohow," said another. "Mark me, we'll find it along shore afore dark."

And he was right. At noon the skiff was found bottom up on the beach opposite Green Island.

All that day the gale increased in fury. To one waiting woman it had but one sound: "The law's agin the right; it's agin God'lmighty." And that night, the clear moon lighting the wild scene, she thought she saw the form of a man above the waves. She watched till day, but saw it not again.

The fishermen steer clear of Green Island after dark. "Dave haunts it," said one; "I seen it wunst," declared another; and "I heared him callin' pitiful," reported a third.

Upon the rocky isle the sea breaks and moans; it gurgles among the rocks, and thunders in the caves; shadows play with the moonlight; but old ocean keeps its secrets and its dead.

E. E. Newbert.

A PRIVATE CHIVALRY.*

By Francis Lynde.

XXXI.

WHEN Antrim reached Voltamo on the time freight at two o'clock in the morning, his first concern was to call up the train despatcher in Denver, asking for a report of the conference in Forsyth's room.

The judge had kept his promise literally, giving Disbrow a circumstantial account of all that had taken place, and Antrim clicked his "O K" at the close of the wire talk with the despatcher with a lighter heart than he had carried for many days.

To be sure, everything still hinged upon the capture of Gasset; but the blessed optimism of youth made light of this contingency, and the chief clerk threw himself down upon the night operator's bunk in the ticket office to snatch a few hours' rest, little thinking that the conclusion of the matter still hung in a balance whose beam would tip as his own energy and presence of mind might decide.

In the mean time, the net spread so promptly by the telegraph had already entangled the murderer.

With the criminal's instinctive distrust of small towns to narrow his choice of a refuge, Gasset had put his fate into the keeping of chance by flipping a coin; heads to lose himself in the untabulated crowds thronging the streets and byways of Leadville, and tails to drop from the train at some lonely station in the mountains from whence he could make his way on foot to one of the more isolated camps. Heads won; and when, on the second morning of his sojourn in Leadville, he learned from the papers that his awkward mistake and bad aim had disposed of an inconvenient accomplice without materially marring his plan of vengeance on Brant, he exulted openly and went his way in the face of all men, believing that he had safely outrun his evil hour.

For this reason the Leadville telegram, offering a reward for his arrest, was scarcely an hour old when a police officer interrupted a quiet game of cards in a den in lower State Street and laid hands upon the winner, a big boned man in a shabby suit of pepper and salt.

Gasset surrendered at discretion, not knowing the charge against him; and, having a just regard for the possibilities of escape, made no resistance that would warrant the use of the handcuffs. All went well until the officer, who was less discreet than his prisoner, told Gasset for what he was wanted. Whereupon the housebreaker caught his breath, set his teeth, smote his captor skilfully on the point of the jaw, and made a wild dash for liberty.

The policeman gave chase promptly, ignoring the broken jaw, and firing rapidly at the dodging fugitive; but Gasset made good his escape, threading the intricacies of alleys and streets in the lower town, until by the time the hue and cry was properly raised, he was free of the houses and skirting the side of the mountain overlooking California Gulch. Here he might have rested securely, but he pushed on over the bare mountain side, doubling and twisting until he came out, weary and breathless, in the stunted pine chaparral opposite the railway station at Malta.

Having thus put the immediate danger well behind him, he flung himself down under the trees to wrestle with the question of the perilous future.

From the point he had gained, three ways were open to him: to turn his face toward the new camps beyond Tennessee Pass, trusting to the hospitality of the mountains for succor on the journey; to push westward over one of the passes of Mount Massive to the then sparsely settled gulches beyond the main range; or to follow the railroad, putting the possibilities of better speed and fewer privations against the greater hazard of discovery and capture.

An east bound freight train, crawling slowly through the Malta yards, tempted him to make an immediate decision; and once more taking his fate in his hands, he dashed across the tracks and climbed into an empty box car.

* *Copyright, 1895, by Francis Lynde.—This story began in the December, 1895, number of* MUNSEY'S.

At that moment he had no plan more definite than the putting of as great a distance as possible between himself and the scene of his late encounter, but by the time the morning sun began to gild the peaks to the westward, he had outlined one which was not less ingenious than daring.

Knowing that he could not hope to remain undiscovered in the box car after daybreak, he determined to leave the freight train at the first stop; to wait for and board the early east bound passenger; to ride thereon until his identity and ostensible intention were discovered; and then to take the chance of doubling back in the faces of his pursuers.

It was a hazardous game to play, with the noose of the hangman at the end of it as a penalty for unsuccess, but he could think of no better. If he should be lucky enough to send the hunt eastward on a false scent while he was making his way deeper into the mountains in an opposite direction, much precious time would be gained.

Accordingly, he dropped from the freight as it was slowing into the first station, and was so far successful as to find a hiding place in which he could wait unobserved for the passenger train. When that came, and he had taken a seat in the smoking car, his troubles began afresh. The conductor eyed him suspiciously, took his fare to Denver, and a little later came back to sit down for a friendly chat which soon ran into a cross examination that made Gasset writhe. It was what he had expected and provided for, but it came too soon.

The conductor went about his business finally, but Gasset saw with alarm that the brakeman immediately took his stand in the forward end of the car, a proceeding from which he argued that he was already under surveillance.

Gasset's surmise was entirely correct. Since early morning the wires had been buzzing with the news of the night; and as the railway was the most obvious line of escape, every trainman was on the watch for the fugitive. For this cause, and knowing of the reward that was offered, the conductor of the passenger thought he was in luck. Voltamo was the first station ahead where there was an officer; and to Voltamo the conductor wired at the first opportunity.

Antrim was at his post in the telegraph office, filling the place of the invalided branch despatcher, when the message arrived, and he took it upon himself to make sure that the town marshal and a couple of deputies were at the station to meet the train. When he heard the locomotive whistle echoing in the upper canyon, he seized his hat and ran out to the platform to be in at the death.

A little knot of loungers, knowing what was toward, had gathered around the marshal and his deputies; and all eyes were turned in the direction of the approaching train. There was a west bound freight in the upper yard, waiting, with a man at the switch, to pull out after the passenger train had passed; and the rear trucks of the latter were scarcely clear of the movable rail before it was set for the siding, and the freight began to worm its way out around the double curve.

The passenger train slid down the steep grade to the platform with brake shoes smoking, and the conductor swung off and caught himself with a quick little run.

"I've got him! He's in the for'ard end o' the smoker!" he cried, and in a flash the marshal darted into one end of the car and the deputies cut off the retreat at the other.

Somewhat to the surprise of all three, they met in the middle of the car without their quarry. There were not more than a dozen passengers in the seats, and no one of them remotely answered the requirements of the description. The marshal promptly threw up a window, and yelled to the conductor:

"Come in here and show us yer man!"

The conductor complied quickly. "By Jacks! He's gone! He was right there in that second seat not more 'n two minutes ago when we pulled in over the switches!"

"Well, he ain't here now," quoth the marshal; "you hold the train a minute while we look through."

The detention was not called for. Voltamo is a locomotive division station, and before the engines were changed, the marshal and his aides had searched every possible hiding place in the train. Antrim knew they had done their duty faithfully, but he was exasperated at the conductor's neglect.

"It's all your fault, Harker!" he said hotly. "You ought to have had sense enough to keep your eyes or your hands on him!"

"By Jacks! So I had—but what'll I do now?"

"Take your train and go on."

The man obeyed, glad to be out of it; and Antrim turned to the marshal. "Sorry I got you out on a wild goose chase," he said. "What do you suppose became of him? Or did Harker only imagine he had him?"

"Oh, he was there, right enough—I asked some o' the passengers in the smoker and they saw him—by gravy! Look at

that, will ye?—fell plumb from the top o' the car and never turned a hair!"

Antrim looked and saw much more than did the marshal. The freight train had stalled on the double curve, and during the detention of the passenger had been backing and filling to get headway. Just as the marshal spoke, a draw bar pulled out, and the sudden jerk of the forward section flung a man who had been clinging to the roof hold of a box car far out into the ditch. He was on his feet again in an instant, making a quick run for a hand car standing blocked on a siding, and Antrim yelled, as he saw him kick the block from beneath the wheel and scramble upon the deck of the car:

"That's your man! Wing him as he goes by, or he'll get away yet—there's a safety switch at the lower end!"

The man threw himself fiercely upon the lever of the hand car, and sent it spinning down the yard with vigorous strokes, while the marshal and his deputies coolly drew their weapons and leveled them.

There was no hurry. The fugitive would have to pass within thirty feet of the platform, and the officers waited until the flying target was in easy range. Then the three pistols barked almost in unison; the toiling figure dropped suddenly behind the gear casing; and the car sped on with increasing momentum as it caught the greater inclination of the grade.

"Pity's sake! I hope you haven't killed him!" gasped Antrim, as they ran down the track after the retreating car. "He's got to talk some before he dies!"

"No fear o' that," panted the marshal; "he'll never wag his jaw no more—not this side o' the range—by gravy! Did ye see that?"

The four pursuers stopped in speechless astonishment. The hand car had reached the safety switch, clearing it at a bound, and alighting fairly upon the rails of the main line, and at the same instant the crouching figure straightened up and flung itself once more upon the swaying lever. Two pistols cracked simultaneously, and then the car with its laboring burden dodged out of sight around a curve in the track.

"G-g-great Scott! M-m-missed him all the t-t-time!" stammered one of the deputies, whose speech failed him at a crisis; and the marshal flung his revolver down and ground it into the ballast under his heel in a fine frenzy of impotent wrath.

Antrim was the first to recover presence of mind. "Come back with me and we'll catch him yet!" he shouted, leading the way up the yard toward the relieved passenger engine which the engineer was about to back under the coal chute. A breathless minute later they were clambering aboard, and the engineer recognized the chief clerk.

"Catch that hand car for me, Tom!" gasped Antrim, struggling for breath and coherence. "There's a—there's a man's life depending on it!"

The engineer nodded and flung the reversing lever forward. One of the yard men saw them coming and set the switch, and in a twinkling the engine shot out on the main line and the chase began afresh.

Two miles down the canyon they came in sight of the hand car darting around the curves ahead of them. Gasset had abandoned the lever when the increasing momentum of the car made it dangerous to try to keep up with the quick strokes of the handle, and was crouching on the deck, screening himself from his pursuers as well as he could behind the gear casing.

Seeing this, the marshal borrowed the stuttering deputy's revolver, and watched his chance for another shot. Antrim shook his head, and shouted to make himself heard above the din and rattle of the flying locomotive.

"Don't kill him; we've got to take him alive if we can!"

The marshal lowered his weapon, and the engineer beckoned to Antrim. "We can't make it," he roared, giving the spinning wheels a taste of the air brake. "He's got the hill with him, an' that car'll keep the track when we can't—see?"

Antrim nodded. "Keep him in sight, if you can," he shouted back; "there's a let up just below here, and maybe we can catch him on that."

And so they did, but they would not if Gasset had had the courage of his despair. The fusillade of pistol shots, the swift rush between the echoing walls of the canyon, the ever increasing speed of the bounding car, and the sight and sound of the swaying and screeching locomotive filled with his pursuers, unnerved him, and his hand sought the brake lever before he fully realized what would befall when he slackened speed in that tortuous pathway.

What did befall brought the chase to a sudden and disastrous end. The flying wheels shrieked under the brake shoes, grinding fire from the rails, and leaving a thin stream of smoke in their wake; the car plunged sullenly through a cutting, promising to stop on the reversed curve beyond. Then Gasset saw what would happen, and tried to release the brake. The lever stuck, and he sprang up to kick it

loose, but it was too late. The pursuing engine dashed through the cutting, and came upon the car before the fugitive could jump and save himself.

The engineer saw him, and did what there was to be done; but quick as he was, the *phutt* of the air brake and the crash of the collision came at the same instant.

They backed up as soon as they could, and found him beside the track, buried under the wreck of the hand car. He was unconscious and grievously hurt, but Antrim hoped against hope, and begged the men to handle him tenderly. They made a rude bed for him with their coats in the empty coal pit on the engine, and so got him back to Voltamo and a bunk in the freight shed at the station. Antrim could not neglect his duties, but he did what he might, and the physician's verdict cheered him a little.

"He's a dead man," said the doctor, "and that within twenty four hours, I should say; but he's likely to revive a little toward the last. Have him watched carefully, and get your lawyer where you can lay hands on him quick. When he begins to find himself, call me, and I'll try to keep him alive till you get what you want."

All of which Antrim did, though with fear and trembling; and after he had telegraphed Judge Langford, settled down to work and wait with what patience he could summon.

The end came in the evening, just as the shadows were beginning to fill the deeper clefts in the canyon. Gasset revived, and asked for liquor; and Antrim sent in hot haste for the physician and the lawyer.

They both arrived in time; and when the dying man was made to comprehend his condition, he made no more difficulties, and told no more lies than he could help.

An hour afterward Antrim sent another message to the judge:

> Gasset has made full confession and deposition in legal form. Same to you by express on Number Two tonight. Hearty congratulations to Brant. Will be down day after tomorrow. HARRY.

XXXII.

"So you've quite made up your mind to leave Denver, have you?"

It was the day of Brant's release, and Hobart had met his friend at the cell door, taking him straightway across to Charpiot's, where they could have a quiet talk over their luncheon in one of the private dining rooms.

Brant shrugged his shoulders at the assayer's interrogative remark. "That says itself, doesn't it? After all the free advertising I've been getting for the past three weeks, people will stop and point me out in the streets."

Hobart laughed. "I don't know but they will. That's what you get for trying to play the part of Providence. What on earth made you do it, George?"

Brant waved the question aside in the gesture which flicked the ash from his cigar. "More things than your philosophy ever dreamed of, Ned. We'll drop that part of the business, if you don't mind."

"It's dead and buried from this time on, if you say so," rejoined Hobart loyally. "When a man makes seventeen different kinds of a knight errant out of himself in this cold blooded age, he has privileges that we ordinary mortals are bound to respect. But what will you do with yourself?"

"The one thing needful has been done for me. Colonel Bowran didn't wait to be told that I'd probably want to disappear. He took it for granted, and got me an appointment as engineer in charge of the work on the Chipeta Ditch down in the San Juan."

"Good place?"

"Good pay and a deep grave; and that's all I care about just now. The colonel says there hasn't been so much as a stake driven on the preliminary survey yet; if I take it I can drop out of sight and hearing for a year or two, any way."

"You say 'if'—of course, you'll take it."

Brant took time to balance his fruit knife accurately on the edge of his plate before answering. "I'm not so sure about that," he said finally. "It'll depend very much upon the outcome of a little talk I mean to have with a certain lady."

"Miss Langford?"

"Miss Langford's mother."

Hobart whistled softly. "Going to carry it up to the supreme court, are you?"

"Yes; and at once—then I'll know better what I'm going to do."

"It's none of my business, George, but I don't believe the time is propitious."

"Nor I; but it's all the time I have."

"Oh, that doesn't follow. And if you were to go away and stay till the edge has time to wear off—from what you've told me, I fancy Dorothy will wait indefinitely."

"Doubtless; and we'd have to wait in any case; but that isn't the point. When I go, *if* I go, I must carry with me the assurance that bygones will be bygones when I come back."

"Doesn't that smack a little of doing good that good may come?"

"Perhaps; there's nothing superhuman about me. But it's more than that, Ned; I mean to marry Dorothy some day, God willing, but it shan't be until I've had it out with myself, nor yet without her mother's fullest consent and approval. That I'm willing to try to earn, but I want some definite assurance that it's among the possibilities."

Hobart followed out his own line of thought and it presently led him back to the original proposition. "You'll 'gang yer ain gate,' as you usually do, I suppose, but, as I remarked awhile ago, the time isn't ripe. I have seen something of the family in the last few days, and I can tell you pretty nearly how you stand. Dorothy would die for you; the judge would fight for you; Isabel worships you from afar; and Mrs. Langford—well, she doesn't say much before me, as a matter of course, but it's as plain as the nose on your face that she hasn't any use for you."

"That is no more than I expected; none the less, I'm going to see her tonight."

"Amen. I like your pluck, even if it is a bit like the zeal not according to knowledge that we read about. I'll be there—under the same ridge pole, at least. Is there anything I can do to help you out?"

"No, not unless you stand by to pick up the pieces after she has demolished me. Let's go, if you're through; I've got some writing to do—likewise a bit of provisional packing."

Among his letters was one over which Brant labored mightily. It was short, but, like most brief writings, the difficulties of its composition were out of all proportion to its length.

When it was signed, sealed, and addressed, a district messenger bore it leisurely to the Highlands; and a few minutes after its delivery at Altamont Terrace, Mrs. Langford sought and found her husband in the library. She had an open letter in her hand, and her annoyance was so evident that the judge braced himself with prophetic forethought.

"It's really enough to try one's patience," she began. "I did hope, now that he's cleared and out of jail, he would have the good taste to disappear, but it seems that he hasn't."

"You mean Brant?" said the judge.

"Of course; and instead of that, the first thing—the very first thing he does is to write me to say that he is coming up here tonight."

"Well? I trust he will find the welcome he deserves," ventured the judge placably.

"He is *not* welcome here, Robert, and you know perfectly well the reason why. And after what I have said to him, I think his assurance comes very near being downright impudence!"

There was a spice of anger in her tone, and the husband resented it. "Let us waive that question, if you please, Martha," he said gravely. "I don't pretend to understand your social code, and as a general thing I don't care to interfere with its somewhat intricate workings; but whatever you may say or think, I shall never forget what we owe to this young man. It is true, as you will urge, that there was no real occasion for what he did; but, on the other hand, we must remember that his motive was heroic almost beyond belief. Besides, but for a chain of occurrences which were almost providential, he would have made good his purpose with his life."

"We've gone over all that before, and you know I don't agree with you, Robert—as to our obligations, I mean; but I suppose it will have to be as you say," conceded the wife, who knew well enough when she had reached the limit of her husband's habitual forbearance. "Before I open our doors again to Mr. Brant, though, I should like to ask you one question: are you willing to accept him as Dorothy's suitor?"

That was clothing the possibilities in very plain English, and the judge winced. It was one thing to admire Brant's courage and chivalry, and quite another to reward them with the costliest gift a father has to bestow.

The judge wavered for a moment, and then he recalled the picture of a woebegone little maiden sitting on the lounge just where her mother sat, with the tears running down her cheeks and the light of hope growing dim in her eyes. The memory swept away the final barrier of expediency, and the judge spoke as a man.

"That is as it may be, Martha; though I fancy the young people have in a measure taken it out of our hands. So far as I am concerned, I shall ask no more of Brant than that he shall give us a reasonable proof of the faith that is in him, and I hope you——"

Mrs. Langford rose and tossed Brant's letter among the glowing coals in the grate. "Taken it out of our hands!" she exclaimed; "do you mean to say they have—that there is an understanding between them already?"

"Rather more than that, I imagine," rejoined the judge, smiling. "Sit down, my dear, and I'll tell you about it."

She sat down again and heard him through, impatiently, to be sure, as who could help where a daughter's social standing was so nearly concerned, but without comment. When he had finished she got up and began to arrange the books on the table, saying nothing, and giving place to some very bitter reflections.

Her pride was touched in its tenderest part, which was not a bad thing; and her mother love was hurt beyond measure, which was a sadder. All this had been going on, and her husband had known of it, while she, who was Dorothy's mother, had been excluded from her daughter's confidence. It was not a pleasant thing to think about, and Mrs. Langford yielded ungracefully, as was her undoubted privilege.

"Then I suppose it is your wish that I should receive this reformed—this young man tonight, is it?" she inquired frigidly, at the end of a silence that seemed interminable to the judge.

"It is, most certainly, my dear. Under the circumstances, I think it would be unwise for you to refuse, don't you?"

"And am I to say to him——"

"Whatever your own good sense prompts you to say; but I would counsel much charity and as great a measure of Christian forbearance as your creed will sanction. We mustn't be too inflexible with one whose intentions are so evidently honorable."

"Oh, intentions, yes! But I'm sick of the word. Who is this man that we should be called upon to save him at the expense of our respectability? Why should we hire him to be decent at the price of our own flesh and blood? What justice is there in a code of morals that makes all things easy for him, when a woman who had done what he has would be ostracized for life?"

The judge shook his head in deprecation. "I don't attempt to account for the subtleties of the social code; there is doubtless much room for improvement. But these are generalities. We have to deal with a single specific case; and, as I have intimated, there are conditions already existent which we shall do well to take into account. Brant is a man grown, and Dorothy is no longer a child. I fancy that neither of them will be unreasonable, but in the end they will gain their point, with or without our approval."

"That is where you are mistaken, Robert; Dorothy will never set her will up in opposition to ours."

"Possibly not, but what then? Are you willing to take the responsibility of spoiling her chance of happiness?"

"That is an absurd question, and you know it. Surely this man whom she has known only a few weeks cannot be more to her than we are!"

The judge rose and stood before her with a quizzical smile twinkling in his eyes. "Are we really so far beyond our own little romance, Martha, that you can say that and mean it?" he asked gently. "Have you quite forgotten a certain headstrong young girl, wilful as she was beautiful, who set her parents' wishes at defiance for the sake of a poor, struggling young attorney who was also an invalid?"

Her arms were around his neck at that, and she hid her face on his shoulder. "Oh, no, no, Robert," she whispered, changing in that swift moment of recollection from austerity to lovingkindness, "but—but this is so different; Dorothy is so good and pure, and this young man is so——"

"Yes, my dear, I know; but let us wait and see," he interrupted.

"It is no use, Robert," she reiterated. "I can't change at my time of life. You know how I've always fought against these dreadful misalliances—and now to sanction one in our own family. . . I can't do it. If he comes here tonight and insists on seeing me, I shall have to tell him the truth, hard as it may seem."

She turned to go away, and the judge could do no more, for the time, than slip in a parting injunction.

"God help you to do right, Martha—and to be merciful. And if the thought of Dorothy's trouble doesn't move you, don't forget that we may one day have to ask for William that which you are about to deny to another."

And when his wife had left him, Judge Langford added yet another to the many anxious hours he had measured off in the narrow pathway between the desk and the book cases, pacing slowly up and down and treading out with weary feet the vintage which goes to fill up the wine press of disappointed fatherhood.

XXXIII.

In the course of a somewhat diversified experience Brant had been through a few measurably perilous passages, and in such crises those who liked him least were fain to concede his courage. None the less, when evening came he went leaden footed to the interview with Dorothy's mother, and would have turned back when his hand was on the door bell if he had not gone so far as to announce himself beforehand.

That having been done, however, there was no retreating; and he rang the bell nervously at the close of a sharp and discomforting struggle with his sense of the fitness of things.

Now Hobart, in the goodness of his heart, had caused it to be whispered about among the younger members of the family that Brant would doubtless make his farewell call that evening, and for this reason it was Dorothy herself who answered the bell.

Whatever may be said of the young engineer—and his most loyal apologist is constrained to admit that his shortcomings were many and variegated—he was no laggard in love; and when he made sure of the identity of his unexpected welcomer, Dorothy had no cause to doubt the warmth of his passion. Nevertheless, she blushed and struggled a little, as what modest young woman, however affectionate, would not in a well lighted hall which was a thoroughfare for the entire household?—and so mutely protesting, drew him quickly into the parlor.

"Only a moment with you, Dorothy," he said tenderly, "just to hear you repeat what you said last Monday evening. Are you still quite sure that you love me?"

She hid her face on his arm—she was not tall enough to reach his shoulder. "I—I'd be ashamed to tell you how long I've been sure of it," she confessed, with sweet naïveté.

Whereat he kissed the parting of her hair, and insisted upon knowing the exact moment.

"It was a long time ago."

"How long; weeks?"

"Yes," faintly.

"Months?"

"Yes; please don't make me tell."

"I shall. I've got to do a dreadful thing in a few minutes, and I need all the encouragement I can get. When was it?"

"I—I think it began before I even knew your name."

Brant's memory carried him swiftly back over the incidents of their first meeting. "Was it when the Hesperus jumped the track?"

"No."

"Before that?"

She nodded.

He thought about it a moment; then he said, "Dorothy, dear, I loved you well enough to fight for you when that brute claimed your cup of coffee; but I thought you were angry then."

"I wasn't."

"And while I was thinking that, you were—" he suddenly remembered his late blackslidings, and there was real contrition in the latter half of the broken sentence—"God bless you, darling! I wish I'd known it sooner; I'd be a little—just a very little less unworthy of your love now."

She looked up with her eyes swimming. "Don't say that—after what you did. Is it very selfish of me to say that I know it was for my sake?"

"It's the simple truth, dear; I loved you, and there seemed to be no better way of showing it, at the time."

"There could have been no nobler way. How can I ever prove my love as you have proved yours?"

"It is what I have come to ask you to do tonight, dearest. Has Hobart told you of my plans?"

"No; but Harry has."

"And you approve them—you will wait for me until I have found out what manner of man I'm going to be with your love to lean on?"

"Can you doubt it? That is but a little thing; and it will not be harder for me than for you."

"I hope not, dear—I shall count the days. And meanwhile, you must try to believe in me, Dorothy—believe that I am striving to live as becomes your lover; to win back what I may of self respect and honor and uprightness. Will you do that?"

She shook her head loyally. "No, I can't promise that; it would be putting my love on probation. I don't have to try to believe in you; I *know* what you are, and what you will always be—to me."

"Thank you for that word, dear; it would hold a worse man than I ever dared to be true to his purpose. And now there is one thing more; we must have your mother's consent, little one—that's the other thing that brought me here tonight. Will you go and send her to me?"

Dorothy hesitated, as well she might. "If you are sure it is time——" she ventured to say.

"It is the only chance I shall have," he explained; "more than that, it's her due. She may well say that I'm a robber, but I don't mean to give her the right to call me a sneak thief as well."

She went obediently at that, and when he was alone, Brant began to walk the floor and to call up all his reserves of fortitude and courage, being well assured that he would presently need them.

While he was yet planning the assault, and before the reinforcements were properly wheeled into line, the door opened

behind him, and he turned to confront, not Mrs. Langford as he had anticipated, but her son. The "unlicked cub" came in, swaggering a little as was his wont; but when he had closed the door and so shut himself in with his redoubtable preserver, he had an attack of embarrassment which quickly put to flight the off hand greeting he had meant to offer. Whereupon, instead of carrying it off with the easy nonchalance of a man of the world, he stammered like any schoolboy, and Brant had to come to his rescue.

"How are you, Will?—I'm glad to see you," he said, truthfully enough, shaking hands with the boy and ignoring his confusion. "It's 'hello and good by' with me, you know; I'm off for the San Juan in the morning."

Will felt that some acknowledgment of his immense obligation to Brant ought properly to precede any merely desultory talk, but to save his life he could not twist his tongue to anything like the adequate speech. Therefore he was constrained to follow Brant's lead, and this he did the more willingly since it pointed towards an emprise upon which he had that day set his whole heart.

"That's what I heard—Harry told us, y' know. Jolly good layout, ain't it?—down there in the mountains staking off ditches daytimes and camping out every night. S'pose you'll run across big game down there once in a while, too, won't you?"

"It is quite likely; I've shot more than one bear in the Conejos, and that not so many years ago, either."

"By Gad, don't y' know, I envy you—no, that ain't what I meant to say—fact is, Mr. Brant, you see I've been hanging round the door so long waiting for Dothy to come out that it got me rattled. What I wanted to ask was if you wouldn't take me along. I s'pose I don't know enough about engineering to hurt me any, nothing much but what I learned at school, and folks say I'm too dead tough to breathe, but I could learn, and—well, I don't know, but I guess I'll never be any account till I get to work, and if anybody can brace me up it's you, and——"

Brant was generous enough to break in and so supply the period that the boy was helplessly pursuing; and he did it the more readily since he felt the quick and urgent prompting of a new and imperative duty.

"If you'll agree to carry chains or drive stakes to begin with, you may count it settled so far as I'm concerned," he said, catching a glimpse of a deep perspective of opportunities for garnering fruits meet for repentance. "But how about your father and mother? Will they let you go?"

"The governor's all right; I just had a talk with him, and he's so glad to get rid of me that he's scared to death for fear you won't take me. And mother'll be all right, too; she'll do anything I want her to, same as she always does, y' know. I'll go and tell her now, before——"

But just then the door opened again, and Mrs. Langford needed not to be sought. She came in with the air of one who does an unavoidable thing reluctantly, but her stateliness abated visibly at the sight of her son. The "cub" promptly forestalled anything in the way of preliminary conversational formalities.

"Just this minute talking about you, mother," he burst out, in happy ignorance of constraints or embarrassments, social or otherwise. "Come and shake hands with Mr. Brant and congratulate him on getting out of the scrape I got him into. But that ain't what we were talking about, y' know; he starts for the San Juan tomorrow morning—going down to take charge of the Chipeta work—and he's promised to take me with him."

"Subject, of course, to your approval and Judge Langford's," amended Brant, with a bow in Mrs. Langford's direction.

"Oh, of course; I told you that'd be all right. What's the matter with you, mother? Can't you manage to thank Mr. Brant? It's jolly good of him, y' know."

"I—why, William, dear—this is dreadfully sudden! I didn't know you ever thought of such a thing!" Mrs. Langford had formulated quite a number of cool little speeches wherewith to dampen any small spark of ardor which the unwelcome visitor might attempt to blow into a flame, but here was a contingency for which no forethought could have made provision. She hesitated, and before the needed access of severity came to forbid it, she was doing very nearly as her son had commanded.

"We are glad—very glad, I'm sure, Mr. Brant," she faltered, not knowing just how to congratulate a man fittingly upon having gotten out of jail. "This is really an unexpected pleasure—no, not quite that, either, for I got your note. But about this—this expedition; I'm afraid—hasn't William been taking too much for granted?"

"Not on my part," rejoined Brant civilly. "I assure you I shall be glad enough to have him with me, if he may go with your consent and approval."

"But it is so very sudden," protested the

mother; "I had thought—that is, I had been led to believe, that you came upon quite a different errand, Mr. Brant."

"Oh, of course—he came to see Dothy," said Will with boyish brutality; "but that's all right; they'll have time enough to say any quantity of good bys while you're helping me to pack. Come on up stairs with me, please; I can't begin to find half of my things if you don't help me."

Mrs. Langford gave up in mute despair, and Brant was beginning to think that his errand would have to go undone, when Will rescued the vanishing opportunity by rushing off to begin his preparations. The mother and her visitor were left alone together for a moment, and Brant seized his courage with both hands.

"Mrs. Langford, one moment, if you please; you know why I came here tonight, and what I meant to ask. My happiness, which you may justly ignore, and that of your daughter, which is of far greater moment, depend upon your answer. Will you give it me now, or must I wait until I have earned a better right to it?"

He spoke hurriedly as the occasion constrained him, and she heard him through without interruption. When he paused, she took his arm a little stiffly and led him toward the door.

"You will find the family in the sitting room, Mr. Brant, and I hope you'll excuse me if I go up stairs to help William. And as I may not come down before you go, I will bid you good by now. I hope you will do well, and—and that you will succeed in whatever you undertake."

They had reached the hall, and she held out her hand. Brant took it and bowed. "Then I am to understand——"

"This—that I am willing to be neutral and to wait."

"It is all I ask," he said gratefully, quelling a sudden insurrection of joy that threatened to unseat his self control.

"It is all I can promise now; be lenient with me, Mr. Brant, as I shall try to be with you. You know my views, and you also know whether they are unsupported by justice and reason. I will say frankly that I came down a few moments ago to urge you to spare me; I could not reconcile myself to this thing that you and my daughter have set your hearts upon. But while I delayed you forestalled me with my son. He is my hostage, and I surrender him to you because I can't help myself, but when you return I shall require him at your hands. Deal gently with him, I beg of you—for his sister's sake, if not for mine."

She turned to go up stairs, and he stood aside to let her pass. "God do so to me, and more, if I do not regard him as the son of my own mother," he said solemnly, and the promise touched her.

"I believe you—and trust you," she added, pausing on the step above him. "Now go and join the others in the sitting room; they'll all be glad to see you."

XXXIV.

When Brant entered the family sitting room he found his welcome so nearly an ovation as to be almost embarrassing. Hobart and Antrim were both present; and seeing the need for a diversion, the chief clerk promptly covered Brant's confusion by retelling the story of the exciting chase and capture in the canyon.

When the narrative was well under way, Dorothy came over and sat beside Brant, a proceeding which moved Isabel to caricature them on the fly leaf of the book she had been reading. Antrim's story, however graphically circumstantial in the telling, could not be made to last forever; but before it was finished Brant had found a safe anchorage in self possession, and thenceforth the evening waned pleasantly and all too swiftly.

The family gathering, being an environment hopelessly inhibitive of any approach to confidential tête-à-têtes, was not exactly what the newly graduated lover would have chosen for his farewell visit; but in the light of his late good fortune he could ill afford to quarrel with the social amenities, and when Antrim rose to go he did likewise. In taking leave, he tried to show forth the length and breadth of his gratitude to the judge.

"I haven't had a chance to thank you for your good offices," he began, but the judge protested at once.

"Not a word, my dear boy; it was little enough that you would let any of us do till this small woman brought you to your senses. Do you be good to yourself—and to William; and let us hear from you as often as you can."

"I'll do that, you may be sure—no, Ned; I shan't tell you good by; you've got to come to the train and see us off. Don't let Will load himself up with too much dunnage. Good by, Mrs. Hobart; I'm very glad to have met you, and I hope we'll be thrown together again somewhere in this uneasy sieve of a world. Miss Isabel, I've a small bone to pick with you, but it'll keep till I get back, if Dorothy doesn't——"

"Now, then; are you going to take all night for it?" called Antrim from the hall; and Dorothy gasped and drew her lover out of the group at the door, reproaching him as she went.

"How *dare* you tease Isabel?" she whispered, when they reached the semi privacy of the veranda.

"Dare?—I'd dare anything; I believe I'm fey tonight with happiness," he rejoined. "Dorothy, dear, listen; your mother has graciously consented to put me on probation."

"*I* haven't," she replied firmly, "and I never mean to. God save you and bring you back to me, George."

The others were coming to the door, and Brant drew her out of the broad beam of light streaming out from the hall lamp. "Love me hard, little one," he said tenderly, taking her in his arms; "I shall depend upon it every waking minute and dream about it when I'm asleep. God keep you, sweetheart—good by!"

He left her leaning against the pillar, and vaulting the railing ran down the path to overtake Antrim. They caught the down town car at the crossing, and Brant, having a heartful of tender thoughts to docket and file away, was not sorry for the few minutes of uninterrupted solitude in the well filled vehicle. They both got off at Larimer Street, and as they went together toward the *Plainsman* building, Brant ventured to ask his companion how it fared with him and Isabel.

"Oh, it's all right—as you might have seen if you'd had half an eye for what was going on around you this evening. I simply made a gratuitous ass of myself, that's all of it."

"I told you so," said Brant, with frank brutality. "But how about the ghost of art—is it safely laid?"

"Not much," quoth Antrim; "on the contrary, it has materialized. We're to be married next month, you know, and the old man has promised me a half year's leave. The judge is going to send us to Europe for a flier, and Isabel proposes to put in the time in an art school."

"You're a lucky dog; but what will you do, meanwhile?"

"I'll have to confess that rather 'gets' me; play second fiddle to my artistic wife, I suppose. But I can stand it, if she can; and there is one thing about it—it'll be either kill or cure, and I don't care much which, so long as I have her."

"That's the eminently proper way to look at it, and you can afford to be philosophical—she's worth it," declared Brant loyally.

"You don't have to tell me that—going up to see Forsyth?"

They had reached the *Plainsman* building, and Brant stopped at the stairway. "Yes; I want to bid him good by. You'll be at the train in the morning?"

"Sure; good night, if I don't happen to see you again."

Brant climbed the various flights of stairs to the music of the jarring presses, and found the night editor floundering eye deep in a sea of copy. He extricated himself when he saw who was his untimely visitor, and wrung Brant's hand cordially.

"Glad to see you, old fellow—and that's more than I'd say to anybody else in this my evil hour. The colonel told me you were going out in the morning, and I was afraid we'd miss. How is everything? Been over to the judge's?"

"Yes. Everything is as well as it could be, and as far as possible from what I deserve," said Brant, with becoming humility.

"Good! That is what I hoped for. Now, I suppose you're going out with a clean bill of health and the wind free on the quarter, and that's right; all you have to do from this on is to stand by and stick to your course, square your little account with the proprieties like a man and a gentleman, and then you can come back and have the best there is in the box."

"I have the promise of that already," Brant confessed, "and more; I have a chance to prove up on my claim in the mean time. Will Langford goes with me."

"Good for you!" exclaimed Forsyth heartily. "That's by long odds the best thing that could possibly have happened. You'll make something of him if you try—there is bound to be good in any boy who has a man like Judge Langford for his father—and the responsibility will hold you up to the mark if the other things should happen to lose their grip. But there's no fear of that, I imagine."

"I should hope not," rejoined Brant fervently. "I shouldn't be worth saving if they did. And I'm thankful for my chance, Forsyth. I've thought a good many times in the last three weeks that I didn't want it—that I'd be quite willing to quit and leave the job unfinished; or rather, I had a vainglorious idea that I was going to finish it in a single heat. That was all wrong, and I see it now; there was a decent foundation stone at bottom, but the superstructure was framed in vanity and weather boarded with self conceit. You and the others have

changed all that, and I've had a sight of myself that makes me as humble as I used to be obstinate; as distrustful of my own good notions as I have been self sufficient. So I can only promise to try to live up to your belief in me; and if I fail, to try again. Can I say more?"

"Not if you protested all night."

"I thought not. Well, give me God speed, and I'll vanish and leave you to your evil devices."

Forsyth pushed back his chair and went to the door with him. "Good by, old man—God bless you. Give my love to the Silver San Juan, and let me hear from you."

Brant promised, and had felt his way to the head of the dark stair well, when he thought of something else and went back.

"There's another thing, Forsyth," he said, catching the editor before he had time to bury himself; "it's about Jarvis. Can't you do something to take the crook out of his elbow? It's going to become chronic, first thing he knows."

"I've been thinking about that 'right p'intedly,' as our Southern friends say. He's only a social drunkard, as yet, but he'll be tippling solus before long if he isn't taken in out of the wet. I'm minded to give him the city desk when Stafford leaves. That will keep him out of the streets and where I can watch him."

"Good enough," said Brant; "that is all he needs. I might have known you had your eye on him. Good night."

He closed the door gently, and groped in the dark passage for the stair, whose winding rail led him presently to the sidewalk. It was a starlit October night, frosty and flawless, and the hush of midnight sat upon the city, transmuting the deserted streets into mystic rivers running bank full with the quietude of the universe—a silence giving back the footfalls of the late pedestrian in rapping echoes that seemed to protest sharply against its marring. Brant turned his steps toward his room, going softly as one who treads reverently the aisles of a great temple, and drinking in the thin, clean air gratefully as a blessing that had lately been denied him.

And as he went, he began to realize that he had come at last to the real parting of the ways; that with the new day would begin a new life, with its cares and its responsibilities, its untried labors and its untasted rewards. He would be no longer a freebooter, knowing no law higher than his own ungoverned impulses. He had given precious hostages to society, and with the rising of another sun he would gird himself and go forth to take his place among those who walk uprightly and fearlessly in the sight of all men.

With that, the wheels began to turn, and memory had its will of him, picturing anew the events which had befallen since that other silent night on the slopes of Jack Mountain, and setting forth in faithful sequence the shifting scenes of the small tragicomedy in which he had stumbled so blindly through his part.

In the retrospect he could look upon it dispassionately, as one whose point of view is beyond the footlights; and the entrances and exits of the players moved him profoundly, thrilling him with a late emotion which the swift march of the action had crowded aside.

Saving only him to whom the bill of the play gave the title rôle, how faithfully they had all interpreted their difficult parts! Hobart's time tried affection; Forsyth's outspoken and unsparing friendship; Antrim's gratitude and loyalty; the judge's heroic unselfishness; Dorothy's unswerving love and trust—these were constant quantities, emphasized in every line and scene; and the others, even to the two villains, were at least consistent. Only the man Brant had been uncertain and hesitant, swayed and blown about by the breath of each fresh gust of adversity. There was honest humility in the verdict, and it was comforting to know that the last line was spoken and the drop curtain of the present had come down to interpose its folds between these scenes of the past and the untrodden stage of the future.

He quickened his pace. The lights were out and the playhouse was deserted. The audience had seen and heard, and it would applaud or execrate, each after his kind. And when the last carriage had driven away, and the lobby loungers had gone their ways into the night, the players might slip out unseen and unremarked, to be forgotten until the prompter's call bell should again summon them to take their places behind the footlights.

THE END.

PROMINENT AMERICAN FAMILIES.

IV.—THE GOULDS.

THE LATE JAY GOULD, HIS ANCESTRY, AND THE GENERATION THAT HAS SUCCEEDED HIM—THE GREAT WALL STREET KING'S AMBITION TO FOUND A DYNASTY OF MULTIMILLIONAIRES.

COMMODORE VANDERBILT once gave it as his judgment that almost all those who became wealthy by their own exertions would admit that the most hard earned part of their money was the first thousand dollars. Jay Gould, on the other hand, is reported to have said that it was more difficult to keep a fortune than to make one. Whether the two men based their opinions upon their personal experiences or not, it is probably a fact that the first Vanderbilt was compelled to struggle for a longer time, and in a calling that involved harder physical toil, to earn his little capital of one thousand dollars, than to obtain any of those great sums which afterwards swelled his fortune. On the other hand, Mr. Gould perhaps made the same amount with less difficulty than he experienced in his subsequent operations.

It is certain that the list of men who have obtained great wealth will suggest the truth that is in Mr. Gould's theory. The record shows a score or more of men who, in the generation in which Mr. Gould was prominent, made fortunes and afterwards lost them; while the number of those who created vast estates, as he did, and who died possessed of them, is exceedingly small.

Jay Gould began a career as a money maker not so much because he had any love of money for itself, as because his qualities of intellect were such as compelled him to seek the excitement, and to exercise the abilities, which the creation of a fortune out of nothing but intellectual force involves and requires. Commodore Vanderbilt was almost old enough to be his younger rival's father when that great battle was waged between them in which the honors were at least equally divided; for neither came off the better or the worse from the encounter. It established, however, Gould's reputation for organizing and combating ability. No man had ever before faced the redoubtable commodore without suffering.

From that point Mr. Gould carried on a campaign for the creation of wealth which in some of its aspects suggests the impetuous cavalry warfare of Sheridan, in others the obstinate strategy of Grant, and at times also the diplomacy of a Beaconsfield or a Bismarck. It was once said of him by Senator Conkling, that had he chosen diplomacy for his career, and been born and bred in a country where diplomacy is a great vocation, he would have matched and overmatched the greatest continental masters of that kingly craft.

Mr. Gould was not very much interested in his ancestry, or if he was he did not reveal that interest to any but his own family. His genealogy, however, has been traced by others, and is set forth in the published records of the Burr family—connected with the Goulds by marriage—and of the Mores, his mother's people, whose name is borne by numerous land owners, lawyers, and merchants in and around Delaware County, where he was born. The Mores and Goulds were both of Scottish origin. The latter first came to America at the middle of the seventeenth century, settling in Connecticut. Abraham Gould was one of the first officers commissioned in his State's Revolutionary service, and was lieutenant colonel of his regiment—the Fourth Connecticut—when he was killed in action, during Tryon's raid upon the town of Danbury. Mr. Abraham Gould Jennings, of Brooklyn, a descendant, and a distant cousin of the Goulds, possesses the sword Colonel Gould carried when he fell.

At the close of the Revolution, the Goulds moved westward from Connecticut to the region of the upper Delaware. But it is not with the ancestry of Mr. Gould so much as with his immediate descendants, and the family which has been created by his wealth, that the interest of today is concerned. It was apparent, some years before Mr. Gould's death, that his

Jay Gould.

From a photograph by Bogardus, New York.

purposes had changed, and for that reason his methods. When an attack was made upon his credit, when it was alleged that he had no substantial fortune to justify his vast operations, he did one of the most amazing things ever done by any capitalist, violating all the traditions and even rules of financial management, as Grant violated the rules of war when he abandoned his base and swept around Vicksburg. Mr. Gould summoned a few friends to his office, and there exposed to them stocks and other securities aggregating some fifty millions of dollars in value.

"These," he told them, "are all mine, and they are sufficient to protect my credit."

So it was known at that time, some twelve years before his death, and when he had scarcely passed his fortieth year, that with his brain as his only capital he had within twenty years accumulated one of the greatest existing fortunes.

It was about that time that Mr. Gould invested in certain railroads in the Southwest. When some surprise was expressed that he should have gone so far away from home, and put his money into almost bankrupt roads, in a comparatively unsettled region, he replied that he had taken these railroads as other men invest in expensive amusements. He wanted to see what he could do with them. If he lost, he would not lose very much; if his plans succeeded, he would have established a new railway system. Thus it was seen that Mr. Gould was now bent upon creating rather than upon gaining his money by speculation—a process which often involves destruction. So, too, having great faith in the future of the

telegraph business, and in the capacity of a single controlling corporation to make permanent and sure profits, he turned his attention to the telegraph company with which he became so closely identified. The development of the elevated railway system in New York, also, was beginning to suggest the permanence and the profit to be found in a large investment in these rapid transit roads. Thus in the last ten or twelve years of his life Mr. Gould turned conservator, seeking not so much to increase his fortune vastly as to protect it amply, so that it might be left unimpaired to his children.

George J. Gould.

At the time of his death, Mr. Gould was only a year or two older than was Commodore Vanderbilt when he first gained a place among America's richest men. Of his five children, only two had reached manhood's estate. The eldest, George, had for some time practically managed his father's interests in the Missouri Pacific system, in the Western Union Telegraph Company, and in the Manhattan Elevated corporation; and he had done it with abundant skill. The second son, Edwin, who had been a companionable youth among his mates, fond of sports, a trooper in a cavalry company of the National Guard, had, it was

George Gould and His Family on Board of the Atalanta.

From a photograph by Hemment, New York.

Furlough Lodge, Near Hardenburgh, New York—George Gould's Place in the Catskills.

Drawn by William Thomson from a photograph.

thought, inherited more of his father's fondness for commercial venture than George. At all events, he embarked in some enterprises upon his own account, none of them speculative, and chief among them being a large corporation for the manufacture of matches. The third son, Howard, was a mere lad when his father passed away, and had not revealed the bent of his mind. He was full of health, and of

The Gould House at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, Now the Residence of Miss Gould.

From a photograph by Byron, New York.

Mrs. George J. Gould.

From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

Miss Gould's Conservatories.

From a photograph by Byron, New York.

the spirits which are the sign of health; especially fond, as all the family was, of the theater, but having that keen sense of family pride which is essential if the fortune of the house is to be preserved intact. Frank Gould, the youngest son, is now nineteen years old, a studious and promising boy, who is studying civil engineering, and meanwhile laying the foundations of his business training in his brother Edwin's office.

The two daughters differed somewhat in temperament, but nevertheless each of them had a full understanding of the responsibility which was upon them as great heiresses. Helen, the eldest, inheriting those gentle and charitable impulses which were among the crowning graces of her mother, became interested in philanthropic work. For the mere sensations of social intercourse she seemed to care no more than her father.

The youngest daughter, Anna, stepped from girlhood directly to the responsibilities

Edwin Gould's Residence at Irvington-on-the-Hudson.

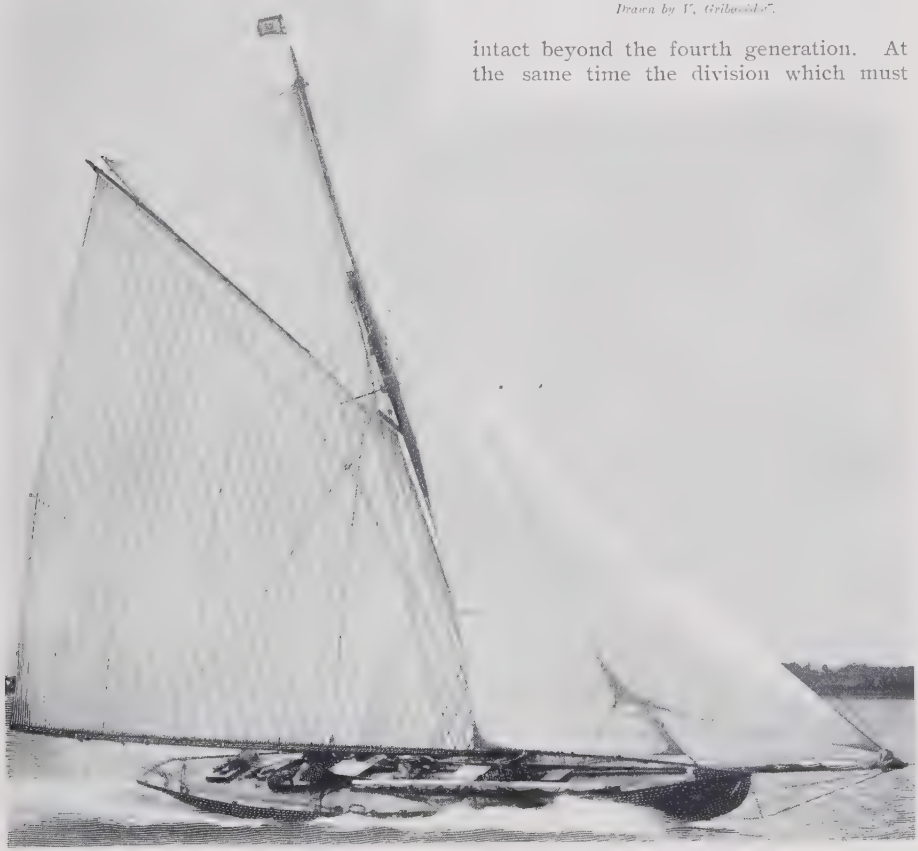
Drawn by William Thomson from a photograph by Byron, New York.

of married life. As a countess of an old French line, she enjoys the exclusive and refined society which the real nobility of France still maintain; and if she be of dreamy or romantic disposition, she may think, in her palace that once sheltered Marie Antoinette, of the joys and sorrows of that historic heroine.

The fortune which at Mr. Gould's death was appraised at about seventy four millions, is thought to have increased so that it is now as much as eighty millions, and perhaps more; at all events it has not been diminished. It will be preserved intact, since it is held for the most part in trust, and by a trusteeship which is not likely to be involved in dissensions. When this generation passes away, and the grandchildren of Jay Gould inherit, then there necessarily must come some subdivision of the property. It has been the rule in this country that great estates do not remain

Edwin Gould.
Drawn by V. Gribayedoff.

intact beyond the fourth generation. At the same time the division which must



The Niagara, Howard Gould's "Twenty Rater" Yacht.
From a photograph by West, Southsea, England.

Kingdon and Jay, the Two Eldest Sons of George J. Gould.

From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

sooner or later be made, carries with it such enormous possessions as to make the two or three branches of the family as wealthy as was its originator. Thus the two branches of the Astor family are each richer than was the original Astor, although the fourth generation now possesses the fortune. So, too, the two elder branches of the Vanderbilt family have each greater wealth than Commodore Vanderbilt devised to his son. And it is probable that under the management of its trustees—George, Edwin, Howard, and Helen Gould—the Gould estate, when it comes to be divided, may in its divisions equal the original amount which its founder left to his children.

T. S. Hebard.

Mrs. Edwin Gould.

From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

INSUFFICIENCY.

DEAR lover, give me back my troth again,
And let me go, thy kiss hot on my lips!
The blood is bursting from my finger tips,
And every breath I draw is living pain.
Far, far below I see the placid plain
Which once was home; the sea, the vagrant ships;
The loitering river through the lowland slips,
Marking its way in music to the main.

Kiss me once more, and let me go in peace!
I cannot breathe beside thee on the height;
The sweet, small things beneath me, out of sight,
E'er drag me downward. Grant me swift release
While yet I worship, lest there come a night
Pierced through and through with love's wild obsequies.

Bessie Gray.

Officers of Company C, Grammar School 54, New York.

OUR SCHOOLBOY SOLDIERS.

THE BEGINNING AND RAPID GROWTH OF THE MOVEMENT THAT AIMS TO MAKE MILITARY DRILL A PART OF THE AMERICAN BOY'S EDUCATION—THE AMERICAN GUARD, AND THE CADET COMPANIES OF PRIVATE SCHOOLS AND CHURCHES.

"Port Arms!"

THE movement for the adoption by the public schools of a system of military instruction, which first took practical shape only three years ago, has outgrown the most sanguine hopes of its early promoters, and promises to become a really important factor in American life.

Although the pupils of private and public schools in various cities and towns had for a number of years been organized as military companies, it was not until 1893 that a concerted effort was made to secure the general introduction of military drill as a part of the instruction given in the public schools. The Grand Army was one of its earliest and most influential promoters. In August of the year mentioned, Lafayette Post, of New York City, passed resolutions setting forth the advantages that would result from a much wider extension of the system of military training, and urging that it be adopted in all the schools of the country. Accompanying the resolutions was a memorial which was presented at the national encampment of the great veterans' association, held at Indianapolis in September, 1893. At that meeting the expediency of giving our schoolboys an elementary knowledge of military matters was urged, and a plan was outlined for an organized movement to influence educational authorities to provide for the introduction of a suitable drill. This memorial was unanimously adopted, and the encampment further recommended that department commanders should call the attention of all Grand Army men to the importance of the subject.

Accordingly, local committees were formed to promote necessary legislation, action by school boards, and, where possible, aid by provision of arms, equipments, and instructors. The result was the cre-

ation of a widespread interest in the subject throughout the country, and—in spite of a few expressions of opposition—the rapid growth of favorable public sentiment.

To forward the Grand Army's work in this direction, Commander in Chief Lawlor organized a special staff, of which General George W. Wingate, of Brooklyn, was the American Guard, as the youthful soldiers are called.

The advantages of the system are so self evident that only a bare outline of them need be given. First, as to the physical benefits. The form of drill suggested includes not only the manual of arms and marching, but a thorough "setting up"

Ambulance Corps, First Battalion of the American Guard (Grammar School 87, New York).

From a photograph by the Columbian Photograph Company, New York.

appointed special aid, with charge of all matters pertaining to military drill in schools. Department aids were appointed in thirty five States, care being taken to select comrades who were in a position to devote their time and ability to promoting the objects of the special staff. A pamphlet containing information in regard to the benefits of the system advocated, and suggestions for introducing it into schools, was prepared by General Wingate, and circulars and letters on the subject were printed and distributed among the educational authorities of the country. Valuable assistance was given by the press, which has greatly helped in securing the formation of companies of exercise which makes boys erect, active, and alert. A free, graceful carriage of the body, the proper position of arms and shoulders, and the use of the limbs in motion and repose, are among the things which are thoroughly taught. It is not intended that the drill shall take the place of athletic sports in the high schools, but its service in developing the pupils of graded schools will be an excellent preparation for other forms of exercise. Instead of slouching carriage, awkward gait, and careless appearance, the drill inculcates neatness in person and clothing, a firm step, and a straight and graceful figure. The slow and heedless are taught quickness of eye and

The Omaha High School Cadets

Drawn by J. M. Gleeson from a photograph.

Officers of St. George's Cadets, New York, in Camp.

ear, head and foot, and in after life will be brighter and stronger for the hours spent in their company's ranks.

Still more important are the mental and moral lessons directly or indirectly given in the course of military instruction. The boys are taught to be brave, honorable, and manly; that they must be obedient, courteous, and respectful; that they must protect the weak, be helpful to their com-

Officers of Cadets, Berkeley School, New York.

From a photograph by Pach, New York.

Cadets of the Jamestown, New York, High School

From a photograph.

The Berkeley School Cadets, New York.

From a photograph by Pach, New York.

rades, and above all else be truthful and patriotic.

During the three days' celebration of the centennial of President Washington's inauguration, which took place in New York in April and May, 1889, the most noticeable feature of the great industrial parade on the third day was the marching of four thousand schoolboys. As the regiments from the various schools passed by the reviewing stands along the line of march, their perfect alignment and precise movements evoked storms of applause. The opinion generally expressed—by President Harrison, among others—was that the boy soldiers made a better display comparatively, than the National Guard.

The excellent showing made on this occasion was a testimony to the earnest efforts of a few New York grammar school principals. Prominent among these early advocates of the American Guard were Principals Boyer, of School No. 87, and Gaddis, of School No. 54. These gentlemen had for years promoted the drilling of school children, outside of school hours, and had set an example which others had followed. When the suggestion of uniformed companies as a part of the public school system came prominently before the educational authorities of the city, the experience of the schools in which a somewhat similar drill had been tried was the strongest argument in favor of its general adoption.

In October, 1893, the first battalion of the American Guard was organized in Grammar School No. 87, at Amsterdam Avenue and Seventy Seventh Street, by Principal E. H. Boyer. The equipment consisted of a dark blue coat with State buttons; blue trousers; belt, cartridge box, and bayonet sheath; brown canvas leggings, cap with wreath and the letters "A. G.," and white gloves. The total cost of the uniform was a trifle over ten dollars. The name "American Guard," suggested by Principal Boyer, was adopted at a meeting of the municipal board of education. The instruction given in the first battalion, and generally followed in all other schools, consists of the West Point and setting up drill; facings and salutes; marching by squads; manual of arms, and regular drill by company and battalion. The younger boys carry wooden guns, while those in the upper grades are furnished with cadet rifles.

In December, 1894, an "advisory council for military instruction in the public schools" was formed by the board of education, and the principals of the grammar schools, the commanders of the Grand Army posts, and the army and navy officers stationed in New York, were invited to membership. Active measures for the promotion of military drill were at once commenced. Bills providing for both State and national recognition of the American Guard were prepared, and sent to Albany and Washington. The former passed both branches of the Legislature, but was vetoed by the governor on account of an appropriation of $25,000, which had not been provided for in the estimates. The bill introduced in Congress was not brought to a vote, but is expected to come up again.

Through the efforts of the advisory council a number of public exhibitions, showing the proficiency of the boy soldiers, were given in some of the regimental armories and elsewhere. The system was rapidly extended until there are now in New York more than sixty schools in which companies have been formed. The total membership is almost thirty thousand, half of which is uniformed. On Memorial Day of last year sixteen regiments of the American Guard, numbering more than ten thousand cadets, paraded down Fifth Avenue, creating the greatest enthusiasm by their precise, orderly marching, and erect and soldierly carriage.

While New York has been making soldiers of her scholars, other cities and towns have been active on the same lines. The report of General Wingate at the Grand Army encampment at Louisville, last August, shows that the movement is gradually spreading over the whole country. In Maine, the city of Portland not only authorizes military instruction in its schools, but has appropriated money to purchase Springfield cadet rifles for the boys. The public schools in Concord, Nashua, Manchester, and Laconia, New Hampshire, all have companies of uniformed schoolboys, whose drill, discipline, and appearance are reported as excellent. It is expected that similar companies will be formed in all towns of the State having a high school with an average attendance of forty, and legislative recognition will be secured at the first opportunity.

In Connecticut, a number of towns and cities have already adopted some form of drill in schools, notably Norwich, where companies of uniformed cadets paraded last year on Memorial Day. In Rhode Island, Providence alone has twenty five public and private schools where a system of drill is practised. There are four companies at Brown University, and a score or more of churches have organized cadet bodies.

In Massachusetts, military drill is given in about sixteen cities, Boston having taken

the initiative several years ago. The Boston School Regiment's annual parade is a feature which is growing more popular each year. In Brookline, Lowell, Lynn, New Bedford, Woburn, and Hyde Park, military drill in the high schools is obligatory. In other cities and towns it is optional with the pupils, who, as a rule, are anxious to join the companies.

In New York State, outside of the metropolis, about twenty cities and towns have adopted the military drill, Brooklyn leading in the number of pupils enrolled in companies. Principal William Felter, of Grammar School 15, in Brooklyn, has a uniformed battalion of two hundred boys, and Grammar School 44, under the supervision of Principal Campbell, has nearly as large a number. Nearly all the pupils in the Brooklyn schools are drilled in the "setting up" exercises, facings, and marching by fours. In Elmira, Ithaca, Hornellsville, Jamestown, and elsewhere, regularly organized and equipped companies of boys are instructed in the principles of military training; and in other cities, where the drill system is not in vogue, steps are now being made to introduce it.

Reports from the Southern and Western States are not so encouraging, yet even there the idea has taken hold and is making progress. In Omaha, there is a battalion of about four hundred high school cadets, who are drilled by a regular army officer. Their soldierly appearance may be judged from the engraving on page 461. Some of their officers will be detailed this year to instruct the boys in the graded schools. In Ottawa, Kansas, the school board has adopted military instruction and reports good results. In Denver, there are five companies of uniformed and well drilled boys in the public schools, and action has been taken to organize military companies in the State University and the preparatory schools connected with it. In the State University of Idaho there are two companies of cadets, uniformed and commanded by lieutenants from the regular army. In Arizona a bill was passed by the Legislature last year, authorizing military instruction in the public schools. The Seattle high school has a company of fifty boys, uniformed and equipped with cadet rifles.

Coming back to the East, the national capital has eleven companies of high school cadets, uniformed and fully equipped with arms furnished by the Secretary of War. The question of extending the drill to the Washington grammar schools was recently considered by the board of trustees, and a favorable report sent to the commissioners for the District of Columbia. Final action is expected to be in favor of military training in all the schools.

Delaware is preparing to adopt a system of drill in the grammar and high schools of Wilmington, under the direction of Lieutenant Frier, U. S. A. There are now four companies of the boys' brigade in Wilmington. In Baltimore, there are several companies of boys in connection with the public schools, and the question of adopting the drill in all the schools has been under consideration by the city council and the school board. It is probable that their decision will be favorable to the drill.

Second in point of numbers only to those of the public schools are the cadet companies of the private schools; while so far as the thoroughness of the instruction is concerned, the latter bodies are doubtless much in advance of the public institutions. Among the private schools noted for their finely drilled and equipped cadets are the Berkeley School and the La Salle Institute of New York, the boys of the former being drilled under the personal supervision of Principal White.

In addition to the drill in public and private schools, there have in recent years sprung up, all over the country, cadet companies in connection with churches of various denominations, some of them numbering hundreds of boy soldiers. The illustration on page 462 shows the officers of the cadets of the well known Episcopal church of St. George, New York. There are also many companies of temperance cadets, who are drilled in practically the same manner as the pupils of the public schools.

Recent events have brought the question of national defense prominently before the public. If this country has rights which it desires to assert against the pretensions of foreign powers, it must be prepared to fight for them. Military authorities have recently agreed in urging the drilling of the millions of American schoolboys as a useful training for a volunteer force, which could go to the front without losing time in learning the rudiments of war. Without the heavy burden of the French and German system, we should secure much of its benefit, by having practically the whole male population trained to some extent in military affairs. Hence it is likely that before long military drill will be established everywhere as a part of the American common school system.

Whidden Graham.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

COLUMBIA'S CHAIR OF MUSIC.

The appointment of E. A. MacDowell to the chair of music at Columbia has been received everywhere with favor, and it is hoped that the man who is widely recognized as our most brilliant composer will henceforth have more time to devote to his work. He has been one of the busiest men, teaching, conducting, and giving concert tours, leaving himself, during the winter, absolutely no time for composing. In summer it has been his habit to take a house in the country, wear off his fatigue, and begin his serious work. He never uses a piano in composing.

In giving Mr. MacDowell time to add to our scanty score of compositions, the new chair will probably perform its chief public service. Its lack of wider usefulness will not be due to any shortcoming on the part of its occupant. Mr. MacDowell has the soul of a dreamer, as his music shows, but his practical every day work also shows him to be a man of affairs, so that so far as he is concerned the professorship will be conscientiously filled. The question is whether the technical course at Columbia is a wise one. American college youth seems to find the study of music as foreign to its wants as the average American finds wine with his dinner. It may be good and cheap, but he does not care for it. The study of music in a broad sense, as a fine art—of its history, its effect upon civilization, its general character—is necessary in a liberal education, but there appears to be no real demand for instruction in counterpoint and harmony at our universities.

WIELDERS OF THE BATON.

It has been definitely announced that Mancinelli will return to the Metropolitan Opera House in the autumn. There has been a great deal of discussion between the friends of Seidl, and those who want Mancinelli back. There is no doubt that Seidl is one of the greatest, if not *the* greatest conductor of Wagnerian music now living. Wagner himself so considered him. But Mancinelli is the best all around conductor who has ever been at the opera house. Seidl conducted only the German operas last season, and for these he deserved the greatest credit; but another than Bevignani was certainly needed for the important work remaining.

Some of Seidl's friends seem to consider him wronged by the admiration which Walter Damrosch has received during the past year. The matter was entirely in their own hands. Mr. Damrosch, by his public spirit, has given the country the benefit of his talents and enterprise, and he deserves his reward, quite irrespective of the claims of any of his contemporaries. Comparisons are odious and entirely unnecessary.

OPERA IN LONDON.

Covent Garden's list of singers for this season comprises almost all of the famous names we know on opera programs. This London company enjoys advantages given to no other in the world. Singers who come from there to America are paid larger salaries, generally averaging from two hundred to five hundred dollars a night. It is startling to be told that in many cases they receive nothing at all at Covent Garden, and many of those who are young and unknown gladly pay substantial sums to be allowed to sing there. To have been noticed at Covent Garden assures a singer a favorable reception here.

Eames, who has made such strides in reputation during the past winter, may sing the title rôle in Cæsar Franke's "Chiselle" at Covent Garden this year. This was one of her triumphs at Monte Carlo. Mme. Eames seemed to gain in confidence, and become in a measure a new woman under her winter's triumphs. People had forgotten that after all this beautiful young woman was little more than an inexperienced girl, and that Melba and Calvé at her age were far behind her in achievement, when they compare the three.

AN ENGLISH OPERA.

At last we have a successful grand opera in English. It was written by Dr. Villiers Stanford, and is called "Shamus O'Brien." It smacks strongly of the Irish soil, and quotes some of the famous old Hibernian melodies which Plunket Greene has made familiar to American audiences. The very spirit of Irish humor has been transferred to the whole opera, and it had an instant success in London.

The composer has already gone to work upon another theme. He wisely took his lesson from Dvorak, Tchaikowsky, and Smetana, and instead of imitating the older men of a foreign country, wrote music which he himself thoroughly understood, and whose spirit was familiar to his countrymen.

MUSIC VERSUS FRESH AIR.

A number of New York women have been trying to get Theodore Thomas in the Madison Square Garden for the late summer months, for a series of cheap concerts. It would seem that the experiment at the Metropolitan Opera House should have proven conclusively that New Yorkers do not want anything of the kind. The average New Yorker does not wish to sit under a tight roof to listen to anything during the summer. He does not care to promenade to music, using it as an accompani-

ment to conversation. And he finds himself too little of an enthusiast to sit in a hot room and do nothing while an orchestra plays, when he can hear the light and popular airs and feel the breath of the sea at the same time. Theories of what the people want and what they ought to enjoy are not always compatible with the facts.

ROSENTHAL'S AMERICAN TOUR.

Moritz Rosenthal, who is to appear in America next year in a tour which he hopes will in some degree copy Paderewski's success, has been obliged to cancel his London engagements for this year on account of illness in his family. From his home on the shore of the Adriatic, he writes to America respecting his coming tour. He modestly remarks that he requires no advertising, that all he wants is a piano and a public, and the rest will take care of itself.

It is eight years since Rosenthal was here, but many musical critics declare that at that time he surpassed Paderewski. He is comparatively young, having been born in 1860. He was one of Liszt's pupils. But the critics are leaving entirely out of the question the magnetism which is the charm of Paderewski's appearances. The Polish pianist throws an individuality into his work which gives a distinct and peculiar impression—an impression which no other artist of this day seems able to create.

A NEW PIANIST OF PROMISE.

Miss Laura Danziger, whose portrait we published some months ago, promising a bright American future for her, made her New York début in April with brilliant results. It is very difficult for a new pianist to make a footing with us just now. Paderewski has shown what can be done, even in these busy days, by a pianist of genius; but managers are afraid to put an untried artist before the public, and the manager must have faith before the public can express itself. Miss Danziger's success was instant. She gave a program such as has been given by no woman since Esipoff, and her fine, sure touch, and her forcible technique, allow her great liberty as an interpreter. She can give her whole attention to the spirit of her rendering, the instrument being entirely under her control.

After her artistic success at the Mendelssohn Glee Club, Miss Danziger played in Troy, and proved that she has the essential magnetism for a popular artist. In the hall at Troy were three thousand people, not all of whom could have been lovers of classical music, yet this girl of eighteen, who if she were a boy would be called an infant prodigy, played the works of the masters in so spirited a fashion, that as she came back for her last encore half the audience was standing on the seats.

RALPH BERNHEIM AND PADEREWSKI.

Another young pianist who will make his début next winter does so through the advice of Paderewski, who heard him play many times during the past season. Ralph Bernheim is the nephew of Moses Ezekial, the sculptor, and the friend of Liszt. His interpretations of Chopin are said to be remarkable. He plays his chosen composer with flowing grace and an insight into the subtleties of the musician poet.

Paderewski's advice to Mr. Bernheim was remarkable. He told him not to put himself under the guidance of any one master abroad, but to study for himself. His connections, his mentor told him, would make it possible for him to live in a thoroughly artistic atmosphere, to know and hear all of the great musicians and to study their methods, but not to attach himself to any school. This from a man who clung almost entirely to Leschetiszky is odd advice, and presupposes great talent and originality on the part of the young musician to whom it was given.

Paderewski will play in London during the present season, but his American tour has thoroughly exhausted him, and he announces that he will give up performing in public almost entirely for the next three years, devoting himself to composition. He will, however, come back to his American admirers for a tour with the New York Liederkranz.

IN HONOR OF MOZART.

For the first time the emperor of Austria has officiated at the unveiling of a monument to a musician. The archdukes and almost all the court appeared to do honor to the ceremony, surrounded by the literary and artistic men of Europe.

The new statue of Mozart is erected in the Albrecht Platz in Vienna, just behind the opera house. It is the work of a well known Austrian, Victor Tilgner, who died a week before the unveiling. The monument represents the musician standing erect, his hand on an elaborate music desk. Symbolic figures surround him.

THE FAME OF SCHUBERT.

A hitherto unknown overture by Franz Schubert has been discovered. Sir George Grove has long looked for a symphony which Schubert was known to have written, but which had disappeared, and was thought to have been used by a grocer for wrapping paper.

At the time of the musician's death, his world did not know him as a genius. Dvorak has pointed out that the Viennese were not so much to blame, as only seven years elapsed between the publication of his first work and his death; and that he was known to them as a song writer. Rossini and Beethoven were both alive, and their greatness overshadowed any new talent.

In many ways Schubert foreshadowed Wagner, particularly in his use of brass instruments softly played. His knowledge of form was wonderful. Some of his greatest works were written when he was a boy under twenty. Year by year his fame grows until

today all musicians acknowledge him as one of the greatest and most original geniuses that ever lived.

THE DE RESZKES AND WAGNER.

One by one, all singers who are imbued with the modern spirit fall under the charm of Wagner. The de Reszkes, particularly the younger, held out against the great German composer for years, but finally, when Paris, which had once hissed him, set Wagner up as a popular idol, Jean de Reszke saw a great rôle in *Tristan*, and studied German that he might be able to interpret it. Opinions concerning his success have been various. When he sang the part with Mme. Nordica in Chicago, this spring, he and the rest of the singers agreed that it was the finest performance of the opera they had ever known. Calvé and Melba went upon the stage, after it was over, to express their delight. They said that up to that moment they had been only half hearted admirers of the Wagnerian music drama, but after seeing Nordica and Jean de Reszke as the passionate lovers, they could only call it a sublime work.

When Nordica and de Reszke played "Tristan and Isolde" during the spring season in New York, Mme. Klafsky sat in a box. Mme. Klafsky has a very expressive face, and she puts no mask upon it. She thought the performance funny, and she said so, if features can speak. But in words she only mildly remarked that she thought Germans best understood the master.

Jean de Reszke is to sing his *Tristan* to Albani's *Isolde* in London. The Queen of England does not believe in deserting old friends because fickle youth has left them. It would be interesting to hear Mme. Klafsky's frank comments upon Albani's rendition of Wagner's love goddess.

MUSIC IN ITALY.

Berlioz has always said that in the last analysis, paradoxical as it may sound, Italy is the least musical of all nations. His opinion will probably be indorsed by Saint-Saens. Everybody must allow that the Parisian organist is a thorough and finished musician. Not long ago his "Henry VIII" was to be produced in Milan, and the composer traveled down there to conduct the last rehearsals, and to see that the opera was properly given. It had been very successful in Paris. To his surprise, it was received with complete indifference, and he was not called before the curtain or complimented in any way.

Italy may be disinclined to accept a French composer, but she is flocking to hear Wagner. The great German whom she once hissed is played oftener during the season than are her own masters.

FORTUNE'S FAVORITES.

It is one of the romances of the musical world that most tenors are accidental discoveries. A man may be a beggar today, but if an accident discloses that he has a golden throat, there are many people ready to develop it, and bring the owner into training for the great fortune which the world is ready to give him.

During Mme. Melba's recent stay in Chicago she is said to have discovered a marvelous tenor whom she has sent to Europe to be educated, promising Jean de Reszke that he will never be missed, because her new protégé will be more than ready to pick up his laurels when he lays them down.

The history of the operatic stage says that Wachtel began life as a postilion. Lefranc, the great tenor of the last generation, was a porter in a railway station, who was singing about his work when Gounod passed that way and snatched him up to fame. It is interesting to know that the railway porters of Marseilles, his native town, supported him for a time. Campanini was a blacksmith, who was singing at his forge when his discoverer heard him and took him away to glory. De Lucia was a drummer boy.

Jean de Reszke for years was not a tenor at all, but a baritone, singing in small towns and attracting no particular attention. His sister made a hit in Paris, and secured an engagement for her two brothers. Patti was the prima donna who first had the mortification of seeing her audience desert her for the new tenor. She has never sung with him since.

A MUSICIAN OF A PAST GENERATION.

Lizst, who knew women so well, often spoke of Clara Schumann, who died not many weeks ago, as the most sincere woman and musician he had ever known. "In every respect faultless, she has through earnest application, energy, will power, and self sacrifice, arrived at a mastery that bears her own infallible stamp. Many make more noise, few make more music."

Clara Schumann was the daughter of Frederick Wieck, a musician of considerable note. She was a very precocious child, and made her début as a pianist at the age of nine. At twenty one, after a most romantic courtship, she married Robert Schumann. She was his inspiration, the source of the genius that gave to the world his poetic compositions. Schumann was a law student when she became acquainted with him, but she changed the whole current of his ambitions. She saw the composer in the simple student, and after their marriage she devoted her heart and soul and talent to aid the development of her husband's possibilities. She colored every one of his works by her sentiment and delicacy of perception.

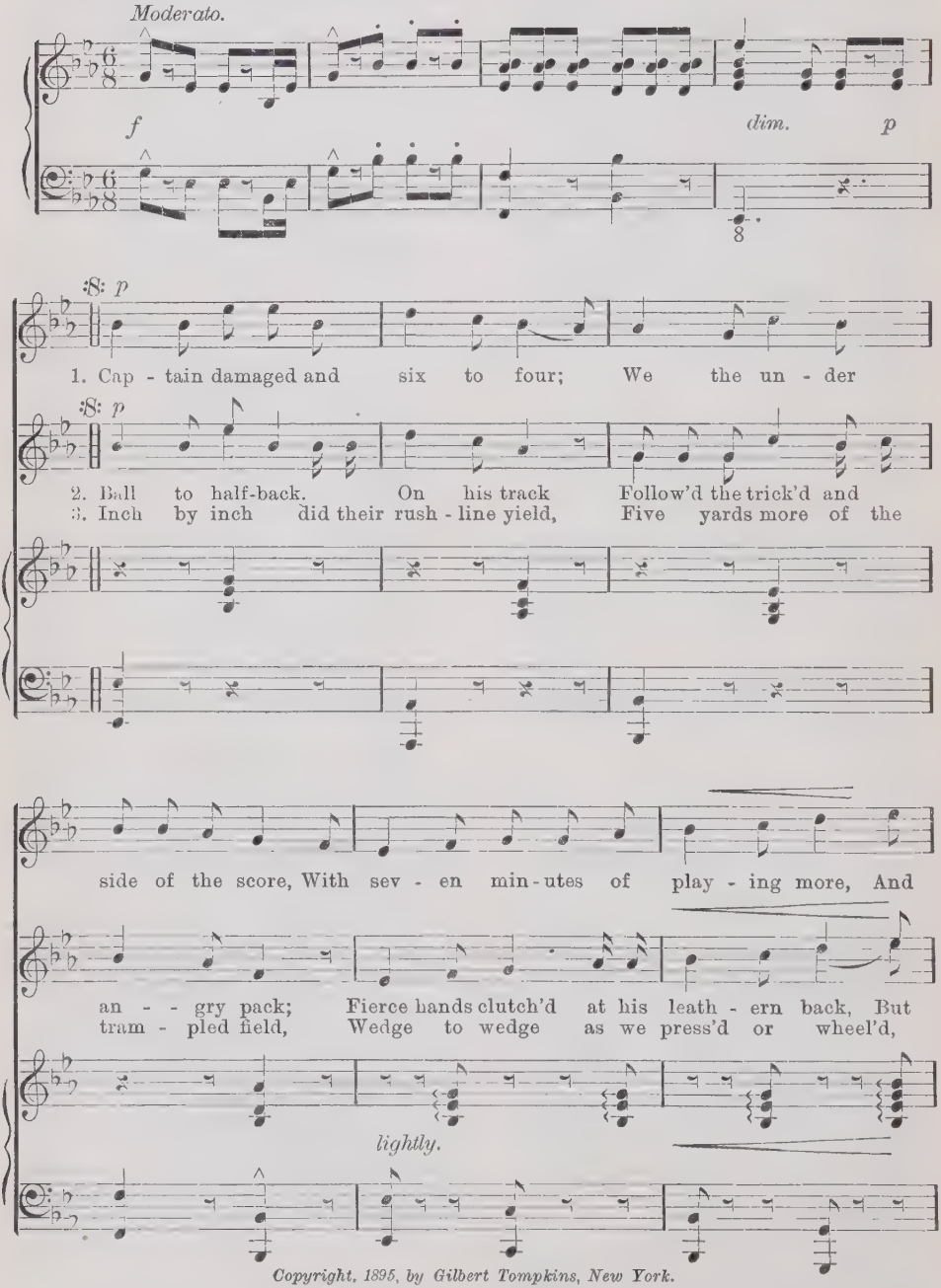
Mme. Schumann's own fame rests primarily upon her skill as a pianist. She was the greatest of her sex. No woman of modern times, whatever her gifts, was more admired by her contemporary workers. Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Meyerbeer were her friends. In her childhood Goethe said that she was the most wonderful child that ever lived. In her early years she played Beethoven almost entirely, but later she turned to the newer men.

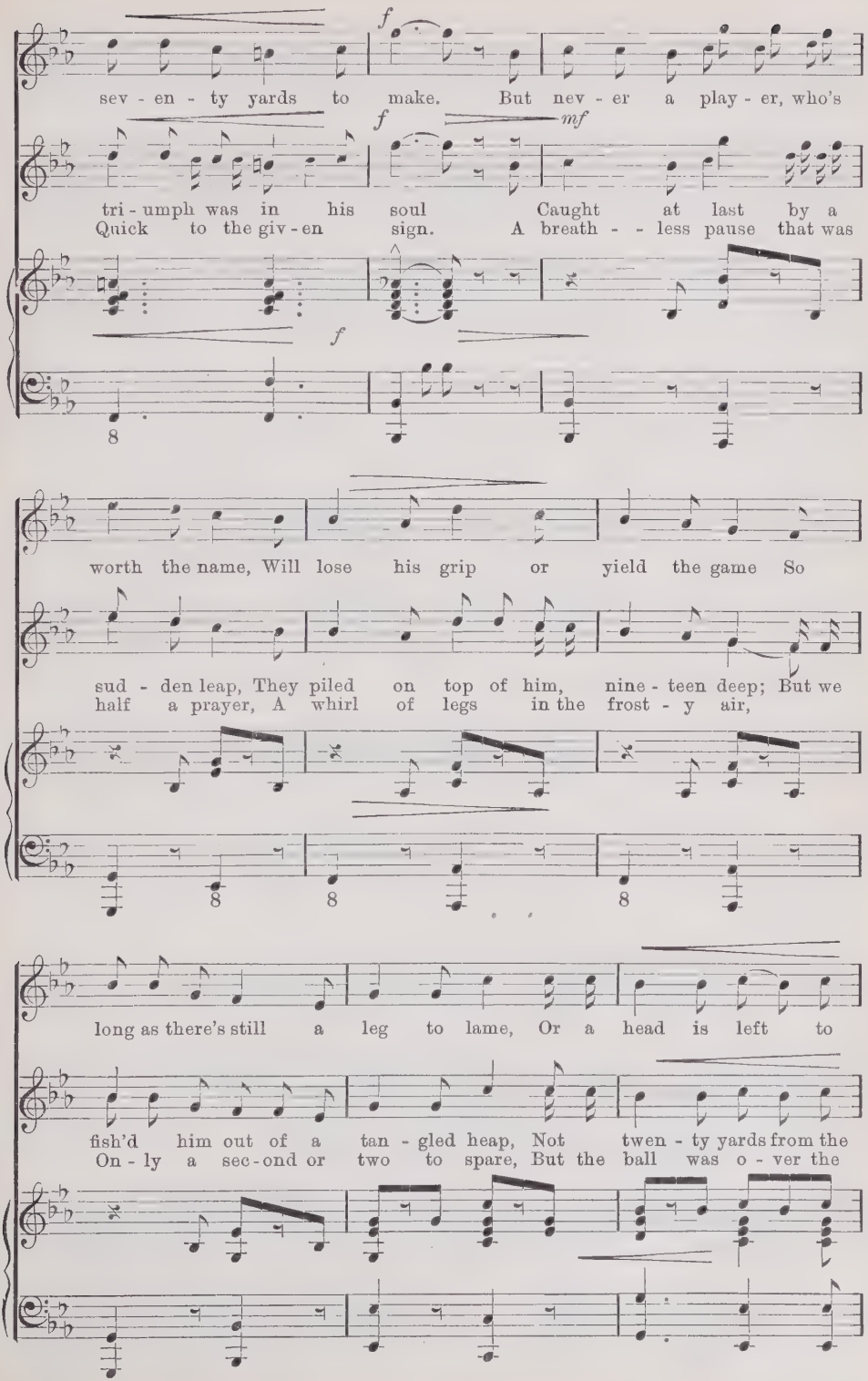
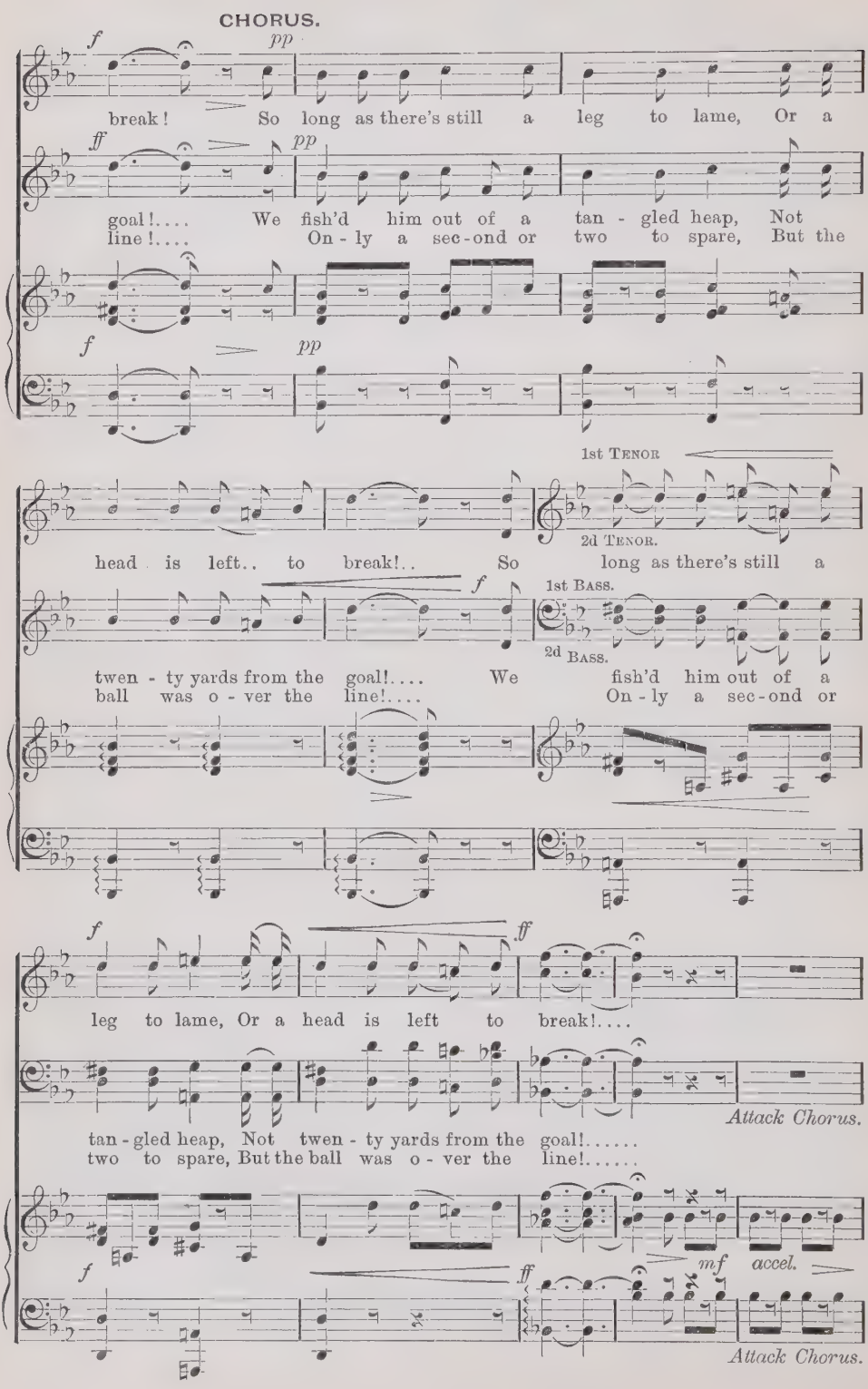
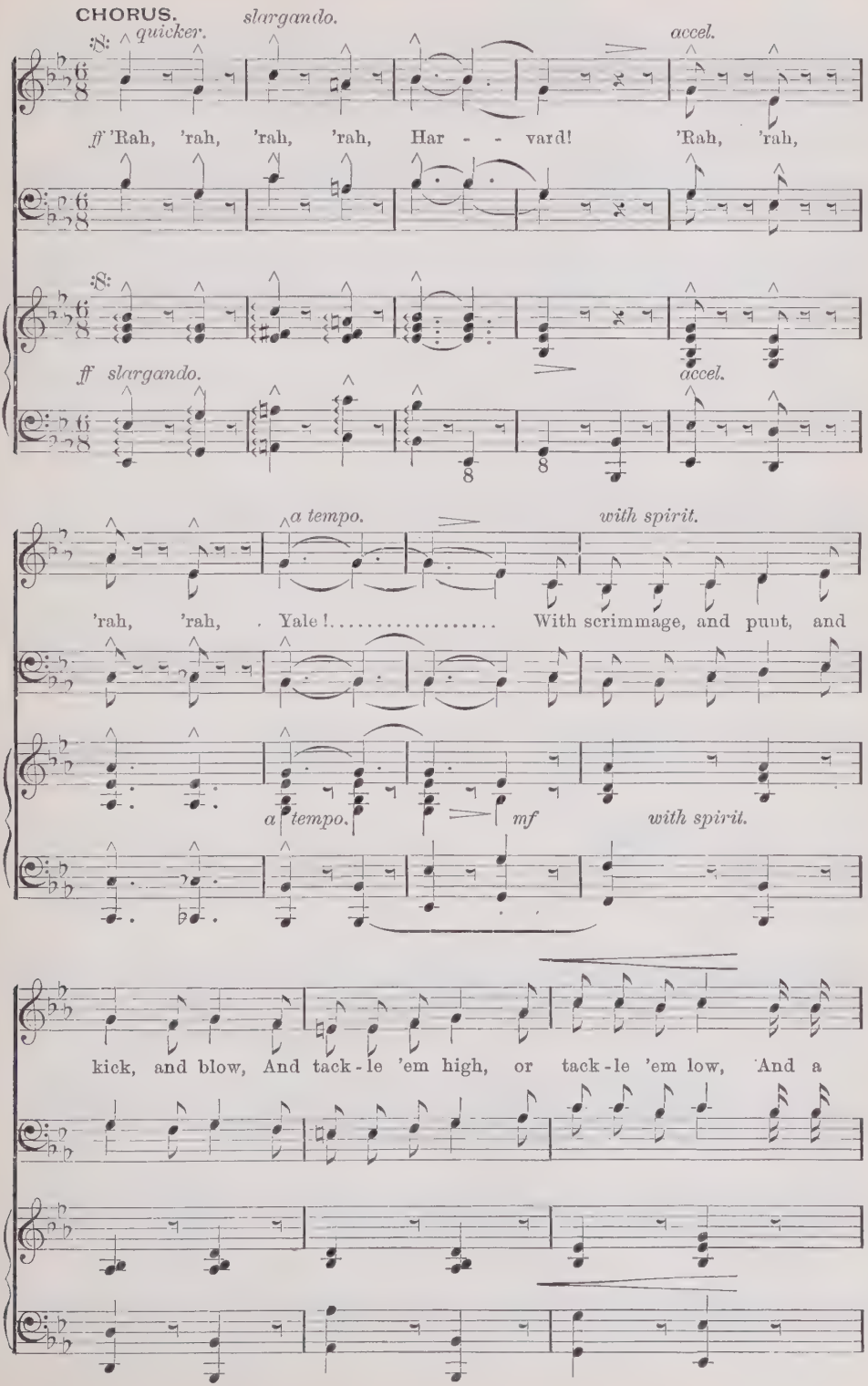
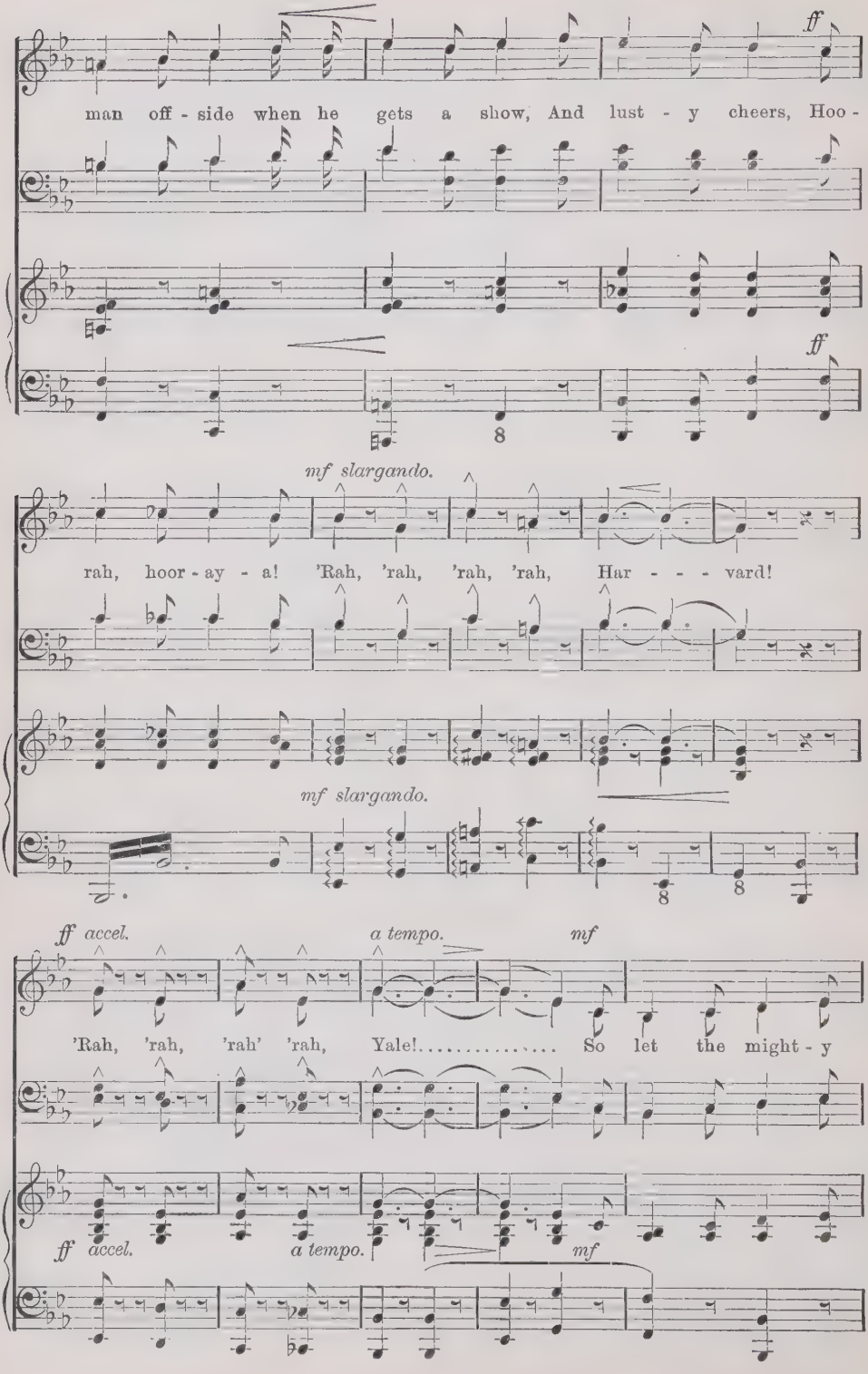
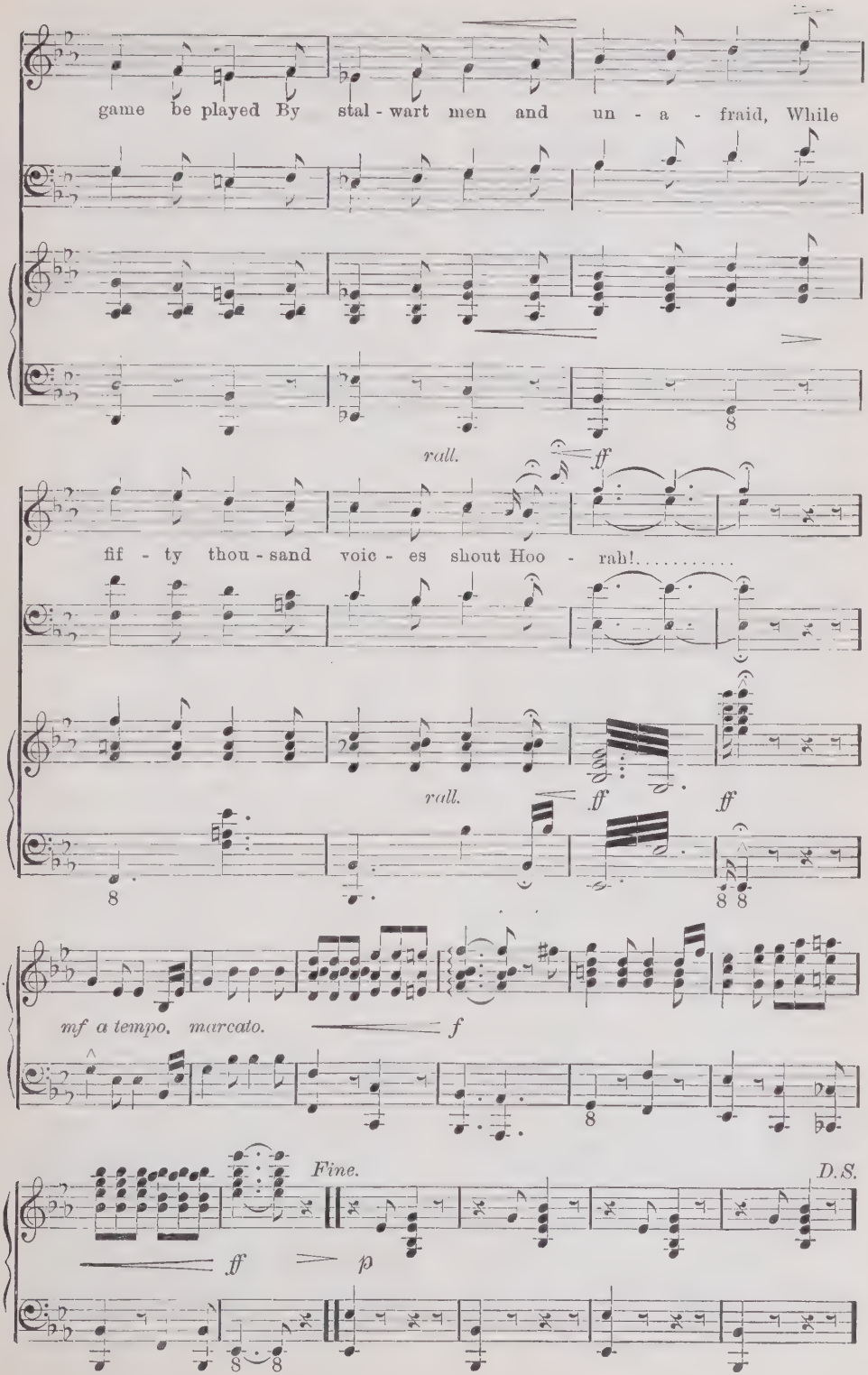
THE WINNING TOUCHDOWN.

A FOOTBALL SONG.

WORDS BY
JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

MUSIC BY
GILBERT TOMPKINS.


Moderato.
f
dim.
p
1. Cap - tain damaged and six to four; We the un - der
2. Ball to half-back. On his track Follow'd the trick'd and
3. Inch by inch did their rush - line yield, Five yards more of the
side of the score, With sev - en min - utes of play - ing more, And
an - - gry pack; Fierce hands clutch'd at his leath - ern back, But
tram - pled field, Wedge to wedge as we press'd or wheel'd,
lightly.

Copyright, 1895, by Gilbert Tompkins, New York.

f
sev - en - ty yards to make. But nev - er a play - er, who's
f
mf
tri - umph was in his soul Caught at last by a
Quick to the giv - en sign. A breath - - less pause that was
f
worth the name, Will lose his grip or yield the game So
sud - den leap, They piled on top of him, nine - teen deep; But we
half a prayer, A whirl of legs in the frost - y air,
long as there's still a leg to lame, Or a head is left to
fish'd him out of a tan - gled heap, Not twen - ty yards from the
On - ly a sec - ond or two to spare, But the ball was o - ver the

CHORUS.
break! So long as there's still a leg to lame, Or a
goal!.... We fish'd him out of a tan - gled heap, Not
line!.... On - ly a sec - ond or two to spare, But the
1st Tenor
2d Tenor.
head is left.. to break!.. So long as there's still a
1st Bass.
2d Bass.
twen - ty yards from the goal!.... We fish'd him out of a
ball was o - ver the line!.... On - ly a sec - ond or
leg to lame, Or a head is left to break!....
Attack Chorus.
tan - gled heap, Not twen - ty yards from the goal!.....
two to spare, But the ball was o - ver the line!.....
mf accel.
Attack Chorus.

CHORUS.
quicker.
slargando.
accel.
ff 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah, 'rah, Har - - vard! 'Rah, 'rah,
ff slargando.
accel.
a tempo.
with spirit.
'rah, 'rah, Yale! With scrimmage, and punt, and
a tempo.
mf
with spirit.
kick, and blow, And tack-le 'em high, or tack-le 'em low, And a

ff
man off - side when he gets a show, And lust - y cheers, Hoo -
ff
8
mf slargando.
rah, hoor - ay - a! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah, 'rah, Har - - - vard!
mf slargando.
8
8
ff accel.
a tempo.
mf
'Rah, 'rah, 'rah' 'rah, Yale!..... So let the might - y
ff accel.
a tempo.
mf

game be played By stal - wart men and un - a - fraid, While
rall.
ff
fif - ty thou - sand voic - es shout Hoo - rah!.....
rall.
ff
ff
mf a tempo. marcato.
f
Fine.
D.S.
ff
p

STORIETTES

THE LITTLE BLUE BONNET.

THERE were some who thought her the most beautiful woman at the Falls. Her gowns were as pretty as any one's; she was amiable, and she was popular; yet she was sitting by herself in a corner of the lonely veranda, wishing she had never been born.

Her wretchedness dated but half an hour back. And the origin? A trifling thing enough.

Hugh Tracy, the big, brown traveler returned from across the seas, had been holding forth to the group in the breezy parlor of the Falls House, herself among the rest; his theme, the maidens of the Old World.

"I presume the maid of Athens ere you parted gave, oh, gave you back your heart?" That was lazy Ned Lyon's inquisitive drawl.

"She never had it." Hugh's answer was flat footed, not to say square toed.

"How about the maids of Castile, Saragoza, et cetera?"

"Ditto," said Hugh. "I didn't flirt with one of them."

"You always were miserably unromantic and shamelessly matter of fact," complained Ned. "Don't suppose you've got a lock of hair to bless yourself with, or ever picked up a trophy of any kind to moon over."

"I'm not very moony," owned Hugh, "but I've got *one* keepsake in my possession that's worth all the locks and fans and gloves and dead flowers you've accumulated in your brilliant career—a souvenir of the one who will be Mrs. Hugh Tracy, if there is ever to *be* any Mrs. Hugh Tracy."

Then it was that the world crumbled away from Rena's feet, and left her treading on nothing, as it were. *She* had never given Hugh Tracy a "keepsake" that she could by any effort recall. Alone, in a dark corner of the shadowy veranda, she sat, and the never ceasing plash of the Falls filled her ears with a miserable melody.

He found her there. It was her big white sleeve that caught his eye, as a cool snow drift might have done, and he invaded her corner without ceremony. They were old friends.

"Rena," he said easily, "you don't know what a funny comparison I've been drawing between your very stylish belleship and the little round dumpling I played with when we were kids—excuse the word. Do you remember yourself?"

"Vaguely," she answered; "it's a long time ago."

"I can see you," he said, smiling at the recollection, "as plainly as if it were yesterday. You were fat enough to roll. You used to wear a short red dress, and an apron that was generally splashed with water. Your shoes were always unbuttoned. Your hair invariably got touzled up and stuck about like a lot of demoralized yellow tassels; and you used to wear (when you weren't recklessly bareheaded) a little sunbonnet of blue stuff, with a kind of ruffled lid at the back that was fastened to the other part with big white buttons like small soup plates. Your favorite mode of wearing it was to cock it over one eye, so that you looked like a jolly little blonde pirate. Do you remember that bonnet?"

"You draw an alluring sketch of me," she said. "Yes, I do have some recollection of such a bonnet—a blue gingham. I lost it, I believe."

"You used to lose lots of things, first and last," said Hugh. "Sometimes I found them."

They were both silent. The moon, just risen, was struggling with a long, ragged cloud. The music of the Falls throbbed in the air.

Presently he spoke again:

"We're old friends, you see, Rena, and I have been wanting, for a good while, to show you that souvenir I spoke of tonight. I have it with me. Would you like to see it?"

Oh, the sobbing of those monotonous Falls! Her heart beat time to the dismal rhythm. But she spoke quietly:

"Yes."

He took a little package from his pocket, and laid it in her lap.

"I found it in the burdocks one day," he said.

She unwound the soft tissue paper from the package, and held it up. The moon had gotten the better of the cloud now, and rolled out with a deluge of clear, brilliant light. She could easily distinguish what she held.

It was the little old blue gingham bonnet she had worn and lost so long ago.

Hattie Whitney.

CONSCIENCE.

ANNETTE was happy. For the first time in months her husband was able to sleep at night. She said to him that it was the sea air; it always cured insomnia; but she knew that it was because every revolution of the screw brought him nearer and nearer to Paris.

It had been fourteen years since he had seen Paris. He had left it little more than a boy, a mere adventurer into the world, and while he had prospered and made a little fortune and married her away out in San Francisco, he had never been quite happy. Every spring the restlessness had come upon him, and he had begged to sell the business and go back "home." At last, when he became thin and sleepless, she could hold out no longer. They were on their way.

All day he would laugh and talk of the scenes

of his young manhood. He told her of the little old church in the "quarter," where the chimes rang, and of the rock down by the river where he played as a child, and later—He would sigh just there, and Annette, with vague jealousy, would change the subject. She knew that later it had been a trysting place where he had gone with some sweetheart, some girl who had owned his heart before she knew it.

He would not stop in London, but hastened on. It was night when the train reached Paris, and they had not dined. He took her to a little hotel of which friends on the ship had told them. Although he was usually so tender and considerate, now that he was so near his goal he could wait no longer, and he left her alone at once. "But it is late," she said. "Wait until morning and I will go with you."

"No! No!"—putting her hands down as she would have held him. "I cannot wait. I have come thousands of miles. I must go." He trembled with excitement, and there was sweat on his brow.

The moon was brilliant. Across the bridge he sped, and up through the quarter he had once known. It was all changed. Whole streets had been obliterated to make room for new ones; the little church with the chimes was gone, but he did not seem to know it. He moved swiftly, like a man walking in his sleep, among the shadows of his brain. At last he came to the spot on the river where the rock had been. It was no longer there, but he did not seem to know that either. He bent down suddenly and began feeling about on the stones as though he had lost something.

A straight figure, pacing behind in the shadow of houses, stopped for a second, and then came swiftly toward him. As a heavy hand rested on his shoulder, he sprang to his feet with a frightened cry, and looked into the grim face of an officer of police.

"You need not look for the knife," the officer said. "It was found just after you killed her, long before the stone was moved. We have been watching for you for fourteen years. We knew you would come back sooner or later. They all do."

And Annette, vaguely jealous, sat up and waited for him. *Anna Leach.*

ONE WOMAN'S JUDGMENT.

In a pleasant room, where the soft glow of a shaded lamp cast its warm light, were two people, a man and a woman. The woman was twenty, perhaps, and tall and slender. Her face was unusually pretty, with its round, girlish outlines and the sweet curves of the mouth; but the gray eyes were thoughtful and dreamy, telling of the exalted ideals and noble purposes that are ours in the springtime of life. The man stood near her, looking down with a gentle yet amused smile. He was thirty or more, and his face hinted of battles fought and won, of manhood which had struggled with the world and yet retained its tenderness.

"What is it, Ruth? What is this terrible something which may come between us and separate us forever? Tell me, and let me show you that it is made only of April snows, and will melt away."

"You mustn't treat it so lightly, Richard," she answered, with a troubled look. "It's a very serious question, and one which is growing in importance, and—we women must do our duty at any cost. Miss Rogers told me that."

"Oh, bother Miss Rogers. I beg your pardon, but what has that estimable old maid to do with us? What is the question, Ruthie? You quite make my hair stand on end when you call me Richard in that tone."

"'Dick' is much too frivolous," she said, "and Miss Rogers is a very intellectual, advanced woman, and a friend of mine."

"Indeed!"

There was an absolute silence for a moment, then Ruth observed:

"I think *indeed* is such a *horrid* word. I wish you wouldn't fling it at me."

"I'm sorry. I suppose I should have said *of course.* See here, Ruthie, I want to know about this barrier affair."

"Well, Richard, it's this," she began, folding her hands primly in her lap, and studying the pattern of the carpet. "I want you to think, to think over your whole life—you know what mine has been—and see if there is anything in your past you could not tell me, anything you would not be willing to have paralleled in my past. Indeed, I am serious—no, don't try to stop me. I'll give you fifteen minutes to think about it."

There was a rustle of silken petticoats, and Richard was alone. He stared absently into the fire, and gradually his face changed and hardened. His mouth grew set and stern, and the lines, which had scarcely been visible, deepened and multiplied. The moments passed, the clock ticked on, one of the logs on the fire broke and fell in showers of sparks. Again there was the *swish, swish* of a woman's skirts, and the tread of slippered feet. He turned to her coldly.

"Do you mean," he said sternly, "that if I cannot truthfully say that my whole past is just as pure and white as your own, you will retract your promise? That you will break with me?"

"It's my duty, Richard," she answered, nervously twisting her rings.

"Then listen. There are things in my past which I am thankful you can never know. My life has not been blameless, free from sin; it has been a long, hard fight, with many blows given and received. I know this, that every time I have been beaten, every time I have fallen, I have risen with new strength, and with greater knowledge of the battle I was waging. I see that you have judged me—that in your heart you have already told me to go. *You* stand there and judge me. *You!* What can *you* know of sin—of temptation? You, who from childhood have been shielded from

any knowledge of the world, whose purity has been carefully guarded, whose life has been lived among people whose every thought is for you and of you? What can you know of a man's life, of the sin that surrounds him everywhere, of the temptations resisted as well as those yielded to? Do you not know that there is no strength in mere innocence—untried virtue? With a temptation overcome, a sin repented of, comes the only real strength of manhood or womanhood; and I am a purer man today, worthier of you in every respect, than I was ten years ago, when there was nothing in my past which might make you shrink from me. My love is a purer love, less selfish, than I could have offered to you then. Oh, Ruth, you cannot know the bitterness of repentance, the anguish of self contempt, nor the somber strength which it brings! Some day, perhaps, you may know and understand." He paused; then, as she made no reply, threw back his head defiantly.

"I see your decision," he continued. "If this is what you call your love—you may keep it. Good night."

He closed the library door behind him, and stood alone in the great, dimly lighted hall. One of the rugs was twisted, and he stooped, mechanically, to straighten it as he buttoned his coat.

"What's the use in telling any woman the real and candid truth?" he muttered, and turned to go; but some one called in a half choked voice,

"Oh, Dick, come back."

She stood in the doorway with both her long, white hands stretched out to him in pleading invitation.

"You are right, Dick," she faltered. "I dare not judge you!"

Mabel Margaret Thompson.

THE END OF HER WAITING.

Her day's work was done, and Jane Barlow had taken her spinning wheel out upon the vine embowered porch, and begun to spin in the last warm rays of the setting sun. She was a familiar sight to all the villagers, and it had been many years since any one had audibly wondered why she chose so odd a time for her spinning, or why she still used her wheel long after all the others had been relegated to the dark, cobwebby attics.

No one knew how pleasant were the memories that the happy spinster brought vividly before her. All day long, as she went about her homely tasks, she would think with joy of that happy hour which always closed her day. Summer or winter, it always came as her one great pleasure, only varied as to location. In the winter she sat at her window, in the summer on the porch. But be the weather what it might, around that old worn wheel there hung an atmosphere of early June and the soft, warm odor of roses.

Time had been kind to Jane Barlow. The brilliant rose color of her girlhood days had faded into a soft blush pink, and the abundant golden hair, though it had become so sprinkled with gray as to make it a neutral tint, was only a little less abundant. Her eyes no longer rivaled the early violets. They were now a cheerful blue, like a violet washed by many rains. But no one would have said she was a day over thirty, while in reality she was within a few weeks of half a century.

It was of this coming birthday of which she was thinking as she sat in the porch. But as she thought of it, her eye fell lovingly upon the wheel, and in her mind she quickly slipped back to the soft June twilight of thirty years before. A soft smile flickered around her lips and crept up into her eyes; and as she bent her head, it seemed as though she heard Alan Faraday coaxing her, as of old, to leave her spinning for a stroll down the lane. Then came the remembrance of what Alan had said to her that night at the gate. Then how, after a few short weeks of happiness, he had gone away to the city to make a fortune, as he told her; and then—ah, then the long, long waiting had begun.

Alan had said that he would come back as soon as he made a home for her, and so she waited. Yes—thirty years, and still he came not. But what matter? Jane was sure he was true to her; sure that some day he would come.

Here the sharp click of her little garden gate aroused her. She rose and gazed uneasily at the strangely familiar figure as it came briskly up the walk.

"Nonsense, dreaming is bad for me," she thought, and she drew her hand across her eyes and looked again and more intently. This surely could be no illusion. The man was close to her now.

"Good evening, ma'am; does Miss Jane Barlow still live here?"

At the sound of the long listened for voice, Jane's heart gave a great glad bound, and then almost stood still. For a minute, her emotion was so strong that she could make no reply. At last, with a faint utterance which she vainly strove to steady, she said,

"Yes—and it is Alan Faraday! Your coming startled me. My heart is a trifle flighty at times. But come in, come in, Alan," and the gentle voice lingered tenderly over the beloved name.

The man laughed pleasantly and said, as he followed her into the quaint, old fashioned parlor,

"So you know me?"

"I should have known you anywhere. Sit down, and I will light the lamp." Miss Jane spoke quietly, but her poor little "flighty" heart beat almost to suffocation with its wild joy.

"From my great likeness to my father, no doubt. Every one sees it," the pleasant voice answered.

Crash! The chimney Jane was about to place on the lamp fell, and broke in many pieces. Jane Barlow sat down quickly in a chair near

"Alan's son—not Alan, but his son! Alan has been married these many years," she murmured brokenly, vainly striving to make her head understand that which had so quickly reached her heart.

She seemed to shrivel up suddenly and grow old in the twilight. Hope was dead, and the youth which hope had held was one.

The pleasant voice, exclaiming, "Oh, let me help you! Past help, I fear. It is broken to bits," partly aroused her.

She looked unseeingly at the pieces of glass, while her little hands fluttered feebly against her heart; then she answered,

"Yes, I am afraid it is broken."

Gilberte Holt.

WHERE THE BLACKBERRIES GROW.

THE girl stands looking at the picture; the man who painted it stands looking at the girl. What a sweet face it is, so girlish, so untouched by the sorrows and passions of life! The look of pleased admiration in the soft eyes gives him an odd sensation of pleasure. He is glad that his work pleases her.

The girl is presently joined by a tall, graceful woman. Shirley gives a slight start.

"Eleanor!" he murmurs.

"Oh, mamma," the girl is saying, "isn't this a sweet picture? I like it better than anything I have seen here."

Some of the faint, delicate color fades out of Eleanor Seaton's beautiful, tired face as she looks at the canvas that has aroused her daughter's enthusiasm.

"Yes," she murmurs mechanically, "it is a beautiful picture."

And then with hands which are a little tremulous, she opens her catalogue and seeks the number of the picture.

"'Where the Blackberries Grow—John Shirley.' I was sure of it," she murmurs, and looks again at the picture.

A field, in which there are quantities of wild flowers, tall, beautifully colored grasses, and bushes laden with ripe berries. In the midst of the blackberry bushes stand a boy and a girl. The former is busily picking berries, and his face is averted; the latter is a charming little figure in a calico slip and a small pink sunbonnet pushed back from a fair baby face, the pouting lips deeply stained with blackberry juice. A mass of gold colored curls falls over the childish brow.

A fellow artist has joined Shirley.

"Mrs. Seaton and her daughter appear to be admiring your picture, Shirley," he says. "Come, let me introduce you. Mrs. Seaton is a charming woman."

"And the young girl is her daughter?" says Shirley, as they move away.

"Yes, but she will never be the lovely woman that her mother is," is the reply, and Shirley smiles.

Some hours later Mrs. Seaton sits before her dressing room fire. There is an unusual quickening of her languid pulses. In the leaping heart of the fire she sees mirrored all the years since she and Shirley gathered blackberries in the acre field, one summer day long ago. How faithfully he had reproduced the scene in his painting!

The picture in the fire shifts a little; still the field, with its wild flowers and its laden bushes, but a young man and a maiden replace the boy and baby girl. Back from the long past there comes to Eleanor Seaton the ecstasy of that unforgotten day. She seems to feel again upon her lips the kisses of her young lover, and starts up with flushing cheeks and throbbing heart.

But the picture has faded from the fire, and another replaces it. A wedding party; the bride, young and fair of face, and white as her bridal robes; and the bridegroom—not the boyish young lover, but a middle aged, cynical looking man. Her youth and her innocence had caught his fancy, and she had bartered herself for his gold; sacrificed truth and honor, and, as she but too soon realized, happiness also. But she had soon learned the lesson many a woman had learned before her—to hide her aching heart beneath a smiling face. Girlhood, happiness—her own hand had slain them. With the coming of her child something like peace had crept into her heart. Then Seaton died, and she was once more free. Of her young lover she heard nothing. She knew that he had left the old farm, that he had gone abroad to study art. Now, after all these years, they met again. The farmer's son had become a well known artist. A gray haired, worn faced man replaced the lover of her youth.

The pictures of the past have died in the leaping flames. Other scenes are mirrored there, and hope paints them.

"What? Not dressed yet!" exclaimed a fresh, girlish voice. "Have you forgotten that Mr. Shirley and Mr. Halwell are coming to dinner, mamma?"

With dreamy eyes Eleanor Seaton turns and smiles up into the fair face of her young daughter. The girl wears a simple white gown. She is very girlish and very sweet.

"Oh, mamma! How lovely you are!" Ray exclaims, later, as her mother enters the drawing room in a beautiful rose pink gown which is exceedingly becoming to her dazzlingly fair skin and pale gold hair. And Eleanor Seaton's cheeks softly flush and her eyes grow radiant. She is glad for the first time in many years that she is beautiful.

How swiftly the days and the weeks and the months glide by after that night! Shirley is a frequent visitor at the home of Mrs. Seaton. Then, when the summer comes, Eleanor Seaton has a fancy to visit the old farm. The artist follows her and her daughter. One beautiful evening Eleanor stands at the old farm house door. The air is full of the perfume of roses. The sky is all crimson and gold. The woman's face is beautiful with the soft radiance of a love dream.

Then Ray comes towards her through the roses. The girl's face is flushed, her eyes droop. She moves slowly to her mother's side.

"Where have you been, dear?" the latter asks, wondering a little at the change in the girl's face.

"To the blackberry field," the girl replies. "I went with Mr. Shirley; he wished to show me the scene of his painting. Oh, mother," and the girl's arms go about her mother's neck, "he loves me—can you imagine it? He wants me for his wife, and I—I am so happy."

There is silence for some moments. Then Eleanor Seaton lifts the sweet face from her breast and presses her lips to her daughter's flushed cheek.

"I am very glad, dear, that you are happy," she murmurs.

The sunset glow has faded from the sky, leaving it pale and cold and gray. Eleanor shivers in the warm, perfumed air. Her eyes, to which all the old weariness has returned, look past the brown head of the girl towards the field "where the blackberries grow."

Emma Howard Wight.

EXERCISE ON THE BIKE.

JONES, who lives on West Ninety Fourth Street, has donned his bicycle costume and mounted his wheel for a little spin up the Boulevard. Smith, who lives on West Ninety Sixth Street, has donned his bicycle suit and mounted his wheel for a spin down the Boulevard. They do this for exercise, and this is about what happens every day. Starting at the same time, and riding at equal speed, it may easily be calculated that they will meet at Ninety Fifth Street.

JONES (*as he stops*)—Why, hello, Smith!

SMITH (*as he does likewise*)—Hello, Jones!

JONES—Nice day.

SMITH—Yes, it's a beautiful day for this kind of work.

JONES—Great! Why, I couldn't live without my daily spin on my wheel.

SMITH—Neither could I. Why, it has made a new man of me. By the way, I see you have a new wheel.

JONES—Yes, traded off the America that I bought day before yesterday for this Stumbler. One of the bolts on this machine is nickel plated, and it wasn't on the other. Makes a great improvement, I think.

SMITH—Yes, and then you kept the other one as long as you ought. I never keep mine more than two days.

JONES—Nor I. But in these days you could readily get a new and improved one every twenty four hours—there are so many new inventions for wheels.

SMITH—Yes, that's so. Why, I don't spend more than an hour at business a day. All my time taken up looking for the latest thing in wheels. It's great for the health.

JONES—I should say so. In fact, I have been contemplating giving up business altogether, and just spending my time looking for new wheels. A fellow ought to, if he wants to keep up with the crowd. I see you have another since yesterday?

SMITH—Oh, yes; this is the third I have bought since then. Got an improvement every time. If I keep on for a few years I'll have the best wheel that's made. What are you geared?

JONES—Three hundred and sixty six—it's leap year, you know. What's yours?

SMITH—Oh, four eleven forty four; but I think I'll try a new combination the next time I go out.

They converse for an hour or more about sprockets, oil cans, mud guards, pants guards, lanterns, cork handles, double and single tires, weights, bolts, bars, and cranks, to say nothing of many other things. After which they mount their respective wheels and go home. They have ridden about two blocks apiece.

Tom Hall.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

THE CAPTAIN GENERAL OF CUBA.

The real personality of General Weyler—which may not after all be an especially striking one—has been lost sight of amid a storm of controversy, a cyclone of invective, such as has raged about the head of no other man of the day. When he was nominated to succeed Martinez Campos in command of the Spanish forces in Cuba, a shout of triumph arose from the extremists in Spain, and a burst of indignation from Americans who sympathized with the revolutionists. Campos had been lenient, conciliatory, humane, and he had failed. It was assumed on all sides that Weyler's appointment meant a complete reversal of policy, and that the new captain-general represented a regime of merciless severity.

Terrible stories were told of General Weyler's doings in the last Cuban war. It was charged that he never gave quarter, that his soldiers were allowed to pillage and murder at will, that he spared neither women nor children, that he would order young girls to be stripped and forced to dance, and compel their parents to witness their shame—such were only some of the shocking, and undoubtedly exaggerated, if not wholly fabricated, accusations brought against him. War, picturesque and glorious at a safe historical distance, is a cruel and ugly thing, and there have always been barbarities in time of civil strife. During the last rebellion in Cuba, atrocities were committed on both sides. Weyler was then only a colonel, and was not responsible for the policy of the campaign; and there is little evidence to show that he was more deserving of criticism than other Spanish officers.

Our portrait of General Weyler is engraved from a "snap shot" photograph taken on the day of his landing in Havana. Since his arrival in Cuba, it cannot be denied that he has shown himself anxious to conduct hostilities upon civilized lines, that his orders have discountenanced cruelty, and that his restrictive measures have been no more severe than some of those, for instance, adopted in our own civil war. Unfortunately, the captain general does not know all that is going on in the great Caribbean island. Sometimes, indeed, he seems strangely ignorant of events reported as happening almost under his eyes. Certain it is that innocent people are daily shot down here, there, and everywhere. This is a year of blood and terror in Cuba.

It should not be forgotten that in Spain they are complaining that Weyler is culpably lenient with the "bandits," as they term the revolutionists. And meanwhile he is finding himself unable to carry out his promises of restoring Spanish control of the inland districts of Cuba. It may be that failure in the field, and criticism from Madrid, will before long change the situation, and impel the captain general to risk more critical measures than he has yet attempted. Many eyes in this country are watching for something of the sort.

Don Valeriano Weyler, Marquis of Teneriffe, and Captain General of Cuba.

From a photograph taken at Havana.

There is a spice of humor in Weyler's make up. Not long ago a Havana newspaper published a vehement article, which censured the captain general for not shooting enough men. General Weyler at once sent word to the editor that "if he would publish a list of the persons whom he desired to have executed, the matter should be attended to at once."

THE PRESIDENT OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC.

Much has been written of the Cuban generals, Gomez and Maceo, but very little of the man whom the revolutionists have named as the head of their embryo government. His

name is Salvador Cisneros Betancourt, and he has a right to the Spanish title of Marquis of Santa Lucia; but this he gave up nearly thirty years ago, when, as quite a young man, he first took up arms against the Spanish domination. During the ten years' war, from 1868 to 1878, he was successively president of the Cuban house of representatives, and president of the republic. When the insurgents' cause collapsed, he sought refuge in New York, and spent eight years there before returning to Cuba. He

Salvador Cisneros Betancourt, President of the Cuban Republic.

From a photograph.

never ceased hoping and secretly working for another appeal to arms, and last year, just before the outbreak of the present rebellion, the governor of Puerto Principe arrested and imprisoned him as a suspected traitor. For lack of evidence, however, or to avert a sympathetic outbreak—for Senor Betancourt is extremely popular in Cuba—he was released, and at once sought the standard of revolt, leaving his valuable estates to be confiscated by the Spanish authorities.

The marquis is described as tall and very thin, a silent, earnest man, and a brave fighter. No hardship, it is said, can wring from him a word of complaint. During the last war, his right arm was broken by a bullet. Dr. Bernal, a surgeon, came to treat the wound. The revolutionists had no anæsthetics.

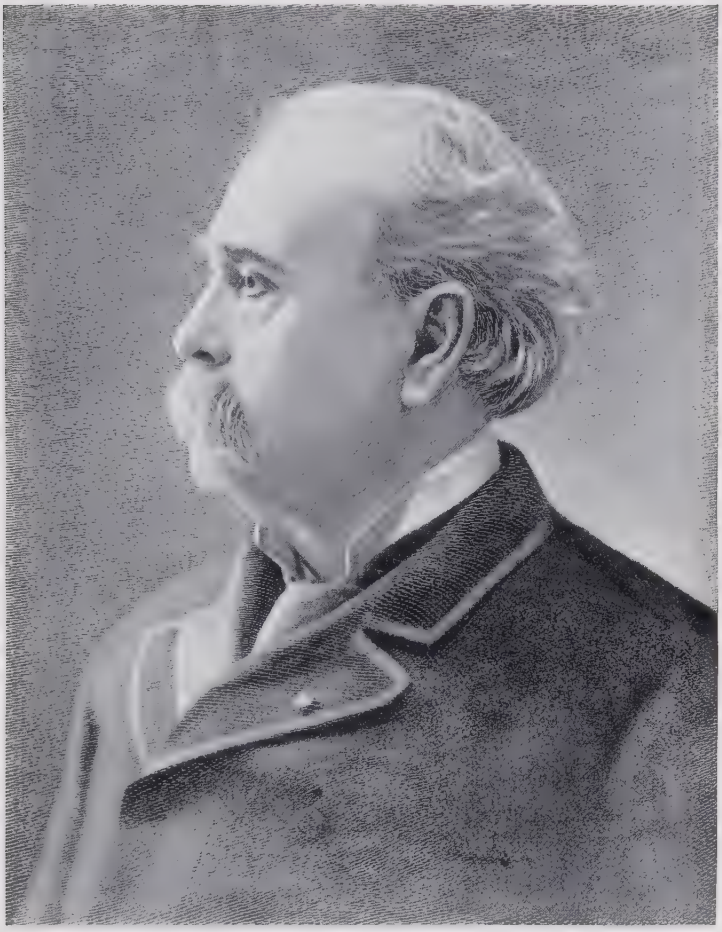
"I am extremely sorry to hurt you, my dear president," he said, "but I cannot help it."

"Do as you think best," said the wounded man, "but do not cut my shirt if you can help it. It is the last one I have!"

THE GOVERNOR OF IOWA.

Governor Drake of Iowa, elected last November by the largest vote ever given to a candidate for that office, is a veteran of the adventurous days of the West's earlier history and of some of the fiercest campaigns of the civil war. During the "gold rush" to California, he twice led a party across the plains and mountains. On his first journey, in command of twenty men, he was attacked by three hundred Pawnee warriors at Shell Creek, Nebraska, and succeeded in beating them off after a desperate battle. A few years later he was shipwrecked on the Pacific, and was rescued almost by miracle after a five days' struggle with death. Going back to his home—which was and still is at Centerville, Iowa—he volunteered for service at the first call for troops in 1861.

At Elkin's Ford, on the Little Missouri, in 1864, Drake—then colonel of the Thirty Sixth Iowa—held the river with three hundred men against Marmaduke's division three thousand strong. Shortly afterward, at Mark's Mills, he was terribly wounded by a Belgian ball which struck his thigh, shattering both bone and bullet, the pieces of the latter being extracted from different parts of his body—except one, which the governor still carries. Left for dead on the field, he was captured by the Confede-



General Drake, Governor of Iowa.

From a photograph by Webster, Des Moines.

rates; but his wounds were pronounced fatal, and he was released to die at home. In six months, limping on crutches, he was again with his command. His gallantry won him a brevet as brigadier general of volunteers.

Since the war, General Drake has grown rich in banking and railroad enterprises. He is a public spirited man, and has been a liberal benefactor to Drake University, at Des Moines —which he helped to found, and of whose board of trustees he is now president—and to the charitable funds of his church, the Disciples of Christ. He is a widower, and has two sons and four daughters. The social side of his administration is in charge of his only unmarried daughter, Miss Mary Lord Drake, who recently "christened" the fine battleship named after her State.

———

THE PRINCESS OF BULGARIA.

Perhaps the most uneasy crowned heads in Europe are those of Ferdinand and Marie Louise of Bulgaria. The young princess—she is only twenty six—must look back with regret upon the peaceful days of her early life, when she lived in comfortable obscurity as the daughter of a throneless Italian prince. Her father—Robert, Duke of Parma, whose little domain was absorbed by Victor Emmanuel's new Italian kingdom in 1860—belonged to one of the many branches of the Bourbon family. She had neither beauty nor great wealth or prestige to commend her to Ferdinand's wooing; but it was hard to find a princess who cared to share with him his somewhat shaky throne. She fulfilled his hopes in presenting him with an heir to the crown; but little Prince Boris has proved an additional source of discord. To appease the hostility of Russia, Ferdinand insisted that his son should be declared "converted" to the church of his powerful neighbor—to which, moreover, his own subjects belong. Marie Louise, a devout Catholic, bitterly resented a step which she

regarded as a deadly sin and an outrage upon her rights as a mother. Her pleadings were vain; political considerations triumphed, and in February little Boris, who is two years old, was duly baptized into the orthodox Greek communion.

The prospects of harmony in the palace at Sofia are not increased by the fact that the Pope sent Marie Louise the "golden rose," an emblem that commemorates acts of signal devotion to the church, accompanying it, it is said, with a threat to excommunicate her husband.

The Princess of Bulgaria.

From a photograph by Schemboche, Florence.

THE BASHA OF EGYPT.

Abbas, Khedive of Egypt, for whom his British friends have undertaken—if he will pay the bills—to reconquer a considerable portion of Africa, is a young sovereign who may be destined to play an important part in an interesting chapter of history. He is twenty two this month, and his life is before him; and if the annals of Egypt are to be as eventful and dramatic in coming years as they have been in the last two decades, he need not suffer from ennui.

There is little of the traditional oriental potentate about Abbas. He is described as an intelligent, wide awake young man, fonder of business than of pleasure, well abreast of modern ideas, affable and almost democratic in manner. He was educated by English tutors, and at a Vienna college, and is a perfect master of English, French, and German, as well as Turkish and Arabic. He is said to be especially fond of Americans. The story is told of an audience he granted last year to a well known New York gas magnate, who left his yacht at Alexandria, and ran up to Cairo to call upon

his fellow potentate. The American visitor turned the state audience chair about, sat down close to the Khedive, and leaned forward to take a good look at his highness. After satisfying himself, he slapped the somewhat astonished ruler on the knee, and cordially invited him to visit New York. "We'll guarantee you a good time," he declared, "and our people will be mighty glad to see you."

Abbas is scarcely likely to cross the Atlantic, though he has been as far away from home as the North Cape. Yachting is his favorite pastime. His official yacht, the Mahroussa, is one of the largest pleasure craft afloat, and he has two or three smaller ones. He is fond of horses and dogs, and has done much for the improvement of horse breeding in Egypt. He is interested in farming, too, and has turned one of his estates into a model farm, equipped with the latest English and American machinery, as an object lesson for a peasantry wedded to the agricultural methods of a thousand years ago.

The bane of the young Khedive's life is his tendency to embonpoint. He is said to be growing unduly stout for his years, though he combats his increasing adiposity by taking all the exercise he can, and by strict abstemiousness. He obeys the Koran's law against wine as do few rich Mahometans. Whether he has tried cycling, we have no information.

Abbas, Khedive of Egypt

From his latest photograph by Debas, Madrid.

TWO MAYORS OF BOSTON.

The present mayor of Boston is the third Josiah Quincy who has been elected to the chief magistracy of the New England metropolis. The first was the Josiah Quincy who presided at the last "town meeting" in Faneuil Hall, and led the opponents of the change from a town government to a municipality in 1822. The following year he became the city's second mayor, serving five terms. His son and namesake almost equaled his record, being elected in 1845 and thrice subsequently.

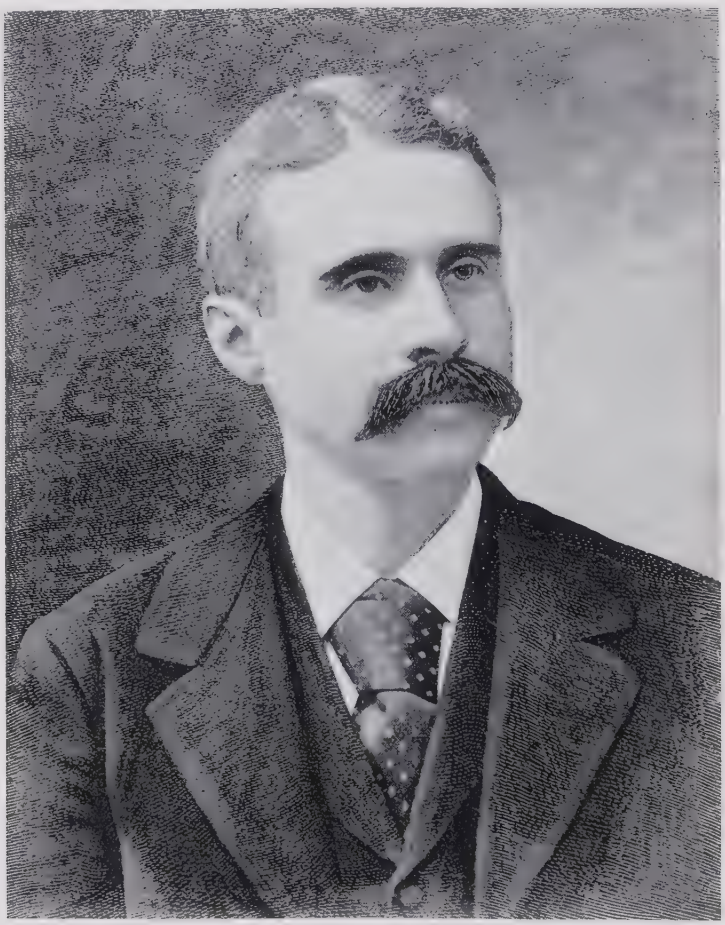
A generation further back, the Josiah Quincy of Revolutionary times was one of the youngest and most brilliant leaders of the patriotic cause. He was the friend of John Adams and of Franklin, and was sent abroad with the latter to represent the colonists' side of the controversy with the mother country. Returning from his foreign mission, he died at sea, within sight of the Massachusetts coast, a few days before the battle of Bunker Hill.

Like their kinsmen the Adamses, the Quincys have all been Harvard men. The first

Mayor Quincy was for sixteen years the university's president. His great grandson, the present mayor, belonged to the class of 1880, of which Theodore Roosevelt was also a member. He was editor of the *Crimson*, and class orator. After graduating, he was admitted to the bar, but he has practised very little, having devoted his time and energies to politics. In es-

committee and as a member of the national committee, and served as assistant secretary of state under Secretary Gresham. In this last capacity he was loudly accused of undue alacrity in "turning the rascals out"—the "rascals" being consular officials who belonged to the other political party.

Josiah Quincy is a typical New Englander in



Josiah Quincy, Mayor of Boston.

From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.

pousing the Democratic cause he has broken all the traditions of his family. His great grandfather, as a Congressman from Massachusetts, led the Federalist opposition during Jefferson's administration, and the succeeding generations of Quincys were Whigs and Republicans; but the present Josiah Quincy left the "grand old party" to join the "mugwump" movement of 1884, and has since become the recognized leader of the "young Democracy" of the Bay State. He has headed the Democratic minority in the State Legislature, acted as chairman of his party's State

appearance, tall and spare of build, quiet and reserved in manner. He likes his duties as an official and a political leader, and works as much as fifteen hours a day; but in some respects he differs from most "practical politicians." He never drinks, never smokes, never swears, never loses his temper, and is scrupulously truthful in all his dealings. He is thirty six years old, and may be described as a man of notable possibilities.

As Josiah Quincy represents the "young Democracy" of Massachusetts, his predecessor in office may be said to represent the younger

element of the Bay State's Republicanism. Edwin Upton Curtis, who was last year's Republican mayor of the Democratic city of Boston, is in many respects comparable to the rival who defeated him for reëlection. Like Mr. Quincy, he comes of an old Boston family, the Curtis genealogy running back through seven generations to 1630. All these generations lived within a mile of the homestead in Roxbury where Mr. Curtis was born, and where he and his father still live. He is only thirty five years old, very tall, and of athletic build. At the Little Blue school, at Farmington, Maine, he was a champion baseball player, and at Bowdoin College he belonged to the boat crew.

From Bowdoin he went to Ex Governor Gaston's law office in Boston, studied for the bar, and joined an old school and college friend, William G. Reed, in starting the firm of Curtis & Reed. Again like Mr. Quincy, he plunged almost at once into active politics, becoming secretary of the Republican city committee, then—at the age of twenty eight—clerk of the municipality, and finally winning a remarkable victory in the battle for the mayoralty.

Mr. Curtis, of whom a portrait is given on page 488, was born with the proverbial golden spoon, and his taste for public life is inherited. His father was formerly active in politics, and at one time served as an alderman ; and several other members of the family have taken part in civic affairs. General Miles, now commander of the army, is his cousin.

A SOUTHERN REPUBLICAN LEADER.

Perhaps the most prominent Republican in the Southern States is Henry Clay Evans, his party's leader in its hard fought battles in Tennessee. He is a leader whom defeat does not discourage. It will be remembered that at the last gubernatorial election he secured an apparent majority of the votes cast, and victory over the State's long established Democratic regime seemed to be his. There was a long and bitter contest over the result, however ; the matter went before the Legislature, which, dividing on strict party lines, finally awarded the governorship to his opponent. Mr. Evans will probably be heard from again at the coming election, and may be depended upon to make at least as vigorous a fight as he made before.

Henry Clay Evans.

From a photograph by Schmedling, Chattanooga.

Edwin Upton Curtis, Late Mayor of Boston.

From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.

Mr. Evans is a man still in the prime of life, just past fifty. He is a Northerner by birth, and came to Tennessee in the ranks of a Wisconsin regiment during the civil war. Stationed at Chattanooga as a clerk in the depot quartermaster's office—through which passed most of the supplies for the Armies of the Cumberland and the Tennessee—at the close of the war he settled there and went into the iron business. His ventures proved successful, and he was drawn into public life. He twice served as mayor of Chattanooga, and was elected to Congress by a district which had been strongly Democratic. In redistricting the State, the Legislature enacted a change of boundaries that made his reëlection seem impossible, but he made a gallant fight, and was defeated by but five hundred votes when an adverse majority of 2,500 had been counted upon. Then came his campaign for the governorship, which brought him forward as a possible Republican candidate for the Vice Presidency. There is but little prospect, at the time of writing, that national honors will come to him this year, but it is by no means impossible that they may do so in the future.

THE STAGE

THE SUMMER'S OFFERINGS.

The metropolitan theaters that brave the summer heat steadily dwindle. Last year the number was reduced to two—the Casino and the Garden. "Trilby" was the potent factor that kept the doors of the latter open. This summer it is probable that the Casino will be sole occupant of the indoor field. "In Gay New York" is a capital hot weather attraction. Minus plot and purpose of involved description, it offers just the sort of entertainment most enjoyed by men who prefer to "drop in" at a show rather than to sit through one. We say "men," because it is to them the summer manager must cater, after having all winter long—if he be shrewd—made it his chief care to please the women. With the close of the social season in town, the wives hie them to the mountains, the seashore, or their near by country homes, while most of the husbands remain behind; hence the vogue of the roof garden, of which article New York will this season have half a dozen. That on Olympia is the most novel, as it is also the largest. It has

Evelyn Millard.

From a photograph by Downey, London.

a glass roof, kept cool by water constantly running over it. Whether this interposition of even so slight a barrier between perspiring man and the milky way overhead will repay Mr. Hammerstein for the large outlay it necessitates, the fickle public will probably have told him by the time these lines are read.

The coolest of the roof gardens is Koster & Bial's, as it is very high, and open to the sweep of any breeze that roves. That most affected by sedate city folk and sight seers from out of town is the Madison Square, while the one atop of the Casino is both the pioneer of all and perhaps the most picturesque of any. The American might be breezier than it is, being closer to the Hudson than the rest, were it not hemmed in by its own brick walls.

At Proctor's Pleasure Palace, besides the new roof garden, there is the Garden of Palms with its sliding roof, upheld by gigantic female figures of classical type, its romantic nooks and corners where one may imagine himself in tropical, yet cool, fairyland, and the great stage where one may not only hear Paulus, the Chevalier of France, but on occasion see another audience enjoying the self same entertainment.

Across the street from the Pleasure Plalace is Terrace Garden, where a first class German company gives admirable performances of light operas of the Strauss and Milloecker type. De Wolf Hopper may be tempted by the abound-

George Alexander as "King Rudolph of Ruritania" and as "Rudolph Rassendyll."

From a photograph by Ellis, London.

ing success of "El Capitan" to forego his vacation and play through the hot months at the Broadway, but this is scarcely likely. Rice will supply the English speaking article, in "Evangeline," at his unique theater by the sea—the Sousa Pavilion at Manhattan Beach.

It is to be hoped that increased competition will give us better shows at the roof gardens this season than was the rule in '95. Infinitely preferable would be the simple playing of a band to some of the wearisome skits, misnamed acts, which the aërial "artists" have of late inflicted upon a patient public.

The first of all the roof gardens to open was

the lofty one atop of the Masonic Temple in Chicago. A summer attraction in the Windy City is "Lost, Strayed, or Stolen," a musical comedy by Cheever Goodwin and Woolson Morse, well known as purveyors to Wilson and Hopper of some of their best concoctions of fun. This is the inaugural piece in the productions of the American Theatrical Syndicate, and is quite remarkable for the strength of its cast.

Not to be outdone by New York, to say nothing of Philadelphia, Boston has gone into the dramatic review business, and with "The Merry Go Round," by R. A. Barnet, makes at the Tremont a strong bid for warm weather patronage. Meantime the Castle Square continues to give light opera at equally light prices, with a weekly change of bill that insures it a steady attendance of regular patrons, blow it hot or blow it cold.

Isabel Irving as the "Princess Flavia."
From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

PLAYERS OF TWO NATIONS IN THE SUCCESS OF THE PAST SEASON.

The two popular successes of the season of 1895-96 were without question "The Heart of Maryland" and "The Prisoner of Zenda," both plays combining quick action and a strong romantic tinge. It is conceded on all sides that the deplorable state of things in the theatrical world during the season just closed was due entirely to lack of suitable plays. The immediate hit of "Zenda" in London, when it was finally put on there, shows that just now the universal appetite of the great theater going public is for the drama that tells a love story on vivid lines—nothing more.

Among our portraits this month are those of half a dozen people concerned in the production of the Hope play on both sides of the Atlantic. George Alexander, the creator of the dual title rôle at the St. James, is only thirty seven years old, and yet he inaugurated the movement which placed half a dozen young English actors in the field as managers of London playhouses. For some years now he has conducted the affairs of the St. James, where several of the most important works of the leading English playwrights have first seen the footlights. He has played in them all, and stands today in the front rank in his dual capacity.

Evelyn Millard, the St. James' *Princess Flavia*, has been leading woman at Mr. Alexander's house for the past three seasons. Her first appearance was made at the Haymarket in 1891, in "The Dancing Girl." Her work in the title rôle of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" first heralded her fame abroad; and the author of "Zenda" was so smitten by the charm with which she endowed the living image of his fancy's fair creation, that he offered her his heart and hand. It is probable that by the time these lines are read, Miss Millard will be Mrs. Anthony Hope Hawkins.

But this is not the only marriage with which this romantic play is connected. The engagement of Fritz Williams to Katherine Florence was announced during its presentation by the stock company at the New York Lyceum.

A phrase worn threadbare by reiteration becomes electrified into fresh life when we say that Fritz Williams is a universal favorite. He may almost be said to have created a new school of humor on the stage; his absence from the bill at the Lyceum was taken as a personal grievance by the audience, and his departure from that house, so long his home, will make a void there more difficult to fill than one coming higher up in the order of "persons in the play." New York, however, is not to lose him, as he has only gone from one Frohman brother to the other.

Miss Florence is bountifully endowed with beauty, and produces on the beholder such a pleasant impression of ingenuousness, that it is a surprise to learn that she was brought up in the atmosphere of the footlights. Her mother was Katherine Rogers, at one time leading woman at Wallack's, and both her sisters are on the stage, one of them being the Eleanor Moretti who is doing such excellent work as *Roxy* in "Pudd'nhead Wilson."

Miss Florence herself acted as a child, and then returned to school. All theater goers will recall her winsome *Wilhelmina* in "The Amazons," but not so many of them, perhaps, remember that she was *Fawn Afraid*, the Indian maiden in "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Of all her rôles her favorite is *Lady Rassendyll*, in the prologue to "The Prisoner of Zenda." "Because," as she says, "though it is very brief, it is also comprehensive, giving one the opportunity to depict the widest range of emotions."

Katherine Florence (Mrs. Fritz Williams).

From her latest photograph—Copyright, 1895, by J. Schloss, New York.

In the early part of next season Mrs. Williams will play with her husband in a new comedy from the French, at Hoyt's, and will then rejoin the Lyceum forces.

It is no disparagement to Georgia Cayvan to say that Isabel Irving was much happier as *Flavia* than her predecessor in leading rôles at the Lyceum could have been. Nature's adaptations must be considered even where genius burns strongly.

Miss Irving is one of the most serious

minded women on the New York boards. Books are a passion with her, and she makes an especial study of the temperament of each heroine she depicts. She is a native of Bridgeport, Connecticut, and made her first appearance in 1887, when very young, with Rosina Vokes in "The Schoolmistress." She excels in pure comedy rôles, such as it is to be hoped will once more fall to her lot in the Lyceum's next season. Miss Irving was very happy as *Noeline* in "The Amazons" and also did singularly strong work in Sardou's ill fated "Woman's Silence."

Maud Odell, who has been connected with the Lyceum company in one way or another since 1891, did not find the opportunity which was to make or mar her career until Elita Proctor Otis decided to give up her part of *Antoinette de Mauban* in "Zenda." This was about the middle of the run, and Miss Odell, who had played leading parts in "The Wife," "Sweet Lavender," and "The Amazons" (as *Noeline*) on the road, was at once selected for the vacancy. She made an instantaneous hit.

She is a South Carolina girl, and has loved the theater always.

"As soon as I get my make up on," she says, "I am like the war horse sniffing the battle from afar. The stage is the very breath of life to me."

WHAT ONE ACTRESS THINKS THE STAGE SHOULD BE.

As the drama drafts into its service all the other arts, so the women of the stage who win high places are those who might have attained the same heights in any sphere where keen intellect and quick intelligence are the passports to success. Take the leading women on the American boards today; with few exceptions they are splendidly equipped in many lines of mental culture, and have at their fingers' ends all that is best worth knowing in the arts and sciences. A chat with almost any of them is an actual refreshment in its freedom from small talk. Their insight into life is a purposeful one; they realize that to succeed in their one field, they must know the products of many others, and so, far from leading the frivolous lives a distorted public impression would ascribe to them, they are almost constantly engaged in pursuits that broaden the mind and convey to it the truest pictures of mankind.

We need not name these women here, where

Fritz Williams.

From his latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

Georgia Cayvan.

From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

their portraits have already found worthy place. Of the number, Georgia Cayvan is one who has taken her stand on the watch towers, as it were. Now that she is about to return to the stage, after almost two years of retirement, her conception of the place the theater holds in the life of the world will have a timely interest.

In the course of an address delivered during the World's Fair year before the World's Congress of Women, Miss Cayvan declared that "the stage becomes a popular educator in that it presents to men and women who are too worn and weary, perhaps too indifferent and thoughtless, to read for themselves, literature in a pleasing form and easy of comprehension, gives them three volumes before eleven o'clock, tells whether he marries her or not in the last chapter, and sends them home satisfied."

As to the mission of the modern drama, Miss Cayvan, in the same address, set it forth in striking terms, and very probably it is to this high ideal of what a play should be that we owe the delay in the inauguration of the starring tour which was at first announced to begin last winter. She has been trying to make up her mind about one play for more than a year. Here is the standard she has set herself:

"The modern drama has its field of practical

usefulness. It should be the authority on fine points of etiquette, on the truly artistic in dress, on the conventional and correct in social forms and ceremonies. In short, it should be the final court of appeal in all that pertains to the accurate and cultured in manners, morals, and speech, according to the standards of the time. There are a few such theaters where mothers bring their young daughters, and teachers send their young pupils, where men come with their wives and sweethearts, because the play is sure to present the lessons of life wholesomely, and to set an ideal of manhood and womanhood that is an inspiration to pure living."

Whether Miss Cayvan finds all this in "Vanity Fair" (the play already alluded to); in "Lillett and Jean," the piece Sarah Bernhardt is said to have written for her, and on the order of "Squire Kate"; or in some "dark horse" yet to appear, we must wait for the house bills of Palmer's Theater next October to tell us.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE MUSIC HALL.

The theatrical season just closed will be memorable not so much for what was done on the legitimate stage, as for a transformation in the character of the audiences frequenting the halls of variety. For years the music halls of London were visited by the best class of Americans, who studiously refrained from entering similar resorts at home. But with the coming of Yvette Guilbert to the Olympia last December, the opening wedge was driven, and by the time Loie Fuller arrived at Koster & Bial's in the spring the new order of things was fully established. Chevalier and Fregoli completed the conquest, and hereafter the theater managers must reckon on the music halls as direct competitors. As for the vaudeville houses, although the sale of liquid refreshments has been diminished by the new character of the patronage, they evidently count that of minor importance, and are making strenuous efforts to retain their acquisition of a refined clientele.

With regard to the attractions that have worked this transformation, with the exception of Guilbert and Chevalier, they have been of a mechanical rather than a personal nature. We do not wish to detract from the meed of praise justly due Loie Fuller, but it cannot be denied that to the designing and manipulating of the lights in her wonderful performance was due its greatest charm. Then take the case of Fregoli; without the deft fingers of his assistants behind the scenes, his "lightning changes" of costume could not take place. And lastly, the acts applauded almost more than any are the extraordinary reproductions of actual scenes by the vitascope and eidoloscope, wholly mechanical. Indeed, the hit made by this marvelous development of an Edison device promises in time to work a small sized revolution in the character of theatrical entertainments. A thousand dollars a week is said to be the charge for the use of each of the two instruments.

ANENT DALY'S LEADING WOMAN.

The time was when popular interest in some particular favorite of the stage was so intense that her appearance in any part awakened enthusiasm. Not so today; with the general advance in every department of artistic endeavor has come the desire to have everything pertaining to the stage picture in perfect harmony. The setting must match the gem it incloses. When the part presupposes youth and beauty, she who impersonates it must possess them both in her own right, or the vraisemblance of the whole is destroyed. Paint and powder are of no avail here. They may do for the super whom nobody knows, but for a star to whose reputation each year has added new luster, they are valueless.

Maud Odell as "Antoinette de Mauban."
From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

Ada Rehan as "Countess Gucki."

From her latest photograph—Copyright, 1896, by Davis & Sanford, New York.

A case in point was furnished last winter when Ada Rehan was cast for the girlish bride in "The Two Escutcheons." All the make up in the world could not render her convincing in the part; every man and woman in the audience knew that her day of youth and freshness had gone by. The widow was the rôle she should have played, and one resented the slavish stickling for first place in the bill that was the cause of such grievous hurt, not only to the play, but to this fine artist's reputation. As a result, Maxine Elliott made of the widow the dominating personation of the piece.

Nobody disputes the preëminent position Ada Rehan has occupied on the American stage; it rests with her whether she shall continue to merit the approbation of a public more than eager to applaud all she does that is worthy of herself. It is no longer a question of her abilities; these go without saying; it is a matter of taste in the selection of parts. There are a host of these that she can look as well as act; *Countess Gucki* is one of them, and it saved the last New York season for her.

Miss Rehan's industry is amazing. When she was only a beginner, a member of the Albany company where Daly found her, she studied a hundred and twelve parts in twelve weeks. To enumerate the list of rôles she has played since, would require almost a column of this magazine.

The secret of her power lies in her enthusiasm for her work—a quality that permeates each entire personation as the perfume permeates the rose. Study, hard study, has gone before, but at the performance the props, so to speak, that have supported the student's conception of the character are not in evidence, and the part is played with spontaneous freshness. One may be convinced of this by noting that during the first performances of a new piece, Miss Rehan is often faulty in her lines. Her heart has been put into the work at the expense of her head. But who grudges a few slips of memory, when in exchange he receives an embodiment of the author's creation that is radiant with vivacity?

What she will make out of *Prince Hal* in "Henry IV," the next six months will show us. It is possible New York may see this production first after all, as the vogue of "The Geisha," the Japanese successor to "An Artist's Model," threatens to crowd Mr. Daly out of his London house.

It seems, by the way, as though we were to have a revival of interest in Mongolian coloring. The reproduction of "The Mikado" last spring at the American by the Steindorff and Ebert opera company aroused veritable enthusiasm.

NEXT SEASON'S PLANS AND POSSIBILITIES.

No special blazonry of trumpets heralds the theatrical year of 1896–97. For one thing, it opens in the midst of a Presidential campaign, a deadlier foe to playhouses than the circus or the horse show. But the reader may obtain some idea of the autumn bill of fare for the metropolis, from the following glimpse of the managers' plans.

Abbey's will open about the middle of September as usual, with Francis Wilson in a new opera, to be followed two months later by the stock company that is to give light opera on a first class scale for the remainder of the season. The Academy of Music is to inaugurate its year in the last of the hot weather with a cooling melodrama of the arctic regions, while one of the early attractions at the American will be Fanny Davenport. "The Geisha," the Japanese burlesque now crowding Daly's London house, will probably set the ball rolling at the Bijou, after which May Irwin will resume her merry sway. She has a new piece, which will not be produced, however, till toward the holidays. This is by Charles Klein, who wrote the book of "El Capitan."

Another star will be added to the crowded theatrical constellation in the shape of Jefferson De Angelis, who opens at the Broadway in September with "The Caliph," a new comic opera from the prolific pen of Harry B. Smith, music by Ludwig Englander. This will be succeeded, in the latter part of October, by "Brian Boru," the Irish opera which Fred Whitney, of "Rob Roy" fame, has secured.

After vacillating for weeks between Mr. French and a renewal of her contract with Mr. Abbey, Lillian Russell finally signed with Canary & Lederer for the coming season, which means that she will once more be seen in the home of her greatest triumphs, the Casino. Rumor runs that C. M. S. McClellan and Gustave Kerker are preparing her new opera. Another Casino production billed for the fall is "Jack and the Beanstalk," R. A. Barnet's latest burlesque. Donnelly and Girard have been engaged for it, and it will be done under Klaw & Erlanger's management, not that of Rice.

For Daly's no announcements are as yet made regarding a preliminary season. One thing is certain, however: there will be no Potter-Bellew engagement. "Henry IV" will be the *pièce de resistance* of the stock year. At the Empire, the same policy as that of last autumn will be pursued, barring the happy omission of a melodrama. John Drew rings up the curtain on August 31 with a new play (Stanley Weyman's "Under the Red Robe," dramatized by Edward Rose), giving way to Olga Nethersole, after which we shall have the stock company back again, a little earlier than last year. The Fifth Avenue opens on the same August Monday, with "Lost, Strayed, or Stolen" brought on from Chicago. This house will also be the scene of other productions of the American Theatrical Syndicate, who will present Crane, Burr McIntosh, and the Holland brothers in new plays.

The season at the Garden will be inaugurated with "The Chili Widow," a farcical comedy which has been running for months at the Royalty in London. This will bring to us again Arthur Bourchier, erstwhile leading man at Daly's. The Garrick has an exceedingly

varied list of attractions to offer, starting early in September with Chevalier and his own company, which, at the end of a month, will give place to the London Gaiety forces with "In Town." This is a musical farce of the usual English order, with score by Osmond Carr, who collaborated with Gilbert on "His Excellency." It was originally produced three years ago with Arthur Roberts and Florence St. John heading the cast. About the middle of November Richard Mansfield will come to what was once his own theater (provided he does not become a minister or an African explorer meantime) and stay for seven weeks, to be followed by John Hare in "Caste," and other Robertsonian revivals. Then Mr. Frohman will give the Garrick a chance to make as good a record for an American play as it has done for the English "Thoroughbred," and the season will close with the spring engagement of John Drew.

It is a Charles Frohman attraction that will open Hoyt's, "The Liar," a rollicking comedy enlisting the services of Fritz Williams, his wife (Katherine Florence), and Annie Clarke, of the famous old Boston Museum stock. The lighting up date for the lucky Herald Square is September 14. A revival of "A Parlor Match," with Hoey and striking vaudeville ingredients, will be the bill for six weeks, when "The Mandarin," the new Chinese comic opera by DeKoven and Smith, will inaugurate the career of the DeKoven and Smith Comic Opera Company.

E. H. Sothern will begin at the Lyceum on September 1, either with "An Enemy of the People." by a new writer, or with a new play by Madeleine Lucette Ryley. The stock company returns as usual in November, and Mr. Frohman mentions several new plays either already in hand or being written for them. Probably the most available will be the romantic drama from the pen of Edward Rose, whose deft hand turned "The Prisoner of Zenda" into a mimic gold mine.

Frank Murtha announces that the opening of his Murray Hill Theater, now building, will take place in October, with the Bostonians in a new opera. At Palmer's we are to have Herrmann, Georgia Cayvan, and then Maurice Barrymore in "Roaring Dick & Co." Oscar Hammerstein is negotiating with Camille D'Arville, Pauline Hall, Della Fox, Thomas E. Seabrooke, and other stars to unite in forming the Olympia Comic Opera Company, for the theater part of his big temple of amusement. Whether the Standard will remain in the legitimate field or be turned over to the continuous show business, is a question still veiled in mystery.

John Hare, Willard, and Olga Nethersole are the only foreign stars of note who will come to us. American plays will have a fair field, and—it is to be hoped—find plenty of favor.

Of the new English pieces not already enumerated, we may see "Biarritz," the lively musical farce which the critics "slated," but which has drawn crowded audiences to the Prince of Wales' Theater for many months. Arthur Roberts and Kittie Loftus were in it then, and the score is by Osmond Carr—a fact which may be against it in American managers' eyes, in view of the failure scored here by "His Excellency." We are more likely to get Henry Arthur Jones' latest play, "The Rogues' Comedy," which Willard has been doing at the London Garrick. It treats of the fraudulent practices of a society fortune teller and thought reader, and resembles, in some respects, "A Social Highwayman."

THE FAILURE OF THE ABBEY FIRM.

To no manager in trouble could more heart felt sympathy be extended than to Henry E. Abbey, at one time known as the "Napoleon of Impresarios." None has dealt more liberally by the public, and no other has been held in such high esteem by the artists under engagement. Bad business is assigned as the cause of the failure. High prices may have had something to do with it. Mr. Abbey was a firm believer in advanced rates, and has been heard to declare that he would rather see his theater half filled than cut under two dollars for an orchestra chair. But it is to be said that the Abbey attractions were always of the first order, and if the tariff schedule kept many away from his houses, those who went did not feel defrauded by reason of seeing an inferior show.

It is the earnest wish of all theater goers that the firm may soon be on the road to prosperity again.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE WIZARDS.

Herrmann did a splendid business in New York at Palmer's, right through unseasonable hot weather, too. His is an art that everybody can appreciate.

Professor Herrmann's personality is such that he is instantly recognized wherever he appears, and his list of acquaintances is larger, perhaps, than that of any man in the profession. One night, after a performance in Buffalo, a young man whom he had met in the course of his travels joined him for a smoke in the lobby of the Genesee House.

"That was indeed a wonderful feat of yours, professor," remarked the newcomer, referring to the tearing in two of a pack of playing cards.

"Yes, wonderful indeed, and yet I think I could do it," interjected the friend with whom Herrmann had been sitting.

"Oh, could you?" exclaimed the young man. "I'll tell you what we will do. At the news stand yonder they have a pack of cards worth three dollars. If you tear them in half I will pay for them; if you don't, you pay."

"Agreed," responded the other, and the cards were brought. With easy grace the pack was torn in two pieces, whereupon Herrmann, turning to the young man, observed with a smile, "I think you could hardly have caught the name of my friend when I introduced him just now. It is Professor Kellar."

LATEST FADS

AFTER DINNER EQUALITY.

The spirit of innovation is stirring among us, seeking what old and firmly established customs it may devour, and lately it has made fair prey of one that has been unchanged in the memory of living man until now. It is no longer *comme il faut* for women to retire from the table after the coffee has been served. One of two things may be done instead. At the majority of smart dinners this season the hostess has given the signal to withdraw immediately after the conclusion of the dessert course, and some traitor has divulged the fact that liqueurs and cigarettes, which formerly were offered only to the men, now go to the drawing room as well as the dining room or library. But quite the most swagger and up to date arrangement consists in no signal for retiring being given, and in the women remaining with the men until the last cigar ash has been flicked off and all are ready to adjourn.

This innovation, as might have been expected, has aroused much criticism, some of it extraordinarily bitter, but the greater part of it has come from men who are addicted to story telling over the coffee cups, and these grumblers would do well to reconcile themselves to the new regime. It is becoming quite evident that women are determined to stand upon an equal footing with their husbands and brothers ; and if they demand to share the postprandial chat, it will be difficult to deny them. No doubt their presence will exercise a restraining influence upon the conversation, which is too apt to become degenerate with the appearance of the cigar tray and the cognac glasses. It has been objected that under the new regime women learn to acquire the vice so eloquently condemned by Master Robert Reed. It is safe to say that the presence of men is more likely to deter them from smoking than to encourage them in it, and that no woman will puff a cigarette in the dining room who would not do so in the retirement of the drawing room.

There are many features of the "advanced woman" hobby which are exceedingly tiresome to contemplate, but after dinner equality has unquestionable merits of its own.

AN EPICUREAN PITFALL.

The chafing dish is abroad in the land—and upon the seas, too, for that matter, as the latest pattern of this aid to indigestion is hung in gimbals, so that it swings freely, for yacht use. No household is complete without a chafing dish ; even the humblest may have its agate ware outfit at next to nothing in price, and it is just as efficient a destroyer of digestion as its aristocratic silver relative that costs a a hundred or more. Of course you can get plated ones for half of that price, or less, while a five dollar bill will procure a nickel or copper dish that is just as good for all practical purposes.

For aiding and abetting late suppers the chafing dish has no equal, and it has been the cause of an unprecedented increase in the consumption of alcohol. As yet the prohibitionists have not trained their batteries upon this new implement of degeneracy, and the only protest has come from the carping dyspeptic. Of course it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the chafing dish has been a godsend to a number of young ladies in reduced circumstances, who, though utterly devoid of ability to cook anything, have been able to make money by teaching chafing dish classes. They learn a few recipes by heart, and go forth to win both remuneration and admiration ; for of course every one who has tried to cook on a chafing dish must, in his secret soul, admire a person who claims to know how to do it.

When the chafing dish owner becomes sufficiently expert to cook one thing properly, he or she had better stop right there, and stick to that one thing. Some are wise enough to do so, and they have great reputations in consequence. A man who makes the most delicious lobster *à la* Newburg would probably make a flat failure should he attempt to boil an egg. The widest renown is won in the preparation of the festive "rabbit." There are few who achieve this triumph ; the others stand aghast at their cleverness and never try. If they did try, they would find it simple enough. The formula for making a Welsh rabbit is to take a piece of cheese and melt it. Of course the cook adds a little beer or ale, and perhaps some seasoning, stirring constantly ; that is all ; the cheese does the rest. It must be plain, every day American cheese, not too rich, or it may turn to butter ; and the difference in rabbits is not due to the maker's degree of skill, but to the cheese.

The very latest fad is to give a luncheon where each guest brings her chafing dish and prepares a course, the nature of which has been agreed upon, and for which the hostess has prepared the ingredients in the guest's recipe. Sufficient time elapses between the courses, while the next is being prepared, to enable the participants to make at least a partial recovery from the preceding one ; and if the family physician is furnished with a list of the guests, and informed at what time they will reach their homes, there is but little real danger in the experiment.

A possible entertainment in this line would be to cook a supper, and allow the company to guess what each course is when served, offering a prize, of course, to the guest who solves the

mystery. An appropriate prize would be a bottle of pepsin.

POCKET PHARMACIES.

Recent inventions in the line of compressing drugs into tablet form have led to a peculiar hobby which is obtaining considerable vogue. We all remember the craze which sprang up a few years ago for carrying small silver boxes called, for want of an English equivalent, *bonbonnières*. Every woman who desired to be up to date affected one, and at the theater it was a common thing to see a whole party contentedly munching little candies extracted from a miniature casket passed along the line by the hostess. It may be that the present variation of the fad is the direct result of this consumption of sweets; but whatever the cause, the bonbon box has been resurrected, and is now doing duty as a medicine chest. Commonly it contains tablets of soda mint, which are supposed to further digestion, and are offered to one's friends as ceremoniously as were the snuff boxes of our great grandfathers.

When one considers the appalling proportions of the modern dinner, with its ten courses, variegated wines, indestructible patties, and rich gravies, there seems to be a peculiar fitness in this gruesome reminder of prospective dyspepsia. It is not entirely pleasant to have a pill proffered by a friend, even if it does come in a silver box; but be it remembered, a pill in time saves from a sleepless night and perhaps forestalls a doctor's bill. And certainly it is more agreeable to be physicked with these innocent looking tablets than by old fashionable methods. It used to be said that there was no royal road to escaping the horrors of medicine, any more than to acquiring the laurels of learning. A crowned head found the flavors of rhubarb and paregoric as inexorable as did the patient of a charity doctor. But this is an age of luxury and of artistic effect, and nothing that offends the eye or annoys the tongue is to be tolerated for an instant.

Therefore, since not even science has been able to afford immunity from pills, let us by all means have them served *en prince*, and be as friendly and hospitable over their consumption as possible. The bonbonnière is still suggestive, though vaguely, of dainty and toothsome confections, and perhaps, if we shut our eyes and swallow quickly, we shall not know whether we are feasting on candy or calomel.

It may yet be good form to have a silver box with several compartments thereto, so that one's friends may have a choice of remedies; for it is no more possible to treat every man's dyspepsia with the same drug than to fit all college students for life with the same curriculum. It may not be out of place to suggest that this latter fact is one which a majority of the sapient instructors of American youth have yet to learn.

BIZARRE FUNCTIONS.

We remember hearing a variety of sneers and gibes from metropolitan leaders of society when "trolley parties" were first inaugurated in suburban towns; and now it appears that these verbal stones were thrown by inhabitants of glass houses. Indeed, there is no folly or fad which will not in the course of time be discounted by one more bizarre. It was bad enough when people living at a distance from theaters, and other rational forms of public amusement, turned from the conventional card parties and played progressive euchre to the accompaniment of whirling wheels and humming wires, or danced small germans under the disadvantages of springs and sharp curves. If necessity is the mother of invention, ennui is its father. When suburban society became bored with accepted methods of whiling away the time, the palace trolley car was brought forward, and the much desired element of novelty was obtained in the form of rapid locomotion. Hearing the scornful laughter with which New York's upper ten greeted the innovation, one would hardly have supposed that in course of time they too would devise eccentric functions in the same line.

We are told that imitation is the sincerest flattery, and the suburbanite who first conceived a trolley party must now be smiling in his sleeve to see those who ridiculed the idea patronizing projects infinitely more laughable. For New York society has abandoned *terra firma*, and has trod the light fantastic toe upon the prosaic deck of a North River ferry boat! Where draymen have used picturesque language, where New Jersey babies have rent the air with infantine eloquence, where the rasping voice of the Italian bootblack has sounded, there have been seen Parisian confections of hats and gowns and wonderful London evening suits and patent leather shoes; and above the warning whistle and the throb of the paddle wheels have swelled Lander's waltzes and the buzz of ball room chit chat. Is not this an advance upon the trolley party?

Even the furniture van has not been overlooked in this pursuit of novelty. Decorated with rugs and hanging lamp, and filled with a crowd of society's devotees, who tried hard to enjoy its motion, it has proceeded up town and back like a straw ride in a high state of cultivation!

What next, what next, ingenious Four Hundred? There are untried cattle cars awaiting you, ash carts, ambulances, and elevated trains. We may yet see a whist party on its way to Blackwell's Island in a prison van, or a little cotillion of fifty couples en route for Sandy Hook on the carpeted deck of a garbage scow!

THE PRAYERBOOK OF DIVES.

If one happens to be in a wondering mood, he might let his fancy linger for a moment upon the spectacle of one of the twelve apostles holding a modern prayerbook. It is safe to say that the simple Galilean fisherman would never guess that the costly bauble was a manual of his Master's teachings.

The plain leather bound prayerbook is as

out of date as a black headed hat pin. Your dress may be as soft and quiet as a "dim religious light," but the one spot of grandeur and gorgeousness, the high note of your church costume, must be the cover of your prayer-book. It may be chased and etched silver, or carved ivory. These are the quiet prayerbooks of elderly ladies. If you are opulent and up to date, you carry the sweet old words printed on the sacred leaves between covers of curiously wrought gold, set with precious and semi precious stones. One of the favorite designs shows the Annunciation, with the halo of the angel made of small diamonds, and with lilies on the stalk of pearls.

There are few Bible scenes that lend themselves to jewel decoration. We would suggest one very appropriate one, however—that of the rich young man who was told to sell his possessions and give them to the poor. Doubtless that gilded young Hebrew wore jewels comparable to those of the present day churchgoer. It may be remembered that Christ rebuked him for his attachment to the ostentation of wealth.

A BARE FACED FAD.

The Vandyke beard is disappearing from our midst, for fashion has decreed that our men shall appear with smooth shaven countenances. Even the mustache, which has remained untouched in spite of the variations of the surrounding hirsute appendages, has at last, we understand, come under the ban.

It is only a short time since the waiters of New York restaurants were in a state of open revolt against a decree that they should be clean shaven. One of the strongest arguments brought forward to uphold the employers' edict was that at social functions it was difficult to distinguish between the guests around the supper table and the waiters who were paid for serving. The clean shaven face, it was urged, would be a badge of service which would prevent many awkward situations into which society men have been thrown by being mistaken for menials. What are we going to do since fashion has led us into the footsteps of the indignant waiters? Matters will be worse than before, now that many people have been taught that a clean shaven face indicates that its owner may be asked to pass a salad or an ice without fear of offending a fellow guest? Will it be necessary for our caterers to issue an order demanding that full beards be grown by employees? And if so, what will be the style of trimming required?

Why and where this new fashion originated it is difficult to ascertain. Can it be that Mr. Gibson has held before our eyes such a stunning array of manly men with extremely square jaws and faces full of character that we are rushing pell mell to emulate them? Are we to have a "Gibson man" as marked and individual as the late "Gibson girl"?

In the mean time there is one class of men—or alleged men—who are supremely happy, no matter why or whence the new fad came. The dear "chappies" are "in it" at last, as far as their whiskers are concerned. For years the poor things have struggled with incipient mustaches and downy beards that absolutely resisted all attempts at coaxing; but now they can hold up their heads and walk the avenue with the conscious pride of social rectitude.

HER RADIANT SMILE.

When the novelist of bygone years, in enumerating the charms of his heroine, dwelt upon her "radiant smile," little did he dream that his metaphor would one day become literal truth. As soon would he have conceived his ideal with a real "rosebud" mouth or a neck of genuine "alabaster." Though the two last named features have not as yet been reported, who knows at what moment they may make their appearance? For the "radiant smile"—apparently as far removed from the realms of actuality as they—has flashed upon us in dazzling verity.

Not long ago the habitués of a certain English concert hall remarked that whenever one of their particular favorites opened her mouth, there issued forth not only sweet melody but also gleaming rays of light. For a time the phenomenon baffled all their efforts to explain it. Finally an observer at close range discovered the secret of the charm—two large diamonds which had been set in the two front teeth of the fair singer.

Striking as was the effect, at first it was an open question whether any one else would be willing to sacrifice the integrity of her teeth to secure this artificial brilliance. "Faddism," however, triumphed. Before one month had gone by, the "radiant smile" had become a regularly advertised feature of the English soubrette. It was not long before colleges of dentistry added to their curriculum a regular course on diamond setting; and the price of suitable gems went up in the market, so great was the demand for them. Actress vied with actress in the size and beauty of her dental ornaments; the fortunate possessors of the most valuable specimens were forced to lock up their faces at night, for fear of burglars.

About this time two or three English burlesque companies, which numbered among their members several devotees of the new fad, invaded our domain. American stage beauties saw and were conquered, and hastened to insert brilliants into the osseous appendages of their upper maxillaries. Other advanced faddists, realizing the novelty of the new style of adornment, took it up. There was an epidemic of diamond teeth and smiles.

The novelist of the future can indulge in word painting of which Ouida and the Duchess never dreamed. His heroine can have "sparkling teeth that scintillate in the sunlight, and shed the glory of a thousand suns in iridescent purple and gold."

THE LATEST VISITING CARDS.

There is a new fad in visiting cards, and a remarkably unattractive one it is. Last autumn

it was strictly the proper thing to abjure the old established copperplate, and to cling to something dimly resembling heavy face type. Now we have cards engraved with what purports to be the owner's autograph. If it really is, the young swells of the day are egregiously poor penmen.

After all, it would seem that we are much like our fellow men of the *Chimmie Fadden* type, upon whom we affect to look down. *Chimmie* calls but once a year, "but when he do, he do enjoy himself," as the song says; and according to his lights he does the "society act" in fine form. *Chimmie's* chirography is not all that it might be, and therefore he hies him to the expert penman, who, while you wait, executes twelve visiting cards in the front window of a stationery shop and in the highest style of art. With these *Chimmie* calls upon his "goils," and no doubt produces a profound impression.

But the society man, desiring also to produce an impression, has not the saving grace of knowing the atrocity of his own handwriting, and boldly has it blazoned forth, unredeemed even by the billing doves or sweeping flourishes which lend to the pasteboards of the east side their chaste appearance. Or if, by ill luck, Knickerbocker does write well, he turns from the beauties of his own chirography and selects one of the distorted varieties offered by his stationer.

We of today seem to have an instinctive dislike of everything that has been in vogue since the days of our fathers. Copperplate script is not especially beautiful, but compared with the pothooks borne by the latest cards it is irreproachable. The *cartes de visite* of the hour are apparently the results of designs upon yellow paper made with a soft pencil by floorwalkers or bicycle instructors whose education has been neglected.

WHIMS IN BOOKMAKING.

In bookmaking, as elsewhere, this is an age of fads. Cover designs, type, and paper are all influenced, more or less, by the prevailing craze for what is bizarre. Up to a few months ago, books conformed to certain well established rules and were constructed upon a recognized plan; but now standards are ignored. We no longer can expect that the introduction will be called a preface. It is a "foreword" or "greeting to the gentle reader" or something clever and original. No longer, either, is it "contents" but "*historiæ personæ*" or "what is to be found herein," or even, as we have noticed in one instance, "the treasures in this tiny casket." "Chapters" are disregarded. We now have "adventures" or "step one in the plot," while "finis" and "the end" have given place to some shaky Latin phrase like "*consummata est Dei gratia.*"

It is affectations of this description that bring tears to one's eyes and a dim intuition to the heart that all life is vanity and all men *poseurs*. Old words, like old friends and old wine, are usually best, and albeit for novelty's sweet sake we can put up with purposeless innovations for a little space, yet they soon pall exceedingly. It is almost a safe conjecture that any story thus hedged about with whims is not strong enough to stand upon its own feet, but must have little faddish crutches whereon to limp into popular notice.

THE FAD OF HAVING FADS.

We have had something to say about fads of every variety—fads of eating, drinking, walking, talking, dressing, and furnishing. But here is *the* fad, the source and origin of all fads—the fad of having fads.

Thackeray once remarked, "What a blessing to society is the weather!" But then Thackeray did not know the up to date faddist and the *fin de siècle* fads. As a topic for light conversation, the weather has seen its best days. People have discovered that they cannot discuss it forever, all instances to the contrary notwithstanding. A substitute had to be found; and at this point the fad of having fads stepped in.

First some benefactor invents "slumming"; and society, with just a trifling elevation of its nose and its skirts, trips it quickly through the poorer quarters of the city, and returns to tell of its surprising adventures. Then the multitude who wouldn't for the world, you know, join in the frivolities of society, immediately follow up the new idea, and it becomes a full grown fad.

Next, in its polite and condescending way, society consents to admire Shakspere or to read Browning, or to discuss the rocket-like career of Napoleon. Thus we have a whole host of fads, tumbling in one after another. Soon tiring of such unwonted intellectual labor, we turn to that most glorious of all fads—athletics. First it was golf. So far, it was not bad for the fashionable youth; for golf admits of plenty of dressing and does not require much exertion. He got along fairly well, though he was apt to put the nob of his golf stick in the place where the head of his cane should go—which of course was embarrassing. Then came the ubiquitous bicycle, and he discarded his cane, cigarette, and chrysanthemum, and let his big sister take him out for a ride. This requires more exertion, and at present he does not seem to like it so much—to judge from the expression of his face as he rides. But still the merry round of fads goes on, and society is occupied and happy, and has something to talk about.

Apropos of society's athletic tendencies, a curious phenomenon has been widely observed in this year of grace. Contrary to all previous ideas of propriety and decorum, men have been seen to wear the same identical costume for skating, cycling, and golf. Truly such sordid economy is enough to rout the shade of Beau Brummel from his grave, and to set him wandering about the street at midnight—and without a dress suit. This is indeed a degenerate age. Even our fads are becoming practical.

LITERARY CHAT

THE COMPARATIVELY UNKNOWN HUSBAND OF A COMPARATIVELY FAMOUS WIFE.

Herbert D. Ward has written a number of clever stories, though nothing he has ever written has made quite so deep an impression upon the public as the fact that he is the husband of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, who marked her day and generation by "Gates Ajar."

Mr. Ward has ideas upon literature making which are worth hearing. He says that he considers it "art" to put some sort of a moral into a story; that he finds that three quarters of humanity—all the people who are neither hopelessly depraved nor flippant—employ a good deal of their time and strength in the effort after nobility of character, in resisting their baser selves; and he does not believe that a man who attempts to depict life should leave out so important a part of it.

Mr. Ward's admiration for Kipling is immense. He considers a good short story to be art in one of its highest forms, and says that the power which wrote "The Brushwood Boy," taking a child at birth and leaving him in the arms of his beloved, within the limits of a short story, is too great to characterize by adjectives.

Mr. Ward is himself a most conscientious writer. He is particularly fortunate in having so good a critic as his wife. Not long ago, he spent six months in writing a book, and when she told him he could "do better than that," he threw the manuscript into the fire, although he must have been aware that there are hundreds of novels bearing respectable antecedents which were less worth while.

AN UNSENTIMENTAL TRAVELER.

An American woman is traveling up and down the earth who has never received the appreciation she deserves. This is Elizabeth Robbins Pennell, the wife of Joseph Pennell. She has discovered more delights, and written more good literature in their praise, than any other woman, and she is still in the bloom of youth. She was one of the first who rode on "the bicycle built for two" Years ago she and her husband went up and down Europe on wheels, making pictures, telling of odd corners, and starting an army of pleasure seekers along new roads. They are Philadelphians of old families, some of whose members stare aghast at these daring wanderers.

Doubtless Mr. Pennell would have made good pictures had he never married his wife, but the world gives her credit for the ideas. She has shown an original mind and a keen sense of humor, and at last she has given out the secret of it all in a little book—"The Feasts of Autolycus; the Diary of a Greedy Woman."

Mrs. Pennell knows what to eat! That brilliant mind was never fed on soufflé and ice cream soda. Some of the chapter headings tell the story: "A Perfect Breakfast," "The Magnificent Mushroom," "The Incomparable Onion," "The Salads of Spain." A woman who eats breakfast, who knows what to do with a mushroom and an onion, and dwells on garlic flavored Spain, could only have a richly nurtured masculine brain, and Mrs. Pennell's clever books have long shown the results. The little "Diary" is charming.

"ADAM JOHNSTONE'S SON."

Marion Crawford's latest novel, "Adam Johnstone's Son" may not be his latest by the time we reach the public, as Mr. Crawford is said to keep a cellar full, from which he can bring out a perfectly fresh one, just off the ice, at the request of any publisher. It takes a pair of nimble eyes to keep up with his pen, and they print his books by electricity.

"Adam Johnstone's Son" will certainly claim the full attention of any pair of eyes which it reaches. It is one of the most readable of recent books, on one of the most disagreeable subjects. There is no plot; there is simply a subject. *Adam Johnstone* and his wife are divorced, and each marries again. One has a son, and the other a daughter. These two meet and fall in love with each other. *Adam Johnstone* and his two wives meet and discuss the matter, and Mr. Crawford makes it all seem so much a matter of course that when the young people decide to marry, we unite in the "Bless you, my children" chorus.

In his depiction of *Adam Johnstone's* character, Mr. Crawford shows the cynicism of Mr. Thomas Hardy and of the author of "The Case of Rebellious Susan." Nothing can convince us that this facile novelist ever reads his manuscript over. In the first place, he wouldn't have time; and in the second, his characters are not consistent with themselves. He more than hints that *Brook Johnstone* had inherited traits of character which made it impossible for a sensitive woman to live with him. The father's second wife had become "practical," able to laugh in his face and say, when he tells her that her new friend is his divorced wife, "You see you've rather broken me in to the idea of lots of other people in your life." In the latter part, there are only half explanations of the unpleasant episode.

It is entirely due to Mr. Crawford's literary magnetism that we like the book, but we undoubtedly do.

NEW STORIES BY MR. DAVIS.

Lovers of that versatile young person *Van Bibber* will rejoice to hear that he is alive once more and as eagerly concerned in the affairs of other people as ever. To be sure,

Mr. Davis brings him again to our notice in a remarkably dull little story entitled "Cinderella," which by no means deserves to supply the name for the book in which it is contained; but *Van Bibber* is *Van Bibber* still, and even when surrounded and almost buried from view by "local color," as in this instance, he will be warmly welcomed. Incidentally, Mr. Davis' pocketbook and smile will expand proportionately.

Just why "Cinderella" should ever have been written, or why, when written, it should have been published in a prominent magazine, and in book form into the bargain, we do not presume to say. Had its author been other than Mr. Davis, any rational editor would probably have regarded it with a cautious eye. It is unquestionably the least commendable piece of work its creator has ever done. It is a surprise to find Mr. Davis doing careless or amateurish fiction, and for two reasons his readers should pardon his backsliding in this instance. In the first place "Cinderella" is a first offense; and secondly, the excellence of its companion stories more than makes up for its want of merit. Barring "Miss Delamar's Understudy," which is hardly more than a sketch, the tales in this new book of Mr. Davis' are of a high grade. In particular "The Reporter Who Made Himself King" is noticeable. Told in the lightest vein, it has a humor and a novelty of conception and execution that are characteristic of its author at his best. Probably only one other man in America—Mr. Stockton—could have told this yarn as Mr. Davis has told it. We have much to forgive him in the matter of overweening conceit, but the power to entertain us covers a multitude of sins; and both his writings and his personality have furnished no little diversion for his countrymen.

It would be interesting to know whether all the good stories told by and about Mr. Davis have any foundation in fact. Certainly no American writer, excepting Mr. Clemens, has figured so largely in current newspaper paragraphs. Not even Mr. Richard Mansfield has supplied the wits with so broad a target for their shafts. But in spite of ridicule, Mr. Davis pursues his course, occasionally hurling an amusing challenge to some one of his detractors, and then putting forth a story which shows us more clearly than ever how great a loss he would be if criticism discouraged him. He is almost as good a study as *Van Bibber* himself.

"TOM GROGAN."

There never was a more forcible illustration of the fact that conscientious preparation and a generous outlay of thought will accomplish great things than is found in Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's new novel, "Tom Grogan." It is probable that both directly and indirectly Mr. Smith has devoted more time to the evolving of this story than he has given to any other work, "Colonel Carter of Cartersville" possibly excepted. Short as it is, "Tom Grogan" is not the outcome merely of five or six months' labor, but of the planning of several years, and the result is that Mr. Smith has reached and passed his own high water mark, and has given us a book that will stand forth in the first rank of this season's fiction.

It is interesting to note that "Tom Grogan" is practically a true story. *Tom* herself is no imaginary character, but a replica of one Tom Morgan, a feminine stevedore with whom Mr. Smith was thrown in contact during some marine construction work. Her forceful, undaunted nature so impressed him that in the course of a conversation with Mr. Houghton he suggested her as the central figure in a prospective novel.

"Frank," replied the publisher, "if you can write that story as you tell it, you'll make a hit." This was three years ago, and today we have the result in "Tom Grogan." Lacking knowledge of these facts, the conventional mind will find much that is incongruous in Mr. Smith's novel. A woman who rules gangs of men on the principle of "a flower when you agree with me, and a broken head when you don't," who punches planks out of a fence with her fist, and appears in public undismayed two hours after her cranium has been laid open with a hammer, is, to say the least, a surprise; but truth, as we all know, is stranger than fiction.

In his comparatively brief artistic career, Mr. Smith has demonstrated that he is a remarkably versatile man. He has given us one good play, half a dozen good books, scores of good pictures, dozens of good stories. But we think that "Tom Grogan" may do more to perpetuate his name in literature than all his earlier work in the field of fiction.

"A KING AND SOME DUKES."

To the impartial eye the fiction of Mr. Robert W. Chambers suggests a kind of literary seesaw, one book soaring to heights of merit, its successor falling to hopeless depths of inanity. "In the Quarter" was, it will be remembered, a really clever work, "The King in Yellow" tiresome, "The Red Republic" strong and absorbing. Now we have "A King and Some Dukes," which is depressing beyond expression. It has been said to resemble "The Prisoner of Zenda," but it is to be hoped that this most cruel and undeserved libel will never come to the ears of Mr. Anthony Hope.

"A King and Some Dukes," which might with equal justice be entitled "A Duke and Some Kings," is the latest addition to the long line of "princess" stories, and a most awkward and weak kneed recruit it is. The scene is laid in Europe, and the plot requires the assistance of imaginary personages and of real royalty as well. No less a notable than Bismarck treads Mr. Chambers' pages, and helps him to a "happy ending," resting one hand meanwhile upon the head of a large dog, in the strictly authentic attitude with which the illustrated weeklies have made us familiar. The king is *Theobald* of Boznovia, whose

conversation savors of the jests and gibes of Francis Wilson in "The Merry Monarch" rather than the language of a sovereign battling for his throne. Witness the following:

He stood in the hall, enveloped in an ermine edged robe, a sputtering candle in one hand, a beer mug in the other. His big silver helmet lay on the tiles near the door. I suppose he had put it on for warmth.

"The beer is in the butler's pantry, isn't it?" he said sleepily.

"I'll get it," said I; "be careful! Your dressing gown is all spotted with candle wax!"

"Dressing gown!" yawned the king; "it's my coronation robe. I haven't a dressing gown to my back. I've got another head and an up to date taste in my mouth."

From which and other passages of a like nature it would appear that Mr. Chambers has a poor opinion of royalty. It is impossible to have much sympathy with such a monarch as *Theobald*, and when at the close of the story he is "thrown down," as no doubt he would have expressed it, we cannot but rejoice. The princess, when first discovered, is traveling as a lady's maid; but this must not be taken as proof of diplomatic incapacity, for before we leave her she has twisted several kings, the Czar of Russia, and Bismarck around her little finger, and married the man of her choice triumphantly, the latter joyously observing, "My wife can do no wrong"—which is the proper remark for the concluding chapters of a "princess" story.

The greatest merit of "A King and Some Dukes" lies in the fact that, if Mr. Chambers continues his oscillation between rubbish and clever work, its successor will probably be an interesting book.

A SURFEIT OF OSCULATION.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins must have named her latest novel strictly according to the rules of conventionality. Instead of "Madelon" it should have been "The Fatal Kisses." First *Burr Gordon* kisses *Dorothy Fair*—their full names are written out on every page in the solemn, good old way—and then he kisses *Madelon Hautville;* and we are told that *Dorothy Fair's* kiss was to *Madelon's* like a snow flake to a drop of warm honey. Then *Lot Gordon* took a hand in the game and kissed *Madelon*, and she, thinking him the faithless *Burr*, who had been kissing *Dorothy Fair* again, stabbed him.

When that situation developed, the gentle reader, being experienced, looked down the road for the approaching *Burr*. He had to appear in the nick of time to shoulder that crime, or there couldn't be any story. He appeared. Then *Madelon* went to his cell and kissed him and crooned over his head, while the jailer grinned; and the gentle *Dorothy Fair* was hurried to the county jail by *Madelon* and told to throw herself into *Burr Gordon's* arms and make him confess his innocence. But *Dorothy* was afraid of him, and even when he was free and her betrothed lover, she let her kisses for him become more and more frigid, and expended her warmer ones upon a big son of the woods, while the village gossips looked on with deep interest.

There are six or seven more places where kisses play an important part in the tale, but as *Lorenzo* said in "Their Wedding Day," "It's kind of—sickish." The whole story is "sickish." It leaves a bad taste in the mouth. The Miss Wilkins cult show signs of decay in this country, and is kept alive in England chiefly because her portrayal of character is considered purely American, and no doubt it makes the Englishman feel superior. Some of her early stories were clever, but they never were great, as certain people would have us believe. She has never written a novel worthy of the name. If she keeps on in her present vein, some irreverent person is going to make remarks about the old theories concerning the imaginings of spinsters.

MR. FULLER'S LITERARY GYMNASTICS.

Mr. Henry B. Fuller appears to be engaged in an effort to show how easy literature is. According to Mr. Fuller—as proved by the examples he gives us—no man need be bound down to one habit of writing, one sphere. One man can contain within his own brain the whole box of tricks. First he gave us the most delicate, poetic, elusively charming novels, the very will o' the wisp of literature. They were full of a flavor of things dreamed of. Then, to show that he could open his eyes when he chose, throw away his lute, and beat a drum, he gave us "The Cliff Dwellers" and "With the Procession." Now he has given us something entirely different in his new book "The Puppet Booth." It suggests William Sharp, Ibsen, Sudermann, and Maeterlinck, and as Mr. Fuller never before suggested anybody but himself, it is within the bounds of reason that he is amusing himself. He is not above it. He is just the sort of man who could play with that puppet booth, the world, and watch its figures dance while he pulled the strings, and call no man in to share the fun.

"At St. Judas'" is surely a caricature of those "masters" who revel in horrors. A bridegroom and his best man are the characters, and their conversation is reflected in the windows. We have suicide following upon confessions of unspeakable things, and the whole episode needs a mad Beardsley as an accompaniment.

TWO NEW BOOKS WITH MISFIT TITLES.

"The Hotel Salisbury," says Mr. Richard Harding Davis in "Cinderella," "is so called because it is situated on Broadway, and conducted on the American plan by a man named Riggs."

It must have been a reason somewhat akin to this that inspired Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts to call his volume of short stories "Earth's Enigmas," and Miss Molly Elliot Seawell to term her latest novel "A Strange, Sad Comedy." The latter is neither strange, sad, nor yet a comedy; but as it is amusing and well written,

the name is of no particular consequence. Mr. Roberts' tales are enigmas rightly enough, but why "Earth's Enigmas" any more than "Heaven's Enigmas," or, better yet, "Roberts' Enigmas," it is impossible to say. Some of them are fairly good, and some are beyond words tiresome; none of them would be supposed up to the standards of the magazines to which they are credited in a prefatory note, were it not so stated.

Mr. Roberts has written a good deal of verse which has been warmly received, and which has deserved a warm reception. He is one of the best of the Canadian minor poets who have attracted attention in this country, and whose rhyming is really melodious. But why has he plunged into fiction? And having so plunged, will he reach shore again and be content to woo the lyric muse as before? The very best of his "enigmas" are stories such as any bright newspaper man could turn out by the ream, without dreaming of making them permanent in book form; and the worst of them—a majority—are sedatives of surpassing potency.

Miss Seawell's "Strange, Sad Comedy" is merely one of the half hundred novels that appear annually at this season, and that we take to the country and read in hammocks with the privilege of falling asleep whenever we are so inclined. Not that Miss Seawell's books are specially provocative of slumber. Her work is almost invariably good, and, although told in the lightest possible way, this story will serve admirably to make an hour or two pleasant. It is a book to slip into one's satchel when starting on a railway or ocean journey, while "Earth's Enigmas" is an excellent one to leave at home.

We have placed these volumes side by side because of the fact that both are ridiculously misnamed. It seems to us that a book's title should have at least a bowing acquaintance with its contents, and, although it cannot be expected to show anything of the plot, it should be seen to have some bearing thereon when one has finished the story. It would be as sensible to name the novels in question "Candle Ends" and "Toasted Cheese" as to bestow upon them titles which, however euphonious and beautifully alliterative, are entirely foreign to their contents.

NEW VERSES BY MR. SCOLLARD.

Now that Mr. Alfred Austin is laureate of England, it is more satisfactory to be considered a minor poet than to be classed among the lords of Parnassus; and therefore when we rank Mr. Clinton Scollard in the former category it is with the best will in the world to commend his work. To readers of MUNSEY'S Mr. Scollard's verse needs no introduction. So frequently has it appeared in our pages that to lovers of true melody its creator's name has become a household word.

In the literary world Mr. Scollard is that *rara avis*, a poet without a fad. His verse is deliciously simple and sweet, and he has a respect for smoothness of rhythm and correctness of rhyme that in these days of "emancipated verse" is refreshing. He clings, too, to the old fashioned idea that a writer's work should constantly improve; and this conscientiousness, linked with the truest poetic fancy, makes a new volume from his pen something watched for and welcomed by those who appreciate verse that moves without a limp. In "Hills of Song," he has given us of his best. The little book is full of melodious rhyming and delicate thought, and there is much in it to remember. It is aptly named, for it takes one out of the valleys of the commonplace and into the fresh, cool air of song.

The minor poet's lot is not wholly an unhappy one. He is welcomed in the magazine world, and his verse, if it be as good as Mr. Scollard's, makes its own way and seeks out friends far and near for him. In America particularly is this true. For every one who will read Austin's "England's Darling" there are twenty who will look for Mr. Scollard's work, and learn it by heart, and set it to music.

It is possible that Mr. Scollard may resent being called a minor poet, but it is no longer a term of reproach. It stands today for small pretensions and worthy work, while the title of laureate—"but that is another story."

A MAMMOTH WORK OF REFERENCE.

Arrangements are at present being made for the publication of an important work of reference which will cover the field of universal literature as it has never been covered before. Thirty volumes are contemplated, and if necessary the number will be increased to thirty five, the first of which will probably be issued this summer, the others following at as short intervals as possible. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner and Professor Harry T. Peck, of Columbia, the editor of the *Bookman*, are in charge of the work. It is proposed to give biographies of the prominent writers of all times, together with a list of their creations, and extracts from the latter. If this plan is followed it is hardly an exaggeration to say that, combining as it does the provinces of a biographical encyclopedia and a universal anthology, this will be one of the most important publications of the century.

In compiling his "Library of American Literature," Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman performed a signal service for the world of letters, but the task was one of the most arduous that a literary man has ever undertaken, and notwithstanding its success, we can hardly look to Mr. Stedman for more work in the same or a similar line. Confined wholly to American writers, it left much to be desired in spite of its exhaustive and able classification. This scheme of Mr. Warner's is so colossal that it would daunt an average man even though he were assured of the aid Mr. Warner will have. We look with interest to its development. Unless it is exceedingly well done, it will result in a monumental failure. There is no half way course. But of all men the two selected to

superintend it are, perhaps, best fitted for the task. We regret only that Mr. Stedman is not associated with them. His knowledge of poets and poetry would have been of inestimable value.

A LIST OF POPULAR BOOKS.

The records of the public libraries tell some queer stories. Last February the manager of a free circulating library in New York kept a list of the popular books. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was in the lead. It was taken out seventy five times, followed by "Monte Cristo," asked for sixty two times. We might look for "The Prisoner of Zenda" or "A Gentleman of France" to come next, but they were away down in the thirties. On the other hand, Horatio Alger's "Tattered Tom" and "Ragged Dick" were up in the sixties. "Les Miserables" and "Lang's Fairy Book" were as popular as "Trilby."

In all the list there was not one single book of "The Heavenly Twins" type. Nearly every one was a boy's book, or was full of action. Must one come to the conclusion that only children patronize the free libraries, or that these books are read by everybody?

LITERARY READINGS.

Unless appearances belie the facts, the present race of women cannot read. They have to be read to, and the simplest story must be explained to them.

They sit in plumed grandeur, and in wonder and amaze, while some strong lunged personage reads "extracts"—they cannot stay through a whole volume—from the latest publication, and tells them what the author had in mind when he wrote it. The accessories are usually charming. The reader is posed on a daïs surrounded by palms, to typify the loftiness of her attainments and understanding; and stationed thus, she grinds the strong meat of literature to an easily digested pulp for her eager listeners.

Physicians tell us that if we eat soft food, our teeth will drop out. We can see and feel that physical process, but we seem to be oblivious to a like mental deprivation. The necessity for literary "spoon food" appears to be the direct outcome of the Browning societies of a few years ago, when prophets arose to explain the turgid sentences of "the master." The frequenters of those readings appeared to lose the understandings they originally possessed, by letting the faculty lie idle, and nowadays we find the reader seating herself aloft to read and expound the latest magazine story. And sometimes it is no sinecure to attempt it, either.

MISS ANDERSON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

These being days when every one who has mastered the elements of rhetoric and the workings of a typewriter is possessed of an idea that he or she is a literary genius, it is somewhat remarkable to find work that is destined to live coming from one who claims no more than an amateur's position in the field of letters. Having had cause to lament over the productions of certain writers who are generally conceded to be literary lights, we were prepared to find in "A Few Memories," by Mary Anderson, some indication of inexperience in authorship. If there are others who share this expectation, a most agreeable surprise is in store for them when they take up Mrs. Navarro's book. Not only is it characterized by the interest which naturally attaches to a good and frankly told autobiography, but its style is so simple, clear, and unpretentious that the reading of it is a labor of love. It has qualities that make it a model volume of its kind.

"I have, as I am well aware, no literary skill," says the author in her brief preface, "and assuredly do not wish for further publicity." These words are the keynote of "A Few Memories." If to be involved and unintelligible, to moralize sententiously and exploit oneself egregiously—if this be to write a literary memoir, Miss Anderson has indeed, as she says, no literary skill. This is a plain statement of facts and impressions, an intimate chat with the reader, alive from start to finish with the author's personality. Her experiences in America and Europe, trying and pleasant, her friends, her books, her work, are what she has shown us, and what we are glad to know.

Mary Anderson—the world still remembers her by her maiden name—had the courage to do what many another player has regretted not doing. At the very pinnacle of her career, the idol of her own land and others as well relinquished her work and rested upon her well earned laurels. So it is that in the hearts of the American people this singularly modest celebrity can never grow old. In the height of her youth, beauty, and dramatic power she stamped her individuality upon the memory of every one with whom she came in contact, and with this she is wisely content. The whole duration of Miss Anderson's stage life covered a period of only fourteen years, but in her phenomenal rise to fame her experiences were manifold. No actress, perhaps, has ever made her way so swiftly and surely to the hearts of her hearers. She was and still is affectionately known as "Our Mary," and many incidents in her life, as told in "A Few Memories," illustrate the peculiar magnetism which she possessed and the intimate appreciation with which her audiences regarded her. In the letters from Booth, Wilkie Collins, Boucicault, and Alma Tadema, reproduced in her memoirs, we see proof of this strong affection, and equally in the well meant but somewhat startling words of the small London gamin who one day waited by the stage door for her appearance—"I say, Mary, do give us a kiss!"

THE "DISCOVERY" OF THOMAS HARDY.

We seldom allow chance the full measure of credit for what comes to pass; but sometimes we are reminded that Thomas Gray's "inglorious Miltons" may not all be lying in his poetic churchyard. Thomas Hardy was an

architect, not a particularly good one, and with so little chance to show how bad a one that he sat down and used his idle days in writing a book which he called "Under the Greenwood Tree." Frederick Greenwood, now the well known writer on European politics, then the editor of the *Cornhill*, happened to pass a second hand book store, and caught his own name on a discarded book. He took it home, read it, and discovered a genius. Hardy was invited out of architecture into literature, and "Far From the Madding Crowd" was the result that speedily proved the justice of Mr. Greenwood's judgment.

"Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is being dramatized, and that strange woman Mrs. Patrick Campbell will create *Tess*. Olga Nethersole, it is announced, will bring the play to us when she visits America in November.

ZOLA GROWS RESPECTABLY DULL.

Evidently Émile Zola intends to get into the French Academy. It is said that his enemies have harked back to the days of his youth, and, gathering up the unspeakable vulgarities which marked his famous Rougon-Macquart series, have prepared a choice anthology of them to throw at the heads of the Academy. If the censors of that time honored institution look only at his work of today he can enter into those halls of mummifying intellects without a protest.

"Rome," the second book of the "trilogy" of which "Lourdes" was the first, is not a novel at all. It is a polemic, an invective against the Roman Catholic church. The book is published by the highly respectable house of Macmillan, which would have put a screen before its face at the mention of "Nana." There are a few slips into the old manner, but evidently the Macmillans' reader said to himself, as he read the manuscript, "These are few, they do not matter, for while everybody will buy the book for his library shelves, nobody will wade through such a sea of dullness to find these Zolaesque sentences."

"Rome" is dull, dull to everybody except those who are sufficiently interested in controversial literature to care for Zola's attack upon the Pope. No book has been more widely advertised. "Lourdes" was not properly a novel, but in it Zola was not able to get away from his real genius as a vivid story teller, and the book was read everywhere. Much was expected of "Rome," and the result reminds one of that mournful old hymn beginning "Nothing but leaves." There is little fruit to be found upon these latest of Zola's literary branches. The volume is of a wearisome size, and is filled with descriptions which are so commonplace and familiar that they carry us back to the "Rollo" books. There is not one new scrap of real information, not one new idea. The invective is cheap, the personalities are paltry, the love episodes are theatrical.

So great a man as Zola makes a pitiful spectacle when he tries to carry the ass upon his shoulders because his neighbors tell him that is the way to get into the Academy.

A DELUSIVE REVELATION.

Daudet says that fourteen years ago he had what might be called a literary revelation. It was about that time that those who had known and loved Daudet's great talent began to discover that there was something wrong. We are glad to learn what it was, to warn all great novelists to fly from similar inspirations.

One night in 1882, Zola, Charpentier, and several other friends were dining at Daudet's home, and one of the men was receiving congratulations upon a new novel. The art and purposes of novel writing were discussed, when in the midst of an argument there descended upon the author of "Sidonie" and "Kings in Exile," a sudden sense of the responsibility of an author, of the moral force that he is able to wield. In that hour Daudet promised himself never again to write a book without an aim. It seemed to him that society was full of innocents to avenge. "The Evangelists" was the first book written upon these lines. Who has read it?

No such sermon has ever been preached against the novel with an "aim," and we wish to call Mr. Herbert D. Ward's attention to it. Since 1882, Alphonse Daudet has added not one line to the stature of his fame. Every book that went to make him great was written when he took a dramatic episode from the daily history of the world, and set it vividly before us, letting each of us draw our own lesson from it. When he began to distort, to teach, he lost us.

HISTORY THROUGH DIRTY SPECTACLES.

By the time Barras and Rochefort get through with France, we shall wonder why the fate of Sodom did not overtake her long ago. In Barras' time there was only one honest man in the country, and that was Barras; and as we finish up his last volumes of memoirs, we think he was hardly a large enough grain of salt to keep the nation sweet until a kind Providence could send along Rochefort to succeed him. But these last volumes carry out the promises of the first two. They are interesting. They throw upon history a side light which might be very misleading if it were the only one available.

No novelist has ever made so clever, so cynical a character sketch as Barras gives of himself all unconsciously. But there is no unconsciousness about his editor, M. Duruy. He spends most of his time pointing out the infirmities of the man he is presenting to the public. The "creator of Napoleon," the holder of state secrets, is accused of making shameful bargains with Napoleon in the end. "It is in this wise," says the editor, "that the 'victor of Thermidor' vanishes from history—as a clown at a country fair dives into and disappears through a trap door." But had Barras been good, pure in heart, honest, we should have missed these brilliant memoirs.

ETCHINGS

BOATING SONG.

Row away, row away,
Through the mellow summer day!
  All in trim, lightly skim
O'er the waters blue.
Cloudlets shy wander by—
We are sailing on the sky!
  Mid the gleam of the stream
Shine the heavens through.

Lightly dip! Brightly dip!
O'er the waters feathered slip!
  All in time, tune, and rhyme
Fly the merry oars.
Down the hills shine the rills
In a thousand rippling trills—
  Misty green—blue between—
Crowns the flying shores.

Blithely sing on the wing,
While the spray we backward fling!
  Diamonds bright, gleaming light,
Jewel all our way.
Lightly sail! Freely sail!
Follows us a silver trail,
  Growing wide as we glide
All the golden day.

Mildred McNeal.

O SAXON BORN!

Stand on the prow of some seagoing ship,
When tempests press their murk upon the bay;
When far born whirlwinds sweep the driving spray
In sheeted snow from off the wave's white lip;
Far in the gloomy hollows feel her dip
In headlong plunge that bolts the hurtling skies,
Foam weltering from that dark embrace to rise
  As by the keel the wave's great shoulders slip.
Thou wilt not fear; where sweeps the heaving sea
In dark immensity of storm and foam,
Where wild winds sing and wave tossed sea birds roam,
The heritage of ages rides with thee,
O Saxon born! O child of sea kings free!
The towering wave, the tempest, these are home.

Winthrop Packard.

AT THE BARS.

When Nelly goes after the cows at dark,
  I wait for her by the bars,
And watch each soft and silvery spark
  When the angels light the stars;
And along the air comes stealing there
  A sweet and summery smell
Of new cut hay at the dusk of day,
  When I wait at the bars for Nell.

When Nelly goes after the cows at dark,
  I hear her musical voice
As clear as the call of the meadow lark
  That the morning makes rejoice;
She sings as she goes, my dear wild rose,
  And it's not so hard to tell
Why the whole world seems like a land of dreams
  When I wait at the bars for Nell.

Now Nelly is only a dairy lass,
  And I but a farmer lad,
But when she comes to me over the grass,
  In simple dimity clad,
I feel sometimes that even the rhymes
  That the poets write so well,
Can't hope to show the love I know
  When I wait at the bars for Nell!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

POPPIES AND ROSEMARY.

Norma, of the sea deep eyes,
Full of loving magicries,
Prithee, sweeting, do not wear
Poppies in thy twilight hair—
Poppies through whose veins there run
Juices of oblivion—
Lest, perchance, thou shouldst forget
  Love and all his deathless vows!
Rather would I have thee set
  Rosemary above thy brows
In the shadows of thy hair,
Keeping sweet remembrance there!

Clinton Scollard.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

His eyes were a regular Yankee blue,
  While the soft Rebel gray hers wore;
And nobly they fought, as they talked of the war,
  As their fathers had fought before.

The fair little Rebel was stanch and brave
  Like the Rebels in days of yore;
Yet somehow or other that Yankee won,
  As his father had done before.

So they said, when they came to the treaty of peace,
  That they couldn't do less or more
Than agree to an union firm and true,
  As their fathers had done before.

Dixie Wolcott.

THE WOODLAND POOL.

All the forest fairies love it,
  Calm and clear and cool;
Brooding bend the boughs above it,
  Pure, pellucid pool.
Golden glamours at the noontide
  Gild it and its moss;
Silvern subtleties at moontide
  Flit its face across.

Here the restless water spider
Weaves his agile dance ;
Overhead the dragon rider
Shakes his lustrous lance ;
And the feathered hermit near it,
While the waters list,
Frees his song o'erburdened spirit,
Passion's litanist.

If, when all the woodland over
Gray the shadows sink,
You, a silent footed rover,
Should approach the brink,
Haply there two fair young faces,
As you lean above,
Will lift lips in fond embraces—
Hylas and his love !

Clinton Scollard.

A SEA ROMANCE.

A MERMAIDEN beautiful,
Clever and dutiful,
Sat on a sea billow trimming her frock
With coral and spangles
She'd found in the tangles
Of seaweed that grew by the side of a rock.

A merman was roaming
About in the gloaming—
A handsome young merman who dwelt in the sea,
And he spied the sea fairy
So graceful and airy,
And said, "She's the very mermaiden for me!"

When the starlight was fading
He went serenading,
And played on a lute that was studded with pearls ;
And he sang, "From your pillow,
Come dance on the billow,
Oh, sweetest and dearest of all the mergirls !

"Be mine, and together
We'll float like a feather,
And sail far away in the curl of a wave ;
But if you reject me,
And scorn and neglect me,
I'll go and I'll bury myself in a cave."

The mermaiden listened,
Her amber eyes glistened,
She fled from her slumber to dance in the foam ;
And when they were married
A green billow carried
Them off to their beautiful sea grotto home.

Hattie Whitney.

THE SONG OF THE IDLER.

YOU needn't tell me that there's nothing but work
To make a man happy and wealthy and wise;
The art's as important to properly shirk,
Though a truth mediocrities often despise.
So here's to the workmen stretched out at their ease,
Who say just what they think, and do just what they please ;
Work hard when they're working, but don't work too long,
Nor forget there's a sun, and a pipe, and a song.

Your boy wins the medal the faculties give ;
Take care lest the gain prove a loss at the last,
Lest in studying Greek he forgets how to live,
Disregarding the future, regarding the past.
So here's to the truant who, one day in seven,
Slips off to the country to find it a heaven,
And reads in the sunshine, the fields, and the brooks,
A wisdom the truest, not printed in books.

And you, Milord Bullion, commercial renown
Or "money to burn" isn't all that is best ;
You're happy on 'change, at your desk, in the town—
But you don't know the meaning of pleasure and rest.
So here's to the merchant who knows when to stop,
Who can idle a day, and talk something but shop,
Who can throw by his contracts, forget about gold,
And be young for a season before he grows old.

Here's to cleric and layman, good, bad, short, and tall;
To Congressman, dry goods clerk, newsboy, and all,
Who work hard when they're working, but don't work too long,
Nor forget there's a sun, and a pipe, and a song.

Warwick James Price.

COMPENSATION.

SOME hearts are too happy for greatness,
Life works them a blissful wrong ;
Love kisses the lips into silence,
That sorrow has smitten to song.

Grace MacGowan Cooke.

AS TOLD BY TOMMY.

I THINK our newest servant girl's a very jolly one ;
She came to us on July third, before the Fourth begun ;
From somewhere 'way 'way off she came, she said, "across the say"—
A country where they never had an Independence Day.

She put my cannon cracker in the silver candlestick
When it came dark, and lighted it ; she thought it was a wick,
And when it went off with a bang and blew up all to dust,
She said right out, "Oh, mercy me ! The fat red candle's bust !"

Winthrop Packard.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

A NEEDLESS ALARM.

A loud alarm has been sounded over the alleged prospect that the cheap labor of the orient will shortly enable the progressive and ambitious manufacturers of Japan to undersell their American rivals at every point. We are treated to imposing statistics of the millions of spindles now spinning cotton in the island empire; of matches delivered in San Francisco at thirty cents per gross; of bicycles at twelve dollars; of shoes, clothing, clocks, and a long list of other staples that can be shipped across the Pacific at half or a quarter of the American prices. Such competition, we are told, cannot be met by our producers. Japanese goods will entirely displace home made articles, and the result will be the utter ruin of the industries of the United States.

As is usually the case with these impressive warnings of impending calamity, the prophecy of disaster is so sweeping that it carries its own refutation. Goods cannot be purchased abroad unless the purchaser can pay for them; and how, if our industries are destroyed, can we reimburse Japan for her products? It is clear that the ruinous stream of cheap imports will automatically cease.

The far east has for some time supplied us with certain articles—such as matting and firecrackers—more cheaply than we can make them here. It may be that in coming years a few additions will be made to the list, to the benefit of both parties in the exchange; but that is all. The alarmists' cry is based upon misinformation as to facts and misunderstanding of the principles of international commerce, as well as most unpatriotic timidity. Do its authors really believe that seventy millions of enterprising and industrious people, occupying an ample and fertile territory, cannot continue to earn their living in the future as they have done in the past? That we shall have to emigrate *en masse* to Japan, Kamskatka, or Timbuctoo, in order to avoid ruin and starvation? This is a poor sentiment for the Glorious Fourth.

PROFESSIONAL WOMEN AND SOCIETY.

THE news has come over from London that Anthony Hope Hawkins is engaged to marry Miss Evelyn Millard, a very beautiful young actress who has been playing *Flavia* in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Mr. Barrie also married an actress not long ago. The stage and literature are much more closely connected there than in America. Over here there is less social life for either than in England, where most "smart" people make a point of having at their entertainments a few guests who are artists in one field or another. In New York, the stage celebrities who are known socially outside of their own set might almost be counted upon the five fingers of one hand, and the literary men and women are pretty nearly as badly off.

So great an authority on social and other topics as Chauncey Depew made a speech the other day, in which he was reported as saying that women who earned their living had no social position in New York, presumably because they did so. Women say that men are always superficial when they discuss the affairs of the other sex, and they will point to Dr. Depew's statement as an instance. It does not make the situation clear as it exists. A woman who has no social position does not gain one in New York by advancing in a profession, while in England the same professional success would bring her recognition. But if she is already placed, she loses nothing by working, so long as she is doing work suited to her accepted character. But on the other hand no man has ever gained a footing in New York society solely by advancing in a profession. He might be the greatest lawyer at the bar, the finest electrician, engineer, physician, or what not, but he would never be seen at the feasts of the elect without some other qualification than honorable success. If he makes his way to the inner circle, it is because he is an eligible prospective husband, or because he has a clever wife. New York has seen famous millionaires whose families were commonplace compelled to sit in outer social darkness for generations.

There are more business men than business women in society, because in most of the chosen families the sons work, and the daughters do not. Yet the most fêted belle of the past ten years in the metropolis lived in a boarding house and painted little water colors for a living.

WOMAN'S WIDENING REALM.

A RECENT newspaper paragraph comments upon the female commercial traveler as a latter day social phenomenon. It seems that she is becoming more and more numerous, and that she is an ambassador not only for the makers of toilet articles, perfumeries, and feminine adornments, but for hardware houses, shoe manufacturers, and wholesale grocers.

It begins to look as if man must make up his mind to meet female competition in every line of industry. Twenty years ago a report showed nineteen standard occupations in each of which tens of thousands of men were employed, and not one woman. Twelve of the nineteen have since been invaded by the so called weaker sex, and we may shortly expect soldiers and sailors to be alone in their masculine exclusiveness.

The old motto that woman's realm is the home is not untrue, but it is almost ridicu-

lously incomplete nowadays. Without losing that kingdom, she has added to it another—the world at large.

AN IGNOBLE RED MAN.

It is sad to learn from the daily newspapers that of the Osage Indians, in Oklahoma, an alarmingly large proportion are now inhabitants of "Keeley" institutions. The number of patients is said to be limited only by the space in the local sanitariums. It is a curious illustration of the anomalous sort of civilization that has come to this little remnant of a once powerful tribe. They have dwindled until only a thousand or so of them are left, and the lands and money granted them by the government should be enough to maintain them in patriarchal prosperity; but what should have been their opportunity has been their undoing, and they seem fated to succumb to that terrible foe of the aborigine—the demon familiarly personified as John Barleycorn. It has been questioned whether the white graduate of an inebriacy institute is worth the cost of his treatment. Still less probable is it that any "gold cure" can save the whisky loving Indian from his doom.

The original American is by no means an utterly worthless type of humanity. Some of the surviving communities have made commendable advances in morality and education; but the Osage, if he is truly painted, is not a "noble red man," and his impending disappearance will be the natural result of his own unfitness.

A NEW STATESMAN POET.

The present day has an abundance of trolley cars, bicycle factories, and political reformers, but it is short of epic poetry. We have no Miltons, no Homers, no Dantes. A United States Senator from a Western State has thrown himself into the void, and has written an epic of which the newspapers have published advance extracts.

Epic poetry, the poet statesman evidently thinks, should have a serious moral purpose. This he enforces in a passage strongly reminiscent of "Paradise Lost," giving a delightful description of

> Eden fair
> And lovely in her pristine garb, where, arm
> In arm, in holiness enshrined, the happy pair
> First roamed in peace,

and contrasting its primitive innocence with the havoc wrought by man's later degeneracy. This is pictured with lurid strokes:

> Look o'er the wasted fields of war—the wide domain
> Of power's stretch, where fiery passions held
> High carnival o'er graves of heroes slain;
> Where battling millions, swaying on the verge
> Of death like angry waves of sea poured out
> Their blood like rain.

Most English epics are written in blank verse, and the present bard's master work is no exception. Indeed, his meter is decidedly blanker than the ordinary species of blank verse, herein scoring a distinct advance for Western poetic genius over effete Eastern precedents.

The modern scarcity of epic verse has generally been attributed to the fact that the present age is too busy for it, that we have not the leisure for long flights upon the soaring steed of the Muses. It is all the more remarkable that this praiseworthy effort to fill a long felt want should be the work of a man with so many distractions as necessarily beset a member of the national legislature. At the same time it is characteristic of the practical spirit of this patriotic singer that he combines with his devotion to the loftiest poetic art a readiness to seize every opportunity to work in an advertisement for his constituency:

> The seat of government
> Potomac's placid banks must bid adieu.
> * * * Upon the soil of fair young Kansas was
> The first great battle for the right fought out;
> And fit commemoration of that noble work
> Would be, give her the nation's capital.

But why should the Sunflower State care to possess the seat of government when her favorite son has grasped for her the laureate honors of American poesy? Let Washington retain her Capitol; Topeka has something rarer—an epic poet.

A REFINEMENT OF CRUELTY.

What the French do they do thoroughly, whether it be in the line of revolutions, world's fairs, or the refinement of dental torture. News from Paris informs us that an association has been formed in that enlightened city for the purpose of cultivating light anecdote and pleasing conversation among the wielders of the deadly forceps. A graduate of this school will find himself possessed of a vast fund of information, both useful and ornamental, and, what is more important, he will never want for listeners. His discourses will know no interruptions, for his privileged hearers, bound lip and tongue, can make no reply and venture no protest at the length of his dissertations. The loquacious barber, whose enormities the comic papers have been exploiting for years, will sink into insignificance as a public nuisance in comparison to this new infliction upon a helpless community.

It has been said that among tortures dentistry is both *facile princeps* and principally forceps, and there are brave men and women among us who would rather face a cannon than a dentist's emery wheel. But dreaded as these craftsmen have been in the past, they will be yet more awe inspiring in the future, when they have learned their light anecdotes and are prepared to discount the terrors of the inferno by vocal labor as well as manual. And yet we are told that at the end of this nineteenth century the ingenuity of hundreds is directed toward the alleviation of the myriad pains that flesh is heir to. We refuse to believe it; else how could this fiendish movement gain ground? Let us hope against hope that it will not spread from France to America.

"A Souvenir of the First Empire."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by A. Bramtot.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XV. AUGUST, 1896. NO. 5.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

CURRENT NOTES UPON MATTERS OF CONTEMPORARY INTEREST—WITH A SERIES OF ENGRAVINGS OF REPRESENTATIVE CANVASES.

FIGHTING OVER A GREAT SOLDIER'S MONUMENT.

Public memorials have caused many a quarrel, and the old story is being told over again in connection with the Sherman monument in Washington. The parties to the present dispute are the Society of the Army of the Tennessee and the National Sculpture Society. The veterans, having raised some ninety thousand dollars—most of which was money granted by Congress—for the statue of their old commander, invited competitive designs, and asked the Sculpture Society to examine and report upon the models submitted. The society accordingly appointed a committee, which selected four designs as being worthy of a preliminary award, and recommended that

"The Temptation of Saint Anthony."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by H. Picou.

The Dew.

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by F. Zuhber-Buhler.

the authors of two of them, the best offered, should be requested to compete again for the final decision. But the soldiers' association has given the commission for the work to a sculptor—Carl Rohl-Smith, of Chicago—whose model the jury of experts had not recommended, and had not regarded as being worthy of consideration.

So pointed a rebuff to a society which has dignity to burn, as the saying is, was sure to lead to hostilities. The protests of the slighted experts have been loud, but hitherto ineffectual. The soldiers take the position that they are paying the bills, and have a right to buy the article they like best. The sculptors point out that five eminent artists—Messrs. St. Gaudens, Ward, French, Warner, and Bruce Price, the architect—

"The Wind."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by F. Zuhler-Buhler.

freely gave their time and labor in what they regarded as a public service. To reverse their verdict is, they urge, an insult to the distinguished jury calculated to prevent them from undertaking such tasks in future. Worse still, it is an outrage upon the whole world of art, and a setback to the movement for a higher standard of taste.

The position of the Army of the Tennessee is just as impregnable, in its way, as was that of the railroad magnate who consigned the public to perdition. Unless the authority of Congress can be invoked, which seems scarcely feasible now, the Sculpture Society cannot compel it to heed a protest with which almost every one else will sympathize. If America's best artistic judgment is to be thus unceremoniously over

"For the Crown."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by G. Van den Bos.

"Zoe."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by Paul Tillier.

ruled by a committee of laymen, the era of unworthy public monuments is not ended yet. The Sherman statue is to be erected in front of the Treasury building, and it will be one of the most costly and important memorials in the national capital. Unquestionably it is an undertaking in which the public has a legitimate interest, and a right to demand that it shall reach the highest possible standard as a work of art.

The Sculpture Society announces its intention of "taking every means of appealing to the public to judge between us." One means may be an exhibition of the rejected models in New York.

THE BOSTON LIBRARY'S DECORATIONS.

A recent visit to the Boston Public Library prompts the remark that Mr. Sargent has been much happier than Mr.

Abbey in adapting his great mural painting to the conditions under which it is to be seen. Full of intricate detail as it is, the mises to be simply a row of pictures, individually excellent, but less impressive as a mural decoration through their want of a

"Lo a."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by J. J. Henner.

former artist's powerful "Triumph of Religion"—or rather, the portion of it now completed and set in place—is remarkable as possessing a unity which Mr. Abbey's "Holy Grail" series lacks. The latter pro- quality strikingly shown in Mr. Sargent's work, and in the cool and beautiful blues and whites of Puvis de Chavannes' "Muses."

The splendors of these three great painters make the lesser decorations of the library

Juliet."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by J. C. Wagrez.

look weak by comparison; but the building as a whole is an admirable and interesting one, and will be still richer when its design is fully realized.

FRENCH AND AMERICAN TASTE.

When Puvis de Chavannes' great mural painting, mentioned in the last paragraph, was exhibited last year at the Champ de Mars Salon—of which M. de Chavannes is president—his Genius, whom the nine Muses are greeting, was an entirely nude male figure. Before coming to Boston, however, the unclad youth was "expurgated" by means of a narrow scarf, thrown downward from his left arm. The lines of this filmy

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"The Queen of Heaven."

From the painting by H. J. Sinkel—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"The Inquisitive Girl"

From the painting by G. Hom—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

drapery are so graceful that it does not interfere with the decoration; but the artistic critic will stigmatize it as a purposeless detail, and therefore a blemish.

M. de Chavannes thought, no doubt, that he was deferring to American prejudices. He may have heard of the fate of the unclothed youth whom Mr. St. Gaudens dared to introduce into his design for the World's Fair medal. Yet even in France, where prudery is not supposed to be unduly common, the same feeling has been manifested. A statue by Injalbert was recently sent to Montpellier, which evoked loud protests against its alleged indecency, in spite of the sculptor's assertion that its nudity was only of a type entirely conventional and familiar in the Parisian world of art.

A GENERATION OF WOMEN AUTHORS.

HOW THE TRIUMPHS OF THE "NEW WOMAN" WERE OUTSHONE, YEARS AGO, BY A GROUP OF AMERICAN WOMEN WHO WON FAME AND INFLUENCE WITH THEIR PENS.

THE literary woman of today appears to be sweeping everything before her. She has made for herself a reputation which is insistent while it lasts. She has created a thing called the "new woman novel," in which she has preached various sorts of revolt, and has considered herself startlingly original. But fifty years ago there was a George Sand. The woman of today, who walks the earth with so many feathers in her cap, has done nothing to equal that genius, or to outrival George Eliot, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Charlotte Brontë, or even Jane Austen. Here in America the last generation saw writing women who wielded an influence upon men and history which surpassed anything known in our daily experience. This decade calls itself the epoch of women, but what one woman in it has had the influence of Harriet Beecher Stowe?

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, who knew Mrs. Stowe in the days when her husband was a professor at Andover, calls her the greatest

Louise Chandler Moulton.

From a photograph by Russell, London.

of American women. She is this, if we are to judge by the results that followed her work. She holds a unique position in the world of letters. Her famous book has been translated into more languages than any volume, with the sole exception of the Bible; and it is still, after more than forty years, one of the half dozen most popular volumes in the libraries—a fact which seems to dispose of the often repeated argument that it belonged to a peculiar time, and was more a political pamphlet than a piece of literature.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

From a photograph by Purdy, Boston.

Mrs. Stowe is a member of a very remarkable family—its most conspicuous member, with the exception of her brother, the late Henry Ward Beecher. These two were very sympathetic. They were born of stern New England people, but somehow the love of life and color, the passion for individual freedom, and a breadth of understanding of the world, came instinctively to all of the Beechers. Mrs. Stowe was not fully appreciated in Andover, that home of theology of the old fashioned sort. There seemed something frivolous in the gay silk cushions which filled her house corners, and there was a whisper that when she was in Boston she had actually been seen at the theater. But her friends and her family found her always inspiring.

The material for "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was gathered during a stay on the Ohio River, near Cincinnati. The stories of slavery, which were old to the residents there, struck Mrs. Stowe's unaccustomed mind with horror. She saw possibilities in the institution which seldom, if ever, were realized. The idea of the book lay in her brain for years before it was put before the world. Then the editor of a Washington paper asked her for a story, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" ran from her pen so easily that Mrs. Stowe used to say that "the Lord dictated it."

It is hard to realize the sensation the story produced. It was an offense punishable by law to take the book into some States, and the wife of one of America's greatest statesmen says that she obtained it by drawing it up to her bed room window at night, tied to a lowered string by a reckless cousin who was afraid to bring it in at the front door of her father's house. It had been written at night on a deal table, after the children were put to bed, the placid author having no idea of the storm she was bringing upon her head and her country.

Mrs. S. J. Lippincott (Grace Greenwood).

In 1864, Professor Stowe moved to Hartford, where his widow still lives. She is very old, but her face shows signs of the dignified beauty which made her conspicuous in her youth. Her other books, of which "A Minister's Wooing" is the chief, have always been overshadowed by the success of "Uncle Tom."

Julia Ward Howe was a contemporary of Mrs. Stowe, and is another of those who must smile indulgently at the "new woman" and her aggressiveness. Mrs. Howe was an enthusiastic worker against slavery, and her "Battle Hymn of the Republic" is one of the poems of the nation. "In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea," was chanted around many a camp fire, and "Since he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free," marched many a battalion into the field.

Mrs. Howe was born in New York seven years later than the birth of Mrs. Stowe, and under vastly different circumstances. Her ancestors were the Marions of the Carolinas, and her father was a banker who spent much time and money in giving his talented daughter every advantage of education. French and German, Latin and Greek, were taught to her in the early days of the century, not as the girls at Vassar and Harvard Annex learn them now, but in the old fashioned way in which young men at college received a classical education sixty years ago. When she was very young, Julia Ward married Dr. Samuel G. Howe, who became famous for his work among the blind. Together these two enthusiasts went to Europe in the days when crossing the ocean was a perilous undertaking, and on to Greece, where they lent their aid in the struggle for national independence. From this journey Dr. Howe brought home the helmet made for Lord Byron when he started on the expedition that ended in his death.

Mrs. Howe's home was, and in a measure still is, a meeting place for thinking people. Her brother,

Augusta Evans Wilson.

From a photograph by Reed & Wallace, Mobile.

Sam Ward, used to take his cleverest friends to his sister's house, and her children were brought up in an atmosphere of learning and wit. They have all distinguished themselves in literature, and her nephew, Marion Crawford, has shown in the field of fiction the family talent and facility. Mrs. Howe lectured in England, years ago, upon arbitration as a means of settling international difficulties, and in later days her voice has been heard on every important question of the time. By men and women alike she is regarded seriously. She made her position before the day of fads.

Mrs. Emma D. E. N Southworth.

But it is not only the reformers in literature who are still living from the last generation, smiling at the curious ways of the new. The types were all present in that early day. Emma Dorothy Eliza Nevitte Southworth was turning out novels which were more eagerly read than anything our writer of "problem fiction" brings out today. Mrs. Southworth was writing her stories fifteen years before the civil war, and new editions still come out every year or two. She lives in her quaint old home in Georgetown, Washington's northwestern suburb, and must look with wonder upon the airs of the woman who has produced one short novel and sold one edition. Mrs. Southworth counts up seventy three books, every one of them full of dramatic incident and excitement, and she kept her marvelous popularity until the last. She married and brought up children, and still found time to make the paper which purchased her stories the most popular periodical of its time.

Mary J. Holmes.

From a photograph by Kent, Rochester.

While Mrs. Southworth was writing her first stories, before the nineteenth century had reached its half way milepost, Sara J. Lippincott (Grace Greenwood) was gaining a success in journalism which the

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe

From her latest photograph by Alman, New York.

ambitious young women who make copy today have not seen equaled in this country by one of their own sex. Miss Clarke, as she was then, was a brilliant girl, as witty and charming as handsome. John Brougham wrote to N. P. Willis:

> The only person I am disposed to think, write, or talk about at present is your dazzling, bewitching correspondent, Grace Greenwood. Who is she? There is a splendor and a dash about her pen that carry my fastidious soul captive by a single charge.

Whittier spoke of her "earnest individuality, her warm, honest, happy, hopeful human heart; her scorn of shows and pretense, her quick, generous, womanly instincts and enthusiasms." She read and lectured to the soldiers, and Lincoln called her "the patriot." Today, she is still a brilliant story teller, and in her pretty Washington home recalls the triumphs of more than half a century. She has been editor, poet, and journalist, and has won success in each field, and yet she is told that the woman in journalism is a "new woman."

There are some women in literature who were born as early as 1835, and who yet belong essentially to today. They began to write upon the lines of the present literary

schools, which they found already in existence; but there are three women who came into the world in or about that year, and were not here long before they had something to say in an original fashion. They were creative, and they are still writing and still selling their books while the reviewers and the paragraphers who make "reputations" have turned their attention to the newer names.

Augusta Evans was the original Southern woman novelist who conquered New York. Her first book, "Inez," was written when she was fourteen. She was born in Georgia and brought up in Texas, but for many years she has lived near Mobile, where her husband, Mr. Wilson, is a prominent citizen. "Beulah" was her second novel; then came "Macaria," written during the war, and printed by a Charleston bookseller who had no better material at hand than coarse brown paper. A copy was carried by a blockade runner to Havana, and thence sent to New York, where it was reprinted, and found a large sale. After the war Miss Evans herself came to New York, and brought out "St. Elmo," a book that made almost as great a literary sensation as "Jane Eyre." No girl of twenty years ago but wept over "St. Elmo" and "Beulah"; and Mrs. Wilson has letters from men in half a dozen countries assuring her that they owe their mental reformation to these two novels. Their style is not the literary fashion of the moment, but that does not prevent their being read, in numbers which sound incredible to most publishers of recent books.

Mary J. Holmes has a style which is radically different from Mrs. Wilson's, but her books have been even more popular. Their circulation is only exceeded by that of the late E. P. Roe's novels. They are pure and wholesome, though far less dramatic than those written by the Southern woman, and have been the delight of thousands of young girls. Somebody asked the president of one of America's famous colleges what his favorite novel was. He thought a while, and then said that if he answered truthfully he would say "Lena Rivers." It was the first he ever read, and the one he enjoyed most.

Mrs. Holmes taught school when she was thirteen, and began story writing almost as early. She married a lawyer in Brockport, New York, and their home overflows with souvenirs of travel. Mrs. Holmes has been trying for years to write a book of her journeys, which extend all over the globe, from India to Alaska, but the story readers give her no time.

Louise Chandler Moulton is a famous New England woman who is put in the last generation, not because she does not belong equally to this, but because her poems, stories, and essays were written before the arrival of the all possessing "newness," which claims the earth. Mrs. Moulton is no less appreciated in London than in America. Every season, for fifteen years, London has seen her in a home where she is surrounded by the most famous men and women of all professions. Her husband, William U. Moulton, the Boston journalist, is her coworker and fellow entertainer, and it is the desire of every young writer who goes to the New England capital to find his way into the coterie of which they are the center.

Mrs. Moulton's stories and essays are overshadowed by her poems. Of these "Swallow Flights" and "A Garden of Dreams" are the best. The delicate meanings of her verses are a delight to the critics who love to linger over their analyses.

Carolyn Halsted.

IN THE REIGN OF BORIS.

By Robert McDonald,

Author of "A Princess and a Woman."

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I TO V.

KING BORIS of the little state of Carpathia, a pawn in the game of empire in the restless east, is suspected by his subjects of a desire to hand his dominions over to Russia, of whose royal house he, as Prince Curt, before a *coup d'état* won him a throne, was a morganatic scion. His chamberlain, Count Lubona, heads a conspiracy of Carpathian patriots. Lubona has been in America, and on his way back meets and enlists the sympathy of Elinor Marr, daughter of an American capitalist who controls great interests in Carpathia, and who has rented Lubona's ancestral castle. As the king and Lubona ride through a wooded ravine not far from Carpeth, the capital, a tree trunk is hurled upon the former, crushing his horse and stunning the rider. This occurs close to the chamberlain's castle, in which the Marrs are now established, and Lubona orders Boris carried thither, in spite of the protests of Beverly, a New York newspaper correspondent, who was also riding with the king.

Beverly has been sent to Carpathia by the *Herald* to investigate the political situation and the transactions of John Marr. Crossing the Atlantic on the same boat with Lubona and the Marrs, he has discovered enough of the count's plans to understand that some conspiracy is afoot. To the Marrs he is, through an accidental misunderstanding, known as Mr. Hardin; and now, as they are about to go to the castle, Lubona suggests that he should adopt that name, and that the king should be called "Count Festin."

VI.

BEVERLY did not look up as Lubona spoke. He was bending over the king, giving him that "first aid to the injured" which he had learned at the beginning of his reportorial career, when ambulance cases sometimes came his way. Incidentally, as he stanched the blood on the royal brow, he was realizing that a drunken Irishman on the New York pavements was made out of much the same sort of clay as a king on a Carpathian hillside.

Boris stirred and tried to open his eyes, but he winced with pain and quickly closed them again. Still it seemed to Beverly that some light of consciousness flickered through his lids. Behind Lubona came a train of servants tramping through the rain, carrying a wicker couch.

"It would hardly be wise to attempt to move the king to the castle if he did not wish to go there," the newspaper man said. "He will regain consciousness in a few moments, and then he can give his own orders. Is there a surgeon near?"

"No nearer than Carpeth, and I should fail in my duty did I not immediately get his majesty under shelter. His hurt may be very serious."

"Where are his servants?"

"They were sent on ahead, and are probably in some safe place."

"They must have taken your orders to look out for falling rocks literally, and reached their safe place by crossing the mountains, for I saw nothing of them on the road."

"They are mountain men," the chamberlain said, but his eyes and Beverly's sent out glances like crossing swords.

"We will at least release the horse before we start with the king," the American replied, and he turned and spoke to the men in German.

He might as well have spoken Choctaw for all they understood. They were a curious looking set, with their hair cut short across their foreheads, and deep set blue eyes; but they saw the horse's plight and Beverly's movement toward it, and started to help him. Involuntarily he moved around so that he could keep an eye on Lubona standing by the king. In a moment the big horse was released, and pulled to its feet. They had expected to find it with a broken back, but it seemed to be only bruised. The animal stood and shivered as Beverly's hand was drawn down its flank, but it was sound of limb, and the man put the bridle over his arm.

Lubona and two of the men had put the king on the couch and were carrying him slowly toward the bridge. The rain was still falling in blinding torrents. As they reached the center of the bridge, Beverly called out from the dusk behind them, where he walked with the horses:

"Why not stop here? It seems inhuman to take a wounded man on in this rain. He will be better off here in the bridge till the storm abates."

"We have umbrellas and rugs over him," the chamberlain said obstinately. "It is best to take him on."

"I am thinking you may find it hard to explain your actions to him when he recovers," the American retorted hotly.

"I am responsible for him, and I must use my own judgment."

Stepping between the horses, Beverly took a revolver from his pocket and looked it carefully over. It is sometimes inconvenient to have too knowing a witness, and he felt that he was taking that position with the chamberlain.

The avenue of lindens and horse chestnuts sheltered the road before the old gray pile toward which the little procession wended its way, and the pungent scent of the wet linden bloom perfumed the air. If it had not been for the dashing rain it would have been a beautiful scene. The castle was deep in the wood, only its turrets showing above the tree tops. It was a huge, rough place when they finally came in sight of it. It looked more like a prison than the summer home of a rich American who had brought his daughter here for pleasure. But the inside was to tell a different story.

Apparently the visitors were expected, for the door stood open, and a very obsequious servant started out as though he would come through the rain to meet them, but a command behind held him back. As they drew near they saw Elinor Marr standing in the great hallway. Her father was nowhere in sight. Her beauty and wholesomeness, and the anxious interest on her face, relieved Beverly's mind and dissipated a wild suspicion which had been growing there. There could be only goodness and sweetness in this girl, surely. When the couch was brought in, she bent over the king before she spoke to either Lubona or Beverly, although the American thought that the presence of the Carpathian brought a new flush to her cheek.

"Is he badly hurt?" she asked.

"Not seriously," Beverly said. "If you will have him put into a warm bed, I think he will pull around presently."

"Will you see that everything is done properly for him then, Mr. Hardin?"

She began giving directions for having the couch carried up the wide, shallow stairs and into an apartment full of luxuries, which Beverly felt, with a little thrill at entering this maiden bower, belonged to herself. It was not many minutes until the king was safely deposited in the middle of the bed. Beverly carefully began to take away the handkerchief bandages, and substitute others which had been brought to him. He was bathing the king's face when he saw the pale lips move, although the eyes remained closed.

"Tell the man to go," they whispered almost noiselessly.

For some time Beverly had imagined that the king was conscious. As Miss Marr bent over him down stairs and then turned away, there had been the flutter of an eyelid. He went on with his bandaging, calling upon the attendant for necessary services, and finished his work calmly and coolly. Then he drew the sheets straight and spoke to the man.

"You may go now," he said. "I will watch beside Count Festin. He must not be confused when he is first aroused."

Beverly had taken off his own wet shooting coat, and quite leisurely had begun to get into dry clothing which had been sent to him by Miss Marr. Her father's clothes were not such a bad fit for him. He looked up from drawing on a pair of slippers, and saw Boris sitting up in bed with an expression made up of amusement, daredeviltry, and anxiety. It would take more years than the span of life allows to tame that wild spirit, or get it to working on commonplace lines.

"Why do they call you Hardin?" was the king's first question.

"They have an idea that that is my name," Beverly answered, going on with his dressing.

"And I presume it is for the same reason that I am known as Count Festin?"

"Doubtless."

Boris hugged his knees. As Beverly looked at his face, crowned by the white swathings, yet full of the brilliancy of life, he thought that whatever Lubona's game happened to be, he had chosen an adversary worthy of his best efforts—one whose ways were not to be counted. He took a sudden resolution. Lubona would doubtless be in the room in a moment; only the greatest necessity would have kept him so long away. Beverly was not made up of hesitations. He sat down on the side of the bed.

"You may properly consider that I am meddling with affairs which can be no concern of mine, Count Festin," he said, putting in the lesser title because his tongue instinctively hung over "your majesty," or "sire"; "but I am going to tell you that I have reason to believe that your life is in danger. I do not know why or for what. I only know what my eyes saw. The accident of the tree falling upon you was no accident. The trunk was thrown upon your horse by men on the hillside."

"So I suspected," Boris said calmly. "Lubona was at the bottom of it."

"You know that he wants to kill you, and yet you keep him about you?"

"I am not altogether sure of it. I think he only wanted to hurt me, to get me over here. What I am trying to discover is what he wanted to bring me over here for. As I understand it, this place is leased to Marr, who is trying to raise the Russian flag over the country. Now Lubona—— is this boring you?"

"No."

"Well, it would bore me if I had no interest in it. Lubona belongs to an ardent patriot family. They hate Russia, and always have hated her. They were among the very few supporters of Johann when I ousted him from the throne and seated myself on it. Now why should Lubona want to bring me where I could be bribed and worked upon—supposing I were that sort of a man—by Marr? I have already been approached by an emissary of the old plotter, but I hadn't thought of selling the country outright, although sometimes I think I would be glad enough to get rid of it. The divine right of myself to sit on the Carpathian throne doesn't impress me deeply. Who was that pretty girl down stairs?"

"Miss Marr."

"Friend of Lubona's?"

"I believe so."

Boris settled back into his pillows, and looked around the room in an interested fashion.

"I think I will stay a while," he said. "There is no use in having too speedy a recovery, but I want Lubona to hang around. I am attached to Lubona;" and he smiled again. "But what did he want to bring me here for? And why does he plan to keep these people from knowing who I am, and—well, generally speaking, what's his little game?"

Beverly sat silent for a moment or two. He was trying to fit the puzzle together in his own mind, fearing all the while to find a certain solution which would preclude any other—one that would implicate that girl. Finally Boris broke the silence again.

"Does Lubona suspect that you know of the attempt to make an 'accidental death' of me?"

"He must know it."

"I wonder what is keeping him so long—although, by Jove, if I were with that pretty girl I think all my crimes might be rising up for vengeance and I would not move until she sent me."

"Isn't this Lubona's ancestral castle?"

"I am sure I do not know. I believe it is. I am hardly so well acquainted with the country seats of my nobility as William of Germany or Victoria of England;" and Boris chuckled at seeing himself in the class with those two most consciously important sovereigns.

"Did Marr keep the Lubona family servants?"

"How should I know? Now really, this government is not so paternal as all that."

"The idea has come to me," Beverly said, "that we may all be in Lubona's hands. The Marrs and you yourself are all, from his point of view—or at least you and Mr. Marr are—enemies of his country. What is to prevent his keeping you here and seizing the government?"

Boris sat up a trifle straighter, but he did not appear to be very seriously alarmed.

"They are a quarrelsome lot, these Carpathians. They belong to the yeasty class that is always dissatisfied with whatever is. They are probably the original Celts. They are a thousand times better off under the protection of Russia, but they are chafing under it. If they had any common sense, they would be still better off were they to be absorbed into Russia altogether; but I can sympathize with their dislike of that idea. We should all be benefited by some change which we will not consider."

"And if they did allow themselves to belong to the White Bear, you would no longer be king."

Boris laughed. "You never were a king, were you? I was never a crown prince, nor even an heir presumptive. I had no time to fit myself to the idea of a throne. I came in on a vaulting pole. I should be as lucky as the Carpathians if the Russian flag were set up in Carpeth, and if the American gentleman under whose temporary roof we are resting were to get his little plans through; but, as I said before, I sympathize with the Carpathians. I suppose no man ever willingly resigned a crown. It's a fascinating bauble."

"But why not fear Lubona?"

"For the simple reason that he is not a leader of men. The rest of his fellow conspirators want just as much for themselves as they want to give him. These people have no conception of a republic. They are like bees. They can't swarm until they have a queen—or a king. I suppose they will get somewhere after a while, but a few days isn't going to make any difference."

"I fear you are mistaken."

Boris fell back among the pillows with a laugh which Beverly thought reckless.

"Your majesty," he said, "I fear the responsibilities of your kingdom rest lightly upon you."

"Ah, if you knew how heavy they were!" Boris sighed. "If you knew what an uninteresting lot the Carpathians are, and how I am obliged to keep a straight face when my ministers come to an audience in pink satin neckties, hand painted, and holding silk hats from the Bon Marché in their dirty hands. Allow me a little holiday with that pretty girl down stairs. Besides, I am too ill to be moved. The government will go on for a day or two without me. My proper aide de camp is ill; Lubona is taking his place, and Lubona I can keep with me. Think of it! I haven't seated myself at a dinner table with pretty women to look at, and civilization generally apparent, for months! I can stay here, without any loss of dignity, because they do not know I am the king. They are Americans. Oh, nonsense! I am not going to argue with myself any longer."

He pushed back the sheets and sat on the side of the bed, and Beverly could only think of a madcap college boy up to a new piece of mischief, and delighted with the prospect.

A soft knocking at the door proclaimed Lubona. He stopped in a dramatic astonishment when he saw the king seated with crossed knees, swinging one foot. Boris' head was bound up, but the paleness had left his face. Its round contours were flushed, his full lips were of their usual color, and the gleam on the black pupils of his eyes proclaimed that the king was himself again so far as spirit was concerned.

"You brought me here after all, Lubona," he said gaily.

"Your majesty will not be able to move." The Carpathian was disturbed, and it showed in his manner. He still wore his wet and stained uniform.

"Certainly not. See if you can get my clothes dried, and your own. Beverly here appears to have been provided for. I am going to go down to dinner, if they will ask me."

"But your head?"

"It doesn't look pretty, but I don't believe all these bandages are necessary. Stick on some more plaster." He rose and tried to walk across the room, but a sudden faintness took him, and he fell forward. Beverly caught him and put him into a chair.

"It is all folly," he said. "I am going down to dinner. Where is old Marr? It appears to me that he might come and pay his respects. He has a distinguished and injured visitor."

"He is away, but will be at home tonight."

"Ah, that accounts for your long absence, eh?" Boris was speaking in short sentences, almost like an intoxicated man. "If I can't go down to dinner, why shouldn't the young lady ——" he put his hand up to his bandaged head. "I am tired. You had better put me back to bed," he said. Then he laughed again. "You know," he went on, "it is customary, when a king or any distinguished personage meets with an accident, and is carried to the house of the beautiful stranger, that she shall nurse him back to health and strength. I want all of my prerogatives." But by this time he was back on the bed.

VII.

BEVERLY'S position was by no means to his liking. He had pictured his visits to the Marrs' establishment very differently. With the airy castle building of youth he had imagined himself riding out from Carpeth and sitting for an hour, uncommunicative, making an entirely conventional call. Instead of that, he was domiciled in John Marr's home, actually wearing his clothing and eating his salt. It was extraordinarily good salt, although Beverly's throat ached as he swallowed it. He sat by Boris' bedside and watched him while he slept like an exhausted child. The American was satisfied now that there was no real danger from the king's hurts, and was reconciled to having no physician. He must get Boris to leave in the morning. And it was as well that the story of his accident should not get back to Carpeth.

Beverly did not know why he should have espoused the king's cause, except that the man was in danger, and it was his instinct to fight on the side of the attacked; and there was something likable in the young monarch, notwithstanding his youth and flippancy. The two were of nearly the same age, but Beverly felt years the superior of his companion.

He walked about the room and looked at the pictures and trinkets with curiosity. He had never had a sister, and there was something intimate and personal in seeing the bottles and brushes and thousand and one toilet toys which lay on the tables. He picked up the books Elinor Marr had brought with her to read, and was delighted to find some old friends, as well as some that gave him a pleasant sense of masculine

superiority. He had settled himself into an arm chair with a shaded lamp and one of these, when he heard a *rat tat* on the window. It was an old, mullioned sash, and Beverly could easily fancy branches of tall trees, or twigs of ancient ivy, swaying against it from outside. After glancing up for a moment, he went on with his book. But the noise grew persistent. He looked once toward the king, who was still sleeping; then he went to the window and opened it. As he let the casement softly back, his hand stung from the sharp blow of a tiny pebble.

The rain had ceased, and a watery moon was sailing through clouds hanging low over the tree tops. He could see nothing below, for a row of fir trees made a thick blackness all along that side of the house. His head and face were plainly visible to any one below, for the lamp and the moon united to bring out his features.

"St—t," some one said. "Come out."

Beverly's first impulse was to catch at an ivy branch and let himself to the ground, for the voice was a woman's, and sounded anxious. Then he thought to himself that it might be a trap.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Are you the American?" The voice was speaking very bad English.

"What do you want?"

"Come out."

"No."

"Wait, then. Stay there. I must speak to you now."

A spot made itself visible in the blackness, and Beverly could see that whoever it was was climbing a tree which stood about ten feet from the window. No branch grew toward the house, but the broken end of a bough showed where one had recently been sacrificed, evidently for coming too near my lady's casement. Beverly watched the figure with eagerness. Like a cat it came up the branches, and as it reached the radius of the light he could see that it was a woman. Skirts swished against the wet boughs, and a small head pushed its way out. The climber crept out upon the short stump of the lopped bough, and shrank back against the tree, a quaint little figure.

Her dress was that of the better class of Carpathian peasants. Her little round jacket, trimmed with gray lambskin, fitted close to her figure, which had none of the shapelessness of the bloused and uncorseted women Beverly had seen in the towns and on the hillsides, and the little red cap on the black braids did not cover the head of a peasant. It was no peasant's face that looked in at the American. As the light first struck it, Beverly received a disagreeable impression. She was very small, hardly five feet, he mentally calculated, as she stood there like an elf. She gave him the unpleasant sensation with which a large majority of men look upon a very small, dark woman. She has the elements of the witch; he sees in her the stunting of large traits of mind. The calmness, the charm of queenly womanhood are not there.

And this woman, at the first glance, reminded Beverly of Lubona, if Lubona could suddenly have become a small creature with a feline femininity. Her nose was aquiline, with a suggestion of the Hebrew, and her eyes were bright and black. She was an uncanny object, yet picturesque and full of life, and Beverly's quick, impressionistic mind told him that she would doubtless have been an enticing creature to a certain class of men—to which he thanked goodness he did not belong.

"Put that lamp back," were the first words she said, in a rather imperious tone, and then: "Is the king there?"

Beverly put the light out of range at her first request, but he did not answer her question.

"You should tell me. I am not ready to take any risks for you, but if it is the king it is a different matter."

"Who are you?"

She spoke execrable English, evidently thinking it the only language he would be likely to understand, but her intonations were those of an educated woman. "That is no affair of yours," she said in substance. She lifted her head until she could see into the room. In an instant Beverly was between her and the king. "Why isn't Lubona here with you? I knew he was not. He is down stairs, I suppose, making love to that red haired creature." She spoke with infinite scorn. "What is he going to do with her? Ah!" She gave a vicious set to her teeth, and looked like a savage, her black eyes gleaming in the half light. "I suppose he is going to keep her here with the rest of you. Go down stairs and warn her. Tell her that Lubona is a faithless hound, that he means to kill the king and her father and carry her off."

"What do you know of the king?"

"I know he was hurt today, and I know it would be well for him to get away from here, back to his house in Carpeth."

"So that he could be ambushed and killed on the road?"

"He would have to take his chances of that, I suppose. I know nothing of that."

They had been talking in low tones. Suddenly the girl drew back against the tree until she seemed to disappear like a dryad into the trunk. Beverly drew his head inside. Below a man moved across a patch of moonlight, and Beverly saw the gleam of the faint white beams on a rifle barrel. When it had passed he looked again for the girl, but she had gone. She could not have had time to slip down.

"St—st—st!" he called, but there was no answer. He looked hastily about the room. The door was locked, and Boris slept. He put out the lamp, and left the room in total darkness. His eyes had grown so accustomed to looking at the tree outside that he could see its outlines perfectly by the moonlight which struck it here and there. He slipped Marr's big slippers from his feet, stood for an instant on the window sill, measuring the distance, and then made a leap into the darkness for the cut branch. It was an easy jump for the athletic young American. His feet landed on the stump, and with his hands he clutched at the trunk of the tree. Then, quick as lightning, he put his arm into a shadowy mass beside him and seized the girl.

"Let me go!" she said viciously.

"I will not. Tell me what you came here for. Who are you?"

"That I will not tell you. I came here to tell the king to leave the house, and to put Lubona out of the country, kill him, I do not care what."

"What has he done to you? If you know his plans, why do you want to betray them to the king, or to any one?" He could feel the slender body pulsing under his arm with some strong emotion.

"Because he is a traitor, a liar, one whose word cannot be believed. He deserves to be shot, but *first* he shall see his plans fail."

"What are his plans?"

"He is so taken up with that big white idiot he has brought from America that he has almost forgotten that he ever had any plans," she hissed out bitterly.

They were whispering now, and Beverly, holding her there in his arm, felt an inclination to shake the woman.

"He did not bring Miss Marr. She came with her father," he said with an unreasonable degree of stiffness. The girl gave a hoarse little laugh under her breath which did not have a pleasant sound.

"Are you following after her too? Maybe Lubona brought her, and she brought you. Then you ought to be ready to get her away from him—if he doesn't kill you first," she added. "Let me go." She tried to push his arm away, evidently finding cause for hating him if he too followed the American girl, but she might as well have expended her puny strength against an iron band.

"Tell me, how am I to get the king away? He is hurt."

"This is a very old house," she said, "and the stables are part of it. You can get to them from the lower hall. Under the staircase that comes up here, there is a door which leads into the passage. This takes you to the stables, into the very stalls where the horses stand. Just behind the horses, a heavy door, locked on the inside, leads out into part of that fir wood. Get from there into the road, and the king knows the way. Then send back here for Lubona, and he will have to fly or ——"

"To fly without the white idiot, eh?"

"Or die," she said grimly. Beverly had relaxed his arm, and she had slipped away from him, and was down on the ground; but as she left, she spoke a last word aloud. She darted from under the tree before Beverly had time to move. He, too, must descend, for he could not jump back to the window sill, though he could probably climb up to it by the thick ivy. He had thought of that when he leaped down. The girl had not gone ten paces, when a man sprang from the shadow and caught her arm, but she said something to him angrily and he let her go. She was but one more shadow among many.

The man moved under the tree. He had heard talking, and evidently, recognizing the woman, had supposed her to be talking to a friend. His tone was respectful, but Beverly could not tell what he said, for he spoke Carpathian. The American did not dare to answer, knowing that his first word would betray him and perhaps the girl; and he was determined now to try to get the king away. So he gave an answer that was not in words. As the man came around the tree, and stood directly under him, Beverly put his hands on a branch above his head, swung out and let himself fall full upon the man.

They came heavily to the ground together, and Beverly put out his hands to catch at the man's throat and choke any outcry before it could reach the air. His fingers closed upon what he felt was a brawny neck, but the man lay still, evidently stunned. Beverly had no intention of letting him recover. He had known a game in his American youth called "playing 'possum," and he feared that the Carpathian might know the trick if he did not

know the name. He felt in the pocket of the coat he had put on, and found a large old fashioned silk handkerchief. Then he searched the man's pockets. In one he found a big clasp knife, which made an admirable gag, combined judiciously with the handkerchief. Beverly smiled grimly, as he wondered if the handkerchief had John Marr's name on it. He seemed to leave the marks of other men in his wake.

It was rather mean to take the man's own scarf to tie his hands tightly behind him, but Beverly had no scruples. When all was safe, he lifted the man in his powerful arms and pushed him back under the ivy at the foot of the vine. The leaves were thick and dark, and very wet. Beverly hoped that the fellow was not susceptible to cold, and then, giving him an extra shove, went hand over hand up the vine, and back again through the window.

He groped his way to the bed and put out his hand to the place where the king's head had lain. He intended to awaken him, tell him what he had learned from the girl in the tree, and take counsel as to the best way of getting out of the castle. He felt all over the pillows, but the king's head was not there. The space was quite empty.

Beverly walked rapidly around the bed, thinking that the king must have rolled out in an uneasy sleep; but before he could reach the other side he heard the scratch of a match, and by the light of a blue flame saw Boris standing in the center of the room. His languor was all gone again. He had been asleep for three hours, and he looked ready for anything.

"There are some men," he said gaily, but in lowered tones, "who would fall out of the clouds and find an appointment ready made for them. Who was it, and how did she find you?"

Beverly, relieved, sat down on the sofa, and told Boris his story, after the match had burned out.

"The thing to do," he said, "is to get into the hall, and then into the stable. My horse is there, and you can get away."

"And you?"

"Oh, if the worst comes, I can get away upon your horse, if there is nothing better—if Lubona's horse is not there. I fear the horses belonging to the Marrs have outside quarters. It cannot be according to American ideas of comfort to have the horses in the house all the time."

"Do you intend to stay here?"

"I cannot go and leave that girl alone in the house as Lubona's prisoner. Her father is away from home."

"Nor, by Heaven, will I! I will stay as well. I will go down and shoot that villain, and let this trouble end before it has begun."

"If you kill Lubona, and in this house, you precipitate what you fear, and you do that lovely girl a cruel wrong. No, it is your place to go. It is mine to stay."

"I enjoy a little gaiety myself now and then," Boris said. "Why should you have all the fun to yourself while I sneak away to Carpeth? Oh, no! As I said before, I need a touch of civilization, and I am going to get it. An hour or two will make very little difference. Where are my clothes?"

"They are there. They were dried and pressed for you."

Boris proceeded to dress himself, meanwhile ringing the bell and sending a servant to ask if Miss Marr would allow Count Festin to come down and thank her for her kindness in sheltering him, as he had quite recovered.

"Of course, the common sense thing to do," Beverly grumbled, "is to get out of this window, horse or no horse, and get away before another guard is put to watch it;" but his remark found no encouragement.

VIII.

WHEN Count Festin and Mr. Beverly, both in their own clothes again, walked into the drawing room which Miss Marr had created out of a barn-like room in the old Lubona castle, their hostess came forward to meet them with a charming air of solicitude. Her whole manner impressed the American much more than it did the king. Foreigners have a romantic and idealistic way of looking at American women. They expect every one to be beautiful, self possessed, and witty. They look for the full flower of womanhood in a girl of eighteen, and an independence of manner, thought, and action which they would hardly accord to their own mothers. This young girl, alone, with her grand manner, seemed but one of a multitude to Boris. He vaguely remembered his own mother, and could have no realization that she, a product of our early West and an old civilization, was a unique personality. She represented to him the typical American woman. The girl who goes abroad in the care of mother and governess naturally never had come into his life at all.

Boris had taken up a little white cashmere scarf which he found lying on one of the chairs where Miss Marr had thrown it. He had buried his face in its folds,

and delighted in the faint orris odor which hung to it; and then he had wrapped it around his head like a turban, hiding his bandages and giving his dark, brilliant, oval face an oriental expression. Rising above his dark undress uniform it made him a figure out of a romance—a fact of which he was acutely conscious. There was always a suggestion of barbaric splendor about Boris, and had been from his infancy. His mother had delighted in his beauty, and had loaded him with ornament. Now, his fingers were full of splendid rings, which so became them that no one would have asked him to leave off one on the score of good taste. As he took Miss Marr's white, firm hand, entirely unringed, in his jeweled one, and bent his head over it, Beverly, with an emotion for which he hated himself, saw her face turn rosy and smiling. She herself could not have explained why.

No woman could ever quite explain her interest in Boris. From his Prince Curt days around the Russian court, every woman knew that he always left her, whether she was old or young, with a pleased consciousness that he had passed that way. It was more of an appeal to her maternal affection than anything else. For all his size and beauty and ready audacity, and in spite of the fact that he sat on a throne, he was a boy to these women hearts, and would be until his hair was white. He asked their sympathy—quite unconsciously, for sometimes it bored him when the giver was not young or interesting.

Elinor Marr was altogether interesting. She was handsome, and Boris noted with delight that she possessed that quality which the French call "*chic*" and the Americans "style." She was as full of individuality, of expression of herself, as he himself. To Beverly she seemed years older than on shipboard. Her long dinner gown, her dominating air, astonished him. Lubona was nowhere in sight; and if she had any idea that her guests were other than Mr. Hardin, son of her father's old friend, and Count Festin, a country nobleman of Carpathia, she did not betray her knowledge. Beverly did not believe that she suspected them.

In ten minutes she had explained her father's absence and promised them that he would soon return.

"Count Lubona went away only a short time ago," she said. "You know he is chamberlain to the king, and he had some messages to send on the king's business, although he too will soon return."

"Have you known my friend Lubona long?" Boris asked with great politeness.

"He reminds me that I once met him at a dinner party in Washington," she replied; "but he had never been a guest in our house until we took his castle, and he came to see my father, to inquire whether we were comfortable."

Beverly could not resist reminding her that Lubona had crossed the ocean on the same ship with her, but she met the statement with a total lack of interest, although he knew she must remember that he had seen her with Lubona that night on the deck. She puzzled and tormented him. He longed to understand her, to fathom the mystery in which she seemed to be moving.

He found that he could wander about the rooms quite unnoticed. Boris was taking up Miss Marr's attention. Indeed, she seemed to ignore Beverly ostentatiously.

"Perhaps she has heard what friends her father and mine were," he said to himself.

A large piano stood in one corner of the room, littered with the sort of plunder that women gather about them—photographs in silver frames, fans, and enameled boxes. A screen of ivory and sandalwood reached higher than Beverly's head, and after he had stood behind it for a moment or two, and saw that he was not noticed, he slipped on through the door and into the great hall. Nobody was there. The room kept its resemblance to the other Carpathian castles, its original furnishing still remaining

Beverly went directly to the door under the stairs, but there was a heavy oaken chest standing before a tightly fastened piece of tapestry. He pulled at one end of the chest and found it very heavy, but he could move it. It made a grating sound on the floor, and he stood for a moment intently studying the heroic pattern of the tapestry. He could say that it was for that purpose that he moved aside the chest, if any one came.

But no one came. This was not the main hall of the castle. That was on the other side of the room where the king sat. Beverly took a knife from his pocket, and, feeling the vandal that he was, cut a slit along the edge of the panel which held the tapestry, and then another. It would take half an inch, perhaps, off either edge. Evidently the woman in the tree had not been in the house lately. A little door was underneath, and he found that it had a bolt. Then he restored the tapestry to its place, and walked back into the drawing room, called by a voice he could not resist. Elinor Marr was at the piano, singing.

The sound sent the pendulum of Beverly's mind swinging back again. She must be gentle and good and sweet, guiltless of plots, to have a voice like that. He did not analyze the emotion which made him decide on the instant that Boris must not stay here any longer, that this was a dangerous neighborhood for him. It seemed like criminal dallying to Beverly, as the young king leaned over the piano, apparently lost to everything except the pleasure of the passing moment. He would see that the horse was ready; then he would get away on a pretense of going to bed, and would mount Boris on the best steed to be had and send him toward Carpeth.

Just once, a thought that the girl in the tree might be a mere decoy, sent to get Boris into the fir wood, crossed his mind. The guard had known her, to be sure, but he evidently had not expected to find her there. No, he would believe her. He was beginning to understand how a woman might do anything to get the man she cared for—and the woman in the tree was evidently jealous of Lubona—away from the white presence of Elinor Marr.

He pulled back the tapestry, opened the door wide enough to squeeze through, and found himself in a rough passage which was in total blackness as soon as the door was shut behind him. There was little danger of the way of his going being discovered, for the hall was dim, and he had arranged the chest to look as though it had been purposely placed in its new position.

A wax match showed that the passage stretched forward for some distance. He could only see for a few feet, but there came to his acute consciousness a sense of space. The floor was of earth, and very dry. He went on without any cautions, and in a few minutes came to a door which had evidently been supplied with peep holes long ago. It was of solid oak, but here and there were cracks and chinks. Through these Beverly heard voices as he came near, and saw lights. He had no idea how he was to get through, and he could not strike another match for fear of its being seen. But his scruples did not prevent his stopping to listen. He recognized the voice of John Marr.

"Whose horses are these?" Marr asked.

"They belong to a gentleman who was hurt in the storm today and his friend, a foreigner, sir. They were brought here by Count Lubona, who has the honor of owning the castle, sir."

"Where is his horse?"

"He took it away. He has gone. He said he would return and see if his friend was seriously hurt, sir."

"Bring a fresh horse in here for me. I shall go out again tonight, later."

Mr. Marr spoke as if it were the most natural thing in the world for an elderly gentleman to go riding around in the middle of the night over the Carpathian hills, and the man received the order in the same spirit. He was a Carpathian who could speak German after a fashion, and was airing his accomplishment. Evidently he thought the ways of foreigners were beyond criticism.

Beverly ran back along the passage as fast as his long legs would carry him. He must not be missing when his host arrived.

"I cannot have him find his daughter alone with a strange man," he said grimly. "I am an old friend of the family."

IX.

If John Marr was surprised to find two young men alone with his daughter, he concealed the feeling, as well as any possible displeasure. Boris imagined that this was an ordinary proceeding of American fathers and daughters. He saw nothing unusual in the situation. When Marr came in, he arose and greeted him respectfully, as a count from the Carpathian hills might be expected to greet the great financial magnate.

It seemed to Beverly that the Carpathian climate had had a curious effect upon Marr. Color had come into his thin, gray cheeks, and a light into his deep eyes. It seemed as if he was looking upon futures which pleased him. He was the adventurer who sees land in sight. He might have been a Columbus in the prow of his vessel, viewing the new continent. Beverly knew that he felt his plans to be assured. He was so certain that he almost invited congratulations.

"It is a great pleasure to welcome the son of my old friend under my roof," he said, holding Beverly's hand in one of his thin ones. "I hope you are going to make a stay with us."

"Only a few hours this time. I was going to ask you to lend us an extra horse, as I fear Count Festin's is disabled. My friend appears to be well enough to travel, and important business calls me to Carpeth."

A smile, with some sarcasm in it, drew down the corners of Mr. Marr's mouth.

"An important new book on political economy? Oh, no. That can wait. Your friend is not well enough to ride. At any rate, before you go, I am going to ask you

to have supper with me. I always sup alone. Elinor does not care for supper."

He looked at her with an expression which she did not care to deny. The man seemed fairly intoxicated by knowledge of some secret which the others did not share. Beverly had no opportunity to speak alone to the king until they were going into the supper room. He, too, was in a fever of excitement.

"You must go away as soon as possible," he whispered. "Every instant adds to your peril. You may be assassinated, as other kings in Carpathia have been. Lubona has slipped away."

"And you?"

"I must stay."

"Why? The girl's father is here to protect her."

"But he is going again."

"And I suppose you do not consider it your task to tell this man what you have heard?"

"Lubona is his daughter's friend," Beverly began.

"I am going to stay and see it out," Boris said obstinately. "Marr is as much an enemy to my throne as Lubona. I am going to see what I can learn of his plans. Upon my soul, I think he does not know me. His daughter has been talking Russia to me all evening. She is full to the brim of the sort of milk and water sympathy you foreigners have for anarchy, when it is in another man's country. It is a pretty trait in a woman. Now I am going to see what her father talks about. She is lovely and earnest and beautiful. There is no country in the world like America for women," he went on carelessly. To Beverly every word seemed like an insult to the girl, but he felt that he had no right to resent it.

"You and Marr may both be without plans by morning," he said warningly.

They found supper set on the round table in the center of the great dining hall. It was a Carpathian supper of cheese and wine, and the smoked flank of a mast fed boar; but the wines were not all the heavy grape juice of the country. There were slender golden bottles from the Rhine, and silver ice buckets that showed the protruding seals of champagnes. Evidently Marr was knowing in the ways of a cosmopolite who takes the best from every country.

Boris had the appetites of a Russian, and the hunger of a man who had fasted for hours. He had not tasted the food which had been brought up stairs to him. Now, when he began to drink Marr's fiery wines, they found a brain that was not quite in its normal condition, and its already inflamed cells gave them a ready welcome.

Beverly could not drink. His heart was too heavy. He tried to pull himself together, to say that this was one of the adventures of life, that he had a capital story in his hand; but his professional pride and zeal were melting under the memory of a pure girl's face, the face of a girl whom he had a right to suspect, but whom he was ready to sacrifice his very life to protect. She had hardly spoken to him, but Beverly was not the sort of man to whom a woman appealed through her intellect.

Boris took glass after glass of wine with the heavy food he was eating, and each glass sent the mercury of his temperament a notch higher; and he was one who needed no stimulants. The imp of perverseness seemed to enter into him, and he became more and more the swashbuckler count of the hills. He insisted upon talking politics and criticising the actions of the king. He asked where Lubona was, and laughed at him for a fanatic, a member of a decaying family which did not know its own best interests.

"We must have progress," he said. "We must advance. Can we do it alone? Never! We must join Russia. Boris must give the country into the hands of Russia, and let us unite with that great country which will eventually rule the world."

Beverly shivered as he listened. It seemed to his disgusted sense that Marr, with all his shrewdness, must see through this extravaganza, this piece of child's play. But apparently he did not.

"Would you help Russia to take Carpathia?" he asked, pouring out another glass of wine.

"Why not?" Boris returned. "Wouldn't my pigs have a better market? But there is nobody in Carpathia with nerve enough to start such a movement. They went as far as possible when Boris was put on the throne. They will do nothing more."

"But," Marr objected, "I have heard of such a movement. I know some men who are ready to fight for that end. They see the best interests of their country in uniting it with a powerful monarchy which can bring in the light of civilization."

"And can develop its mineral resources," Boris said. "I have some mines, or some hills that would be mines if I could find a company that would take the risks in this wilderness."

For a second Marr had a gleam of suspicion in his eye, but evidently his dealings with other men had made him expect a ready greed.

"There is a great field for adventure in a political upheaval," he said. "A man may go into it with nothing and come out with fame and fortune. The world would be a humdrum place were it not for these ardent corners;" and he looked at Beverly.

"Where can I find this company of wise men?" Boris asked. "Let me go to them. I would join their forces tonight."

"Would you?" Marr leaned over the table toward the king. "Then you may. I am going to meet one of them in a few hours. Come with me, and you shall hear all of their plans. Are you in earnest? Can you fight?"

"Try me," Boris said, swinging his long glass in his hand. "And my friend here, the American, will come as well, and win fame and fortune."

"Mr. Hardin is the son of my old friend, the son of a brave man. I know that he will be an addition to any force which is fighting in a good cause."

Boris sprang to his feet, and lifted his freshly filled glass. "Here's to the new Carpathia!"

Beverly rose to his own feet, and put his arm in that of the king.

"We must make preparations if we leave tonight," he said, and gave a meaning glance at Marr, which was returned with one full of intelligence.

"The horses shall be made ready," Marr promised.

Beverly fairly dragged Boris from the table and up the stairs, and threw him upon the bed, where he lay laughing.

"I do not understand why I should fight for you, or work for you," he said angrily to the king. "You are apparently incapable of realizing a serious condition."

"Do you call it a serious condition, then, when a monarch conspires against himself?" Boris lay on the bed with his flushed face on his hands, his elbows supporting them. "You listen to the nonsense of a jealous girl who wants to get Lubona into trouble, and you let your American imagination work. I am going to find out all about the insurrection of Mr. John Marr, and send my guards to capture the whole revolution. I am going out with him tonight. You may come or not, as you like."

"You know I must come; but first I am going to tell Marr that I have heard that he is in danger from Lubona."

"And that I am the king?"

"No."

"What do you care about Marr?"

"We are not going to that rendezvous tonight," Beverly said firmly. "You are going to go back to your castle, and I am going to stay here. I believe that when Lubona finds that his big fish has slipped through his fingers, and that you are able to punish him, he will fly the country. You can deal with Marr. But I do not believe that all three of us can get away. I believe that the castle is surrounded. The girl said it would be." He went to the window and looked out. There was nothing but darkness. Presumably that sentinel was still under the ivy.

Boris straightened himself. "I can give my own orders. I am going to that rendezvous with Marr. You may stay here if you choose, but unless you intend to take Marr into your confidence I would advise you to pretend to start. He might be at a loss to understand why you wished to stay here when 'important business' is calling you to Carpeth. You cannot very well explain that you want to save his daughter from Lubona—the owner of the castle, her own old friend whom she met at a Washington dinner party. I think you will have a task on your hands."

Boris took the little scarf from his head, and, folding it up, put it safely away, not in the place where he had found it, but inside his tunic, while Beverly pretended not to see him.

"You should have gone long ago," the American said.

"Allow me to judge my own actions;" but the remark was made with gaiety. "I can take care of myself."

The king rapidly prepared himself for riding, and then Beverly started down stairs to see if Marr's preparations were made. As he came out upon the landing, a door opened, and Elinor Marr stood in it. Her face was full of agitation.

"Mr. Hardin," she said, "are you going away?"

"I am going down to meet your father."

"I know it. He goes away every night to see the workmen in some mines, I believe. Is—Count Festin going?"

"And suppose he were?"

"Please do not take him away. You are an American gentleman, and the son of my father's old friend, and I am going to speak to you frankly. I promised Count Lubona that Count Festin should not leave the house before his return. Is he an old friend of yours?"

"Not very."

She clasped her hands together. "I cannot tell you why. It has something to do with the king and the state of the country. I know you will sympathize with them.

They are trying to keep the country from being sold to Russia. That cruel, dreadful tyranny is trying to take their freedom away from them. This Count Festin does not know what he is doing, but he is helping Russia in some way. It was so lucky that he was brought here when he was hurt. We thought we could keep him out of mischief for a time."

"Perhaps Count Lubona thought it was lucky that he was hurt," Beverly said with meaning.

She pulled the portière closer around her, and shrank back a little, as though she would disdain to listen to such a suggestion. "I thought you would be interested in a people's struggle for freedom," she said.

"I am, when they know what freedom is. Why do you not take your father into your confidence?"

"He thinks the country should belong to Russia. He is a business man."

"And you will go against his interests for —Count Lubona?"

"Not for Count Lubona," she said proudly, "but for a free Carpathia. I have promised to do what I can for their cause. You are an American gentleman, and will understand. The cause will be helped by keeping Count Festin here for a day or two where he cannot communicate with the king."

"Ah!" said Beverly. He leaned against the carved railing and thought. Evidently she was in no danger from Lubona, but it was vitally necessary that Boris should get back to Carpeth as speedily as possible. He was away, and there were men there to seize the government.

"I will try to keep Count Festin from going with your father," he said.

"I knew you would understand, although Count Lubona said that you would not." Her cheeks and eyes burned with enthusiasm. She lost the years which the long gown had given her, and she lost, too, that shadow of suspicion which had hung over her in Beverly's mind; but he cursed Lubona for entangling this young girl in his schemes and plots. She was, if possible, to entrap her own father. Lubona had made her think that she might even convert this Count Festin, the king's friend, to their cause. The ignorance of a young girl seemed fair play to the Carpathian plotter.

Boris opened the door of the bed room, and started down the stairs. He stopped and held out his hand to Miss Marr.

"Your father and I are going off for a ride," he said. "Wish us luck!"

Beverly turned away with disgust in his heart. It seemed to him that none of these men, not even the king, knew how to honor and respect a woman. Boris, as well as Lubona, was ready to ruin the girl's father, and yet he was asking her good wishes on the venture. Half way down the stairs Beverly stopped dead still and gave a disagreeable laugh.

"And how much better am I?" he asked himself. "I am here to betray and ruin John Marr, and yet I am trying my best to make friends with his daughter."

He went forward half a dozen steps and put a heavy hand on the king's shoulder.

"Sir," he said, "I have just heard from Miss Marr that Lubona left orders that you were to be kept here until his return. He has told her that you are a friend of the king's, and an enemy to free Carpathia. As it seems to be in order to betray her confidence, I also am doing it. I promised to try to keep you from going with her father. I am keeping my word."

Boris' face took on a heavy gravity which Beverly had not seen there before.

"I will go. I should have known that the situation was serious. I expected to keep Lubona here. Will you ride with me?"

"If we can get out," Beverly said significantly. "I think that the best plan would be to decline to go with Marr on account of your inability to ride, and then to go out through the stable as we planned."

"No. This way we shall be sure of starting with good horses under us."

They found Marr walking up and down the hall uneasily and in a fever of impatience. He led the way quickly to the stable, where the horses were saddled and waiting. Beverly's suspicions all came back when he saw that each horse's head was held by a Carpathian groom. It seemed an attention which was hardly necessary. He managed to put his own aside, and to come last before the stable door, which was narrow.

Marr went out first, looking in the moonlight like some grim knight of another day. Boris' horse started after him, but its head was hardly outside the door when there was a shot, and Marr's voice called loudly, "Look out for the king!"

The two grooms had rushed out, Boris' horse was pushed back on its haunches, and the heavy door was swung shut, leaving the two young men in the narrow stone courtyard sitting on their horses.

"He knew that I was the king!" was Boris' exclamation.

(*To be continued.*) on page 654

FORBES' MISTAKE.

FORBES was not the worst fellow in the world. In fact, he must have had some very good qualities to be able to attain and keep the friendship of the Wingates. There may have been something in heredity, for his father had been Mr. Wingate's confidential lawyer. However, Forbes of the present took the trust and affection that fell to his lot as his due without a thought but that he deserved them. Forbes was given to that. He took the sweets of life as a matter of course, and didn't bother about being particularly thankful. In fact, I think he was spoiled. There was plenty of latent good in him, only he had never had enough bumps from adversity to knock it out. He had drifted through a boy and girl courtship with Delia Wingate, but he couldn't remember that he was particularly cut up when she married Marshall Clavering.

After Delia's marriage he still went to the Wingate house, where Mrs. Clavering still lived. He found it pleasant to play the elder brother to little Tessie Wingate—and there may have been a fascination in the danger of handling fire.

Tessie was not a pretty child. Forbes thought she would never make as handsome a woman as her sister, yet he liked her, in a superior, elderly way, and often went so far as to put himself out for her. I have known him to pore over difficult problems, and patiently explain page after page of science to her. He had been so accustomed to look on her as a child, that when her nineteenth birthday drew near and there was talk of her "coming out," it was an unpleasant shock to him.

"There is no use in trammeling the child with trains and all the frillfralls of society," he growled, with the privilege of an old friend.

"But you forget she isn't a child," protested Delia. "She is quite as tall as I, and her social position demands that she be recognized. Besides, she is going to Florida for the winter, and we want her well introduced before she leaves."

Tessie herself was strangely indifferent. She meekly submitted to be hauled about by Delia from store to dressmaker, and from dressmaker to milliner. And one morning she openly rebelled against trying on her coming out gown, when she had set her heart on a walk in the park. Forbes was to accompany her, and as he had been quite won over by Delia he sent her back like a naughty child.

Tessie was still rebellious in the afternoon. It was one of those very warm days in the fall, and Forbes found her in a hammock in the garden. He had just come from a talk with Delia. The heat had brought a dainty color to Tessie's cheeks, and she had braided her hair down her back. Forbes thought how childish she looked in her light dress with ribbons on the shoulders. She swung to and fro, just touching the ground now and then with the tips of her toes. Her dress made a soft rustling as it brushed the fallen leaves, and Forbes came up and swayed the hammock with one hand.

"How does the dress come on?" he asked presently.

"It's horrid!" she said shortly.

"Nonsense, Tessie, how can a dress that Delia planned be horrid? By the way, she has cautioned me not to call you by that childish name. Hereafter you are Teresa."

Tessie looked up quickly.

"Surely you are not going to listen to her?" she said.

"Why not? It is too familiar to dub a young lady in society 'Tessie.'"

"But you have always called me that," she faltered, "and I don't want to go in society."

"Perhaps you don't understand what society means," he said, remembering Delia's talk. "Think of the love making and the dances and the gay young Romeos."

"That's it!" she broke out recklessly. "I don't want to ever care for any man but you!"

Forbes stopped swinging the hammock suddenly and looked down at her. The crisp autumn wind had whipped a brighter color into her cheeks and ruffled her hair. She was very fair—and very young. Forbes was unpleasantly startled. He had never dreamed that she cared for him with anything but a childish affection, but now Delia's words came back with startling distinctness—"You forget she isn't a child."

"See here, Teresa," he said, with his most superior air, conscious that it was his duty to put down any foolish thoughts on her part, "of course I want you to care for me. I expect always to be your friend, or your elder brother, if you will. But it is nonsense to think you will never care for any other man. You are very young, Teresa, not quite nineteen, and I am a worldly old bachelor. Before the winter is over Delia will have molded you into an intensely worldly and conventional young lady. I shall be sorry," he added, as her lips quivered. "You have always been a dear little girl, and Delia will teach you to be wise."

"If wisdom means caring for other people, I don't want to be wise," she said rebelliously.

"Wisdom of that sort comes whether we want it or not, my child. Good by now; I've a business engagement at four;" and he left her still swinging the hammock with the tips of her toes, but he did not look in her face.

In the days that followed he saw very little of her, for all at once she seemed to take an absorbing interest in her trip to Florida. Forbes did not bother about it. He had a comfortable feeling of having done his duty, however brutal it was, and his mildly conventional flirtation with Mrs. Clavering helped to pass the days.

Thanks to Delia the "coming out" was a success. Then came long letters from Florida which were read with many comments to Forbes, who found himself wondering that the child could write so fluently. The winter passed, and instead of Tessie came a letter saying her friends were to spend a year in Europe, and she had decided to accompany them. Next May Forbes was called to Michigan by the death of his uncle, and stayed two months settling up the estate. When he reached town again he found that Tessie had returned from her continental tour, and after three weeks at home had gone to relatives in Colorado.

Delia was enthusiastic in her praise, and Forbes wrote Tessie an elderly relative sort of letter, saying he was sorry to have missed her. He got a bright, cheery answer signed "Your sincere friend." Then he settled down to club life and killing time, and almost forgot there was such a person in the world as Teresa Wingate.

At the end of fourteen months, when she wrote she would be home, Delia arranged an elaborate dinner in honor of her coming. Forbes called in the afternoon, but she sent a friendly message and begged to be excused as she was resting. In that way he was unprepared for the change three years had made in her. When he saw the glorious woman in the pale green dinner dress, standing beside Delia, he could not realize that it was little Tessie Wingate. She recognized him before he had crossed the room, and there flashed into her face a look that reminded him of that autumn afternoon—was it a challenge, or had she forgotten? Perhaps it was to try her that he clasped her hand so closely and looked into her eyes as he did. She met them without flinching.

"I am so glad you have come home, Tessie," he said, bending toward her and using the childish name on purpose.

She laughed without a trace of embarrassment.

"How strange to be called that!" she said gaily. "I have almost forgotten I was ever anybody but 'Miss Wingate.' How well you look! You have not changed since I saw you. Have you found the secret of perpetual youth?"

"Yes, in you."

"Nonsense. That isn't becoming talk in an old friend," and she laughingly turned to some new arrivals.

Forbes was puzzled. Evidently she had forgotten that she had ever loved him, or she was a superb actress. He watched her through the long dinner, and once she caught his eye and smiled with such bewitching frankness that he raged inwardly.

Some of the more intimate friends stayed late to play whist. Forbes was an exceptional player, but somehow the cards did not run right. Teresa came up with young Jason and watched the game. Forbes never had liked young Jason because of his odious mother, and he caught himself wondering how Teresa could tolerate him. He made several blunders in consequence of not keeping his mind on the cards.

He went home that night dissatisfied with himself for the first time in his life. In the days that followed he did not see a great deal of Teresa, for she was "toasted" as much as even Delia could desire; but as the sweetness of her womanhood grew upon him, he found himself for the first time really in love. He tried by every art known to make Teresa betray herself, but man of the world as he was, he was no match for her apparent unconsciousness.

As the weather grew warmer, Delia decided to go to Newport, and Forbes determined to speak to Teresa before they left. He wondered if it was chance or design that

the opportunity did not present itself until the day before their departure.

Teresa was in the garden in a big sun hat and gloves. She was on her knees, cutting some favorite flowers, when he came down the walk, and laughingly held out her hand to be helped up. His fingers closed tightly over the little soiled glove.

"I am so glad to find you alone, Tessie," he said. "I want to tell you something."

"Wait," she answered breathlessly. "I am tired. Take me to the hammock."

They went down the little box bordered walk, and she dropped into the hammock and pushed the big hat back on her shoulders.

"Now," she said, looking up at him brightly. "Is it anything very serious? Because if it is, it won't do to tell this delightful morning."

"It is very serious to me, dear," he answered gently, swinging the hammock with one hand. "It is only that I love you, and want you to be mine forever and ever."

There was silence for a moment, and in that time Teresa's face changed from smiling youth to grave womanhood. She looked out over the nodding flower beds, and her voice sounded a little strained.

"Of course I want you to care for me as a sister or a friend," she said slowly, as though repeating a lesson she had conned over and over; "but it is nonsense to think I shall ever marry you. I am very young, and you are a worldly old bachelor. There are plenty of younger men in the world. You see, Delia has taught me wisdom."

"Tessie, what do you mean? Don't you love me, dear?"

"I am living up to my teaching," she said bitterly. "Don't you remember my first love lesson?"

"I remember only that I have been a consummate idiot. Forget everything, and let me begin over again. It is true I am not young—thirty nine isn't youth—but I promise that the strength of my love will make up for that."

"You have had my answer," she said, with a touch of haughtiness. "Please regard it as final."

"But, dear——"

"Nothing will change it."

"Then you do not love me?" His tone had lost all its lightness. It was that of one who pleads for mercy now.

"No!" and her eyes met his defiantly.

"Then I bow to the inevitable. Good by, dear;" and he went down the little path with lowered head, but with no feeling of resentment in his heart. He knew now that she had neither forgotten nor forgiven the words spoken that autumn afternoon, and he felt that this was her revenge. Ah, well, she had a right to it. He had been an undeserving idiot, and it was just that his folly should come home to him.

The Wingates went to Newport, and Forbes to Cuba. He did not try to forget. He felt that every pang was only an echo of what she had suffered, and did not rebel that the mills of the gods ground with such exactness. I think that year and a half in Cuba made a man of him.

One afternoon, at the end of the eighteen months, he walked down the street toward the Wingate residence with a firmness of purpose on his face. He had arrived that morning. During the six hours he had been in town he had scarcely seen a familiar face, except one or two old friends at the club where he had dined.

He sent up his card, and went into the reception room. The house was oppressively silent, and it seemed hours before footsteps sounded in the hall. Then Delia came in, and Forbes wondered as he saw her white face above the black dress.

"But Tessie!" he questioned eagerly. "Where is she?"

"Haven't you heard?" Delia glanced at her somber gown, and tears gathered in her eyes.

"Oh, Delia, not that!—not that!" he cried.

"Yes. She died with your name on her lips. I think she always loved you. She told me about—about that last interview. She took you to the hammock on purpose. She said she knew she would not have the strength to withstand you unless she had that afternoon vividly before her. Her pride was her greatest fault, but she told me to ask you to forgive and think kindly of her if you could."

Forbes still dines at his club, and goes to theaters and all social gatherings. Some people say it is only to scoff at the foibles of human nature. They accuse him of being selfish and a cynic, and of having no faith in things human or divine. But they are wrong. Only the poor and wretched know him as he is. If he cannot love, it is because his heart is buried in the grave of one pure woman. And instead of sneering, he has an infinite pity and compassion for all human weaknesses, because his own have been so great. It is his punishment to feel the bitterness of misjudgment. I think I ought to know—for I am Forbes.

Neva Lillian Williams.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

THE DISCOVERER OF THE "X" RAY.

At a meeting of German scientists, professors, and students in the Bavarian university town of Wurzburg, at the close of last year, a paper was read by one of their number which surprised the gentlemen present out of their customary painstaking attention to facts and figures. A spark of enthusiasm was aroused in the usually solemn conclave by the bare relation of a series of experiments. Little did these Germans imagine, however, as they left the meeting, casually discussing Professor W. C. Roentgen's recital, that they had had the good luck to be present at the birth of a scientific epoch, and that within a month Dr. Roentgen's name, then scarcely known beyond his own university, would become almost a household word throughout the civilized world.

Not till the 7th of last January was the announcement of the Wurzburg professor's discovery cabled to this country. The news took time to percolate through the heavy columns of the German press, and attract the attention of the world at large. But when it began to travel abroad, it traveled with a rush. "X" rays and cathodographs were universal topics of conversation, and Roentgen was the idol of the hour.

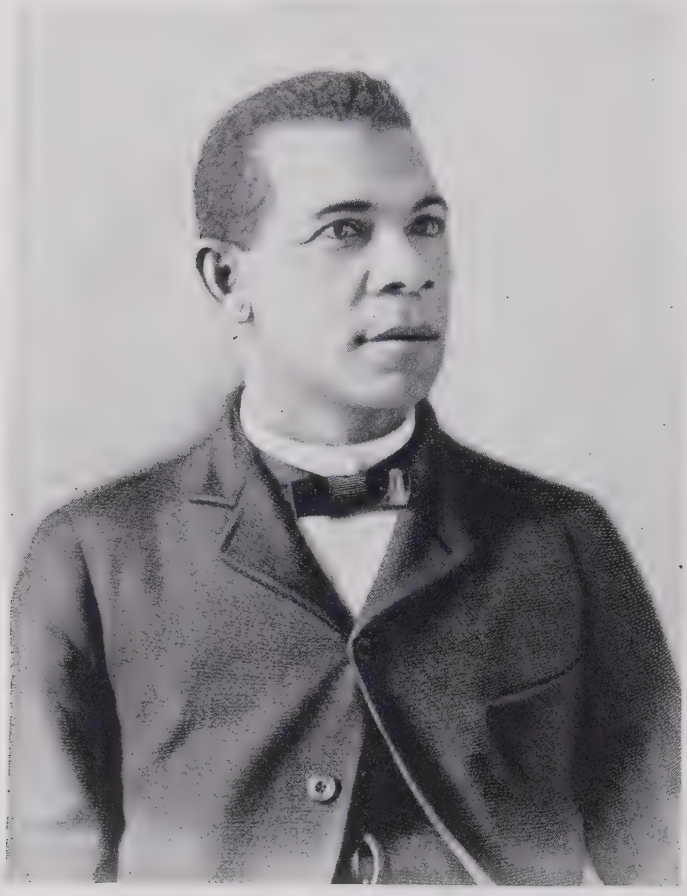
He is not a man built on the lines of a popular idol. The words he used to an-

Professor W. C. Roentgen.

From a photograph by Hafstaengl, Frankfort.

nounce his wonderful discovery would not cover one of the pages of this magazine. He did not seek to exploit his years of careful work. He refused all honors, and took no notice of his unexpected notoriety. Modesty bristled from every point of his pompadour hair and his heavy set frame. Outside his work as a teacher, he has been absorbed, since his university days in the sixties, in the depths of abstruse scientific investigation. He was born in Holland, just at the time when Daguerre was perfecting his pioneer method of photography —an art for which Roentgen has opened up new and interesting possibilities.

After his arduous labors of the winter semester, the professor went to the Riviera for a short vacation, and has since returned to his laboratory for further experiments. It is a noteworthy fact that none of the many men who have investigated the new photography has surpassed the original discoverer in his clear exposition of the facts and theories of the "X" ray. Roentgen's frank publication of his knowledge shows that his aim is solely the benefit of science and the increase of human knowledge, and not any selfish scheme of self aggrandizement or profit.



Booker T. Washington.

From a photograph by Shepherd, St. Paul.

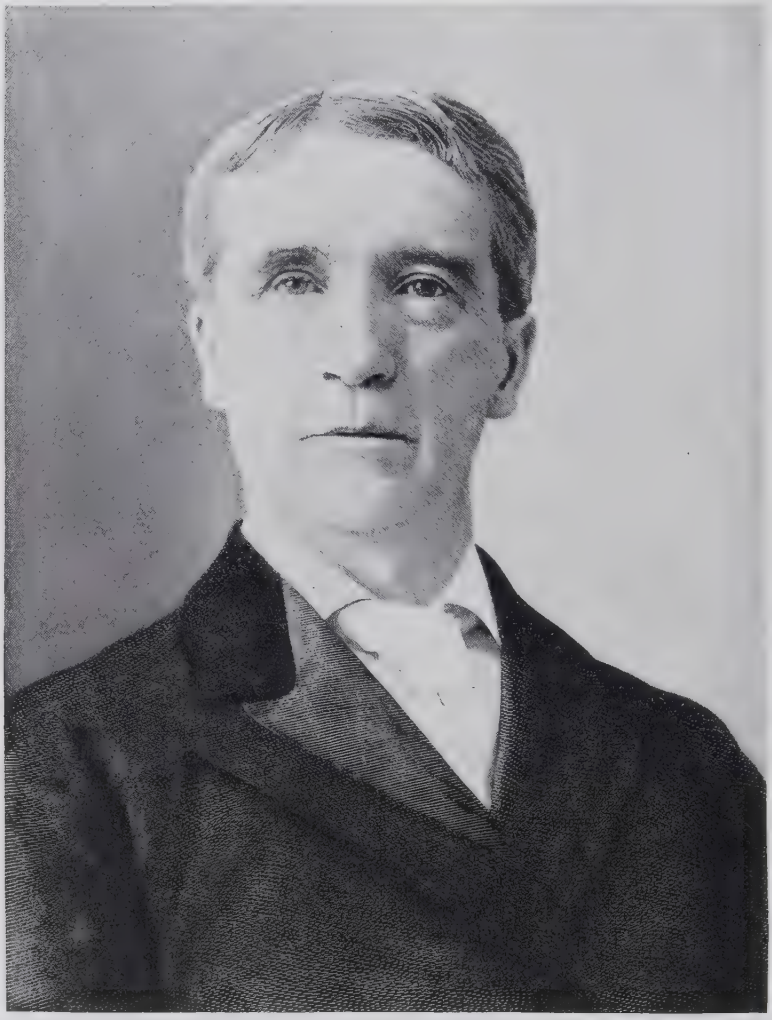
A "JOSHUA IN THE CAMP."

Of Booker Washington it has been said that "the African race in America has at last produced a man who unites in himself those qualities essential to a leader of his unfortunate people — sagacity to judge broadly, fine moral instincts through which to reach others, endurance to meet defeat,

William McKinley, Jr.

From his latest photograph—Copyright, 1896, by Baker, Columbus.

and forbearance to sustain victory." He has been called a "Joshua in the camp," the speakers and writers who term him thus leaving to Frederick Douglass the superior dignity of being his people's Moses. But unassuming but dignified master in his own school, the warmly applauded orator in the thronged Exposition auditorium of Atlanta, the contributor to the Northern press, or the thoughtful speaker at a Carnegie Hall



The Rev. George C. Lorimer, D. D.
From a photograph by Purdy, Boston.

events are rapidly demonstrating that the earnest, broad minded, honest principled president of the Normal and Industrial Institute, at Tuskegee, Alabama, is the greater man of the two. It would be impossible, we believe, to find a seed of sedition in Booker Washington's teachings, to detect one touch of bitterness toward the Anglo Saxon race, one trace of arrogance for himself or those of his blood. Whether as the meeting, he still plainly writes himself, straightly calls himself, a negro—a negro with but the one fervid aim of leading his people as far as he may out of immorality and illiteracy. Such appears to be a better work than fighting for social equality or amalgamation of races.

This remarkable man was born a slave on a Virginia plantation. His home was the one roomed log hut of the slave quarters,

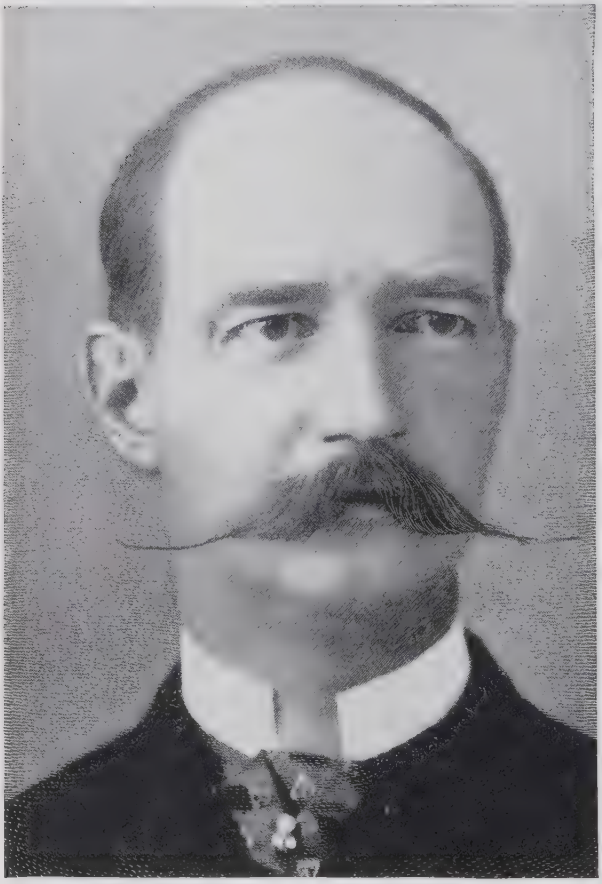
The Rev. Minot J. Savage, D.D.
From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.

with a dirt floor, and the regulation "potato hole" in the middle. When emancipation came, he went to work at an iron furnace in West Virginia. Later, he made his way to Richmond, where he found himself friendless and penniless; but he obtained employment, and succeeded in working his way through the negro college at Hampton, never relaxing his efforts until he graduated with the honors of his class. In 1881, when he was twenty three years old, he was called to Tuskegee, to become principal of a normal school for negroes, to which the Alabama Legislature had just granted an annual appropriation of two thousand dollars. From this meager beginning, the measure of the good that he has accomplished, and the moral influences spreading from one institution and one man's work, to uplift his race, cannot be comprehended at a bare glimpse.

Last September, in the address he delivered at the opening of the Atlanta Exposition, he movingly voiced the scheme of his

life purposes, his hopes for his people and his country, and his hearty coöperation with the dominant race. One Southern newspaper aptly called the speech "a platform on which the whites and blacks can stand with full justice to each." Among its passages most weighted with practical wisdom was this summary of his counsel to his people:

"Our greatest danger is that in the great leap from slavery to freedom we may overlook the fact that the masses of us are to live by the production of our hands, and fail to keep in mind that we shall prosper in proportion as we learn to dignify and glorify common labor, and put brains and skill into the common occupations of life; shall prosper in proportion as we learn to draw the line between the superficial and the substantial, the ornamental gewgaws of life and the useful. No race can prosper till it learns that there is as much dignity in tilling a field as in writing a poem. It is at the bottom of life we must begin, and not at the top. Nor should we permit our grievances to overshadow our opportunities."



The King of Greece.

From a photograph by Downey, London.

A PRESIDENTIAL PROBABILITY.

The personality of William McKinley, Jr., may be regarded as being just now too contentious a subject for the pages of a magazine that avoids political partisanship. We may, however, quote one of his bitterest opponents—the New York *World*—which calls him "a gentleman of fair ability and unblemished character." Such a description, coming from an opposition newspaper during a Presidential campaign, is a compliment that few candidates receive.

It was a curious historical coincidence that nominated the "Napoleon of protection" for the Presidency on the anniversary of the great French emperor's overthrow on the plain of Waterloo. It is dangerous to prophesy, especially in political matters; but at the time of writing this, it seems quite improbable that any sinister association of dates will avail to "hoodoo" Major McKinley's candidacy. It seems as if his brilliant political career was destined to culminate in the exalted office that is the proverbial goal of every American boy's ambition, but which not one in ten millions has the ability and the good fortune to reach.

THE MAKER OF A "PEOPLE'S CHURCH."

One of the remarkable American church organizations — remarkable in character, numbers, and influence—is that of the Tremont Temple, in Boston. It is not affiliated with any sect. It is established in the very heart of the New England metropolis, where its ample building has just risen from the ashes of a destructive fire. Its auditorium,

which holds three thousand people, is constantly thronged. Its secular energies are active and beneficent. It is liberal and modern—a "people's church" in the fullest sense of the term.

The preacher who built it up is a man as marked in his profession as is his church among the religious bodies of the country. Dr. Lorimer is a Scotchman by birth, who was trained for business, became an actor, and then left the stage to enter the pulpit. He met Charlotte Cushman and E. L. Davenport in Scotland, and came with them to America, where, as a boy of nineteen, he appeared in juvenile parts. But it was his ambition to enter the ministry, and he made his way toward it through a Western college. He was only twenty one when he delivered an address which attracted the attention, and enlisted the sympathy, of George D. Prentice, the famous editor of the Louisville *Journal*. His first church was in Boston; then for five years he was at the head of a "people's church" in Chicago, from which he came to the Tremont Temple. He has the eloquence that makes a popular preacher, and the practical qualities needed for the leadership of a great modern church.

The Queen of Greece.

From a photograph by Hohlenberg, Copenhagen.

Elocution is a subject too little studied by the clerical profession, though the art that gives life and force to spoken words should be the handmaid of the pulpit as well as of the secular platform. His mastery of it is one of the results of Dr. Lorimer's training. His appearance recalls that of the late Edwin Booth. He is a man of earnest manner and remarkably energetic temperament, who seeks a purpose in everything—even when taking a holiday. He is already making plans for a tour to the Holy Land, next year, and is organizing a party of travelers to charter a special steamer.

A UNITARIAN LEADER.

Last fall, when Dr. Minot Savage resigned his charge as minister of the Church of the Unity, in Boston, a position he had held for twenty two years, to come to the Church of the Messiah in New York, Boston Unitarianism rose *en masse* in protest. Meetings were held, letters poured in from eminent men, regardless of religious views and creeds, and for a time it seemed as if the New England city was about to keep her favored son. But Dr. Savage saw a wider field for work in the metropolis. The pulpit that Dr. Robert E. Collyer made famous was, he thought, a post of influence that he could not refuse. When at last he accepted New York's offer, Boston generously rose to the occasion, and the great radical leader of Unitarianism received a cordial God speed.

It is not alone in religious circles that Boston will miss Dr. Savage; he has endeared himself to the scientists and litterateurs of that cultured city as well. Socially, he is welcomed everywhere. His ready wit, and the grave, composed manner in which he relates a clever story, make him an

delightful and entertaining a friend as he is renowned as a liberal thinker and a fearless leader. He is more widely known as a preacher and as the author of works on theology and social questions than as a poet; yet he is endowed with this latter gift to no mean degree. His eldest son, Philip Henry Savage, has inherited it, and both he and his father have published volumes of verse which have been well received.

Mrs. Semple, Daughter of President Tyler.
From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

Dr. Savage is to begin his labors in New York on the first Sunday in October, and he is sure to be warmly welcomed.

GREECE'S DANISH MONARCH.

The King of Greece, or, to give him his proper title, the King of the Hellenes—rules one of the smallest countries of Europe, but one of the most interesting and not the least important; for the land of Pericles and Socrates is today an active factor in the perilous political problems of eastern Europe. Greece, which became a nation by its revolution against Turkish rule, and which received Thessaly after the last great war in the Orient, is eager for further slices of the domains of the "Sick Man of Europe." The restless Cretans are fighting to join her now. She dreams of making the Ægean Sea a Grecian lake, as it was in the palmy days of ancient Athens, and of seeing her flag float from the minarets of Constantinople on that day, approaching slowly yet surely, when the Ottoman shall be expelled from the capital of the eastern emperors.

When George, her second king, came from Denmark to Athens, thirty three years ago, he was welcomed by a little nation of a million people. He has two million subjects now, and Greece has progressed creditably; but she has still one great obstacle to fight—her poverty. Financial questions have continually been those that have troubled her government. The king is one of the very few rich men in the country. He has an annual allowance of some $300,000, out of which he has managed to save something; and he has made much more by speculation in the European stock exchanges. This latter fact does not add to his popularity, for most people lose respect for a stock jobbing monarch—as was historically instanced in the case of Louis Philippe of France.

The king and his wife, who was the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia, a cousin of the Czar, usually spend the summer at their place on the island of Corfu, where his majesty amuses himself with amateur farming, while the queen sketches and paints. She is also an accomplished yachtswoman, and her honorary rank as an admiral in the Russian navy was a recognition of her success in passing the regular examination for a sailing master's certificate. She is one of the most popular royal ladies in Europe.

A FORMER MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

It was noted as an unusual circumstance that there were gathered in Washington, last winter, the daughters of five chief magistrates of the United States. Besides

President Cleveland's little girls, there were at the national capital Mrs. McKee, daughter of President Harrison; Mrs. Stanley Brown, daughter of President Garfield; Mrs. Sartoris, daughter of President Grant; and Mrs. Semple, daughter of President Tyler. Mrs. Semple was mistress of the White House before her father's marriage to his second wife; and she is full of interesting reminiscences of persons and events that have made American history. It was she who presided at the reception to the Prince de Joinville. Daniel Webster, her father's secretary of state, was her intimate friend.

"It frequently fell to Mr. Webster," she says, "to take me to dinner. He was not only one of the most brilliant men, but also one of the most profound thinkers, I ever met. He spoke so wisely and with so much knowledge on the simplest subjects that no one would think of making a frivolous remark in his presence."

Many years ago, while crossing the Atlantic, Mrs. Semple became dangerously ill. "Only let my body," she said, "be wrapped in the dear old American flag before I am buried at sea." That was before the Stars and Stripes had become associated with the poignant and bitter memories of the civil war, which brought her loss of fortune and of kinsmen. It was she who organized the first hospital within the Confederate lines. It is her special pride that no drop of blood alien to the commonwealth of Virginia flows in her veins.

She has not appeared in public since Mr. Cleveland's marriage; but in her sitting room at the Louise Home, where she has found a retreat for her latter days, she is still a typical Virginia gentlewoman of the old school.

TRANSFORMATION.

She waited in a rose hued room;
  A wanton hearted creature she,
  But beautiful and bright to see
As some great orchid just in bloom.

Upon wide cushions stretched at ease
  She lolled in garments filmy fine,
  Which but enhanced each rounded line—
A living picture, framed to please.

A bold electric eye of light
  Leered through its ruddy screen of lace
  And feasted on her form and face
As some wine crimsoned roué might.

Exotic blossoms from a vase
  Their sweet narcotic breath exhaled.
  The lights, the objects round her paled ;
She lost the sense of time and place.

She seemed to float upon the air,
  Untrammeled, unrestricted, free ;
  And, rising from a vapory sea,
She saw a form divinely fair ;

A beauteous being in whose face
  Shone all things sweet and true and good,
  The innocence of maidenhood,
The motherhood of all the race,

The warmth that comes from heavenly fire,
  The strength that leads the weaker man
  To climb to God's eternal plan,
And conquer and control desire.

She shook as with a mighty awe ;
  For gazing on this shape which stood
  Embodying all true womanhood,
She knew it was *herself* she saw.

She woke as from a dream. But when
  The laughing lover, light and bold,
  Came with his talk of wine and gold,
He gazed, grew silent, gazed again,

Then turned abashed from those calm eyes
  Where lurked no more the lure to sin.
  Her higher self had entered in ;
Her path led now to Paradise.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

TOLSTOY AS HE IS.

THE MOST FAMOUS RUSSIAN OF HIS DAY—HIS MUCH DEBATED SOCIAL THEORIES, AND HOW HIS DAILY LIFE AT MOSCOW AND YASNAYA POLYANA CORRESPONDS WITH THEM.

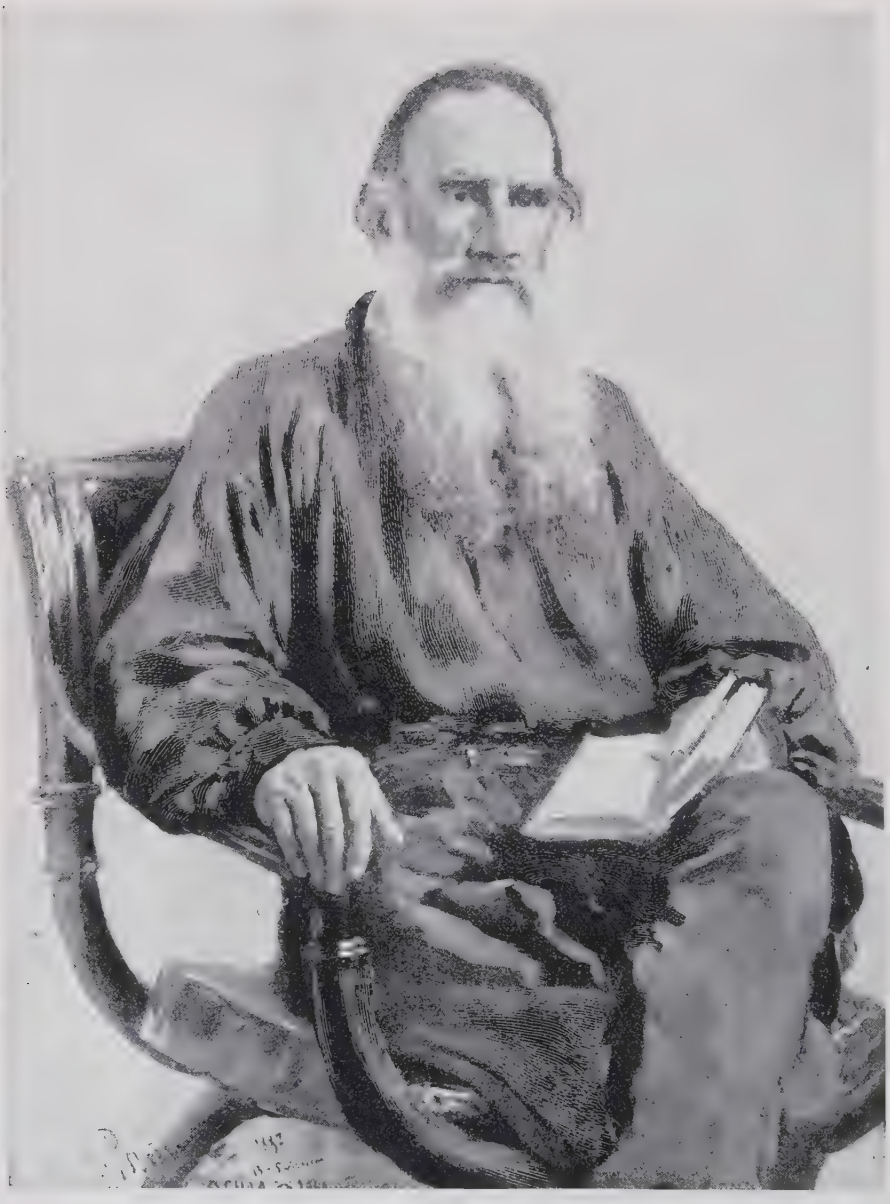
IN this age of self advertisement and unhealthy rage for fame, it isn't everybody who, even with deliberate intent and strenuous effort, can contrive to make himself a bone of contention throughout the critical world. But Count Lyeff N. Tolstoy has accomplished this feat without so much as trying. What is more to the purpose, he is a bone very well worth the contention, and what he has achieved is genuine fame, with a solid foundation, not the fictitious repute which is, in truth, only vulgar and temporary notoriety.

Every one is agreed as to the form of the temple of fame which he has erected on that solid foundation. It is a pyramid. The point of contention is whether the pyramid stands on its base or on its apex. In other words, were the count's early writings, his novels, the greatest work of his life? Is he still sane, though "degenerate," as Max Nordau asserts? Or is he now standing on his head, and supporting the stately base of his famous novels on the tapering apex of his later work—his essays and stories for the people, slender in volume but incalculably precious and durable. The question is too complicated. Let us drop it, and discuss the man and his ways. The reader will be sure to decide for himself, in a measure, whatever we may say.

Assuredly, Tolstoy did not set out with deliberate intent to make himself a bone of contention. His personality is at the bottom of the matter. Of course, he would be more—or less—than human if he didn't recognize his power over the greater part of the civilized globe. Though he doesn't exactly calculate on the influence of his name, he hopes in it; and he isn't exactly

The Outdoor Dinner Table at Yasnaya Polyana

Redrawn by J. M. Gleeson from a photograph.



Count Tolstoy.

From a portrait painted in 1887 by Ilya E. Repin.

vain, though he recognizes the sincere flattery of being imitated by his disciples with an accuracy with which his own mirror could not compete. He knows his power, in short, and is human, intensely human. Therein lies the principal secret of his success in impressing his personality on the consciousness of those who disapprove of him *in toto*, as well as in swaying those who yield themselves to his theories.

The same fact is also the principal reason for the blame which is heaped upon him. If inconsistency is not a particularly human trait, it would be hard to name one that is. For example : several years ago he took it into his head to abjure tobacco. Not on

Count Tolstoy in His Study at Yasnaya P. iyana

From a painting by Ilya E. Repin

Count Tolstoy at Yasnaya Polyana.

From a painting by Ilya E. Repin.

his usual ground, that the peasants don't smoke (for they generally do whenever they get a chance), and that therefore he and the rest of the world can and ought to do without also. No; he said to the writer:

"All that I have hitherto written has been composed under the fictitious stimulus of tobacco. I have given it up. What I publish henceforth will be the product of pure mental and moral inspiration."

To which I heartlessly replied, "Pray, *pray*, Lyeff Nikola'itch, begin smoking again at once!" And I'm sure I was right; his next book was the famous "Kreutzer Sonata."

One of his disciples, or "adepts," was sitting there at the time. This man had resigned a university post, and had gone to the country to earn his own living, by manual labor, with the Tolstoyan equivalent of "three acres and a cow." His spectacles were incongruous, to the last degree, with his Tolstoyan version of the peasant costume; but they added mightily to the effect of the thunderous frown which he bestowed upon me.

The funny part of it was, that one of the

count's relatives had already told me about his heroic sacrifice, and added, with a sly smile:

"They tell me that, when the temptation becomes too much for him, he goes behind the door and smokes!"

I can't say that I smelled any smoke hanging about the hinges and cracks of his doors. But in my mind's eye I could plainly see this practical illustration of the story about the ostrich hiding his head in the sand to escape discovery. His sons smoked, despite their father's example and precept. Some peasants once begged from us paper to make cigarettes. We gave what we had — paper. But young Tolstoy won their unspeakable gratitude by adding some tobacco.

When we enter on the chapter of inconsistencies we open up the whole question of the count's manner of life. Does he live like the peasants, as he preaches? Plainly—no, he does not. Why? Because he can't, and isn't allowed to. Does he live in great luxury, as the reporters periodically affirm? No, again. Why not? Because he hasn't the money, for one thing, even if he had the inclination.

Many Russians say, when they read his exhortations to the well to do to strip themselves of their possessions and descend to the level of the peasants in all things, and when some fresh instance of "inconsistency" is brought to the notice of the public: "But when did he ever live like a peasant? He can talk about it, and write about it, and even play at it, but he has never really done it, though he portrays them most artistically and realistically." And, though these very people sympathize with his views, and try to live according to them, so far as may be, they deny that he really knows the peasants at all, or ever had much to do with them.

However, he certainly did try it once—during the winter of 1891-2, when he was administering relief to the famine stricken, chiefly with the money sent to him from America. A short trial of that laid him low, and the countess had to go from Moscow to nurse him. He stuck to it while there was need for his services; but a little more of it would have killed him. His daughters and sons helped him, on that occasion; but they know his frail health too well to encourage their father in such a suicidal course.

How does he live, then? In Moscow he has a plain, comfortable house in the outskirts of the city, on Weaver's Lane. That name is sufficiently significant of the locality; there are big factories all about it. Those are not luxurious surroundings in any town. The advantages of the location are, that the house cost less, and that it is possessed of a garden and grove, inclosed with a tall fence. A little building just inside the gate serves for the business office.

Count Tolstoy's Eldest Daughter, Countess Tatyana, in the Costume of a Married Peasant Woman of the Ryazan Government.

From a photograph.

Count Tolstoy Plowing and Harrowing at Yasnaya Polyana.

From a painting by Ilya E. Repin.

which is required for the affairs connected with the publication of a cheap edition of the count's works, undertaken by his practical wife.

The house itself is of wood, which many Russians, especially in Moscow, consider more healthy and warmer, as well as cheaper, than stone. The dining room and the very plainly furnished sleeping rooms are on the ground floor, beyond a large anteroom where the fur coats, galoshes, and so forth are kept. Up stairs there is a "hall"—that is to say, a very large room with a polished wood floor, furnished with a piano, an extension table, and a number of old fashioned chairs ranged round the walls. What a boon this "hall" is in Russian houses! Ball room; play room for the children, sometimes with wooden imitations of ice hills and sledges, and gymnastic apparatus provided; battledore and shuttlecock or tennis court for the young people; music room; reception room, where a host of guests can gather round the samovar and drink tea and chat until far into the small hours of the morning, in true Russian fashion. The Tolstoy boys found the hard, polished floor very handy when they wished to spin and whip their odd, two story tops. They stood in no awe of "papa." The youngest next to the baby (now the youngest, except the little girl, the baby boy having died in the spring of last year) got up his father's back, as far as the shoulders, by the process familiarly known as "swarming." Then he relaxed his little arms, and slid down his improvised pole, landing with a solid bang on the floor. His father continued his conversation with his guest all the while, taking absolutely no notice of the operation.

Beyond the "hall" lies a well furnished drawing room. On the wall hangs, among other pictures by the best Russian artists (all gifts from the artists themselves), the portrait of the count which his family like best. It represents him reading, with bent head, and the eyes are not visible—which is a pity. This one is a splendid copy from the original, made by his eldest daughter, who has great talent, and might have won fame had she not dropped art to join her father in working out his ideas. Not that she has always fully sympathized with his theories, or worked practically on them. Her interest, like her sister's, has varied in degree and application at divers times.

Beyond the drawing room, at the end of a narrow corridor, is the count's study, a room with partly slanting ceiling (it is in the annex to the house), and with very plain, leather covered furniture. Of course that is a vast deal more than any peasant has; nevertheless, the whole establishment is extremely plain.

In the country, about a hundred and fifty miles from Moscow, the establishment is plainer still. Most Americans, even in our country towns, would call it not only plain but shabby. The house is the servants' wing of the ancient manor house, now removed, with additions to hold the increasing family. It is of "stone"—that is, of rubble, brick and cement, whitewashed. Noon breakfast, dinner, and early tea are eaten out of doors all summer, when the weather permits, as all Russians love to eat. Early tea and evening tea are served in the "hall," up stairs, which is also the dining room. They sew, and read out of doors, and do little but sleep in the house, except when the count happens to be writing in his famous study, or his wife is copying for him. Sometimes even the girls sleep out of doors, on the fragrant hay, on hot nights. The food is plain, and served plainly. What would titled Americans say to eating boiled hulled buckwheat, served in an earthen pot, like Boston baked beans; or mushrooms, fresh from the fields, fished out of the frying pan with a fork?

The count—or rather the countess, who manages everything—keeps horses and carriages. They are an absolute necessity. But the leather cushions are broken, the coachman's coat is torn and ripped, so that the lining and wadding stick out. The girls sometimes drive into the country town in a springless peasant cart, to their mother's horror, and take peasant girls to lunch with them at the hotel, to the horror of the hotel proprietor. But mamma is helpless, when papa upholds his daughters in these democratic ways; and the hotel man, who knows that a countess has the right to have both leaves of the door opened for her entrance, is too shrewd and inheritedly respectful of rank, not to recognize her right to bring a peasant through that ample orifice, if she pleases.

The town equipages are handsome enough, however, as are the city clothes of the coachman and of the family, with the exception of the count, who wears the peasant sheepskin coat and tall felt boots, and is not readily to be distinguished, save by expression, from the genuine article. The count himself goes afoot, wears a copy of the peasant garb, in subdued colors, eats just what poor, vegetable food the peasants eat—except when his wife, or the doctor, or both combined, fairly compel him to eat a

little meat. Does he surreptitiously devour whole joints of roast meat, which happen to be left on the dining room table over night, as a former governess in his family has recently asserted in print? I don't know. It is quite possible that the old Leo in him craves a bit of meat occasionally. But he would not be forced to resort to such a device, unless impelled by either pride or conscience.

As for doing everything for himself, that is an impossibility, so long as he is with his family, as he recognizes that it is his duty to be. They keep a butler, footman, coachman, cook, laundress, maids, and men, in the usual generous Russian style. For a family of ten persons, they have none too many servants; especially when we take into consideration the fact that people are always coming to see them, introduced and unintroduced, invited and uninvited, and that the countess insists on the children having the privileges of youth in receiving their friends. For, though there are tutors and governesses, both native and foreign, to instruct the girls in town, and both the boys and the girls in the country, Tolstoy's sons go through the gymnasium and the university, like other boys. They are thus prepared for the battle of life by their sensible mother, despite their father's disapproval. One of the girls, moreover, has completed the prescribed gymnasium course, and has obtained the diploma which entitles her to teach.

With all their servants, there are plenty of things which the family can do for themselves, if they like—and some of them do like. The count used to black his own boots, when they got too dirty—like many a self respecting American gentleman, though unlike a Russian gentleman. One of the daughters used to dress up like a peasant maid—a very sweet little maid—and work in the fields, milk the cows every night, wash her own clothes in the pond with the village women, and iron them herself, weave straw thatch for cottages, sleep on a plank, without mattress or cushions, and teach the infant peasant mind how to spell and read. She even tried her hand at shoemaking, in emulation of her father; but "papa had to make the shoes all over again," so there was the end of that, we may assume.

Almost every time the count has tried to live like the peasants, otherwise than by theory and on paper, a severe and expensive illness has been the result. The spirit is willing, but the flesh—no longer young or sound—is weak. Nevertheless, his admirers credit him with not only the desire—which others regard as doubtful—but the power to live in that way, and throw upon the countess all the blame of his failure to tread the path which he points out to others. "You see, he is so unfortunate in his wife not being in sympathy with him," they say. It is very lucky for him and the children that she isn't!

Tolstoy's second son has been in sympathy with his father to the extent, at least, of living on his estate, instead of in the gay whirl of city life. The third son, besides helping the peasants during the famine, like thousands of the Russian gentry, has recently taken to writing popular tales for the people, after the style of his father. One of the adult daughters is now bending her energies to distributing popular reading for the masses, in the cheap editions which cost from one to five cents a booklet. The other is interested in gathering funds for the higher education of women in institutions corresponding to Barnard and Radcliffe Colleges.

There was a time when the count wished to give away all his property to the peasants. The law would not have sanctioned this reduction of his family to beggary, if he had attempted it. He chopped half way through the Gordian knot by handing over his estate to his wife. This absolved him from the responsibility, even if he continued, as in duty bound, to live with them in the same style as before. His wife administered very cleverly and wisely; he was a guest in the house, in effect. But he found that such an arrangement neither satisfied him, nor put an end to adverse criticisms. Consequently, about three years ago, he finally rid himself of his possessions in the only way which the law permitted—he divided them among his family, instead of waiting to have them divided after his death. "There is not much for each of us," says the countess; "but, with strict economy, we shall not starve."

Some one asks, where did he get his money to buy a bicycle last year? And how does he reconcile such a mode of locomotion with his theories about having and doing nothing which the peasants cannot have and do? Somebody—probably one of his children—must have given him the wheel; and the fact that his own legs still have to do the work may perhaps reconcile it with his conscience. It is easy enough to see that, if the nerves of a man's legs connect with his conscience when he is walking, nature does not unship the power band when the man puts them to the pedals of a

bicycle. But he cannot possibly reconcile it with the ideal of living like the peasants; and we might as well give up the attempt to reconcile it with our conceptions of his principles. No wonder that even his admirers declare that he has never done more than play at being a peasant! So his daughters got wheels, and ride with him, in their anxiety lest something should befall their adored father; and they heed not the gibes of the Russian press, and the false reports that he has ridden himself into a serious illness.

One fact remains firm. Despite his inconsistencies, the man is sincere. Though he certainly does not live like the peasants, he does live with charming simplicity in the country, as our illustrations show. Repin, the celebrated artist, the best of all Russian painters, has depicted him in his severely plain study, at his country house, in linen blouse and heavy shoes, seated on a packing box covered with a sack of plaited linden bark. His frieze coat, bast shoes, spade, saw, and scythe hang against the whitewashed walls. Again, Repin has shown him plowing like a peasant, in primitive fashion, and lying under the trees, reading. A thoughtful member of his family must have wrapped the rug about his legs —no doubt to a grumbled accompaniment of remonstrance at such un-peasant-like coddling! As for the plowing picture, he quarreled for a time with the artist—"a black cat ran between them," as the Russians say—for exhibiting it, and tried to buy up all the lithographs of it in the market.

When Repin showed this last picture at the spring exhibition of the Perambulatory Society of Artists, labeled "Plowing," no one not in the secret paid any attention whatever to it, or recognized the capital likeness of the great man, in precisely the sort of surroundings which most excited public interest when described by the press. But people were crowded like raisins in a well packed box round the portrait of the count, a few yards away, where he was represented as seated with a philosophical book on his lap. When the secret leaked out, there was a sensation, and the little country picture was mobbed. It was a significant illustration of the interest, either approbative or irritatedly disapproving, which everything connected with Tolstoy arouses in Russia.

Isabel F. Hapgood.

THE FOOTHILLS.

Down at their feet lie the round, curdled tops of the liveoaks,
Grasses and flowers and wheat, all the glad life that thrills
In joyous succession each year through the heart of the valley—
Dear children forever denied to the sad, barren hills.

Motionless lie they, save for the flight of a shadow,
Shaped by a cloud drifting silently over their slopes;
Eternally changeless, save for the flame of the sunset;
Ah, how they mock me, surging with passionate hopes!

I am longing for life, for the world. They hold me in bondage,
These bleak, barren hills, and I struggle and cry to be free.
In my heart is let loose all the fierceness of youth and its power;
What is their grandeur, their desolate beauty, to me?

I shall scale them and plunge in the world. Yet I know, in its glories,
An hour will come when I curse it and cry for release;
And my heart will turn back to the hills with an infinite longing,
It will pant for their cool, it will break for their passionless peace.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

IN HOWARD COUNTY.

THE elder of the two men arose from his seat with a motion that indicated extreme anger, and approaching the window tapped nervously upon the pane. His companion, his hands clasped upon his knee, turned half away from the fire that burned in the grate, and watched him anxiously.

"You are determined upon this marriage?"

The younger man answered by a shrug of the shoulders.

"You do not appreciate the chances you throw away," continued the first speaker. "With the blindness of youth you will sacrifice all the future for the gratification of a momentary passion. Love!"—— and the word was uttered with scornful emphasis—"what is the love a man reared as you have been, could feel for this woman of the backwoods?"

The younger man was silent.

"It was well for you to come West with a view of making your own way in life," the elder went on. "It was the natural consequence of your jealousy of me, your quarrel with father, and your own sensitive and ill balanced character. I do not object to the independence which prompted the action, but you have failed. Our father is old; he desires you to return. It will be well for you to heed his wishes."

"And yours?"

"And mine, for I am your elder brother. We are bitterly grieved that your sympathies have gone to our enemies in this fearful struggle, but if you will return to your home we will forgive you. The war is nearly ended, and I shall go to New York immediately upon my discharge. You will do well to accompany me. Should you persist in your determination to remain here and contract this marriage, not one penny of the Crawford money will be yours."

"I do not doubt your influence with our father," replied the young man bitterly. "He will give you my inheritance because you will tell him that I am rebellious and ungrateful. You were always his favorite."

"You do him an injustice, as you well know," was the reply. "It is *you* whom he has loved; therefore his disappointment to find in you a traitor to your country."

"I am no traitor!" exclaimed his brother hotly.

"Who is this woman?"

"She is the daughter of a physician, a man of character and standing. He lives in Howard, about seven miles beyond the river. Lizette is a good girl, one of whom any man might be proud. I love her, and that suffices."

"Her father is a rebel?"

"He has taken no part in this contest; he is old; but his sympathies are with the South, and he had a son with Shelby. It is true," he continued, "that I have established no practice here, but the war has unsettled everything, and my chance has been scarcely a fair one. I shall succeed, when the country is at peace, or shall at least be content. What matters it to you where I cast my lot?"

"I speak for our father," was the cold reply. "It is bad enough that you should consort with the enemies of your country, but this marriage will separate you forever from your family. The girl should not insist on it if she loves you. I will make a last effort to save you—I will see these people."

"You will see Lizette—when?"

"Today—at once."

"You cannot. Your furthest outpost is at the ferry landing across the river, and the roads throughout Howard are full of guerrillas."

His brother turned upon him, his bronzed face again flushed with anger.

"This is your unalterable resolve?"

"Yes."

"You will persist in a marriage with this backwoods girl, whose brother is in arms against his country, and whose father gives aid and comfort to the rebels?"

"Her brother is dead," said the young man softly.

"Notwithstanding the fact that you lose the certainty of wealth, and forever alienate your own people?"

"So be it."

"Then—farewell."

Colonel Crawford strode angrily to the door, and paused half irresolutely, as though for a last word, on the threshold. His brother was silent; he had turned again to the fire, and, with clasped hands

upon his knee, was gazing thoughtfully into the embers.

The Union officer gave emphasis to his parting by a violent closing of the door, and, passing through the hallway of the hotel, descended the steps of the terrace to the street. The broad Missouri, scarce a distance of two hundred yards from where he stood, was full of floating ice, and the wind blew chill and frosty. Pulling his heavy coat about his shoulders, he walked rapidly down the street, toward the ferry.

A group of soldiers greeted him respectfully as he went on board the boat, and the captain, just entering the wheel house, stopped to hail him cheerily. Their greetings were scarcely noticed. Taking a position near the bow, he gazed, moody and silent, upon the ice tossed upon the turbid current, until the heavy jar as the boat touched the wharf apprised him that the passage of the river was accomplished.

A sergeant came from the little cluster of buildings upon the Howard shore, and, when the ropes were made fast, stepped on board. Colonel Crawford accosted him.

"Who is in command of the picket, Jennings?"

"Lieutenant Foster, sir."

"Where is it?"

The sergeant swung about and pointed to a spot where the road wound away from the white buildings to a slight eminence, and then lost itself in the woods beyond.

"Behind the bluff, sir," he said. "There's another a half mile below."

Nodding his thanks, the officer passed up the incline from the boat, and walked briskly in the direction indicated. Rounding the promontory, he came upon a group of soldiers clustered about a fire built beside the roadway. The lieutenant in charge came to meet him.

"Why, how are you, Colonel Crawford?" was his greeting. "What brings you over here?"

"Good afternoon, Foster," was the reply, the conventional question ignored. "Can I have your horse for a few hours?"

"My horse?" was the surprised reply. "For a few days, if you desire. Will you use him on this side?"

"Only for a short ride. I will return him—in the morning, at latest."

"Better take the picket, too," suggested the lieutenant, with a smile. "I should feel surer that you would get back."

"I have no order for even your horse," answered the colonel, "but I fancy you will scarcely need him. It is but a step to the ferry."

The lieutenant stared at him in silence for an instant.

"Take him by all means, colonel," he said, and turning to where the horses were tied at a worm fence, he selected his own from among them. "You will find the pistols in the holsters," he added, as he led the animal into the road. "They may prove a valuable addition to those in your belt."

"Thank you;" and Colonel Crawford threw himself into the saddle.

"If you are delayed until after nightfall, I need hardly suggest that you should approach the pickets with caution. I shall not be on duty—do you know the word?"

"Yes."

The colonel leaned over in the saddle, and, clasping the hand of his companion for an instant, shook his bridle and rode rapidly away. The lieutenant stepped back among the group of soldiers.

"Who is he, lieutenant?" asked one.

"Colonel Crawford, of a New York regiment. He has been on detached service in St. Louis, and came up recently to visit his brother, a civilian doctor at Boonville."

"It's a risky ride out yonder," said the soldier, with a shake of his head. "I would not insure your horse."

"No, nor I the colonel's life," muttered the lieutenant. "He saw some service in this country in the early part of the war—was with Zagonyi at Springfield, I understand. They say he's a brave fellow. I hope he will get back."

* * * * *

Lizette Haynes left the house, and stepped slowly down the path that led to the spring at the foot of the hill. The bucket was swinging idly in her hand, and she was singing softly as she walked, her thoughts far away from the scene surrounding her. The moon, a broad golden basin in the sky, was mingling its light with that of the declining day, and its bright shafts gleamed through the trees and made long shadows on the frosty ground. A pretty picture she made, with her bright, healthful face, and her lithe, active form clad in its close fitting dress of gray. A negro usually performed this errand, but tonight she had need of the exercise and the air, for her duties had kept her busy about the house during the day.

Passing beyond the gate, she stepped into the road, when the footfall of a horse arrested her, and almost immediately a stranger drew rein at her side. Noting his uniform, she cast a look almost of terror at him as he dismounted from his steed. He

lifted his hat with an air of soldierly courtesy, and accosted her:

"Can you direct me to the home of Dr. Haynes?"

"My father? He lives here."

He regarded her long and closely, his steadfast gaze causing her cheeks to flush in the mingled light.

"Do you wish to see him?" she asked.

"Only for the purpose of requesting shelter. I am told that his house is always open to the belated traveler."

"Come," she said, turning quickly.

"You have not yet done your errand. I will wait for you—or better, I will do it for you."

He took the bucket from her unresisting hand, and noting with a smile her anxious glance again turned up the road, stepped across to the spring, leaving his horse standing unhitched at the fence. Filling the bucket, he returned to her side, and leading his horse passed with her through the gate toward the house. Lizette paused at the doorway.

"Adam!" she called softly.

A negro came from the rear of the dwelling, starting with rolling eyes as he observed her guest.

"Take the gentleman's horse," she said, "and see that he is fed."

"In the stable?" asked the negro.

"No; tie him in the hollow behind the crib, where he will not be seen. Loosen the girth a little, but leave him saddled. You may place the bucket there," she added, to her companion, who watched her with a half amused smile, indicating a place upon the stoop. "Adam will take it in when we return. Meantime you had better come with us, for it will be well for you to know where your horse can be found without delay. These are perilous times."

"You have experienced their dangers, I see," was his reply, as he followed her.

She did not answer. They had come to a narrow ravine, its banks lined with thick shrubs, through which a path descended. The negro led the horse down the declivity, and disappeared from view.

"You will find him there," she said, pointing with her finger, and he observed in the moonlight how white and shapely was her hand. "There is a bridle path leading through the meadow and reaching the main road a half mile beyond. My brother once found it a means of escape."

Colonel Crawford could not fail to note the sadness in her voice. Turning, they retraced their steps to the house, and he followed her through a wide hall into a large room, where a fire of logs was burning. An air of cleanliness and comfort, at once inviting and suggestive of perfect care, pervaded the apartment. From a large chair near the blaze an old man arose to greet them. He was tall, slightly bent, and a long white beard that fell upon his breast gave his resolute face a benevolent and kindly air.

"A stranger to see you, father," said the girl, presenting her companion.

"I am a colonel in the Union army, on my way to the county seat," said the newcomer. "I was directed here for shelter, and came most gladly. I met your daughter at the gate."

The girl made a grave inclination of her head, and then disappeared through a door which evidently led to the kitchen.

"You are welcome, sir," said Dr. Haynes. "Place your coat upon the bed, and be seated at the fire. The air is cold."

"I rode so rapidly that I scarcely felt the chill," replied the officer.

"You are going to Fayette?" asked the old man.

"Yes."

"Alone?"

"Yes. A detachment of Merrill's Horse arrived there yesterday. I shall be safe enough if I escape danger on the road."

He drew his chair to the fire and spread his hands before the blaze.

The old doctor regarded him in silence. He accepted his presence after the custom of his hospitable community, making no mention of the fact that his guest had not given his name. It was a time of war, and that the officer should have ventured alone into a guerrilla infested country excited no surprise in those who knew how desperate were the chances daily taken by men who had consecrated their lives to the struggle.

Lizette entered the room again, and made ready for supper. The cloth was spread before the open fire, and the table drawn to where they would feel its cheerful influence. A negro girl assisted her, and when the repast was laid she took her seat at the head and bade her father and his guest come.

The Union officer watched her closely. He noted her calm and quiet face, and marked the almost reverent manner with which she administered to the wants of her aged parent. There was a volume of tenderness in her caressing eyes, over which the long lashes drooped, as her father besought God's blessing upon the meal. The invocation was as lengthy as it was earnest, and at its close their guest was commended

to the protection of Heaven in all scenes of battle, strife, and danger.

Supper was eaten in silence. A foe and an alien was at the board, and the thoughts of each were busy. Then the men resumed their seats before the fire. The negro Adam entered with fuel to replenish it, and assisted Lizette and her helper to clear the table. When they were alone the old man spoke.

"Will your troops be long at Boonville?"

"I am unable to say," replied the officer. "I am not attached to that command, but I scarcely think they will withdraw soon. Their presence is needed in a country where the enemy is active and insolent."

"There is but a feeble force to oppose them," said the doctor.

"You are a rebel, I have been informed," said the officer. His voice was harsh, though he spoke with an effort, and the old man regarded him with mild surprise.

"Not a rebel in the sense that I have borne arms," was the answer. "I am old and broken, or perhaps I should have been in the field. My sympathies are with the South."

"I regret that such are your sentiments, but I shall not forget your generous hospitality. I will speak to the commander at the post, and see that the troops do not molest you."

"You are very good, but I am not without friends, even among the enemy. I do not care for that, however. I have little to hold me to life—nothing but my love for my daughter."

"She is a charming girl," said the officer. "Her happiness is, of course, your chief desire."

"I have said that it is all that binds me to life. To see her safely married and under the care of an honest protector is my only wish. I am content then to go to that rest from which the alarms of war cannot awaken me."

The old man bowed his head in the firelight, his clasped hands trembling. The face of the Union officer softened.

"I have learned at the post that young Dr. Crawford visits you. Do you know him well?"

Dr. Haynes raised his head, and looked earnestly at his guest.

"As well as we find it possible to know young men in these times," he replied. "Lizette thinks kindly of him, and every report is in his favor. He is from the East."

"I know him well," said the officer. "His people are strong Unionists."

"It is to his credit that he does not share their prejudices," said the doctor gravely. "He is by nature gentle and opposed to strife, but he does not lack courage, nor, as I believe, character. He has told me of his people."

"Has he told you, sir, that they would never receive——"

He paused, as the doctor arose to his feet and stepped to the entrance leading to the kitchen, placing his hand to his ear and listening intently. The door opened, and Lizette appeared.

"Do not be alarmed, father," she said. "Some horsemen were in the road, but they did not stop. I have sent Adam down by the orchard to watch."

"They are gone?"

"Yes. The blinds are drawn and the house is dark."

She closed the door, and the doctor resumed his seat.

"The absence of a light will not deter them," he muttered. "Pardon me," he continued with true Southern politeness. "The presence of your troops has filled the country with fugitives. The guerrilla bands are breaking up, and the men going South. Should some of these rovers come here, as they often do, you would be in danger. Proceed, sir—you were speaking of young Crawford."

The face of the officer was thoughtful.

"Your daughter has sent the negro to watch. Are these precautions for me?"

"You are our guest," said the old man simply. "It is our duty to care for you."

"You are generous, sir, to an avowed enemy."

"No man is my enemy," replied the doctor. "You are a stranger who has found shelter beneath my roof and eaten of my bread. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' I do not love the cause for which you fight, but so many considerations are involved in this frightful struggle that one may be well pardoned for error. God will protect the right."

"I thank you," said his guest humbly. "Your daughter is your only child?"

The old man's white head bowed low.

"She is all that is left me, since my son is gone."

"He was killed with the army, I have heard," said the soldier, his voice grown softer.

"At Springfield. He was a noble boy, the very flower and essence of my life. It broke his sister's heart, and nearly killed me. Poor girl! She has his face, and her gentle eyes, when they are turned upon me,

speak so strongly of him that they thrill my soul with his memory. They were brave eyes, too—how they sparkled with the ardor of our cause, when he left us! I do well to love it, sir. He died at the head of his men. Ah me!"

"At Springfield, you said?"

"Yes. The town was surprised at a time when his sister and I were there to visit him, and he went out to defend it. The Federals were beaten off, but my boy was killed. We found him outside the lines, lying under a wide oak, his sword broken in his hand, and his horse standing like a sentinel over his body. He was a lieutenant, and his slayers Zagonyi's men."

"Zagonyi's? He had his sister's face—and his hair was dark, like hers?"

"As dark as midnight. A curl rests over my withered heart at this moment."

The bronzed face of the Union officer had blanched to a ghastly white. His broad frame trembled, and his hands were tightly clenched. He stared blankly at the figure drooping before him, and closed his eyes to shut out the old man's pitiful face. But the darkened lids could not shut out the vision that was pictured before him, bright under the sun of a memorable day in his life.

He was with Zagonyi on that fatal day, in one of the most daring assaults of the war; and now he was riding again—riding, while he sat shuddering in his seat, and the firelight cast his trembling shadow on the floor of the bereaved father's home. He heard again the scattering volley that swept them as they rode, and felt the shock as the opposing forces met. Now he battled away from the others, and his horse bore him out of the press of the waving swords. He saw again the youthful face of the antagonist who confronted him, the fearless eyes that gleamed upon him as their blades met, and then looked forth with an agonized surprise as his sword went to the hilt. He paused, even in the ardor of conflict, to cast a look of regret at the boyish form of the lieutenant, motionless under the oak where they had fought. The picture was burned into his brain, and as he rode away, echoing the clarion shout of his comrades, he carried with him a memory of the faithful steed that hung over the body of his victim.

There was a sound without—a noise of hasty steps, of the door flung open, and breathless voices in the kitchen.

"It is Adam—he has returned," cried the doctor, rising hastily. "What is it?" he inquired, as Lizette appeared.

The girl's face was pale and frightened, and she spoke quickly.

"The guerrillas, father! They are here!"

They were even then in the yard, and the trampling of horses was plainly heard.

"To the room above and conceal yourself—quickly!" said the doctor to his guest. "Not a moment is to be lost!"

He pointed to the stairway in the rear of the room, and seizing the blue overcoat from the bed thrust it hastily under the cover. The colonel paused for an instant, as though to take up the belt of pistols on the mantel, but a hand was even then upon the door, and he turned and rushed hastily up the stairs.

"Here, you—Adam!" called a sharp voice from the yard. "Move out here and watch these horses!"

Lizette fled into the shadows of the kitchen, and as the negro obeyed the summons, half a dozen men entered the house. The old doctor met them on the threshold.

"Ah, Frank—good evening, boys," was his welcome. "Come in."

"Good evening, doctor. A cheerful fire you have here. You know all these fellows, I believe."

Their leader was a well appearing, vigorous young man, dressed, as were his companions, in the fantastic costume of the Missouri guerrillas, begirt with weapons, and their belts and holsters twined with colored ribbons.

"We stopped to say farewell," he continued. "The country is full of Yankees, and we leave old Howard tonight."

The doctor greeted the men one by one, and offered them seats about the fire.

"So you are off for the South," he said. "I trust you have not already delayed too long. May peace and safety go with you!"

"Safety will go with us, I hope, but hardly peace," laughed the guerrilla. "We shall leave a trail behind us to mark our retreat. There are six good men here to see that Basil Haynes is revenged, doctor. But where is Lizette? We must see her before we go."

The doctor gazed steadily into the fire.

"She will be in shortly, boys," he replied. "I am sorry that you are compelled to leave Howard, but it cannot be for long. The victors must sooner or later grant you amnesty, and then you can return to us once more."

"Amnesty! Do you think the bloody Federals will ever pardon *us?* There will be a price put upon our lives, and it will be years before we can venture out of Mexico. Ah!——"

The speaker rose to his feet, and, grasping a portion of the blue cloth that pro-

truded from the cover, drew the Union officer's coat from the bed. His eyes flashed about the room, and alighted upon the belt of pistols above the fireplace, its telltale letters upon the brass clasp.

"What is this?" he shouted. "A Yankee!"

His comrades sprang erect, their weapons out on the instant.

"Where is he? You have concealed him!" he cried. "By heavens, doctor, this is like your Christianity, but it's poor sentiment!"

"Boys!" cried the old man entreatingly —"boys!"

"No words—where is he?"

The old man was silent.

"Quick—let us search the house!"

The door above was flung open, and the Union colonel slowly descended the steps. He had heard what had passed. He was unarmed and helpless; better to face death bravely than perish like a rat in a trap.

The weapons of the guerrillas came quickly to a level, covering him closely as he stepped into the room.

The old man raised his hands appealingly.

"Do not harm him, boys! He is my guest."

"I am your prisoner, gentlemen," said the soldier, with dignity. "I yield to numbers."

A laugh came from the group, and the leader said mockingly:

"A prisoner! Do the Federals take prisoners in Howard? By heavens, sir! You are allowed one minute for prayer."

The face of the officer paled visibly.

"Spare him, Frank," cried the old man.

"You plead in vain, doctor," replied the guerrilla roughly. "He has but an instant to live"

"Not before my eyes," continued the old man. "If his life is forfeit to the terrible chances of this strife, take him from the house. Do not desecrate my hearth with murder."

"Leave the room if you would not see it," replied the other, his eyes gleaming. "You waste time, man," he said to the soldier.

With a quick bound the Union officer possessed himself of his weapons. The movement was successful only because it was entirely unexpected. By keeping the person of the old man between himself and his assailants, he was enabled to draw a pistol from the holster. The guerrillas closed in quickly, and thrust the doctor away, only to fall back before another and a more startling apparition.

Lizette had entered the room, and with arms outstretched flung herself before the helpless man. With her back pressed close against him, she faced his assailants.

"Stop, Frank Wildmay!" she cried. "If you will not heed my father's entreaties, listen to me!"

The threatening pistols fell instantly. The man's manner was almost humble.

"Lizette!" he said.

"Yes," she answered. "I, who have known you since we were boy and girl together; I, who shared with you your school days, and have known you as a brother almost as dear as the loved one gone; I, upon whose head your dead mother's hand has rested almost as tenderly as upon your own, am here to see if you will shed innocent blood beneath my roof, and let me know you henceforth as a cruel murderer!"

"Innocent blood?" echoed Wildmay, recovering. "That is too much, Lizette, when it is he who drives us from our homes, whose men have made this county a graveyard, and filled it with our friends! Stand aside, Lizette. We will give him a chance —he has his weapons."

"A chance!" she exclaimed scornfully. "A chance, with six against him! His blood is innocent because he is a stranger. No! no!" she shrieked, as they pressed her aside. "Spare him, Frank! if not for my sake, for that of my dead brother, who was your friend—in *his* name, and by the memory of the time when we were children together, and knew no evil!"

The officer staggered away from the shelter of her body and reeled against the wall. His pistol fell upon the floor. Wildmay paused irresolutely.

"Spare him," she pleaded, and her flushed face was beautiful in its solicitation. "Leave him in peace, and this deed of mercy will plead for you all henceforth, Do this for me, and I swear to you I will go this night, alone, to the churchyard, and tell of it to Heaven above your mother's grave!"

It was an appeal at once to his memory and his superstition. The exaggerated language and sentiment, characteristic of a Southern community of impulsive and excitable nature and disposition, conquered, and her words went home.

"You need not go there," said Wildmay in a low voice. "Heaven would hear *you* anywhere, Lizette." He returned his pistol to its sheath, and nodded to his threatening fellows. "Good by," he said, extending his hand.

The girl grasped it eagerly. Without a glance at their foe the guerrillas pressed

about her, clasping her hand in turn. The old man stood at the door, his hands raised in benediction; and with bowed heads they passed under his uplifted palms and out into the night. There was a noise among the tethered horses, a few sharp words to the waiting Adam, and then a scurry of rapid hoofs.

The occupants of the chamber stood in silence until the sound of their departure had died away. Then Lizette reeled to her knees beside the bed.

Dr. Haynes turned to his guest.

"Make your departure at once," he said. "Others may come, and we may not be able to shield you again. This scene has tried my daughter terribly. Go, and may Heaven see you safely to your lines!"

He waved his hand as if in farewell, and, kneeling beside his daughter, his lips moved in prayer. The soldier belted his weapons about him, and drew on his heavy coat. He stood for an instant, regarding the motionless figures, as if to thank them, and then, realizing how futile were words, stepped into the hall and left the house.

The moon was high in the heavens, and shone with almost the light of day upon the frost. He stopped and listened as a distant sound came to his ear. Gazing intently down the road, he made out the figure of a single horseman approaching rapidly. He lingered for a moment to await his coming, and then, as if moved by another impulse, passed to the rear of the house and made his way to the gulch, descending to the thicket where his horse was tied. The animal welcomed him with a low whinny, and, pausing to tighten the girth, he released the halter and led the steed up the embankment. He did not follow the road that had been pointed out to him, but made his way back to the door of the dwelling.

The house was now silent, and its inmates had apparently retired, but a horse was fastened at the gate, and its rider was evidently within. Letting his halter trail from his hand, the colonel approached the door and knocked. Lizette opened it with a startled face.

"You!" she gasped.

The old doctor was gone from the room, but before the fire stood a younger and more robust figure—a man who started forward with a cry of surprise.

"Brother!" he exclaimed, as the tall form of the Union officer appeared in the doorway. "I feared you would come here when I learned that you had left the outpost. Lizette was just speaking——"

"Your brother!" cried the girl.

Colonel Crawford approached the young man in silence, his stern face convulsed. His heavy arm fell across the shoulders of his brother, and he drew him into a close embrace.

"Forgive me, Ned," he said in a voice that trembled with emotion. "Forgive me!"

"John! John!" was the startled and grateful reply. "Is it all right between us—and Lizette?"

The colonel turned towards the wondering girl, his arm yet about the shoulders of his brother. She put out her hand with a gesture of conciliation—a suggestion of peace between them, but withdrew it quickly as his own remained motionless at his side.

"Forgive me," he said softly, as her brow fell. "The man who fought with—those who slew your brother—should not affront the woman who saved his own unworthy life."

"I understand you," she said with a smile; "but I hope we are no longer foes."

He sighed deeply.

"Alas! You do not understand me," he muttered.

Lizette glanced anxiously at the door.

"I can guess why you return," she said, "but you can see your brother tomorrow. Please go at once, Colonel Crawford. Every moment is full of danger."

He moved to the doorway, and paused again upon the threshold. His brother started forward as if to accompany him, but the colonel waved him back.

"Remain with Miss Haynes," he said, "until you have learned how deeply I am in her debt. I prefer to ride alone. How I am to thank her, I do not know."

"Oh, do go!" urged the girl, raising her hands with a gesture of entreaty. "I can guess what you would say, but it is useless. We will meet again—tomorrow, at Boonville, if you like."

He regarded her earnestly from beneath his dark brows.

"No," he said, "it will be long until we meet again, but always I shall think of you and bless you. As for you, Ned, I will take your love to our father. I will tell him of the wife you will some day bring to his home, who will help you to brighten his life when her duty here is done. Not even your lover's tongue could say the words that I shall speak—and feel. Farewell!"

The brothers' hands clasped warmly, and he was gone. Two figures, their arms about each other, watched him from the doorway as he rode away in the moonlight.

Fortune L. Storr.

DAVID ALL OVER.

MARY had had the average number of trying experiences in her life. She had congratulated a girl on her engagement several weeks after it was broken off; she had seen a man killed by an electric car, and had lost a silk petticoat directly opposite the broad windows of the University Club; but this was the worst of all. The steamer throbbed steadily ahead, its eyes fixed on Honolulu, and Mary sat alone in her stateroom, a three hours' bride on a solitary wedding journey, while her husband in all probability was racing about the wharf, ready to jump in and swim for it, or dash his poor brains out against the nearest piles.

It was David all over to get himself left, in his dear, blundering, absent minded way. Mary had shut herself into her stateroom at once on their arrival, with a nervous dread of being pointed out as a bride, leaving David to go back and look up a missing piece of luggage. The rest was easy to divine. David had a way of relying blindly on his own watch, which was too much like its owner to be depended on for appointments. When it was taking its occasional rest cure, he trusted just as blindly to the nearest authority, were it only a painted wooden clock hanging over a jeweler's door.

"Well, if this doesn't cure him of being late to things, nothing on earth can," she said with a little gasp of dismay. She had waited impatiently for him while the steamer cut its long furrow down the bay, past the Fort, and out through the Golden Gate, a little hurt that he should not come to her at once. It was only when she heard the whistled good by and *bon voyage* of their fussy little escort that she began to feel alarmed. People were standing in twos and threes around the deck when she went up, but no David was among them. With anxiety rapidly turning into anguished certainty, she crossed over to a deck hand who had been standing near them when they came on board.

"Have you noticed—did you see a tall man in a long——" she began to inquire tremulously.

"You mean the one that come on with you?" interrupted the deck hand. "He went ashore about fifteen minutes before we started."

Mary grew very white, and clutched the rail by which she was standing. The sailor grinned a little. He had seen landlubbers act that way before.

"He was going to look up a bag of mine," she managed to say. "Did he come back with it?"

"No, ma'am; he didn't come aboard again," said the sailor. "It's getting a bit rough for you, ma'am. Maybe you'd be more comfortable below."

Mary gave a despairing glance at the disappearing cliffs, and the far away dot that stood for their pilot boat, then hurried back to her stateroom. So this was the result of all their planning and scheming, this was the fulfilment of their beloved dream! There are few things more depressing than a honeymoon without a husband, and Mary spent the next hour of her wedding day in tears. One thing she vowed, and that was that no one on board should find out her absurd position. She would fib, prevaricate, lie, rather than they should laugh at her and make slighting, humorous remarks about David. She preferred to do all the upbraiding herself.

The *stupid!* But oh, the poor, poor boy, what he must be enduring! She cried a little more for his distress, then went to bed, and for two days was so miserably ill that she was glad David had not come, and did not care if she never saw him again. Love and nausea cannot possibly coexist in the same breast.

On the morning of the third day she crawled out on deck and buried herself in her steamer chair, a most dilapidated little bride. Sun and wind and a long sleep did their best, and by noon she began to look around with some interest.

"You're feeling better, aren't you?" said a voice from the next chair. Mary turned gratefully, for she was desperately lonely.

"Indeed I am," she said. "It has been dreadful."

"Too bad," said the other sympathetically. She was a stout, commonplace woman, against whom the sea evidently had no grudge. Perhaps he considered that a woman who could knit red worsted slippers

with all his glinting splendor stretched lazily before her eyes was not worth troubling. "You all alone?"

"Yes," said Mary bravely. "My husband found at the last minute that he could not come." Which was literally true.

"Well, you were real plucky to come off without him," said her neighbor. "I'm a perfect old granny about leaving Mr. Bradley. I tell him I don't go if he don't, and that settles it."

Mary winced under the implied rebuke, and turned to a less dangerous subject.

"How fast you knit," she said. Mrs. Bradley gave a comfortable laugh.

"It's bedroom slippers for Mr. Bradley," she exclaimed. "He's got plenty of carpet slippers, and felt ones, and dear knows what all, but he won't wear anything but my pair of knit ones around the room; and if I hide them, he goes barefoot to plague me. Of course he can't more than get his toes in, and his heels are on the ground behind, but it don't matter, those he will have. So I thought I'd see how he'd get along with a pair of knit ones that were meant for him. But isn't that just like a husband?"

"I—suppose it is," said Mary vaguely.

"You just have to make up your mind never to have a thing of your own after you're married," the other went on. "I often say my switch is about the only thing Mr. Bradley don't try to borrow."

"Yes, indeed," murmured Mary, oppressed by a disquieting image of David shaving in her little silk dressing gown, with heels protruding from her pink rosetted slippers.

"Mr. Bradley does take the queerest notions," went on his wife. "Just now he's all for wearing those new pajama things. He thinks it's swell, I guess. He brought home some red and yellow cotton before we left, and I promised to make him some while we are at the Islands, if I can get hold of a pattern. Does your husband wear them?"

"I haven't the least idea," Mary began with indignant hauteur, but hastily added, "how they're made, I mean. I'm very stupid about sewing. I think I will try walking up and down a little now."

"Want any help?" asked Mrs. Bradley as the other matron struggled out of her steamer chair.

"Oh, no. I can manage very well," said Mary, panting a little and starting somewhat unsteadily. Anything to get away from those terrible questions. After a few minutes she felt more steady, and was beginning to enjoy the exercise, when a turn brought her face to face with a young man who exclaimed in glad surprise,

"Well—it *is!*"

"Why, Mr. Hart, how do you do?" Mary exclaimed with the effusive cordiality women show at an unwelcome encounter. "What are you doing here?"

"I have just come flying out on business. I was going to look you up on my way back and see if you remembered me," he answered, beaming down at her and shaking her hand at intervals.

"Three years isn't a very long time to remember," Mary answered, inwardly wishing that he too had gone ashore to hunt up lost bags. How was she to explain herself? The fact that she had, three years before, worn his college pin and danced at his Prom., and mysteriously run into him everywhere she went in the long Eastern summer, was nothing to her now. Her world had dwindled down into David and not David, and the latter only cumbered the earth.

"I had no idea you were on board," he continued.

"I haven't been visible till this morning," Mary answered, edging towards the companionway. "I'm just going down now to try the experiment of eating some luncheon."

"Won't you have it brought up here on deck?" he said. "Do let me send it up for you."

Mary shook her head, smiling, and disappeared below. She kept strictly to her stateroom the rest of the day, dreading questions and explanations, but the next morning sun and sea were too tempting, and she slipped up to her steamer chair, planning to pretend sleep if any one found her. Her neighbor of yesterday, however, was already on deck. Mary heard voices bearing down on her, and caught the gleam of red worsted out of the corner of her eye. There was no time to fall into a plausible sleep, but she stared steadily out across the water in spite of the scraping of chairs and dropping of books beside her.

"Feeling better, Mrs. McAllister?" said the voice of Mrs. Bradley, and Mary turned with a start to see who bore the beloved name, only to meet four eyes fixed questioningly on herself. Then it flashed across her mind that she herself was Mrs. McAllister, Mrs. David McAllister, duly registered in the list of passengers that all who read might run and torment her with the fact.

"Oh, yes, thank you, much better," she stammered, recovering her wits. "I am rather tired, though."

Mrs. Bradley did not know the subtle

language of tact well enough to supply the indicated "too tired to talk," so she went on with voluble friendliness:

"You look a lot better than you did yesterday, don't she, Lily? I don't know as you've met my friend Miss Clark, Mrs. McAllister?"

Mary, being naturally the sweetest and most courteous of souls, tried to look as if she was pleased with the introduction, and Miss Clark, recognizing and resenting the effort, tried to look as if she wasn't.

"Isn't it lovely this morning?" Mary said cordially, doing penance for her inward shrinking from this big featured, emancipated looking woman.

"Yes; is it not?" was the somewhat chilling reply.

"Ain't it, though?" added Mrs. Bradley genially, though too much absorbed in narrowing a red worsted toe to look up. "It was just like this the whole way when Mr. Bradley and I went on our wedding trip. Funny sort of a way to spend your honeymoon," she added to Mary, "but Mr. Bradley can always get passes, so we thought we'd try it."

"It must have been a delightful experience," enunciated the other woman.

"We left the day we were married," Mrs. Bradley went on, laughing softly to herself, "and a year from that day there was four of us to keep the anniversary—me and Mr. Bradley and the twins. Some don't make much of anniversaries, but we always keep ours. Don't you, Mrs. McAllister?"

"I like the custom," was Mary's diplomatic answer.

"How do you keep an anniversary, Mrs. McAllister?" Miss Clark asked with a jocose air not at all in keeping with the narrowing of her little light eyes. "Mrs. Bradley always goes on a picnic, I know. What is your method?"

Mary felt "bride" written in large letters across her forehead, and colored as she answered confusedly,

"Oh, in different ways; just as it happens. It depends on the time of the year—I should say, on the weather. How old are your twins, Mrs. Bradley?"

"Just seven, both of them," with a smile of motherly pride.

"Did you not find twins a deal of care?" said Miss Clark.

"Well, one baby takes all your time, and two can't take much more than that," was the placid answer. "They're real 'cute now in their little sailor pants. I've promised to take them next time I go down to the Islands, and they're 'most crazy over the idea. Have you any children of your own, Mrs. McAllister?"

Mary started a little.

"No," she said, wishing Miss Clark's pale eyes would relax their watch for a second.

"Children do not seem to be the fashion in some sets," said that young lady in a general way.

"Oh, I don't know, Lily. Oftentimes it's the will of the Lord that settles those things, not fashion," interposed Mrs. Bradley with kindly intentions. "Is your husband fond of children?'

"I—don't know," said poor Mary, too uncomfortable to know what she was saying, and looking wildly around for a way of escape. She felt as though Miss Clark's sharp little eyes had screwed her to the back of her chair. Just then Mr. Hart strolled past, and met her appealing glance with an amused one at her two companions.

"How long have you been married?" the catechism went on, but Mary was spared answering by a masculine voice that broke in with,

"Don't you want a constitutional, Miss Huntington?"

"Indeed I do," she answered, rising hastily and starting off with nervous energy.

"Were they boring you to death?" he asked with amused sympathy.

"I should think they were," said Mary. Then it occurred to her for the first time that he had called her by her maiden name, and that the two women had looked oddly at her as she answered. "But you know I'm not Miss Huntington any longer," she added with an effort. "I am Mrs. McAllister now."

"You are married?" he exclaimed, stopping short in his surprise.

"You dren't flattering," she said with a little laugh that was not very genuine. "Is it too hard to believe?"

"I had not heard about it," he said gravely. "Have you been married long?"

A dreary vision of the three interminable days she had dragged herself through suddenly overcame Mary.

"Oh, it *seems* a long time," she said, turning away to hide the fact that she was on the point of crying. He said nothing, and for some time they walked up and down in silence, each thinking thoughts that would have greatly surprised the other. Then they fell into a long talk about people and places of three years ago, tacitly avoiding personal history, and Mary went down to luncheon feeling almost cheerful, though saying to herself,

"I suppose Mr. Hart is a very attractive

person, but how uninteresting everybody does seem beside David!"

Meanwhile Mr. Hart was reflecting,

"Poor little thing, she has evidently made an unlucky marriage. I wonder if the brute deserted her."

That afternoon she was sitting on deck, talking with Mr. Hart of past experiences, and for the moment oblivious of the dreary present, when Mrs. Bradley and Miss Clark came over and joined them. There was something deliberate in their movements, an air of active determination, which, combined with the absence of red worsted, made Mary's heart sink. They had both met her companion, and Mrs. Bradley began with some mild comments on the weather addressed to him, but somehow Mary could not lose an uneasy sense of a campaign on foot.

"It's nice for Mrs. McAllister to have you along, since her husband couldn't come," she said presently. "I suppose you're a great friend of his."

"I have never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. McAllister," he answered with some stiffness.

"Your husband must feel pretty sure of himself to let you go off alone," Mrs. Bradley went on, turning to Mary with labored playfulness. "Why, my husband don't want me long out of his sight even now, and I'm not so young nor so good looking as I might be."

"I don't think he will be anxious," said Mary, furious at the color that would creep up into her face.

"There is a great deal in being accustomed to things," said Miss Clark in her smooth, impersonal way.

"I like traveling, but I never was one for knocking about," Mrs. Bradley continued. "We set up housekeeping just as soon as we got back from our bridal tour, and I suppose you did the same." The tone was nonchalant, but it nevertheless demanded an answer. Mary felt the net settling cautiously over her head, but clung more tightly than ever to her secret.

"Not immediately," she said, with a helpless glance at Mr. Hart, who was studying the horizon.

"I can see how one might desire to board for a spell, and take time to look about," threw in Miss Clark with an interrogative note that Mary refused to notice.

"It's growing a little warm, don't you think?" she said, preparing to rise. "I believe I will try to find a more sheltered seat."

"Here's my parasol. That will give you as much shade as you'll find anywheres," said Mrs. Bradley, opening it with a firmness that Mary had not courage to withstand. Mr. Hart leaned against the bulwark, apparently absorbed in his cigarette and the ocean, and Miss Clark looked on with the air of one who has set a dog to worry a kitten, and is quite well satisfied with the result.

"Speaking of honeymoons," she said casually, "I saw an account in the paper the other day of a man who disappeared just a day or so after his wedding, and they found that his bride had first gotten hold of his money, and then murdered him. Nice sort of a woman, was she not?"

Her tone was carefully abstract, but a sudden terrible thought came to Mary, making her start up with a little cry. What if David had been hurt in some way—knocked down by a team or run over by a car? His habit of missing appointments was such an established fact that she had not once thought of any other explanation. And there was no cable, no way of finding out the truth till these weary miles of water had been crossed again. Had he been lying hurt and helpless as she steamed out of the harbor? What did this woman mean? Was David murdered, and she, his wife, suspected of it? For the moment, it did not occur to her that Miss Clark could in no way have heard of it, even if it were true.

"What is it? What do you mean?" she exclaimed, turning such a white face to her tormentors that Mrs. Bradley looked shocked and half remorseful.

"It was something that happened in Montana," said Miss Clark suavely. "The woman is in jail now. Brady was the name, I believe."

Mary struggled to her feet with a wild impulse to get away and be alone, too much overwhelmed with this new idea of David seriously hurt, or dead perhaps, to notice the others or care what they were thinking. Mr. Hart started to follow her, but she shook her head with such a look of distress that he let her go, and did not see her again that day.

Ferdinand Hart had a touch of romance in his nineteenth centuryhood, and a slight tendency to consider himself from a picturesque angle. No pose is really complete without a woman in it somewhere, and now the position of chivalric friend and deferential adviser of this wronged wife for whom he cherished a silent passion (well, he had been in love with her three years before, any way; a slight anachronism didn't hurt the picture) appealed to him strongly. She

was evidently in trouble, and dreaded questions. Whatever she had done, he felt sure she was more sinned against than sinning, and he vowed to make this voyage a little oasis in the barren desert which some man had made of her life. She should have nothing to remind her of her troubles, no question asked or hinted, no unwelcome sympathy. He would be her knight errant, to guard her against all intrusive curiosity, and even against her own conscience, if need be. Of course he hadn't the least idea that he thought all this. He merely felt vague instincts and resolves, which he himself could not have translated into words, and would not have thanked anybody else for translating.

The result was that the rest of the voyage was made as bearable for Mary as it could be with the burden of this new anxiety upon her; for each hour she felt more sure that some accident had befallen David. She clung to her resolve not to explain her position, though an unpleasant little incident made it much harder. Coming up on deck late one morning, and seeing Mrs. Bradley and her friend in close communion with their backs to her steamer chair, she resolved to slip across and rescue her novel and parasol, then retreat undiscovered. Mrs. Bradley's voice was not so carefully modulated as it might have been.

"She did seem like a nice little thing. Maybe she's a grass widow," she was saying as Mary approached them.

"H'm. Brass widow, more likely," Miss Clark answered. "That husband of hers is too thin."

"She don't seem to know much about him," admitted Mrs. Bradley.

"That young man don't seem to know much about him, either," said the other significantly. "That was just a chance shot of mine about that murder, and you saw how white she turned. People don't do that for nothing. It isn't impossible that there was some one it was convenient to put out of the way before she came chasing after this Hart fellow. You'd better not have any more to do with her than you can help, Carrie. I don't care for people who travel with more than one name."

"Of course there's something shady; yet she did seem real sweet at first," said Mrs. Bradley, shaking her head regretfully.

"Anybody can be sweet," answered Miss Clark.

For a second Mary was tempted to turn on them with the whole truth, then she shut her lips with angry scorn for them and their opinion. Besides, would they believe her? It certainly would sound fishy! As she turned to slip away, she saw Mr. Hart standing not a dozen feet from her. Had he heard? Evidently not, to judge from his impassive face, as she hurried past him without a word.

The next morning her eyes had dark shadows under them, and he noticed she avoided the other women, who were talking together in small knots, often casting glances towards the lonely little figure looking fixedly out to sea. Or was it that they avoided her? He went over and joined her, and felt a battery of feminine eyes trained on his movements.

"I want you to do something for me," she said abruptly. "I am going back on the next steamer that returns. I have a return ticket, but will you see about my stateroom and all that as soon as we arrive? I hate to bother you, but I don't exactly know how to do it, and I am so—tired."

"Of course I will. I'll attend to everything for you," he answered with a fervor that was not unmarked by the eagle eyes behind them.

There was no crutched and bandaged David on the wharf to meet her when she once more steamed through the Golden Gate, and, with a sinking heart, Mary hurried to the nearest telephone station. From both his office and his home came the same news, that Mr. McAllister had left on the third for his wedding trip, and would not be back for a week or so. If he had been merely hurt, they would have known about it. Then he had been lying unconscious in some hospital since the night of their wedding day, or among the unknown dead? Mary leaned against the wall for a moment, then, as a last resort, telephoned to the steamship company to ask if they knew anything of the whereabouts of one David McAllister, who was to have sailed on the third. There was a polite request to "hold the line," and a blank space of waiting, then the information that Mr. McAllister had left for the Islands by the next steamer, which was due in Honolulu on Thursday.

"Thank you. Good by." And with a throb of relief that he was safe, poor little *Evangeline* turned away, knowing that she had passed her *Gabriel* on the ocean.

On the following Thursday, David was standing blankly in a hotel office in Honolulu, vaguely repeating to himself that Mrs. McAllister had gone back to San Francisco by the last steamer. Several people had overheard the conversation, and glanced knowingly at each other and at him.

"You see there *was* a husband," murmured a stout woman who was waiting for her mail.

"She seems to have given him the slip pretty well, does she not?" answered a tall, angular one.

David turned hopelessly into the billiard room and walked over to a window, not noticing that the clerk had put several letters into his hand. They fell as he crossed the room, and a man picked them up and followed him.

"These yours—McAllister?" he said. "You any relation to a Mrs. McAllister that came over a couple of weeks ago?"

David absently shook his head. He thought that the man had asked him if he came over a couple of weeks ago.

"She was a bird," the other man said with a laugh. "Some sort of a grass widow. She was traveling with that young fellow over there, but she went back on the last steamer. I guess he shipped her."

"What are you talking about?" demanded David, suddenly beginning to take in what was being said to him.

"A birdy kind of a woman who came down week before last with that young Hart," explained the other with a chuckle. "Same name as yours, that's all. The women picked up some queer tales about her. My wife—" But David's quick temper was fully aroused, and Mr. Bradley was lying flat on his back, with billiard tables whirling strangely around him.

"I beg your pardon, but you were talking rot about my wife," explained the newcomer; and that too was David all over. "Mr. Hart, I'd like to speak to you for a few minutes."

"I wish you would," said Mr. Hart with disarming earnestness. "Come and have a drink, and let's get this straightened out."

The two went off together, and Mr. Bradley retreated to put Pond's Extract on his head and tell his wife just what he thought of her confounded habit of repeating every little ragtag of gossip she heard.

A week later, Mary and David were being driven together from the wharf to a quiet little hotel in San Francisco, both talking at once and weeping over each other and trying to explain.

"How could I guess that my watch had stopped just ten minutes before?" he kept saying.

"I was so certain you were hurt that I never dreamed of your following me," Mary sobbed.

"And I never dreamed you wouldn't wait for me, when you didn't come back on the pilot boat. Business be hanged! Mary, let's go on a wedding trip right now!"

"Oh, no! Let's get into a room and lock the door so that we shan't lose each other," she said, holding tightly to his arm. "They told me at the office that you had been gone since the third," she added suddenly. "What did you do all that time?"

"Mary, I was so ashamed that I hid," he answered solemnly. "Not a soul knows about this but Ferdinand Hart—though I suppose you've told the family?"

"Not a word. I've been hiding too, Davy. We'll never breathe it to a soul."

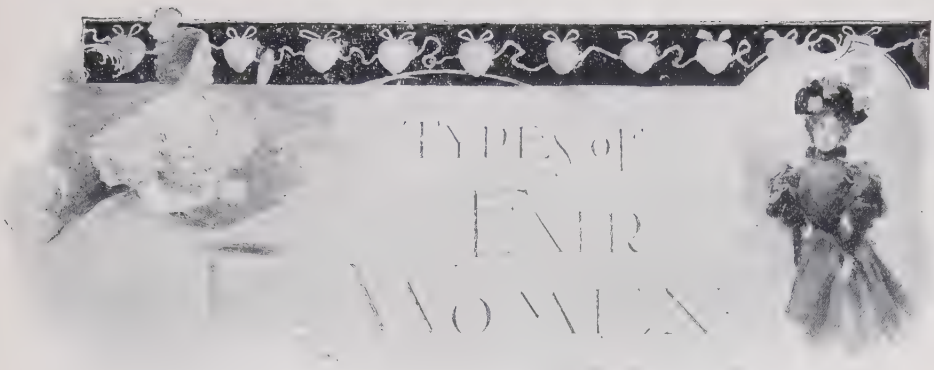
"Now," said David, as they stopped at the hotel, "you collect your duds and we'll take the next train that goes anywhere. I'm going to have a wedding trip if it takes my last cent."

"We've had two already," laughed his wife happily, "but I rather think the third will be the best. Oh, David, if it wasn't just like you to get left behind!"

"Like me as I was, but not as I am," said David. "I am a reformed character, Mary."

One of the comforts of Mrs. David McAllister's life is a big, soft steamer rug, sent as a wedding gift by a man she used to know in the East. They will tell you that she and her husband are dreadfully devoted, though she wasn't in love with him at all when she married him; for some one asked her how she liked the trip to the Sandwich Islands and she said it was absolutely horrible—and that was her wedding journey, mind you.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.



"BEAUTY, like morality," some sage has said, "is a thing of custom and geographical lines;" but the country that does not recognize the beauty of American girlhood has not been discovered.

Miss Margaret Abbott.

Beauty is something that no man is able to define. It does not altogether consist in health or in even and classical features. It is something very hard for the photographer or even the artist fully to reproduce. We have all seen a woman with irregular features, or with a sad and melancholy face, which yet held a beauty as inexplicable and as fascinating as that of a late autumn day; but the beauty that most appeals to an American is that of the wholesome, satin skinned, fresh colored girl with the glow of youth, enthusiasm, and happiness. America has not reached the point at which the young girl becomes a secondary social consideration. This month we have a "rosebud garden of girls," with a matron or two to show what they may grow into.

Miss Adelaide Montgomery, the daughter of Mr. Edward Montgomery, came out of the school room a little over a year ago, to be a bridesmaid at the wedding of her friend, Miss Anna Gould, to Count Jean de Castellane. Some weeks after the wedding, Miss Montgomery went to Paris, and found the gay city so delightful that she remained there until very recently. With the intuitions of the American girl in the most exclusive clique of French society, she has gathered manners and impressions which have in a few months changed a school girl into a finished woman of the world, who will make her American début next winter.

Miss Margaret Abbott was a débutante in Chicago society last winter, and was considered one of the handsomest girls who had ever made her appearance among a gathering of women which, as the East has been obliged to concede, is a remarkable one. Miss Abbott is very tall, with the gracious development of a Juno, a beautiful voice, and a carriage indicating a dignity which is an inherent sense. Her mother,

Miss Alys Conally.

From a photograph by Davis, Richmond.

Miss Adelaide Montgomery.

From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

Mrs. Burton Smith and Her Sister, Miss Caroline Gordon

From a photograph by Condon, Atlanta.

Mrs. Mary Abbott, is often spoken of as Chicago's cleverest woman, and she has trained her daughter most carefully.

Miss Alys Conally is the daughter of Colonel J. K. Conally, of Richmond, Virginia. Paragraphers almost invariably find some means of referring to the "Vere de Vere" in describing this handsome Southern girl, for there is no woman in her world, young or old, who has a more patrician manner. When she was a child she spent three years with her uncle, J. L. M. Curry, who was United States minister to the court of Madrid, where the little blonde American girl was made the pet of the Spanish royal family, and learned, almost as a baby, all the stately etiquette of that most punctilious of courts. Later, her parents sent her back to Europe for six years, to finish her education, and to see something of society on both sides of the ocean.

The Southern city of Atlanta, which has shown herself in the last year to have almost every good and pleasant thing, points with pride to her beautiful and charming women, who come of the representative families of the South. Mrs. Burton Smith and her sister, Miss Caroline Gordon, daughters of Senator and ex Governor Gordon, are known all over the South. They are famous in Washington as entertainers, and wherever they go a way is opened for these two striking figures. Mrs. Smith, who married the brother of Secretary Hoke Smith, is nearly six feet tall, while her husband is six feet and four inches. She and her sister are very athletic, riding and driving and bicycling with enthusiasm. Their brilliant, fresh colored faces and splendid carriage are the results of their physical training. Miss Gordon is very musical, while Mrs. Smith devotes a part of her time to study and literature. Last year an article from her pen attracted some attention in one of the scientific monthlies.

Another Atlanta girl who is an enthusiastic bicyclist is Mrs. James English, whose marriage is so recent that she is still known as Rebie Lowe. After their wedding, Mr. and Mrs. English started for a long tour. Their families heard nothing from them for several days, when it was discovered that they had stopped in Savannah, had very quietly taken out their bicycles, and were spending their honeymoon in out-

ing dress taking runs into the beautiful Georgia country. Miss Lowe was—and is—up to date in all things. She takes up and tries every new thing, from books to fads. She was the leading belle of her native city, as much on account of her merry spirit, her enthusiasms and happy nature, as of her good looks. Daring, courage, and audacity have a beauty of their own, and Mrs. English has every bit of it.

Mrs. James English.

From a photograph by Concion, Atlanta.

Miss Leonor Milmo, whose first appearance in society was made at her sister's recent marriage to Prince Albert Radziwill, presents a very unusual combination of types. Her mother, a daughter of the famous General Vidaurri, who was the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian's prime minister, and governor general of the northern provinces of Mexico, traces her Spanish ancestry back to a connection with the present reigning family of Spain. General Vidaurri's wife was descended from the race that ruled Mexico before the Spanish invaders. Had her country remained an empire, Miss Milmo might have been a princess in her own

right. Her sister has become one in name as well as by birth. Miss Milmo's father is an Irishman who has made a home and a great fortune in Mexico. His daughters have been educated in Europe, where they are better known than in the United States.

Lady Annesley, who was the beautiful Priscilla Cecilia Moore, daughter of William Armitage Moore, of County Cavan, Ireland, is a fine contrast to most of our American women. She came up to London and conquered everything before her, marrying a

Miss Leonor Milmo.

From a photograph by Dupont, New York.

No women have been more admired in New York than the beautiful Mexicans who have come here. They bring with them an indefinable atmosphere of romance. Many of them are of mixed blood, and have the cleverness, wit, and energy of the Anglo Saxon race combined with the dreamy beauty of the Latin domiciled in a semi tropical country.

rich Irish earl, who had not long been a widower. But it was said that Lord Annesley had seen the beautiful girl on her Irish hills, with her horses and her dogs, before she came to London. Lady Annesley is of the statuesque type, and corresponds more entirely with the English type of beauty than with our own.

There is all over the world, at the present

The Countess of Annesley.
From a photograph by Bassano, London.

moment, one of those waves of admiration for beauty which have marked different eras. It came to the surface at the court of Napoleon, in the time of Francis I of France, and in the days of the Stuart dynasty of England. Beauty is always potent, but there come into every generation some women who combine every grace of face and mind, who are immortalized by painters and live in literature and tradition. The Cleopatras and Helens are women who might be called the geniuses of beauty ; and yet it is very likely that were we to have a plain black and white sun picture of either, we should find it disappointing. Our women of today are better cared for, have less restraint, more freedom of mind and body, than any women since the world began. They have everything to make them lovely.

MY PASTORAL

I.
I SAT with Phyllis 'neath a tree—
Or Phyllis deigned to sit with me.

II.
I dared not breathe my love to her
I put my love in metaphor.

III.
The golden depths of Phyllis' hair
To the fair sun did I compare ;

IV.
Of shadows in some mountain lake
Did her dark eyes, I said, partake ;

V.
Her pearly necklet was the mist
Upon the fields, ere daylight kissed

VI.
And last I named the slender band
That Phyllis wears on her left hand—

VII.
A little but a mighty thing,
Some other fellow's (hang him !) ring.

VIII.
I threw my mandolin away,
Muttering, "Sufficient for the day."

IX.
Miss Phyllis turned her dainty head.
"What made you stop? Go on," she said.

X.
I snatched the thing and twanged the cords,
My heart less cruel than my words.

XI.
For this I sang : "Miss Phyllis' ring
Is like the sign, 'No trespassing.'"

Mary Dawson.

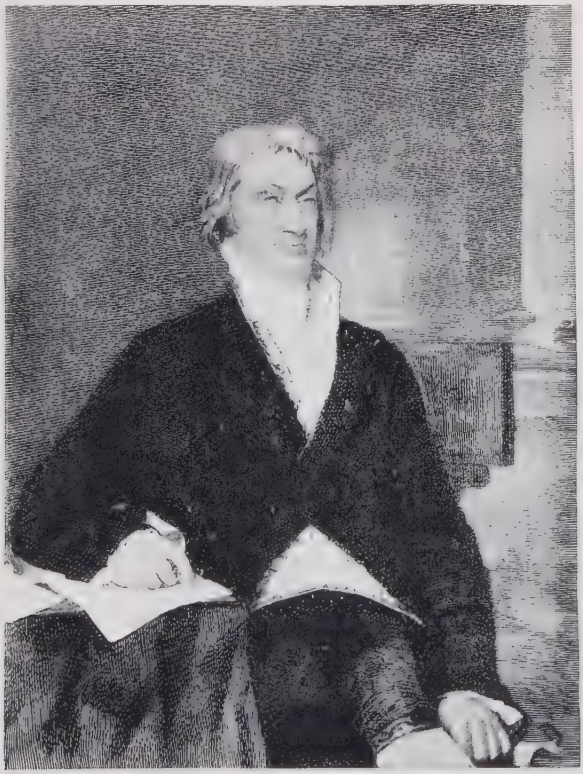
PROMINENT AMERICAN FAMILIES.

V.—THE LIVINGSTONS.

A FAMILY FAMOUS IN THE ANNALS OF SCOTLAND AND OF AMERICA—ITS GREAT INFLUENCE IN COLONIAL AND REVOLUTIONARY TIMES, AND THE HIGH POLITICAL OFFICES IT HAS HELD IN THREE STATES OF THE UNION.

WHEN the States were invited to set monuments of their greatest Revolutionary leaders in the rotunda of the national Capitol, New York responded with statues of Robert R. Livingston and George Clinton. That Chancellor Livingston deserved the distinction there can be no question. There was no more active and influential champion of the patriotic cause than he, and no family contributed more to its final triumph than his.

The first American Livingston crossed the Atlantic in 1674, and settled in Albany. He came of a well known Scotch family. His father, the Rev. John Livingston of Ancrum, Teviotdale, in the county of Roxburgh, was one of the commissioners appointed, in 1650, to offer the throne of Scot-



Chancellor Livingston.

From a photograph by Bierstadt, New York, after the portrait by John Vanderlyn.

land to Prince Charles. Banished, later, for political nonconformity, John Livingston fled to Holland, where he died at Rotterdam in 1672. His ancestry is thus stated in his own memoirs :

My father was Mr. William Livingston, first minister at Monyabroch, where he entered in the year 1600, and thereafter was transported about the year 1614 to be minister at Lanark, where he died in the year 1641, being sixty five years old. His father was Mr. Alexander Livingston, minister also at Monyabroch, who was in near relation to the House of Callendar, his father, who was killed at Pinkie field, anno Christi 1547, being a son of the Lord Livingston's, which house thereafter was dignified to be Earls of Linlithgow.

Alexander, the fifth Lord Livingston, was a guardian of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, and his daughter was one of the four Marys of rank, all about the little queen's age, who were chosen to be her companions and playmates. She is mentioned quaintly in an old ballad, or at least in one version of it :

Last night the queen had four Marys,
Tonight she'll hae but three ;
She had Mary Seaton and Mary Beaton
And Mary Livingston and me.

Judge Robert R. Livingston, Father of Chancellor Livingston.

Redrawn from a portrait owned by Mrs. Robert E. Livingston of Clermont.

Robert Livingston's ancestry, and his alliance with one of the leading New York families by his marriage to Alida, daughter

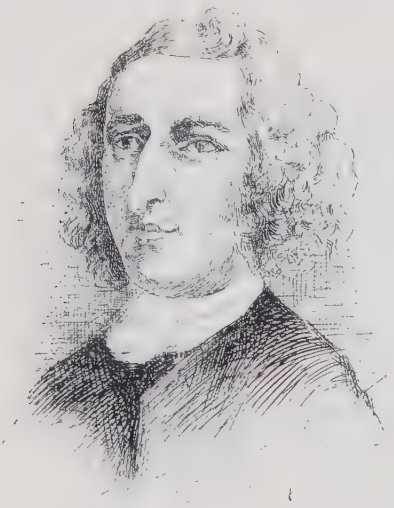
Walter Livingston, Commissioner of the Treasury.

From a photograph by Bierstadt, New York, after a miniature owned by Mrs. W. L. Livingston of Brooklyn.

of Philip Schuyler, speedily made him prominent in the colony. He was only twenty one when he was appointed "secretary of Albany." As clerk of Indian affairs, he gained knowledge of desirable lands along the Hudson River which the Indians were glad to sell, and he began to acquire property. The old Indian deeds, preserved among the State documents, give interesting details of the terms on which these purchases were made. In twelve years Robert Livingston became an influential proprietor, and his estate was erected into the "manor and lordship of Livingston" by a grant from Governor Dongan, of New York, which was confirmed subsequently by a royal charter from George I. The manor consisted of nearly a hundred and fifty thousand acres, and included a great part of the present counties of Dutchess and Columbia.

The first Robert Livingston is described as a tall, handsome man of courtly manner, and his life was full of adventure as well as busy in the accumulation

of a fortune. On the first of the two voyages which he made to England, he was shipwrecked off the coast of Portugal; on the second, he was made prisoner by a French privateer, and, in his own words, "barbarously used." His prominence in the colony excited envy, and made him bitter enemies who repeatedly planned his downfall. He was involved more than once in controversy with the representatives of the royal authority, and had to fight hard to retain his estates and his official position. He was a member of the colonial assembly for many years, being elected speaker in 1718. He was a man of strong individuality, original ideas, and forcible character, and worthy to be remembered on his own account, independent of birth or relationships — although the latter were of undoubted advantage to him in the New World. He died in 1728, leaving the bulk of his property to his eldest son, Philip, who had already succeeded him as secretary of Indian affairs.



William Livingston, Governor of New Jersey
From a contemporary portrait.

Philip Livingston, second lord of the manor, was a merchant in New York. After coming into possession of the estate, he served as a member of both the provincial assembly and the council. He devoted much time to social life, entertaining at his three mansions—at New York, Albany, and the Manor—with a magnificence that was remarkable for colonial days.

Not long after the death of Philip Livingston, and while his eldest son, Robert, was third lord of the manor, disputes began to arise between the governors of New York and Massachusetts over the boundary line which separated the two provinces, and frequent outbreaks of frontier hostility resulted. The contention was a disturbing one to the proprietors of Livingston Manor, because the eastern boundary of their estate formed part of the contested line. The matter was not settled until the approach of the Revolution united the two colonies in defense of the greater principles involved in the struggle against Great Britain.

Three other sons of Philip Livingston,

Mrs. Robert R. Livingston, Mother of Chancellor Livingston.
Redrawn from a portrait owned by Mrs. Robert E. Livingston of Clermont.

the second lord of the manor, were men of influence in the colonies' fight for independence—Peter Van Brugh, Philip, and William. Peter Van Brugh Livingston, who built a mansion in New York, was associated with his brother in law, Lord Stertion of Independence, and was one of the first delegates to the Continental Congress. General Washington held a council of war at his home on Brooklyn Heights, before the retreat from Long Island. A graduate of Yale, he was referred to as one of the fif-

Mrs. John Jay and Her Children.

From a photograph by Bierstadt, New York, after the portrait by R. E. Pine.

ling, as a merchant, and became a member of the New York committee of one hundred chosen in the emergency of 1775. He was president of the first provincial congress, and took active part in many of the proceedings that led up to the beginning of warfare.

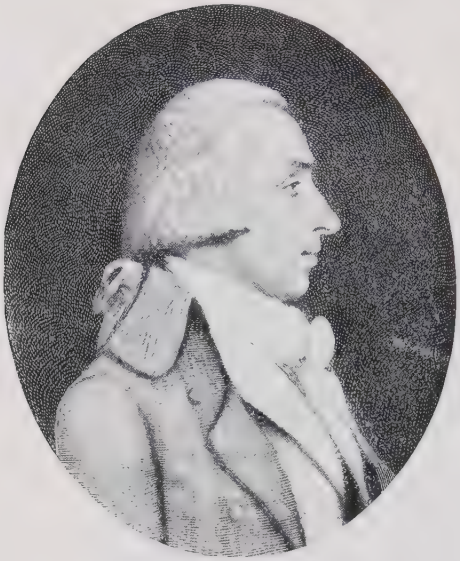
Philip Livingston, his father's namesake, was distinguished as a signer of the Declarteen persons in the colony having a college education. He was a man of great public spirit, both in politics and philanthropic movements. He was identified with the beginnings of three institutions that are still in beneficent existence—King's College, now expanded into Columbia University, the New York Society Library, and the New York Hospital.

William Livingston, the fourth of these famous brothers, was the "war Governor" of New Jersey, and his country house, known as Liberty Hall, near Elizabethtown, was the scene of some notable events of the Revolution. British emissaries attempted to burn it on several occasions, but were still more anxious to capture the Governor himself, who, on account of his intense patriotism, was stigmatized by the enemy as "the arch fiend." On one occasion a detachment of troops was sent to Liberty Hall, but its owner had made a timely escape. The soldiers ransacked his library, and, thinking that they had found his recent correspondence with Washington and other Revolutionary leaders, they filled their foraging bags with a quantity of old law papers of no value. In their anger at their failure to capture the "rebel Governor," they cut the balusters of the stairs and departed with loud threats of violence and fire. The papers they intended to purloin had been hidden by his daughter, Miss Susan Livingston.

Sarah Van Brugh Livingston, Wife of Chief Justice John Jay.

From a photograph by Bierstadt, New York, after a painting copied from a bracelet medallion.

When Alexander Hamilton came to New York from the West Indies, a poor and almost friendless boy, he was welcomed at Liberty Hall, to which he went with a letter of introduction to its proprietor, and



John R. Livingston, Brother of Chancellor Livingston.

From a photograph by Bierstadt, New York, after a portrait owned by Miss Eliza Livingston, Glenham, N. Y.

national constitution gave to Americans a President, Mr. Jay had been secretary for foreign affairs, an office entailing upon him the continual exercise of hospitality to the diplomats and the members of Congress in New York. Of his wife, in the full bloom of her remarkable beauty, two pictures remain. One, with the tour and wreath of roses, is a miniature made in Paris, and the other is a profile from a portrait by Robert Edge Pine, with the gipsy hat and milkmaid simplicity of dress made fashionable among *grandes dames* by Marie Antoinette. Like that hapless sovereign, too, Mrs. Jay had the wonderful complexion described by Mme. Vigée Lebrun as her "despair" in attempting to portray the queen. "Brilliant is the only word to express what it was," wrote Mme. Lebrun about her royal sitter's coloring, "for the skin was so transparent that it allowed of no shadow." Mrs. Jay was said, indeed, so to resemble Marie Antoinette as to be once mistaken for her by the audience of a theater in Paris, who on the entrance of the American beauty arose to do her homage.

Governor Livingston's son, Henry Brockholst Livingston, was a prominent officer in the Revolution and afterwards became an eminent jurist, being appointed judge of the New York supreme court, and later an

was aided with advice and practical assistance. It is curious that Governor Livingston was also a friend of the Rev. Aaron Burr, whose son was to be Hamilton's slayer, and that one of his published writings was a eulogy of the elder Burr's career.

Sarah Van Brugh Livingston, Governor Livingston's daughter, and a famous beauty of her day, was married at Liberty Hall to John Jay, who became the first chief justice of the United States. Of Justice and Mrs. Jay, Mrs. Burton Harrison speaks thus, in a sketch of New York society immediately after the Revolution:

Mr. Jay's important relations to public affairs, his wife's influential family, their abundant acquaintance with the ways of high society abroad, their wealth and hospitality, made all eyes look to them for leadership. Their town house in lower Broadway, a three story dwelling substantially built of hewn stone, more than any other of its class caught and held the perfume of the old New York régime. In its pleasant rooms again and again assembled all the gay and gallant folk. For some years before the

Edward Livingston, Mayor of New York, and United States Senator from Louisiana.

From the "National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans."

associate justice of the United States Supreme Court.

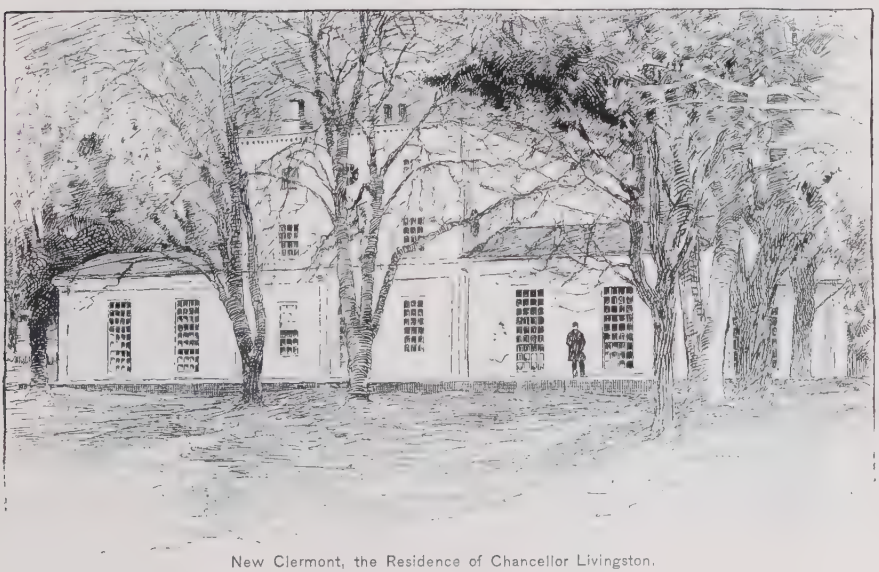
Walter and Henry Walter Livingston, father and son, descendants of the first lord of the manor, were members of Congress, and the former was also one of the first commissioners of the Treasury.

Although Robert Livingston, the first lord of the manor, left the bulk of his estate to his eldest son, Philip, he had set apart about thirteen thousand acres from the southern part, called the "Lower Manor" or "Clermont," which he bequeathed to his second son, Robert, in token of gratitude for his discovery of a plot on the part of some Indians to massacre the white inhabitants of the region. This Robert Livingston was educated abroad, and was known as a man of unusual attainments. He early looked and longed for the independence of the colonies. The story is told of him that one day, in the latter part of his life, during a conversation at Clermont with his son, his grandson, and Richard Montgomery, who married his granddaughter, Janet Livingston, he exclaimed, "It is intolerable that a continent like America should be governed by a little island, three thousand miles away. America must and will be independent! My son, you will not live to see it; Montgomery, you may; Robert"—turning to his grandson—"you will."

The prophecy proved true. His son, Judge Robert R. Livingston, who married Margaret, daughter of Colonel Henry Beekman, was chairman of the committee appointed by the New York Assembly to correspond with other Assemblies in regard to the various grievances of the colonies; he was also a member of the Stamp Act Congress, and died on the eve of American

Edward P. Livingston, Lieutenant Governor of New York, and Son in Law of Chancellor Livingston.

Published by the courtesy of the American Historical Register.



New Clermont, the Residence of Chancellor Livingston.

General Lafayette was entertained here during his visit to the United States in 1824.

Chancellor Robert R Livingston

From the statue by E. D. Palmer in the Capitol at Washington.

There is a replica in the Capitol at Albany.

independence. General Montgomery fell at Quebec in 1775. The grandson, Robert R. Livingston, who married Mary Stevens, was one of the leaders of the Revolution. He was a member of the committee of five appointed by Congress to prepare the Declaration of Independence, and would no doubt have signed that immortal document had he not been absent, attending the provincial convention of New York. He helped to draw up the Empire State's constitution, and was its first chancellor, administering the oath of office when Washington was inaugurated as President of the United States. Later, as minister to France, he was largely influential in procuring the famous Louisiana purchase for the United States. On his return to America, he was presented by Napoleon, whose warm friendship he enjoyed, with a snuff box containing the emperor's miniature by Isabey.

Chancellor Livingston was a friend of science, and became specially interested in the application of steam to navigation, being associated with Robert Fulton in the launching of the first steamboat, the Clermont—named after the chancellor's home—on the Hudson River. He was also one of the founders of the American Academy of Fine Arts in New York. On account of his ability as an orator, Franklin called him "the Cicero of America."

Three brothers of Chancellor Livingston were men of prominence—Edward, John R., and Henry Beekman Livingston. The last named, a colonel in the Revolutionary service, was a close friend of General Lafayette. Edward Livingston was a member of Congress from New York, and, later, Mayor of New York. By the dishonesty of an agent whom he had employed, his property was entirely swept away. Determining to pay off his debts, he went to New Orleans, to begin life anew. He soon rose to prominence in Louisiana. Finding, in his legal practice, a medley of civil and Spanish law, he drew up the code of procedure which was adopted by the Legislature. He was involved in a controversy with Thomas Jefferson, then President of the United States, in one of the most celebrated cases of the time, in regard to the title and possession of some property known as Batture Sainte Marie. By winning this case he added much to his great reputation as a jurist. He was a member of Congress from Louisiana, a United States Senator, secretary of state in the administration of Andrew Jackson, and minister to France.

His code of criminal law was one of the great works of Edward Livingston's life. It was almost ready for the printers, and in his anxiety that no possible errors should be found in it, its author sat up late the last night to compare it with the original draft. He finished his task, and dropped into a sleep from which he was roused by the alarm of fire. Rushing to the room where he had left his papers, he found them consumed, both draft and copy, with every note and memorandum, being reduced to ashes. Although stunned by the misfortune he resumed work at once, and was able to make a still more perfect code.

The present writer has in his possession a letter from Edward Livingston to James Madison, which is of interest as showing the warm friendship which existed between these two statesmen, and the kind feeling expressed by Mr. Livingston towards Thomas Jefferson. One passage, having an especially appropriate application to the present day, is here quoted from the letter, which was written from Paris at the time that Mr. Livingston was minister there:

> Long may the effect of your example remain in restraining the undignified means pursued by those who have the ambition to become your successors; but this seems past praying for. As the nation increases in wealth, extent, population, and political importance, the first magistracy acquires new attractions, and as education and information become diffused, the number of candidates will go on to increase, among whom no one can have the claims to public gratitude and confidence which the great men of the Revolution so justly acquired. As a natural consequence, it will be endeavored to supply preëminence or merit, by superior intrigue, by combinations with wealthy institutions, with local interests, and frequently with politicians of different and adverse principles. There is, however, a redeeming quality in the good sense and general information of the people which will, I trust, deliver the country from all such machinations, and in the end teach the candidates for office that the surest road to popular favor, is the plain path which you and your great predecessors, Washington and Jefferson, trod.

Other members of the Livingston family, worthy of mention, are the Rev. Dr. John H. Livingston, President of Rutgers College from 1807 to 1825; Colonels James and Peter R. Livingston of the Revolution; Admiral John William Livingston, who served in the Mexican and civil wars; Edward P. Livingston, Lieutenant Governor of New York; and Robert L. Livingston, at whose mansion, formerly the seat of Chancellor Livingston, Lafayette was entertained in the course of his journey up the Hudson River, when he visited the United States in 1824 and 1825.

The Livingstons are an example of the important influence which certain families in America have exerted in the making of the nation. While statesmen like Washington, Jefferson, and Franklin have helped to mold the character of our country, groups of men, less famous individually, but banded by ties of kinship, as well as patriotism, have been powerful factors in the development of the United States.

The extent of the influence of the Livingstons, not only during the Revolution but in later history, may be judged from the fact that their alliance was regarded as essential to the Federalist party in the Empire State. In 1789, when Alexander Hamilton alienated them by "his imperious will and headstrong disposition," in persisting that Rufus King, who had come recently from Massachusetts, should be elected United States Senator instead of a New York candidate of their choice, it was considered one of the greatest blunders of his political life. James Madison acknowledged, in 1808, when nominated for the Presidency, that his success with the New York electors depended upon their support.

In addition to the Livingstons who trace their ancestry directly to the first lord of the manor, there is a branch descended from his nephew, also named Robert Livingston, who came to America to assist him in his various offices, and who married Margareta, daughter of Colonel Peter Schuyler.

Although altered conditions have wrought many changes in the old Livingston Manor, and its extent is far less than the territory of its founder's charter, portions of the original estate still remain in possession of some of his present descendants. Tivoli-on-Hudson is now the railroad station for Clermont. The original manor house is not in existence. The present one, built about 1730, is situated about two miles north of Tivoli station, in the town of Clermont, Columbia County. John Henry Livingston recently succeeded to the estate, and represents the seventh generation. His father, Clermont Livingston, who died at the manor house last November, in the seventy ninth year of his age, led the life of a quiet country gentleman after his graduation from college. He was a member of the Society of Cincinnati, and for many years a warden of St. Paul's Church at Tivoli-on-Hudson, which contains tablets to the memory of his father, Lieutenant Governor Edward P. Livingston, and his grandfather, Chancellor Livingston.

Adjoining Clermont on the south is the house built by Chancellor Livingston just after the Revolution, his former home having been destroyed by the British. This place is known as Idele, and belongs to the Clarksons, who are of Livingston descent.

Robert Cambridge Livingston, who died in December, 1895, was treasurer of one of the great express companies, a vestryman of Trinity Parish, and well known in the social life of New York.

Edwin Brockholst Livingston, scholar and historian, lives in London, and is a fellow of the Royal Society. Miss Carola Livingston, daughter of Johnston Livingston, of New York, married a French nobleman, the Comte de Langiers-Villars, two years ago.

Bancroft ranks the Livingstons as one of the two most powerful families in New York at the time of the Revolution; and certainly, since colonial days, few houses have included so many men of patriotism and eminence, or exerted so marked and sustained an influence in the social world.

William Farrand Livingston.

THE OLD STORY.

A CRY at night—a mother's delight—
And a life has just begun;
Out of the dark a vital spark—
And the earth spins round the sun.

Halcyon hours—orange flowers—
Gaily the seasons run;
Sunshine, rain, pleasure, pain—
And the earth spins round the sun.

Pulseless breast—hands at rest—
Life's short race is run;
Under the sod, back to God—
And the earth spins round the sun.

H. L. Flash.

THE VOW OF MARCUS SABINUS.

WHEN my uncle, Quintus Messanga, sent to my father, inviting us to come to Rome, I was delighted, for I had never seen the Imperial City. I rejoiced the more when he gave a ready consent to have Daphne accompany us; for you must know that Daphne and I had grown up from children together, and were to wed when I had served in the wars and returned with glory.

I hurried out through the grove to Daphne's seat. When I told her the good news, she kissed me in her joy—a remarkable occurrence, truly, for Daphne was always most demure and maidenly; and we sat there until twilight came, and with it her father, who was for upbraiding us roundly for staying so late. But when Daphne, with her beguiling smile—which I can never resist—told him of the invitation, he consented, and told her not to risk her beauty in the night air, but save it to dazzle the youths in Rome; whereat we laughed gaily, and let him walk on ahead, chuckling over his little joke, while we lingered behind and looked over our shoulders at the new bow of Diana. Daphne made the wish that she might enjoy herself in Rome, and vowed to keep the Chaste Deity's shrine decked with lilies for one month; while I put my arm around her waist, and wished that on our visit no youth in Rome might find favor in Daphne's eyes, and that ever our hearts might be true to each other; and I vowed to the Goddess of Love that I would aid any man I should meet with on my visit whom I found in sore distress. Not that I feared Daphne loved me because I was the only one she had ever known; but she had never seen aught of Roman life and customs, and I feared that the luxury and elegance of the capital might turn her heart from our homely Etrurian country, and perchance from me, who would easily be outshone by the courtly grace and grand manners of the youths of Rome. These thoughts I did not tell to Daphne, for she would have blamed me for harboring them.

As we walked home, we fell to counting the stars, until it grew so dark that Daphne said the satyrs were abroad; and thinking that Echo's answer to my call was their cry, she began running so swiftly that I could scarce keep pace with her, till we came breathless and laughing to her house.

On the next day we set forth on our journey, and on the third came to Rome, where my uncle received us kindly, and showed to our country eyes the glories of the Imperial City. How we marveled at the buildings, and how mean ours seemed in comparison! Yet amid all this grandeur and magnificence I grew ill at ease, and found myself longing to be back with my nets and dogs among my own hills. I confess, now, it was not alone the thought of the green hills and the rugged pleasures of the chase that made me discontented. It was indeed as I had feared; Daphne in the country and Daphne in the city were two different persons. I was forced to stand aside, and watch the youthful patricians who flocked to my uncle's house make court to my betrothed; and when I remonstrated with her, and told her it was not meet for her to smile on other men, she leaned back on her couch, and said with a most provoking drawl, "Marcus, why is it that you are not better appareled? I am quite ashamed to have you even walk beside my litter. I pray you pattern your dress after that of Decimus Fabatus;" and she waved me from her.

This made me doubly wroth, for only on our setting out had she flattered me on my brave showing, and said that there never lived Roman who could wear toga as I did. And the very mention of Decimus Fabatus made me boil with rage. He was the most ardent of Daphne's admirers, and I hated him. Strong and tall as Hercules, and handsome as Apollo, I soon learned that beneath that show of gallantry and foppishness there lurked a heart so black and base as I never thought man could possess. I heard that his name was the synonym in all Rome for audacious vices.

I thought it would avail naught if I warned Daphne—for she would only have said that I was jealous—so I went directly to my uncle, who, when he had heard me, looked grave for a moment, and then answered, smiling, "He is well meaning, my nephew, and will cease these little indiscretions as soon as he has his fill of them; and, besides, he has countless possessions."

This did not satisfy me, so I determined to keep a close watch of master Decimus. His attitude toward me was aggravating in the extreme. He and the rest of his luxurious associates, with their dainty airs and scented locks, would loll back in affected languor and look askance and titter at me until I was for knocking their hollow pates together in my anger. But I bided my time, and prayed to the gods for a chance of avenging myself on my tormentors, and on Decimus Fabatus especially.

I kept away from Daphne after her unjust rebuke, and swore I would not go near her until she sent for me. Yet I was not far distant when Decimus was with her, and heard what passed betwixt them; and when I was away, my good father, who sided with me completely, took my place as guardian of Daphne. He entered with her into all the aimless gaieties, and kept vigil over her, while I busied myself with the affairs of Mars, and spent much of my time in the camps, learning about my future profession from a veteran legionary who took a fancy to me. One day, when this old soldier saw me wielding the spear and bow, he said that such men as I won the victories for the immortal Julius, whereat I was highly pleased; but he marveled the more that I knew so little about the short sword, and offered to make me an adept in its use.

"By Pollux," said he, "the gladiators would give me thrice their winnings if I would but teach them my passes; but my strokes are for cutting the confines of the empire, and not for slashing oneself into the good graces of the audience at the Circus. Why, the best swordsman in all Rome came to me a hulking lad, who could scarce wield a stave; and when I sent him back to the city, in less than a month he felled so many of the gladiatorial school in private combat that the emperor forbade him to use his sword at all." And the old soldier sighed as he added, "And all my teaching has gone for naught, and my wages too, for the knave owes me fourteen hundred sesterces! But come, my lad, although you are not as large as he, your eye is quicker, and you are lighter on your feet. Perchance I can make you his equal."

And so I began; and it was not long ere I became so proficient with the two edged weapon that Saminus, my instructor proclaimed me a champion in the camp, and encouraged me to subdue certain fellows who had boasted of their prowess.

One afternoon, as Saminus and I were resting between bouts, I said to him: "I wish greatly that the emperor would remove his edict from your champion pupil, so that I might meet him in a passage of arms."

"Ah, Marcus, if that could but be I would give my sword arm to witness the combat, and my right eye if you should lose; and"—as he patted me on the back—"I am of the opinion that both my eyes would be with me when it was done."

"But tell me, Saminus," I asked, "who is this wonderful fighter, that I may see him, and perchance have a small bout with him in secret?"

"He is a young patrician, who, although a slave to the excesses of the court, is yet a perfect Hercules."

"And his name?"

"Decimus Fabatus."

"Decimus Fabatus! Saminus, may the gods ever be with you! You have done me a service that I can never repay, in training me to meet the very man whose life I seek. Farewell, I go to pick a quarrel with him now!" And I started to run, even with the naked sword in my hand.

"Gently, gently, my Marcus; do you want to have the emperor about my ears in a trice? Remember, I do not wish to make Decimus break his compact. Ere you go home, you must bind yourself to keep peace with him." And so reluctantly I gave my word, and returned home determined to ask my uncle to get the emperor to allow Decimus to fight.

It chanced, as I returned to my uncle's house, that I met Daphne in the atrium. I made way silently for her to pass, which she did with haughty salutation; but for what reason I know not, ere she had gone two paces, she turned, and with the sweetest smile said: "Marcus, will you accompany us to the games tomorrow?"

"Nay," I replied with heat; "three would be too many. Let your Decimus go with you. Besides, my gown savors too much of our home at Cortona, and might offend your gallant."

I could have bitten my tongue out for making such a rude speech; but I was vexed in my heart, and always I have an unruly tongue when angered. But Daphne smiled, and replied:

"No, Marcus; Decimus will not be of our party. Tomorrow we will spend together." And she gave me such a glance that I would fain have seized her and made peace with a kiss, but with a laugh she fled; and when she was gone I laughed at myself for being angry with her at all.

The next day we went and sat with my uncle on the first benches of the Circus, for

we are of a noble gens, and my uncle had great favor with the Emperor Hadrian. Never had I seen such a concourse of people, and never had I imagined such a huge place as the Circus; but soon my wondering eyes were drawn to the entrance of the contestants. I enjoyed the races and combats so much, and was so hearty in my applause, that the galaxy of youth, who of course sat directly behind Daphne, gibed at me. I complained of this to her; but she too reproved me for my plebeian manners; so I sat quiet, in sullen resentment, until the gladiators entered. Then I forgot everything in the joy of seeing such brave contests.

Now and then I heard a voice far above me shout out, "Well parried, by Bacchus!" "Too slow, indeed, too slow, sir!" and such phrases; and, turning, I beheld the animated countenance of my friend Saminus. Finally the arena was cleared, and a hush of expectancy fell on the throng. I asked my uncle the cause, and he told me that an unknown gladiator was to do battle with a state prisoner, who had this chance of regaining his liberty. To my question as to the crime of the man, he said that he was of the new sect called Christians, who had been teaching treason against the empire.

At last, with a brave flourish of trumpets, the gates swung slowly open, and a great, stalwart man stalked in; whereat the whole audience rose and shouted, for a fine figure was always popular, and this unknown was advertised with great mystery. When he had saluted the emperor (but, contrary to custom, with his helmet closed) and stood posing for the vulgar gaze, a second blast heralded the entrance of a tall, spare youth, who walked much hampered with chains on his ankles and wrists. As he came near, I saw that his face was drawn with hunger and suffering, but withal bore such a peaceful look as I remember seeing on my dear mother's face when the gods called her to the Elysian abodes. When he had made salutation, a short sword was put into his hands, and he was thrust forth into the arena.

"Surely," I said to my uncle, "they are going to loose his bonds?"

"Nay," he replied; "they always fight thus;" and he continued writing verses on a tablet, for my uncle was a clever poet.

I turned to Daphne, but she had closed her eyes, as if to shut out the sight of such an unequal combat. All the people were shouting for the gladiator, and were urging him on; but not one voice was raised for the Christian, who advanced slowly to the midst of the sand, and lifting up his sword by the blade, kept his eyes fixed on the handle for a moment, and his lips moved. Then he faced about to meet his adversary, who was advancing. They came together with a great clash of arms, and I was surprised to note the strength and skill of the Christian. Starved as he seemed to be, and weighed down by his chains, yet he used these very chains to a clever advantage. When the gladiator would slash at him, the tightened chains would meet his blade as a shield, and thrice did the Christian save his head thus.

When they broke away for the second time, I saw that the poor prisoner was sorely wearied, and must fall at the next encounter; and so, to cheer him on, I called out to him, and far above me I heard Saminus cry, "Take your sword in both your hands, friend!"

The audience near him laughed, and would doubtless have mocked him for siding with the Christian, but the fight had begun again, with such spirit that my father had to restrain me in my seat, so great was my excitement. Finally, after a brilliant bout, the prisoner sprang forward with arms outstretched, and brought the tightened chains down inside the gladiator's shield, as he raised it to ward off the blow, with such force that the bands broke, and the shield fell from the giant's arm with a great clatter. The contact also broke the chain, and the Christian was free to use his hands. I rose in my seat, and turning, shouted to Saminus, "Cheer, Saminus, for a braver man never lived!" And cheer he did, as did also a few others, but for the most part they were for having me silenced.

The Christian was now fighting unincumbered; and but for the better physical condition of the unknown, they were prettily matched. But suddenly the gladiator jumped forward, and, by one of the foulest tricks known among the lowest street brawlers, tripped and threw his opponent, and as he did so ran him through the body with his sword.

The crowd cheered hoarsely, as if it were a valiant deed; but as for me, I was beside myself with rage, and could restrain myself no longer. Scarce knowing what I did, with a great cry I rose up, and tearing my toga in twain from me, bounded over the barrier into the arena. In an instant I was standing over the prostrate body of the Christian, with his sword in my hand.

The gladiator stepped back a pace or two, as if surprised at this sudden apparition,

and thrust at me; but I had not spent my time with Saminus for naught, and I parried the blow. My tall antagonist towered above me by more than a head, but my anger was aroused, and I would have done battle with a Cyclops. Even now sometimes, in my sleep, I see that helmet above me, and catch a glimpse of glittering eyes and gritted teeth through the opening in the visor. Scarce had two blows been exchanged, when the voice within the helmet hissed, "We are well met, Marcus Sabinus!"

"Avenging gods!"

I recognized Decimus Fabatus, and leaped back, so great was my surprise. But a deep joy sprang up within me, for here was the opportunity I had prayed for; so, thanking whatever deity had brought the chance about, I closed with him. Decimus chuckled as he turned aside my blade, and said, "Ha, ha, my little Etrurian, so you would champion the Christian! Come, this is fair. You hate me, and I—ha, a clever parry! That was never learned in Cortona. I can swear that thrust is my own! Are you a demon, or whence comes this skill? Ah, above the shouts I hear my old teacher, Saminus, calling to me. What! He cries, 'Marcus'! So you have been learning the art from him! Call on, Saminus, I know I owe you many sesterces, and you can get your pay thus."

And so he talked on bravely as he fought, while I held my peace, and was as cool as if it were a bout with wooden swords. Back and forward I went, circling about, while my heavier rival turned on his heel to meet me as I ran around him. Now I would thrust and be away just in time to escape the savage swing of his blade, and now I would hack at him and parry his return. Fighting thus, the weight of Decimus' armor, and the fatigue of the struggle with the Christian, combined with the effects of the man's dissipated life, began to tell on him. Little by little he began to give way. His breath broke forth in great sobs, and foam dripped through the mouthpiece of his helmet. Now was my chance, and I cried out, "Decimus Fabatus, behold your end!" and I made at him.

He rose to his full height, and met me before I could reach him. No words of banter came from his lips now, only a choking gurgle as he gasped for breath. Throwing all manner of fencing to the winds, he bore down upon me with a wild and desperate sweep. I made a feint to parry the blow, but jumping aside, and turning my blade, brought it down full on his helmet and felled him like a bullock.

Then for the first time I realized what I had done, and looked up. The crowd were cheering and shouting, and the sound seemed pleasant to my ears. On top of a bench stood Saminus, rending his tunic, and waving his arms about like flails. I looked behind me, and there, prone upon the sands, lay the poor Christian. Although I could scarcely walk, I went to him and knelt beside him, and raising his head wiped the dirt away from his face. He was breathing faintly, but in his side there was a grievous wound.

I waved the guards from me, and raising him in my arms struggled before the emperor's seat. "Sire," I said, "I beg that you will grant me this man's life!"

The great Hadrian leaned his chin on his hand, and watched me fixedly for a moment. Before he could make answer, my uncle pushed his way through the crowd of courtiers and spoke to the emperor, who turned and said:

"Marcus Sabinus, by your valorous deed you have this day saved a life and won the everlasting favor of your emperor."

But as I turned with my senseless burden, and saw Daphne smiling through her tears and kissing her hand, I knew I had done more—I had fulfilled my vow to Venus.

Charles Chapin Sargent, Jr.

IMMORTALITY.

THE great God-cloud it was that gave us birth;
Frail little atoms, mimic forms of Him,
From His high home among the cherubim
The race of men like rain drops fell to earth.

Hid in the heart of every raindrop lies
Heaven's reflection, infinitely small,
Pledge of the time when death's warm sun shall call
Us back to where the cloud fills all the skies!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

STORIETTES

THE CAVALRY HORSE.

'Twas the horse that did it; or, to be more accurate, the horses—two large, coal black cavalry horses, Satan and Beelzebub.

Had Satan loved Beelzebub less, or Beelzebub Satan, there might have been another tale to tell of young hearts crossed in hopeless love. For it was from Satan's back, with his hand on Beelzebub's bridle, that Jim had told Helen he loved her; it was seated on an old log by the wayside, with bridles thrown over their arms, Satan and Beelzebub rubbing noses near by, that they had passed those first delightful hours of an unannounced engagement; alas, it was through Satan and Beelzebub that they fell out.

Jim had asked Helen if she would ride with him that evening at seven, and Helen had said, "With pleasure, Jim." A few minutes before the appointed hour she stood on the wide veranda inclosing the colonel's quarters at Fort Carlin. She leaned against a wooden pillar, in her dark, snug fitting habit, both arms raised and clasped above her head, a modern caryatid with clematis for an entablature, lazily dreaming and drinking in the wild beauty which nature had so lavishly bestowed in this out of the way corner of the world.

The frank and hospitable atmosphere of a Western army post, its unconventional social side, its spirit of camaraderie, were novel to Helen, and charming as novel. But now the sunset gun broke in upon her reverie. Its echoes reverberated among the hills above the fort. She watched the flag glide lazily down the staff. The military day was closed. The officers passed by the colonel's house on their way from "retreat," each with a pleasant word for the girl on the porch.

"You fellows ought not to let that bright sunbeam get away from the regiment," said one old bachelor to the youngsters with him. And one of them replied, to himself, "Never, if a heart full of love and devotion can keep her with it!"

The cavalry herd came in from the range. In the lead were Satan and Beelzebub, neck and neck. These two stood beside each other in stables and drill. So beautifully did they train together that they were much sought after for riding.

Seven o'clock came and went; Jim was late, thought Helen. Half past seven rolled by, and still no Jim; a quarter to eight arrived, and with it Mr. Robinson, balancing a pair of oars on his shoulder.

"Oh, do come for a row, Miss Russell. I am going to take Captain and Mrs. Blakely out, and want you for the fourth. You surely can't resist a moonlight paddle on the lake."

"Indeed, I shall not try," Helen replied, piqued at Jim's evident carelessness. "Please get me some oars, though, and let me work my passage."

As the boating party pushed out into the lake, a hot, dusty young man, with two black horses, rode up to the colonel's gate. He found Helen gone. Worse still, he heard her voice singing a Venetian *gondol lied* as the boat rounded Rocky Point.

At seven o'clock his striker had saddled the horses, and turned them loose in the back yard. The prisoners with the police cart had entered soon after, and left the gate open. When Jim came out, booted and spurred, pulling on his white gauntlets, he found his steeds quietly grazing a little distance off. Then followed a temper trying game. For three quarters of an hour the young officer approached first one horse and then the other. Just when he thought his hand was upon the bridle, up would go a pair of heels, and the black beast would scamper off. Finally Satan tossed his bridle rein over a tree; and his companion having succumbed, Beelzebub followed meekly enough.

The next morning Jim met Helen on the walk. He waited for her to explain her absence; she waited for him to explain his tardiness. A coolness arose. That afternoon they were to play together in a tennis tournament, but Jim asked Robinson to take his place, excusing himself on the plea of unforeseen duties. As he sat puffing his cigar in his den, he heard Helen's voice ring out gaily from the tennis court, and then and there decided to ask for a three months' leave.

The next night was hop night, but Helen didn't find herself able to go. Jim, who was to have been her escort, went alone, and was so wildly gay that his friends thought he had taken too much champagne

Then Helen made a neat little bundle of forage caps, brass buttons, shoulder straps, sword knots, and military plunder generally, and sent it to "Mr. Horton." In a very short time "Miss Russell" received a bundle consisting of a sofa cushion, a lamp shade, and a mantel scarf. Whereupon Helen cried and Jim sighed, and both bemoaned the day they had ever met.

"I say, Horton, there goes officers' call; what is up?" cried Robinson from his porch. All the officers came hurrying to headquarters. They found the colonel seated at his desk with an open telegram in his hand, and looking somewhat grave.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have a message stating that the Coxeyites have stolen a train at Portland and are trying to run it through to St. Paul. We are the first military post en route, and must capture them. The striking miners have gathered in large numbers at Welland, the first station to the West, and I

have just been informed that the wires have been cut down between Fort Carlin and there since the receipt of this despatch. I must establish communication with the West to know where the stolen train is, and where to endeavor to stop it. A detachment will be sent to Welland immediately. Does any one volunteer for the duty?"

"I do, colonel." It was Jim Horton who spoke.

"Very well, Lieutenant Horton. It is a dangerous detail. The station is held by strikers, who are in sympathy with the Coxeyites. They are reported armed and with dynamite in the depot. To get at the wires you will probably have to fight. Start at sundown, if possible."

"Yes, sir," and Jim took savage delight in thinking how sorry Helen would feel when she knew she had driven him into this danger.

Helen was riding at sundown along the road to Welland, with Mr. Robinson. She was on Beelzebub, and thinking of Jim.

"Have you heard the news, Miss Russell? I fancy not, as none of us knew anything about it until a couple of hours ago."

"No, I have heard nothing. Is it startling?"

"Well, rather. Horton may have his head blown off with dynamite before morning. He has to capture a station filled with it, stop a runaway train, and put up a telegraph line all in the next twenty four hours. What is the matter? Don't you feel well, Miss Russell?" for Helen had turned deadly pale.

"Nothing, thank you But tell me, why was so young a man chosen for this duty?"

"Why, Horton volunteered for the detail. Jim seems down in the dumps for some reason. How uneasy your horse is, Miss Russell!"

"Yes, he is always so without Satan. Who is that coming behind us?"

"That must be Horton on Satan at the head of his detachment."

When Jim saw who was ahead of him, his heart grew tender. "I must say good by to her!" he thought. "Something might happen. If I were to spur Satan on, and pass them at a run. Beelzebub would surely follow."

Robinson had only time to call out, "Good luck, old man," as the flying horse and rider passed. Satan whinnied as he sniffed his boon companion. Helen whispered something like a prayer for Jim's protection. Beelzebub arched his glossy neck, reared, plunged, gave one spring forward, and was off after Satan like the wind. His feet flew over the ground. It seemed as if he understood that more than a race was at stake, that the happiness of two hearts depended on his overtaking Satan.

Jim heard the oncoming hoof beats of a running horse. Delighted at the success of his little ruse, he pulled Satan in to let Beelzebub overtake him more easily. But one glance at Helen's white, set face, as her horse came up with a snort of pleasure, caused him a sudden misgiving; and when he saw, directly in front of him, right across the road, a newly washed out coulee some ten feet wide, his exultation was changed to terror. Helen would never be able to stand the strain of a jump; she could barely sit her horse now. He cursed his folly in bringing her into peril.

Their horses were still running; to check them before the leap was impossible.

"Give Beelzebub his head, and brace yourself in the saddle," Jim cried, as the horses gathered for the leap. Then, the next instant: "Hold him up firmly!"

But Helen, who obeyed Jim's voice mechanically, had no strength to hold in her horse as he reached the far side. Without his accustomed support, Beelzebub stumbled. A sudden darkness seemed to fall upon Helen. There was a roaring noise in her ears, and then the hard road rushed up to meet her.

With his heart beating to suffocation, Jim hurried to the side of the dust bedraggled form. As he lifted her head, fanning her face with his cap, Helen opened her eyes, murmuring,

"I am not hurt, Jim. I only fainted."

Jim offered up a little prayer of thanksgiving. What followed only Satan and Beelzebub know. They had only a moment to forgive and forget, for Robinson came tearing up, much frightened at finding Helen on the ground, while Jim tightened the cinches of her saddle with a great show of concern. He excitedly asked what had happened. Beelzebub and Satan looked at each other, and who says they did not wink?

Jim surprised the strikers at Welland, secured the giant powder, established telegraphic communication, and then, in accordance with an order from the colonel, side tracked the runaway train, and the Coxeyites found themselves dealing with Uncle Sam. Lieutenant Horton received flattering mention in an order; but to him the sweetest praise of all was "I am so proud of you, Jim!" from the lips of a girl.

That long, hard ride to Welland resulted in a temporary lameness for Satan. When the inspector next visited Fort Carlin he was condemned, and Jim bought him, knowing full well that he would recover. Not long afterward, he obtained permission from the war department to purchase Beelzebub at contract price, and he presented him—to his wife.

Anne Hall.

MR. AND MRS. BARRISTER.

"No, I am not going."

"Pardon me, I think you are."

"Edwin, in the first place I am afraid of the horses; in the second, I want to finish my book; and in the third, I don't care for the flowers."

"Margaret, in the first place, you should not give way to your foolish nervousness; in the second, your brain needs a rest from all this trashy reading; and in the third, I told Thompson to expect us this afternoon for the flowers."

A one eared interest in this dialogue had been letting the conversation of the rest of the

table sink to a meaningless rumble. Finally, all were silent except the landlady—who could listen and talk with perfect ease—and the well bred little assistant school teacher.

"That may all be true, Edwin." There was a tone of worry and complaint in her voice. "That may all be true, but I do not want to go, and you need not order the carriage, for I am not going."

Her husband gave a faint smile.

"Excuse me, you are going," he said coldly.

Here even the landlady stopped to listen expectantly, and all eyes were fixed on the two speakers. All but those of the little school teacher, who was blushing and looking down at her plate.

"Edwin, how can you be so absurd? I tell you, I will not go."

"And I tell you, you will."

He raised his eyes, and at his quick glance around the table, the boarders started, and took up their knives and forks.

"What were you saying, Mrs. Parsons?" he asked, smiling pleasantly at the landlady.

And wonder of wonders! Mrs. Parsons was for a moment embarrassed. But *only* for a moment.

"I was saying," she answered briskly, "that we're going to have a cold summer, and Mr. Bryce here says we're not."

Mr. Bryce and the other boarders gratefully forgave the lie.

"Well, judging by today, I agree with Mr. Bryce," said Edwin Barrister, rising and glancing at his wife. She arose hurriedly, and they left the room together.

There was an awkward silence among the boarders around the breakfast table; they needed some remark to take away their acute consciousness of one another. Suddenly Miss Twichel, the music teacher, spoke.

"He's as bad as ever this morning," she said, with a grave shake of her thin, stiff curls.

Mr. Bryce, who felt somehow implicated in Mrs. Parsons' falsehood, was glad to start a conversation.

"He's a brute," he said emphatically, and then the talk went on of itself.

It is a boarder's undeniable privilege to discuss with those at table those who have just left. So now, as had often been the case before, Mr. and Mrs. Barrister furnished subject matter for the inmates of Mrs. Parsons' select summer boarding house. They were both young, and she was beautiful; there was nothing remarkable in all that, but their behavior certainly was extraordinary. There was something strained and ill at ease in her manner; something nervous, almost pleading. And in him there was a coldness, a touch of stern superiority, that fascinated, while it angered them all extremely. Did she keep out of their way by choice, that they might not see his cruelty to her, or had he commanded her to do it? They did not know, but they knew very well that she avoided them. After each meal she would leave them, would go out into the woods, to the village, or to the river, he following always, silently, relentlessly, like a threatening shadow.

It was very evident that she feared him. Of course each of the boarders had his or her own sad secret, but none so obtrusively mysterious, none which caused such general interest as this. It was with increasing vigor that they discussed the subject now.

That afternoon, at about four o'clock, some of the boarders were assembled on the veranda, when the Barristers' hired carriage drove up to the door. Miss Twichel rejoiced that Mr. Swang had gone to give a lesson; Miss Jennie looked pityingly around; and Mrs. Parsons opened her mouth to speak, when Mrs. Barrister, with her hat and gloves on, stepped out of the doorway. Miss Jennie started and looked nervously at her; then, blushing violently, she went over to her, and leading her in haste to the far end of the veranda, spoke in a hurried tone.

"Forgive me, I do not mean to intrude or interfere, but you seem so very—you—you must be so unhappy, and I——"

Here Mr. Barrister came out, and Miss Jennie started guiltily and looked down, blushing redder than before.

"I do not hear you," said Mrs. Barrister kindly. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Oh, no, no—yes—only a favor. I will ask you about it later."

Poor little Miss Jennie! Her impulsive offer of sympathy and assistance had been nipped in the bud, and she stood there feeling that she had been guilty of the most blazing insolence.

"Take us to Thompson's greenhouses," said Mr. Barrister sternly. The driver nodded, jerked the reins, and they jogged off.

That night at dinner Mrs. Barrister was late, and Mr. Barrister sat by her vacant place with a frown on his brow, which he took no pains to conceal. At last his wife entered, glancing apologetically at him.

"I am very sorry I am late," she said, slipping into her chair with lowered eyes.

"We are very sorry, too," he answered drily.

Mrs. Parsons said that "it made absolutely no difference at all," and followed it up with a string of reasons and anecdotes to prove her assertion. When she had finished, Mrs. Barrister looked at her gratefully.

"I am very glad," she said, "that it really makes no difference."

"I tell you," said Mr. Barrister, turning angrily on his wife, "that it makes a great difference." No one dared to contradict him, not even Mrs. Parsons, but Mr. Bryce's eyes looked threatening.

This little incident seemed to increase Mr. Barrister's temper, and his wife's nervous embarrassment. She passed him what he had not asked for, and he stormed at her; she blundered, and he snapped her up; altogether it was most unpleasant for every one.

"Don't you think," said Mrs. Parsons, bluntly breaking a silence with her stock sen-

tence for the purpose, "don't you think that literature is declining very much nowadays?"

"Well, it depends on what you exactly mean by literature," said Mr. Swang. It was what he always replied to that question.

Then Miss Twichel struck in. "Taking literature in its generally accepted sense, as meaning what we all unanimously believe it to mean, I think it is declining. But it is not the fault of literature, it is the fault of ourselves. We are progressing; we are severer critics than were those of the past; in fact, we can all do so well if we try, that it is very hard for any special writer to succeed."

She stopped, and there was a pause. Conversation would not flourish in that strained atmosphere.

"Yet I think there are some very beautiful books written now," meekly ventured Miss Jennie; "don't you, Mr. Bryce?"

But Mr. Bryce was looking at Mrs. Barrister and did not hear the question.

"I have always thought," said that lady quietly, "that many of the writers of the past are famous chiefly because they lived in the past. That if they lived and wrote their works today, they would not be considered at all remarkable."

Mr. Barrister twisted impatiently in his chair. "I think you had better leave such subjects alone until you know more about them," he said.

"But, Edwin, you must admit that it was easier to make an impression then, than it is now."

"It was nothing of the kind."

She looked at him pleadingly, and, faltering, went on: "But, Edwin take any of those old writers, Beaumont and Fletcher, or Ridley and Latimer; today——"

Her husband cut her short with an ugly laugh. "Don't be a fool," he muttered.

Mr. Bryce rose from his seat, very white, and trembling with excitement.

"Stop!" he cried. "We have all sat by and listened to your dastardly sneers long enough, and it is time you understood that you must stop them, now and forever."

Mr. Barrister looked at him coldly.

"Who is to make me, I should like to know?"

"I am!"

All but Mr. Barrister arose excitedly, some frightened into silence, some protesting, all prepared for violence.

"*You* are?"

"Yes, *I* am!" Mr. Bryce's voice rang loud and steady. "I will not stand by any longer and see a defenseless woman treated as you treat your wife! I will defend her against you, against all of you, against all the world, as God is my witness!"

Mrs. Barrister looked at him in terror, and moved nearer to her husband.

"Come," said the latter, "you had better not listen to these ravings;" and he led her to the door.

Mr. Bryce started forward as if to stop them, but was held back, and they went out.

Poor Mr. Bryce! He knew he had a passion within him which would some day awaken, and now it had awakened, violent and hopeless. The fondest dream of many a weak person is to protect, and this beautiful woman who needed protection had roused every power and emotion in him. And when he had offered his help she had moved nearer to her husband!

Up stairs, with his hand on the door knob of their room, Mr. Barrister turned to his wife and said softly,

"I think we had better go tomorrow." And his wife answered, "Yes."

The next morning the train steamed slowly out of the station, bearing Mr. and Mrs. Barrister. Mrs. Barrister looked carefully around the car, and then heaved a long sigh of relief. She looked into her husband's eyes, which were twinkling merrily; her own danced, and they both burst into a hearty laugh.

"I never knew before that you were an actress, Meg," he said, his voice choked with mirth. "You were simply superb, and I a most ferocious villain."

Mrs. Barrister laughed again.

"But weren't we playing with fire, dear Edwin?" she said gravely. "I was really frightened last night. Our 'tangled web' seemed to have caught ourselves in it."

"We will forget all the sad part," he murmured, bending over her. "Poor fellow!" Then taking her hand tenderly in his, he said in an ecstasy of happiness, "We are probably the first two persons, darling, who have not been found out on their honeymoon."

G. Horne.

LOVE'S FOES.

CHILDHOOD.

THEY were both children, and he loved her. Life was young, and the long shadows of early morning stretched across dewy fields and lush meadows. A long, unbroken road lay before them, and in the forest near by vague forms flitted unnoticed by them.

The boy made a crown of daisies, and placed it on the girl's waving hair. Love hovered near, and smiled. Even then the boy felt the mystic meaning of that smiling image, but the girl was in that borderland where innocence has not yet met knowledge.

"I love you," said the boy, kissing the girl. "Do you love me?"

The girl hugged her doll closely, and looked at him with sweet, innocent eyes.

"Yes, of course I love you," she said.

"And some day you will be my wife!"

"Yes; what fun it will be!" said the girl.

The shadowy forms flocked out to the edge of the forest, and beckoned to the children, and Love saw his foes and wept.

HOPE.

Soon they were boy and girl, and still he loved her. The horizon of her sight was expanding. Mysterious influences were widening her life, and on the bosom of that swift

current which hastens from childhood to maidenhood she was borne along as all the daughters of Eve have been since the creation, and as they will be to the end of time.

The hand on the dial had advanced, but it was yet early in the day. They walked to school together, and he carried her books.

"I love you," he said.

She swung her sunbonnet by the strings and said nothing.

"You have not told me that you love me for a long time," he went on. "Tell me now."

Love was near, but a shadowy form glided out of the forest and whispered in her ear.

"I have all my life to live yet," she said, "and Hope is bright before me. I feel that my life has some great thing in store for me."

Love folded his wings. How many times had Hope lured into strange paths!

AMBITION.

Ere long they were youth and maiden. Womanhood had set its seal upon her, and she had bloomed like a rose in June. Her figure was as supple as a young reed in the breeze; her eyes mirrored heaven's purity.

The day advanced toward noon. Suitors swarmed about her; she was courted on every side; names and fortunes were laid at her feet.

Again he sought her. In his eyes was desire; he was flushed, eager.

"I love you," he said passionately. "I have always loved you. Come away and be mine. We will be all the world to each other."

Love almost claimed her, but again a phantom from the forest whispered to her.

"Love is not all," she said. "My mind is awakened, and I long to achieve. I have intellect, wit, power, and I will go out in the world and make myself a name. Any woman can marry, but I will have a career. Let us forget love, and be friends."

Love's eyes sparkled with tears. Too well he knew how ambition strewed the desert with bleaching skeletons.

FAME.

Time passed swiftly, and they were man and woman. Already the first shadows of declining day had crept over the mountain top. She was ripe, beautiful, cultured, distinguished. Scholars, diplomats, and philosophers bent at her shrine. She was said by all to be the most intellectual woman of the age.

He stood before her, and looked at her half tenderly, half fiercely. Her eyes met his, yearning and passionate by turns.

"I love you," he said in thick, uneven tones, "but you are ruining my life. Great God! Is this to go on forever? Sometimes I love you, and sometimes I hate you. Tell me, are you happy?"

For an instant she seemed to hesitate.

"I am successful," she said.

"Ah!" he cried, "you are missing the joy of life. It is not too late to exchange phantoms for realities. Oh, come; come now."

He knelt before her. Love spread his wings over her. But she went back to her great world; and as Love looked back over the long road, he saw only wrecks.

LOVE.

They were both older. The air was misty, and the shadows began to lie across the plain. He was handsome, but grave and silent. She was still beautiful, but the tender mouth had a pathetic droop at the corners; her eyes looked out wistfully with a vague inquiry.

He looked at her. They were alone. He took her hand.

"Dear," he said in a tone of infinite pleading and affection, "I love you. I have loved you all my life."

Tears started to her eyes; she sobbed aloud. "I am not worth loving now," she said.

He smiled. "You are the same to me," he said. "Do you remember the last time I made a crown of daisies for you, and you said you loved me?"

Love came near her. She flushed rosy red and trembled. "I love you now," she said. "Oh, if my life had only been given to my heart rather than to my head!"

He kissed her as men kiss the women they love.

"It is not too late," he said. "Happiness has found us at last."

Mary C. Francis.

MARRIAGE—A FAILURE?

Big Nichol Helm sat cobbling away at the sole of a shoe. The new leather looked pink under his dirty hands. It was very hot in his stuffy shop, and he had pinned a newspaper before the window for shade; not that he minded the sun himself, though the water splashed down in great salt drops from his forehead, but to shade the woman and child who sat near him. She had opened her calico dress about her sallow, stringy throat, and her skin glistened with the heat. In her lap lay the baby, very thin and limp. A slit of white showed under the drooping lids, and its eyes were stained and sunken. From time to time it moved restlessly; then the mother would start from her drowsing to brush the flies away.

"Oh, papa," she said at last, "the baby's awful sick, an' it's gettin' hotter an' hotter every minute."

"Never mind, wife," replied big Nichol bravely. "He ain't half so sick as he looks; "it's just because you're tired out a watchin' him that you think so. Why, he laughed just as natural then when I held out my awl at him!"

The woman smiled pitifully. "Maybe, papa, maybe."

The shadow of the newspaper slid slowly across the room. Out on the street the hot air waved like colorless flames. There were trees before Nichol Helm's house, but the caterpillars had tied up the shade in snarls of web and gnawed leaf. Presently the woman spoke again.

"We've had ten, an' every one was prettier an' knowinger than the last. This one was awful forward; only a week back he drew hisself up by a chair an' stood steady for the longest, an' he knowed you, papa, just as well!"

Nichol leaned toward the sick child. "He's fallen off terrible rapid. He used to be the fattest of all." He took one of its tiny yellow hands in his own hairy fist. "Look at yer daddy, little feller," he chirruped; but the child did not notice him

The sun had set, and the west glowed red hot behind the black roofs. Nichol Helm sat on the long bridge that swung its steel cobweb over the river. Below him the boats steamed up and down, their lights wrinkling on the surface of the water. But big Nichol did not notice them because of the child lying in his arms. A cool breeze fluttered up. The little one opened its eyes and smiled at its father. "Daddy," it cooed, then it nestled its head under the cobbler's arm and slept.

Nichol was very tired. His eyes stung with sleep, and his arm grew numb. Yet he sat there that the sick child might catch some stray breeze denied to the suffocating city.

"Poor little kid," he whispered. "He'd have died in that hole of a bed room tonight."

The sky above the city grew dark, and across it opened a vague fan of reflected light. The river, too, turned black and oily, and the lights no longer quivered in it, but lay motionless along the banks, a straight fringe, glossy as threads of colored silk. Still the man sat there with the baby breathing peacefully in his arms.

After his work was done, big Nichol drew a chair out of doors and sat down to read his paper. At this time of day the street was a common living room. Hundreds of children swarmed and sprawled on the hot pavement, while the women sat on the steps, fanning themselves with their aprons and gossiping languidly. Now and then a puff of coolness drifted up from the river with an audible murmur of thankfulness in its wake.

Mrs. Helm came out of the house and stood beside her husband.

"Is your hand much sore tonight?" she inquired anxiously, as she caught a frown of pain on the man's face.

A day or so before, Nichol had driven an awl through the thumb of his right hand, and now it was tied up in a wad of rag, rather dirty and blood stained.

"It hurts worse tonight than it ever done. It jumps like a devil was pounding away under it," Nichol Helm answered gloomily; for his thumb was necessary to his trade, and his trade was necessary to his own and ten other lives.

"Tomorrow you mus' go to the doctor, papa."

"Go to the doctor!" snarled Nichol savagely, "when I ain't even put by a cent for coal, an' winter comin' nearer every day."

"It ain't here yet," laughed the woman, looking up to where the moon hung in the hot twilight, white as a bubble of milk, "an' you mus' go the first thing tomorrow."

"I'll see myself dead first!" growled the man; but he went—and she went with him.

The doctor looked at the poor hand, all puffed and crimson.

"The thumb will have to come off. It's just like you people to wait until it's too late, then come here and expect me to cure you! You will be lucky if you don't lose your arm."

Nichol Helm staggered back with a gasp. The sorrows of the poor come baldly, with nothing to soften their announcement; for between them and the facts of life there is no buffet of gold and silver to turn the cruelest truth to mercy.

In a moment his wife was at his side.

"He shan't do it! I can cure it—don't let him touch you!"

"Send the woman out," said the doctor.

The cobbler sank into a chair, his big body limp as a baby's.

"But, doctor—my trade—I'll starve!"

"Well, if you would rather die——"

"You shan't die! You shan't starve! I'll help you!" broke in the wife, throwing her arms about her husband and drawing his head down on her breast. "Poor papa!" she whispered, stroking his hair with her knotted, freckled hands. "It'll be all right."

An hour later they sat together in the old horse car. His arm was in a sling, and a club shaped bandage took the place of his right hand. It was redolent of iodoform, and the people moved away from them; it made Nichol himself a little sick. He was very white under his grizzled beard, but his lips were firm. She still sobbed, and her face was blotched and swollen from her tears Now and then big Nichol patted her shoulder. "There, there, wife," he repeated automatically, "it don't hurt now."

The trees outside the cobbler's shop were shaking their yellow leaves on the pavement. Here and there among them fluttered a yellow moth. This was the meaning of the caterpillars. From the open door came the familiar tap, tap of the hammer, and even across the street one could smell the odor of leather

But Nichol Helm was not there, his work wedged between his knees and his thin needle stabbing unceasingly in and out. In his place a woman bent over the broad shoe soles. The sunshine flooded the little room, fusing her faded hair to bronze, and showing through her flying hands. A room was open behind the shop, and one could see big Nichol standing by the stove, the baby tucked under his maimed arm. He was stirring something in a kettle, and his face was anxious.

"I bet she's got them pegs in slantin'," he muttered to himself. "How you gettin' on, wife?" he called aloud.

"All right. Dinner ready?" she answered cheerily; but she thought, "I wonder if he's salted that stew as bad as he done yesterday!"

Julie Closson Kenly.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

THE HIGH PRICE ABSURDITY.

Everybody is wondering who next will sacrifice himself on the altar of operatic management. The absurdity of paying such enormous sums to the opera singers who come here has been pointed out hundreds of times. They would not stay away were their salaries cut exactly in half. Melba, who receives fifteen hundred dollars a night here, is currently stated to sing in Paris for two hundred. Although Mr. Abbey's firm reported a surplus on their last season, the fact remains that the profits are most unfairly divided, and that, as a rule, the management is almost certain to net, for its season's work, a more or less heavy loss. The public pays exorbitant sums to foreign singers who carry the money out of the country. If they left behind them an amount of culture, musical taste, and knowledge that would go to leaven the social body, we should not begrudge the money; but the prices are so high that the people who need the awakening that comes through great music seldom get it.

The fact that opera singers are greedy is no reason why they should be humored to the full. Let fair prices be offered them, a reasonable advance upon what they receive in Paris and London; let the manager have a chance to keep his head above water (we need him, too), and the general public have an opportunity to hear the operas.

TWO OPERATIC WEDDINGS.

People are wondering if the marriage of two of the greatest favorites of the operatic stage will have any effect upon their popularity. While we call ourselves a civilized and music loving community, and claim that we go to the opera to hear the voices, the fact remains that a romantic personality owning a song bird throat has attracted larger crowds than the humdrum individual. Jean de Reszke has been a high favorite for years, not only on account of his beautiful tenor voice, but because he was handsome, and when he played the lover there was the suggestion that he had a perfect right to take that attitude in earnest. Nordica would have sung equally well, doubtless, had she been the wife of a respectable dry goods vendor or railroad man, and given to domesticity in her hours of ease; but it is doubtful if an admiring public would have stopped to give her a diamond tiara in that case.

When they come back to us, these two will both be married. Jean de Reszke's engagement to the Countess Miramaille has been announced at intervals for half a dozen years, but each season he has come back alone. Now, his estates are being put in order for his bride. She is said to be a beautiful woman, who much resembles Mme. Emma Eames-Story. She is not very young—Jean de Reszke, for all his *Romeo* acting, is past fifty—and is a woman of wealth and musical talent. No doubt she will make the great tenor an admirable wife, and be a lovely chatelaine for his Polish castles.

The de Reszkes are among the great land owners in Poland. Jean owns three considerable estates there, south of Warsaw, in as storied and romantic a country as can be found in all Europe. Here the patriots of Poland have marched and fought, and it is here that the brothers have their stables. It seems a strange fad for opera singers to own race horses, but they have some of the famous thoroughbreds of the continent, and last year they are said to have won thirty thousand dollars in prizes. Their property is under the charge of a brother, Victor de Reszke, who has a fine tenor voice which he has never cared to cultivate. As a welcome to his bride, Jean is building a splendid "*cottage Americaine*," which will be one of the handsomest castles in that part of Europe.

Mme. Nordica's marriage to the Hungarian tenor, Zoltan Doehme, was another long rumored event; but it came unexpectedly. Indeed, it had only just been positively announced that the engagement was finally "off." Nordica was singing in Indianapolis when Herr Doehme appeared and seemingly carried her by storm, for she was married within a few hours. Her first husband was a Bostonian, who went up in a balloon, and never came down to anybody's knowledge. Her second was at one time an officer of Russian cavalry. It is seldom recalled that Nordica belongs to a Maine family, and that her grandfather was "Campmeeting" John Allen, who became famous for his tirades against the theater.

OPERA IN LONDON.

Americans who go to London for the season enjoy nothing more than the opera. To them it is a little like a bit of New York which has followed them. The notes of the de Reszkes are just the same at Covent Garden as those that thrill the audiences at the Metropolitan during the winter. And yet, although Sir Augustus Harris has been knighted for his cleverness, and Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel, and Grau have financial failure for theirs, there is a flavor to the operas produced in New York which the London edition lacks. For one thing, singers are received there who would have scanty courtesy paid them here. It is hard to see the curtain fall on Lillian Nordica's *Elsa* here, when she and Jean de Reszke have sung your very heart away in "Lohengrin," and then to see the Covent Garden stage exhibit Mme. Albani in the same rôle.

Jean de Reszke sang *Lohengrin* in German for the first time, in London this year. There

was considerable amusement at the performance. The chorus was composed of French, Italian, and English singers, and when their peculiar accents were exhibited in the greeting to *Lohengrin*, given in hastily learned German, the effect was more weird than musical.

Miss Macintyre, who has made such a success in London during the past months, and who will, no doubt, come to us at the earliest opportunity, sang *Marguerite* with a delightful freshness and a thorough conception of the part. But some critics are already beginning to declare that she has not a perfect ear, and that she does not always sing in tune.

Mme. Eames has been singing *Elizabeth* again, and her rendering of the prayer is said to be one of the most effective things she has ever done. Plançon and Ancona sang with her, and the opera was conducted by Mancinelli, who was so much regretted here last winter.

"Martha" was one of Mme. Melba's successes in London this season. This artist appears to be able to bring back more lost pleasures than any other singer. The opera seemed to have fallen out of use with the decline of Patti and Nilsson, but Melba has given it new life.

Another difference between Covent Garden and the Metropolitan lies in the choice of operas. We had Humperdinck's "Hansel und Gretel" here, but it was in a theater, and we did not expect to see our opera singers cast for it. In London it was bracketed with "Cavalleria Rusticana," and was sung by de Lucia, Ancona, Bauermeister, and Brazzi. David Bispham was *Peter*, and a remarkably clever performance he made of it. The opera was sung in English, and proved very popular.

Humperdinck has written a new opera called "Königskinder," which is soon to be produced in Germany.

NEVADA'S SEASON IN PHILADELPHIA.

We hear from abroad that Emma Nevada "speaks with rapture of her winter in Philadelphia." Her manager has done some talking, too, but his conversation has had no raptures. Mme. Nevada was a distinct failure in America, from the financial point of view; but in Europe she still appears to be holding her place. She has been singing the old favorites, "La Sonnambula" and "Lucia," in Genoa.

The home life of this singer is said to be very pleasant. She was taken up socially by Mrs. Mackay, years ago, before her marriage, and she has always been a prominent member of the American colony in Paris. Her little daughter, ten years old, is taking up her mother's profession already. At a reception given lately by a prominent American in Paris she sang a selection from "Mignon," and Massenet's "Les Enfants."

Mention of *Lucia*, Mme. Nevada's favorite rôle, recalls one of Patti's characteristics. As every one knows, Patti's fortune owes its solid foundation to this opera, and yet when a committee in the little town of Bergamo, which was Donizetti's native place, wrote to her and asked for a donation toward his memorial, she refused to contribute.

PADEREWSKI AND THE CHINESE FIDDLE.

Paderewski says that the whining sound of the stringed instrument which is known, wherever the Celestials twang it in America, as a "Chinese fiddle," is the most wonderful music. He calls attention to the use of the orchestra in the Chinese theater, and how it expresses the meaning of the play. "Notice," he says, "how through a long recitative the whole orchestra rests, and yet the measure is never lost." He also calls attention to the peculiarities of the Slavic and the Scotch music, which it shares. From the finished musician's point of view, the results obtained could only have come from the most consummate art, the result of centuries of study.

It is said that the health of the Polish pianist has suffered seriously from the tremendous amount of work he has done. He was compelled to cancel his London engagements this year on account of insomnia. His last performance in New York left his audience apprehensive. His usual fragility and spirituality were so accented that it appeared doubtful whether he could finish his program; and yet he never played more brilliantly. He confessed, after it was over, that he had gone through an attack of stage fright, brought on by nervousness.

DUVERNOY'S "HELLE."

Alphonse Duvernoy's new opera, "Helle," which was produced at the Opéra in Paris this spring, bids fair to be such a success that it will mark Duvernoy as its author for all time. He has been a pianist, a composer of symphonies and melodies, but "Helle" is a work which lifts him beyond his earlier attempts. The opera was written for Rose Caron, a Parisian favorite who has never been seen in America. She makes a great success of the name rôle. The libretto is interesting, while not astonishingly original, and some musicians have found a suggestion of Wagner here and there.

The story is that of a priestess of Diana, *Helle*, who is loved and carried away by *Gauthier*, a Florentine. She condemns him to perdition for his impious act in violating the temple of the deity, and promises vengeance. The scene changes to Florence, where *Helle* finds an opportunity to strike at *Gauthier* through his son; but she herself becomes enamored of the young man, and the most stirring parts of the opera are the love passages between these two. Disaster comes upon Florence, just as *Gauthier* discovers his son's love for *Helle*. The people declare that their misfortunes are caused by the pagan woman, and demand that she shall be burned at the stake. But angry Diana can punish her own. One of her priestesses has declared a human love, and must die. *Gauthier's* son stabs himself, and the curtain falls upon the tragedy.

It is impossible that Duvernoy should not have felt in some degree the influence of Wagner. Few of the younger men have escaped that powerful personality.

A DUTCH PIANIST.

We are to have Martinus Sieveking with us again within a few weeks. He visited America in 1895, first appearing in Boston with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, where he played a popular concerto by Saint-Saëns, and won an instant success. The New England city has seldom taken a musician so promptly into its favor.

Sieveking is a Hollander, from Amsterdam. He comes of a very old and aristocratic family, but his father and mother were both musicians. His father was a pianist who, while scarcely possessing the brilliancy of his son, was perfectly competent to give him a fine musical education. His mother was a well known opera singer, and in the atmosphere of his home his talent showed signs of development almost in his babyhood. His father taught him until the age of ten, when he was sent to Roentgen of the Leipzig Conservatory for the piano, and to Franz Coenen for composition.

At eighteen, a little over ten years ago, Sieveking's masters pronounced him ready for the world. He went almost directly to Paris, and by the time he was twenty one he had heard his own compositions played by one of the greatest orchestras in the world.

His uncle, Sir Edward Henry Sieveking, is physician in ordinary to Queen Victoria, and a man well known in London. Young Sieveking went there in 1890, when still a mere boy, and made a brilliant tour with Mme. Patti. His great power lies in the poetry of his music. He is fine as a master of technique, but it is as a poet musician, with a remarkable quality of magnetism, that he holds his audiences. The piano sings under his fingers; yet withal he is masterly and bold. He is one pianist who has nothing to fear from rivals.

A QUARTET OF AMERICAN GIRLS ABROAD.

"The Columbians," four young American girls, have taken the British Isles by storm during the past few months. The story of their career sounds like one of those fairy tale biographies so frequently inflicted upon young readers. Two years ago these young girls, from good families, all with musical talent of a high order, started abroad with a well known American singer as a chaperon. They were Nora Williams, Rita Lorton, Belle Brewster, and Winifred Nightingale. They made a delightful home together in London, and began to study. Their studies were hard, and were taken with the best teachers; but when their work was over they amused themselves by playing on banjos and guitars, and singing the most American songs they could discover. Friends who came to their home were delighted by their ensemble singing, and the originality and beauty of their method. They presently found that they were becoming famous for their negro songs, and were in constant demand at entertainments.

During last season they were with Mme. Patti on her concert tour, where they were as great an attraction as the famous prima donna herself. They sang such songs as Ivan Caryl's "'Way Down the Ohio," "Old Folks at Home," and the negro melodies we all know so well in America. But it is not only as singers of these familiar ballads that they have made their success. They have shown what women can do in quartets, and are giving some classical music, as well as new pieces specially written for them.

THE MODERN "PIED PIPER."

At a recent reception to Johann Strauss, in Berlin, Blumenthal proposed the health of the Waltz King in an enthusiastic speech. "We live in a gray and hypercritical time," he said, "in which thinkers appear to exert their faculties to the utmost to put us out of humor, and in which poets, although they call themselves photographers of the real, do not ask us to 'look pleasant.' We live in a time in which theater goers require a drama to be an evening of moroseness. Amid this melancholy Johann Strauss has worked for fifty years as a missionary of gladness. This modern Pied Piper of Hamelin has, with his magic pipe, drawn old and young to follow him, and was not satisfied until he had impressed his new melodies imperishably upon our lips, given his fresh moods a permanent place in our memories, and infused his hearers with the joyousness that pervades his nature."

No melodies are so associated with festivities as those of Strauss. He has piped for the joyous to dance, in every corner of the globe.

MISS JANOTHA'S CHOPIN BOOK.

In our June number we spoke of a recently published volume on "Chopin's Greater Works" as having been delivered in the form of lectures by Miss Janotha. It seems that we were mistaken, the lectures having been given by Kleczynski, the Polish author of the book. Miss Janotha translated them into English, adding a preface and some notes, the latter taken from an original manuscript of Chopin's, long supposed to be lost.

Miss Janotha was well received during her recent visit to America, but her opportunities of showing her undoubted power as a pianist were seriously restricted by unfortunate business arrangements. She was under contract to play only with Mme. Antoinette Sterling. When the latter changed her plans, and practically abandoned her American tour, Miss Janotha had been silent for eight weeks, and the season was almost ended. She had built great hopes upon the sympathetic temperament of American audiences, and says that the disappointment of seeing so little of them was "like a stroke of paralysis." Next January she is to return here, to appear under the auspices of Mr. Steinway's firm.

WAUTERS AND HIS PORTRAITS.

THE BELGIAN ARTIST WHO HAS BECOME THE MOST FASHIONABLE PORTRAIT PAINTER OF THE DAY IN PARIS—HIS PICTURES OF EUROPEAN CELEBRITIES AND AMERICAN BELLES.

THE name of Émile Wauters is probably little known in America as yet, although in the art centers of continental Europe he is the most fashionable portrait painter of the hour. Although comparatively young—for he has scarcely reached the period of life called "middle age"—this Belgian artist has stood for nearly twenty years in the front rank of his profession, and has borne aloft the banner of the contemporary Flemish school. He has been among the conspicuous exhibitors at Brussels, Paris, Berlin, Munich, and Vienna, has won a long list of medals and prizes, and is an honorary member of most of the academies of Europe.

The international exposition of 1878, in Paris, was the scene of Wauters' first great triumph. There he won one of the eight "grand medals of honor," the other seven going to Meissonier, Cabanel, Bouguereau, Gerome, Munkacsy, Millais, and Herkomer. The picture that ranked him among the leaders of European art was "The Madness of Hugo van der Goes," a scene from the early history of Flemish painting. It had been painted half a dozen years before, and is now in the museum at Brussels. Its success brought him a commission to decorate the grand staircase of the Hôtel de Ville in the Belgian capital. When this task was completed, he went to Egypt, where he stayed for some time, sending back to the European exhibitions a series of canvases glowing with all the colors of the orient. But on his return to Brussels, in 1880, he decided to abandon the field of genre work, and to devote himself to that which is, to the successful practitioner, the most lucrative branch of art—portrait painting.

It must also be the most interesting branch, to one who can—as Wauters has done—take his choice of sitters among the social and political leaders of his day and generation. General Goffinet, a member of King Leopold's military staff, was one of his earlier subjects; and this portrait, with those of Mme. Somzée and her son, won him the highest medals at three more exhibitions—those of Berlin (1883), Vienna (1888), and Paris (1889). The work he showed at the last named display ranked him as the most popular portraitist of the time in the French capital.

During the last few years women have been his favorite subjects. Parisian society knows him as "*le peintre des jolies femmes*," and his pictures of some of the *belles Americaines* have won especial commendations. Four of these are engraved herewith, together with his portraits of General Goffinet and of Mme. Melba, the famous prima donna. As an explanation of their author's remarkable vogue, they are, it must be admitted, not wholly sufficient. Black and white reproductions of a portrait seldom, if ever, do full justice to the original; and in losing its coloring, Wauters' work parts with its greatest charm. In his drawing, strong and excellent as it is, there is apparent a certain personal or national character that seems ineradicable. His American women have a certain Old World aspect—a faint yet perceptible infusion of Flemish characteristics. To our eyes, they lack the undefined air of grace and lightness that constitutes the American esprit; yet they are, nevertheless, correct and brilliant figures that live and move and breathe an atmosphere of modern luxury. As an interpreter of fashionable society at this century's end, Wauters is undeniably both skilful and faithful.

The color scheme has much to do with the striking quality of these portraits. The Comtesse de la Forest Divonne is shown with a dress of mauve satin under a light blue lawn, the whole figure in relief against a daring background of green. A girdle of sky blue satin completes a combination that sounds almost impossible, but is rich and successful on canvas. The countess, who was Miss Audenreid of Washington, is one of the most admired *Americaines* of Paris. One critic who saw the picture declared that as a study of a handsome woman it was

The Comtesse de la Forest Divonne (née Audenreid).

From the portrait by Émile Wauters.

superb, but as a portrait of Mme. Divonne it was but a human attempt to copy the divine.

Miss Lorillard, daughter of Pierre Lorillard, wears a dress of yellowish rose colored satin, with a fichu of white *mousseline de soie* crossed upon the breast. The full tinted face is purposely surrounded with black—black hair, black straw hat, and black feathers. The Princesse de Chimay presents the contrast of a rich complexion and very light golden hair against a mauve background. To quote the artist himself, he felt that he was engaged upon the portrait of a Diana or a Niobe. The princess was a Miss Ward, of Toronto, before her marriage to the titled owner of Chimay, one of the oldest and finest places in Belgium.

As a critique of Wauters' work and me-

Mrs. Sharon, of San Francisco.
From the portrait by Émile Wauters.

thods, it may be interesting to quote the friendly yet candid estimate of his brother, A. J. Wauters. "During the fifteen years in which I have been writing criticisms for the press," says this gentleman, who is professor of the history of art in the Brussels Academy, "I have rigorously abstained from speaking of my brother. This was intentional. I do so here in all honesty, considering only the question of art in the face of works by an artist to whom no one, I believe, will deny one of the first places among contemporary portrait painters.

"With respect to his handling of the brush,

General Goffinet, Aide de Camp to the King of Belgium.

From the portrait by Émile Wauters.

Madame Nellie Melba.

From the portrait by Émile Wauters.

as well as of the pencil, Émile Wauters need envy no other living master. No one has a hand more expert, more skilful, more ready, or more free. It never fails to show a perfect training, a finished education, a delicate and unfaltering taste. Its touch is light and inspired, interesting to examine and analyze. Is it final from the start? It would seem so. Are there retouchings and recoatings with paint? We find no trace of them. The artist has a highly developed sense of arrangement ; he dresses his figures superbly. For his women he loves tulles and gauzes, above all *mousseline de soie*—a purely modern material, which the masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries knew not. He makes the most excellent use of it for draping, softening, and rejuvenating his sitters.

"Whether he works in oil or pastel, his method remains broad and supple. His chalk is as good as his brush. As a colorist he has a marvelously gifted eye. For a long time at the beginning of his career he

The Princesse de Chimay (née Ward).

From the portrait by Émile Wauters.

'saw gray.' He had not then discovered that his palette included the whole range of strong and brilliant colors. Now he is no longer ignorant of this; witness the violets, the mauves, the blues, pinks, greens, and yellows which he combines and harmonizes with perfect ease. He is an adept in the art of displaying and draping rich materials, of folding satins, of depicting their streaky high lights in loaded touches swiftly laid on. All these elements of coloring are essentially his own. The opaque

Miss Lorillard.

From the portrait by Émile Wauters.

and transparent pinks and the pearly whiteness of aristocratic hands; precious stuffs and hangings lavishly employed, and their numberless tints used with refined selection and the most delicate taste—all these are his and his alone."

Since 1889 Wauters has not sent his pictures to the Salons or any general exhibitions, preferring to present them to the eyes of the critical world in his own studio, which is one of the handsomest and most richly appointed in Paris.

Francis Tillou Buck.

THE STAGE

AN ENGLISH GIRL'S SUCCESS IN AMERICA.

As *Wilhelmina Carlingham*, the somewhat sporty but decidedly likable young aristocrat in "Thoroughbred," Agnes Miller made one of the minor hits of the late theatrical season in New York. She is an English girl, who came of a family without any stage connection, and had no inherent gravitation towards the footlights. But as a girl she had acted in one or two amateur plays, and one night at a concert—she has five musical sisters—she met a relative of Forbes Robertson, who offered her an opening as a professional.

"It was the merest freak of fate," she says, in speaking of the happening. "If I had chanced to walk in at the other door, or had arrived a moment sooner or later, I might still have been living quietly at home. But I spoke of my ambition, and there came an opportunity that almost took away my breath—an engagement at thirty dollars a week with Rosina Vokes."

Miss Miller came to America with the Vokes company, and opened in Boston. Shortly afterwards she was engaged by Mr. Palmer for "Alabama," and as *Carey* lifted herself above the lay figures of the house bill. Then followed a succession of ingenue rôles, and in the fall of 1894 she was the girl with the song in "The Bauble Shop."

"That song was a dreadful trial to me," Miss Miller confesses, "and almost frightened me away from the part."

Last season, before appearing in "Thoroughbred" at the Garden, she played *Carey* in Mr. Willard's London production of "Alabama." It may be added that she was the *Lucy* in the Jefferson-Florence presentation of "The Rivals" in 1889, and helped to make "Liberty Hall" one of the most charming little dramas in the Empire list.

AS TO APPLAUSE.

Do people always applaud when they are pleased with a piece of work on the stage? Among the class of patrons drawn by melodramas and the tank play, such is the case; but the tendency of most audiences in this country, nowadays, appears to be toward maintaining a dignified silence, whatever their impressions may be. This is hard on the actors to whom, as we have so often been told, "applause is the very breath of life," but we fear it is a condition of things to which they must accustom themselves.

Kellar, the magician, found it hard to do this last spring in Chicago, where one night he scolded an indifferent assemblage with some asperity:

"In an entertainment of this kind those on

Agnes Miller as "Carey" in "Alabama."

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

the stage require a little help from the audience. When you freeze me out, as you have done tonight, you make me feel small and ashamed, both of myself and of you. I would not get into that condition of mind for all the money that you can bring into this house. If you are really not interested in this performance, we can shorten it and give you an opportunity to leave. Those who care to see more may remain, and I shall be glad to show them some additional tricks."

It is recorded that the magician's little outburst of indignation had the desired effect, but it would scarcely do for Mr. Kellar to try the remedy often. He did a splendid business during his recent engagement at Daly's, but the applause was of a very gentle character. His tricks were appreciated—the succession of good houses proved that; but the outward expression of approval for a purely dramatic exhibition seems to be growing less and less in favor with Americans. All English artists coming here notice the difference at once. It is to be hoped that this state of things will not lead to a revival among us of the French claque.

Jeannette Lowrie.

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.

FROM CHILD ACTRESS TO LEADING LADY.

While Daniel Frohman was managing the Madison Square Theater for the Mallorys, something less than a dozen years ago, a play by David Belasco, called "May Blossom," was brought out. It called for the services of a number of children, and among the little tots picked out by Mr. Frohman was a girl of ten or eleven who gave as her birthplace the Welsh seaport of Cardiff. This was the child's first appearance, and she acquitted herself so well that other engagements followed. Then came a period of schooling, after which Jeannette Lowrie called on Mr. Frohman, now directing the Lyceum Theater, with the result that the man who gave the child her start did an equal service for the woman, and the ingenue part in "The Wife" was assigned to the applicant.

Since then Miss Lowrie, who is particularly happy in her stage presence, has played with

Clara Morris and Roland Reed, and most recently as leading lady in "The Speculator," with Thomas Q. Seabrooke, with whom she expects to appear again next season.

ONE CAUSE OF BAD BUSINESS.

Although the direful season just closed has reduced several stars to the plain workaday level again, be sure the crop of men and women who desire to head companies of their own will be almost as big as ever by the time of the autumn harvests. No wonder the show business is unprofitable all over the country. Organizations are multiplying faster than the playgoing population. Take a program of the Casino in the year 1888, for instance. We find in the cast of "Erminie," Francis Wilson, Pauline Hall, and Marie Jansen—all of whom have since demanded separate audiences. Of the three, Wilson alone has made a success. The disastrous close of the Jansen season at the Garrick last winter is not yet forgotten, while Pauline Hall will probably join the Olympia Comic Opera Company under Mr. Hammerstein.

Barnum used to tell us that the public likes to be humbugged. That may be, but it has no notion of being cheated merely to administer to the vanity of some actor who wishes to see his name lead all the rest. For not only does the making of three companies out of one call for so many more theater goers to support them, but these theater goers are getting just one third as much for their money, for they are now obliged to go three times if they wish to hear all the artists who formerly played together. Is it any wonder that there is always somebody to lament "the good old times"? Why shouldn't they have been good when one cast contained from three to five "stars" for the regular price?

But there is a shining light in this firmament of more or less dazzling twinklers, who should have occupied an exalted station long before she counted herself worthy of it. This is May Irwin, who in every sense of the hackneyed phrase is "a host in herself." The public, quick to appreciate a good thing, has crowned her first season with the substantial piling up of dollars, for all of which a good measure of

May Irwin.

From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.

Elizabeth Tyree.

From her latest photograph by Schloss, New York.

fun, well pressed down and yet running over, has been given in exchange.

Miss Irwin enjoys her work, and has the faculty, even in a long run, of so inspiring freshness and zest in her associates, that each performance impresses the onlooker as a special one. Off the stage, like many another whose business is drollery, she is more serious than one expects to find her; and yet the merriment is there, and insists on coming to the front now and then in a twinkle of the eye or a twitching of the mouth. She is neither a Westerner nor a Southerner, as her pronunciation might make one think, but a native of Canada, where she and her sister Flo first sang in a church choir.

A SOUTHERN GIRL'S SUCCESS.

About a year ago, while the Lyceum company was playing in Chicago, a new name, or at least a name that was partially new, appeared on the program. It was Elizabeth Tyree—no longer the "Bessie" which had seemed so suited to the piquant ingenue with the Southern accent. But it was soon found that this more dignified nomenclature had not taken any of the original charm from the acting of the clever artist, who last winter gave us two or three delightful new impersonations.

Miss Tyree can boast of several things besides the success she has achieved on the stage. Her grandfather fought with General Washington, thus bequeathing to his grandchild the right to become a Daughter of the Revolution. Her father, a Virginia planter, was a colonel in the Southern army, while her mother (a Miss Plum, of English birth) aided the "lost cause" by daring service as a messenger for its commanders.

Miss Tyree's instincts are decidedly artistic. She names each of her dresses after some

flower, and delights in embroidering violets. The drawing room of her home in New York is fitted up in most bizarre style, and aptly expresses the characteristics of its inmate.

There was no part for her in "The Prisoner of Zenda," but as she is to remain with the company, we shall again have the pleasure of seeing her next winter in the old, congenial surroundings.

Blanche Massey.

From a photograph by Downey, London.

SOME LONDON HITS AND HAPPENINGS.

When "The Gaiety Girl" was presented here at Daly's, the season before last, it won in a bunch, to use a racing term. It was the group of pretty girls playing subordinate parts that triumphed over the heaviness of the British humor, and made "The Gaiety Girl" the talk of the autumn among all classes of theater goers. Blanche Massey, of whom we give a picture, was one of these girls, and she is now appearing in "The Geisha" at Daly's London house. Marie Tempest, Letty Lind, Hayden Coffin, and Harry Monkhouse are also in the cast, and the piece has made a hit, which shows that the craze over "The Mikado" didn't absorb all the public's liking for things Japanese. Both Mr. Daly and Rudolph Aronson have announced "The Geisha" for production in New York the coming fall—a clash which may lead to a repetition of "Gentleman Joe's" disastrous experience.

"Rosemary," with Charles Wyndham, is another London hit, while at latest accounts Wilson Barrett was still booking seats for

Jeannette St. Henry.

From a photograph by Jones & Lotz, San Francisco.

"The Sign of the Cross" three months in advance.

John Hare, in an interview for a London paper shortly after his return home, paid the United States a compliment in these terms:

"Apart from the extreme cordiality and kindness of the public and the press, one thing which impressed me in America, in a sort of hurried view, flying from town to town, was the size of the various cities we reached. No matter how far we went from the nominal capital of the country, we never seemed to get behind in civilization. In this country, when you have done Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, you have done all; but there you may go from

one huge city to another, and find extremely beautiful buildings and hotels—all as good as those in the capital of the country. Here in a country town you have nothing but the church and the town hall, but there they seem to vie with one another in enterprise, not only as regards public buildings and theaters, but in the organization of traffic—tramways, cable cars, and so on. These things show the extraordinary resources of the country, and must strike an Englishman who sees them for the first time.

"Taking the run of theaters, they are very much finer than English theaters. We have certainly in London some just as fine as those of New York, but in America, wherever they build a new city, they put up a theater with all the latest improvements."

This is very nice of Mr. Hare, but then—he is to return to us in the fall.

ONE OF THE GREAT CALIFORNIA CONTINGENT.

If one were to ask a theatrical man what city in the United States furnished more recruits for the stage than any other, it would seem the reply must be San Francisco. Jeannette St. Henry, whose portrait is given herewith, is one of the many theatrical daughters of the Golden Gate metropolis. With her golden hair, Miss St. Henry is not unlike Lillian Russell, and perhaps some who used to attend the matinées of "Iolanthe" did not know that a substitute sang the rôle of *Phyllis* on those occasions.

Miss St. Henry had her largest audiences in "Wang" and "Panjandrum," after joining

Mlle. Frémaux.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

Anna Held.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

the Hopper forces as leading soprano. Later she was with Pauline Hall for a while; then an offer from Mr. Hoyt induced her to enter a new field, in which she has been reëngaged for next season—the *Queen of Burlesque* in "A Black Sheep."

FRENCH COMMENTS AND ODDITIES.

Duse has returned to Italy, and among the first things she did was to furnish an Italian theatrical journal, *Il Proscenio*, with a copy of the following correspondence. The first letter was written to Henry Irving in this country after having seen him play:

SIR HENRY IRVING:

The artists composing the company of Signora Eleonora Duse, enthusiastic over your sublime art, feel it their duty, while it is at the same time a pleasure, to express to you their admiration and their abounding sense of gratitude for your admirable skill in interpreting the *chefs d'œuvre* of Shakspere in that strange and gentle English tongue.

They beg you to present to Miss Ellen Terry, your talented and worthy companion, the homage of their respectful admiration.

The above was signed by all the members of the company, Duse's name closing the list. This was Irving's reply:

TO SIGNORA ELEANORA DUSE AND HER DRAMATIC COMPANY:

Permit me, illustrious artist, to express to you and your colleagues in art, my gratitude for the pleasure you have given me in expressing in such terms your admiration for our work.

It is a delight and an encouragement for my dear friend, Ellen Terry, to know that a corps of artists so distinguished as yours, and of whom the dramatic world is proud, approves in such generous fashion the methods we pursue.

Accept, fair artist, the expression of my profound regard for you and for your associates.

IRVING.

The Paris *Figaro*, in commenting on this love feast of the great artists, calls it a curiosity, and points out, with some amusement, the contrast between the southern enthusiasm of Duse and the wholly British tone of Irving's response.

But the city on the Seine has curious goings on of its own. Not long since one of its papers, the *Eclair*, instituted a beauty contest for actresses, and of the ten thousand votes cast, Bernhardt actually received four. The winner

(with 3,076 to her credit) was a dancer, Cleo de Mérode. The second favorite was the American singer, Sibyl Sanderson, and the third Wanda de Boncza, whose portrait appeared in this magazine last December. The portraits we present this month of three players on the French boards, Mlles. de Montigny, Anna Held, and Frémaux, if not prize winners, are certainly deserving of standing well up in the lists.

Mlle. de Montigny

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

Although none of the three ranks high from the standpoint of ability, each enjoys a vogue which is peculiar to the gay city. And yet one cannot say that in the vaudeville world, to which Mlle. Frémaux and her companions belong, recognition is assured by beauty, which was undoubtedly a strong factor in their case. By no stretch of the imagination can Yvette Guilbert be considered charming to look upon, nor does Fougère possess those graces of person which blind to shortcomings of talent. Nature is said to be prodigal, and yet, with all her languorous beauty, Anna Held lacks the magnetism of a Guilbert, nor have Frémaux and de Montigny, piquant in charm as they are, the *chic* and sparkle of a Fougère.

THE BANE OF THE AUDIENCE ROOM.

Plays and seasons may come and go, but the big hat is always with us. In winter it is the elaborate feathered affair, and in summer the sailor, between which two evils there is little to choose—and absolutely nothing to see. The

Ethel Barrymore.

From her latest photograph by Phillips, Philadelphia.

Ohio law, of which we heard so much, is reported to have proved ineffective. The fair creatures, we are told, must be coaxed with cunning artifice, not driven by force. The sole mandate to which they will bow is that of fashion, and here lies our only hope.

Two hemispheres are suffering from the nuisance. Over in London, Felix Morris is treating the evil in a droll monologue which he calls "A Row in the Pit," and at a recent first night of Beerbohm Tree's, the most noted critic in England wrote almost exclusively, the next morning, of the big hat which prevented his seeing anything else to write about.

It is said that a Paris manager, after trying in vain to get the women to remove their head-

gear by a polite notice in the program to that effect, substituted the following: "All the plain women in the audience may retain their hats." Of course this is a canard, and is only quoted to show the widespread nature of the revolt against the bane of the auditorium.

JOHN DREW'S NIECE.

Ethel Barrymore is just seventeen this month; and yet she has been on the stage since March, 1895, when she made her début in Boston with her uncle's company. Her part was *Lady Kate* in "The Bauble Shop," a rôle in which Elsie De Wolfe had preceded her. But then, Miss Barrymore had always intended to be an actress; and certainly she had had the advantages of heredity, if any one had.

Educated at the convent of the Sacred Heart in Philadelphia, her birthplace, her greatest delights as a child were the Saturday matinées she was allowed to attend on her weekly visit to her grandmother, Mrs. John Drew. And it is safe to say that this youngest worker in a family of which the American stage has cause to be so proud, will maintain the excellent traditions of her predecessors.

Miss Barrymore is tall, and strongly resembles her mother in figure. At present she is handsomer off the stage than on. She is a great favorite with her friends because of her unaffected manners and frank unconventionality, which is refreshing without being bizarre.

NEW NAMES FOR OLD THEATERS.

The passing of Abbey's Theater into the control of Al Hayman is one of the summer's chief topics of theatrical moment. The announcement was a surprise to almost every one. Mr. Abbey had so triumphantly survived his previous bankruptcy that it was hoped he would not be forced to see the house that bore his name go into other hands. Of course there were rumors of such a result of the failure, one of them going so far as to fix on Mr. Daly as the new incumbent.

Just as when Wallack's was rechristened, so now it seems a pity that the old name cannot be retained. In other lines of business the established name of a well known house is considered a valuable trademark, to be preserved at all hazards, no matter who the proprietors may be. Why it should not be the same in the dramatic world it seems difficult to understand. An explanation may lie in the fact that connection with the footlights appears to inspire a dread of having one's light concealed under a bushel. However that may be, it is a matter for congratulation that the Goelets have protested against the attachment of a new individual cognomen to the house they own, and at the present writing "Knickerbocker" stands a chance of being the compromise.

As to the attractions Mr. Hayman will offer, he seems not to have before his eyes the fear of the pitfall into which his predecessors plunged, as he announces foreign plays and players with lavish prodigality. He is by no means a novice in management, as he has long been at the head of two of San Francisco's leading theaters—the Baldwin and the California—controls the Columbia in Chicago, is part owner of the Empire in New York, and is associated with several of the enterprises of Charles Frohman.

OLYMPIA IN SUMMER GARB.

Oscar Hammerstein is a factor in New York stageland that will not be ignored. Last winter he gave the public an amount of amusement under one roof such as they had never received before, and with the advent of summer he has transformed that same roof into an urban fairyland. Its glass top is by no means the most novel feature of Olympia's aërial garden, for it boasts two ponds, as many rustic bridges, a grotto, several live swans, a monkey, and skilful imitations of rocky landscapes. In the roof gardens to which we have hitherto been accustomed, the accent has been altogether on the "roof." It remained for Olympia to effect a realization of the full meaning of the term.

But the place itself is not the only unique feature of Mr. Hammerstein's latest surprise. He has provided a stage as fully equipped as that of his theater below stairs, and has transferred to it the attractions that were crowding his music hall, even including Fregoli. To be sure, the admission is a dollar—not the half usually charged on roof tops.

Crowds have thus far rewarded Mr. Hammerstein's enterprise, and if the water that trickles over the glass inclosure only does all that is expected of it in the cooling line, Gotham can boast of possessing the king pin of summer theaters.

THE WHEEL AND THE THEATERS.

From all parts of the country come reports that the bicycle is injuring the theater business. The excuse, at first blush, sounds plausible, but is it not for this very reason being somewhat overworked? Has not the wheel come to be the scapegoat that is expected to carry into the land of forgetfulness mistakes of judgment, inadequate casts, and other causes of failure?

On the first of June there were two light opera companies playing in New York. At the end of the week one of them closed its season prematurely, ascribing the bicycle craze as the cause. The other was continued to excellent business, and after five weeks at the American was transferred to the Herald Square. Curiously enough, the former venture originally announced "Pinafore" as the opening attraction. This was afterwards changed to "The Chimes of Normandy." The other organization then produced Gilbert and Sullivan's merry nautical piece, and made a hit which may result in giving Gotham two open theaters this summer instead of only one. Here is at least one instance where repertoire and not wheels was without doubt the determining factor in the fate meted out to the competing companies.

LITERARY CHAT

SHALL THERE BE NO MORE PUBLISHERS?

The wail of the author anent the hard heartedness of the publisher, always audible, has of late been growing louder in the land. "I am maltreated," he says, "defrauded of my royalties, denied sufficient advertising, and hereafter I will publish my books myself."

This is a most hideous possibility. The publisher, to be sure, is fallible, and makes mistakes. He is often deluded as to the merit of a manuscript, and brings out with the most sanguine expectations a work that falls flatter than the proverbial pancake, just as actors are frequently pleased with the rehearsals of a play which proves a complete failure on the first night of its presentation. On the other hand, books go begging from house to house that make a fortune for the publishers who finally accept them with misgiving. But as a rule, a high grade house is fairly wise in its generation and reasonably judicious in its undertakings. It is surprising how few fiascos are evident when one reads a year old prospectus and counts up the publications which, if not pronounced successes, have at least attracted favorable notice. In view of these facts, the disowning of publishers by aggrieved writers reminds us of La Fontaine's fox, who saw ripe grapes on a wall. "*Mais comme il n'y pouvait atteindre—'Ils sont trop verts,' dit-il!*"

Here, for instance, is a disgruntled personage writing to a literary journal, and eloquently explaining how great a blessing it would be to American authors if every publishing house in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia were to go out of business tomorrow. Why? Because, forsooth, they have issued more novels by Englishmen than by native writers!

It is high time that this charge of favoring British novelists was knocked on the head, once for all. If more English stories are published in America than American, it is because there is more demand for them, and because more of them are deserving of publication. It is all very well to be patriotic, and to encourage home talent, but how can we match in this country the long list of English writers—Crockett, Hope, Maclaren, Ward, Meredith, Barrie, Weyman, Doyle, Pemberton, and a score of others—who are putting out such remarkable work? Nor is the market for good novels over supplied. Today, as always, there is a welcome waiting for any man who has a story worth telling and the ability to tell it, be he English, American, French, or Hottentot. It is fair to presume that any publisher or editor would prefer to accept native stories equal in merit to those of foreign construction, if he could get them. But, as a rule, he cannot get them, and that is all there is about it.

Take the "protective" associations which are being so largely formed by American writers, and see if their membership lists contain names that command respect. The literary hacks are there, the fifth rate novelists, the embryo poets, but the author who deserves recognition—where is he? Closeted, probably, with his friend the publisher, and signing a receipt for as liberal royalties as are paid in any country on the globe.

We have had almost enough of these snarlers at the heels of success. Merit is merit the world over, and it is a puny spirit indeed who would reject a worthy work because it was written over sea, and accept an unworthy one because it was brought forth a block away. As Mr. Gilbert would say:

> My object all sublime
> I shall achieve in time—
> To make the punishment fit the crime.

For the whining dilettante, as for the bicycle fiend, the autograph hunter, and the new woman, there should be pillories erected where all men may behold him and jeer. To quote Mr. Le Gallienne: "You may deny everything to greatness, and spit in his face to make it sures; but that will not prevent his going to your funeral."

As we have said, the possibility of these persons publishing their own books is hideous. What may we not suffer at the hands of those who are alone in their belief that their work is good, and who persist in foisting their misshapen offspring upon an unoffending public?

THE NOVEL IN EDUCATION.

More fun has been made of the "novel course" at Yale than of any other "vagary of the American universities," as the conservative British critic terms our educational experiments.

Punch gave it a skit, and represented the professor saying to a pupil: "Your acquaintance with modern realism is quite insufficient. You will attend the course of anatomy lectures at the hospital, please."

But the new departure is a success, notwithstanding, if we are to judge by its popularity, and by the interest it has excited. For some time Dr. William Lyon Phelps, who conducts it, received several letters a day from all over the country, asking him for information regarding his methods, as clubs in other colleges and in country towns were anxious to start studies upon similar lines. Dr. Phelps has prepared a circular answering these inquiries, and giving lists of novels. The course is likely to be of especial interest to a girls' school, and we should enjoy seeing the results of such classes at Vassar and Yale compared.

Each pupil is required to read one novel a week, and to write a theme upon it. These

themes are handed in, read aloud, and criticised. Then the lecturer gives his own ideas upon the author and novel under discussion, analyzing the work's construction, characterization, and its quality generally. Last year, the class studied Howells, Kipling, Turgenieff, Tolstoy, Daudet, Loti, Hall Caine, Crawford, and many more. It contained two hundred and fifty men, and every one considers the course valuable.

Why shouldn't it be? The modern novel is supposed to contain an epitome of life, given from the standpoint of an artist who knows how to eliminate the unnecessary, and that which it is bad taste to notice. Then, too, novel company is usually refining, for most novelists set up ideals in their heroes, and the average college man needs civilizing. He cannot be hurt by being made to believe that even a sugar candy hero is something for him to admire. The tide of the primeval savage that runs through his veins needs diluting.

Dr. Phelps is a young man of thirty who looks like a boy. He has written no novels of his own, and is the son of an orthodox Baptist clergyman. He graduated at Yale in 1887, and was later an instructor in English literature at Harvard. From there he went to Yale for the same work. His best known book is "The Beginnings of the English Romantic Movement," which was widely and favorably noticed by scholars.

MR. WATSON'S PLEA FOR ARMENIA.

Authors are proverbially a thin skinned and contentious class. The hungry maw of public curiosity is ever agape to take in every detail of their frequent feuds, many of which, as in the case of Rudyard Kipling and his fire eating brother in law, have all the elements of farce comedy. But occasionally some dispute arises which has a perceptible *raison d'être*, and which attracts attention as much by the vital importance of the interests involved as by the prominence of the persons concerned. Such was the sharp passage at arms last summer between Alfred Austin and William Watson, anent the Armenian atrocities and the alleged culpable laxity of England's attitude towards the exalted butcher of the Bosphorus.

Now, for the first time, we have Mr. Watson's views, as embodied in eighteen sonnets, collected in a little volume and headed by a preface which, despite its brevity, is a masterly arraignment of his detractors and an able defense of his own position. The book is entitled "The Purple East; a Series of Sonnets on England's Desertion of Armenia," and, reading the stirring lines which it contains, we are compelled to admire Mr. Watson for his courage in attacking the government from which he draws a pension of two hundred pounds a year. In his preface he explains his verbal duel with Mr. Austin succinctly and with shrewd irony.

After the publication of the first seven (sonnets), there appeared a reply from the pen of the present poet laureate, in the shape of three sonnets, entitled "A Vindication of England," and addressed "To the Author of 'The Purple East.'" Their substance may with perfect truth and fairness be recapitulated in a few words of prose. The poet laureate assured me—firstly, that whosoever in any circumstances arraigns this country for anything that she may do or leave undone, thereby covers himself with shame; secondly, that although the continued torture, rape, and massacre of a Christian people under the eyes of a Christian continent may be a lamentable thing, it is best to be patient, seeing that the patience of God Himself can never be exhausted; and thirdly, that if I were but with him in his pretty country house, were but comfortably seated "by the yule log's blaze," and joining with him in seasonable conviviality, the enigmas of Providence and the whole mystery of things would presently become transparent to me, and more especially after "drinking to England," I should be enabled to understand that "she bides her hour behind the bastioned brine."

It is not within our province to enter into a discussion of the facts of the case. Most people have probably formed their own opinions. But on literary lines Mr. Watson's sonnets are of deep interest. One feels instinctively that they are prompted by convictions that override personal considerations and patriotic prejudice, and poetically they are admirable. Here is nothing akin to the work of minor poets, "whose music," as Mr. Stedman says, "rises like the chirping of locusts. Each has his faultless little note, and while the seasonable chorus blends, it is humored by some and endured by most, quite as a matter of course, and the world goes on as usual." These sonnets are the voice of a man, strong and stirring, and we are glad that Mr. Watson has written them, if only to show us that in these latter days the clarion blast has not been utterly drowned by the tenuous fluting of oaten reeds. "Craven England" has been too widely quoted to need repetition here, but the two sonnets written in reply to Mr. Austin's "vindication" are equally strong and somewhat less familiar. The first is remarkable for its frankness towards the laureate, and the second has a something in it which effectually stirs the blood.

THE BARD IN WAITING.

Treachery's apologist, whose numbers rung
  But yesterday, remonstrant in my ear;
  Thou to whom England seems a mistress dear,
Insatiable of honey from thy tongue;
Because I crouch not fawning slaves among,
  How is my service proved the less sincere?
  Have not I also deemed her without peer?
Her beauty have I not too seen and sung?
But for the love I bore her lofty ways,
  What were to me her stumblings and her slips?
  And lovely is she still, her maiden lips
Pressed to the lips whose foam around her plays!
But on her brow's benignant star, whose rays
  Lit them that sat in darkness, lo, the eclipse!

LEISURED JUSTICE.

"She bides her hour." And must I then believe
  That when the day of peril is o'erpast,
  She who was great because so oft she cast
All thought of peril to the waves that heave

Against her feet, shall greatly undeceive
Her purblind son who dreamed she shrank aghast
From Duty's signal, and shall act at last,
When there is naught remaining to retrieve?
At last! When the last altar is defiled,
And there are no more maidens to deflower—
When the last mother folds with famished arms
To her dead bosom her last butchered child—
Then shall our England, throned beyond alarms,
Rise in her might! Till then, "she bides her hour."

"BRISEIS."

When Mr. William Black has completed his literary career, and when his multitudinous novels are collected and published in a set, he will have succeeded in incorporating in his yarns a very nearly complete anthology of Scottish song—that is, if he continues in the way he has thus far pursued. Mr. Black's characters are uncommonly addicted to vocal exercise, and in a majority of his books there is at least one son or daughter of Caledonia who bursts forth into song upon all occasions. The most notable instance is the irrepressible *McFadyen*, in "Highland Cousins," who, if not credited with any remarkable ability in this line, was at least wonderfully familiar with the ballads of his native land, and more than ready to render them as best he was able.

In "Briseis," Mr. Black's latest work, the heroine not only repeats borderside ballads from memory, but sings certain weird little songs of her own making, and reads aloud from Tennyson and Macaulay. In these poetical proclivities she is aided and abetted by her companion characters, who have Highland blood in their veins and Highland melodies upon their lips. Altogether a veritable chorus of declamation and music arises from the pages of "Briseis." *Briseis* herself is a Greek, and this may partially account for the oddity of her English compositions:

Her lover came to the well,
With soft words her lover came to the well,
The red and white flowers of her heart were opened,
The red and white flowers of her heart were filled with dew:
Little one, Marianoula, why sittest thou apart?

And again:

Saddest bride is the stolen bride, and Eleänaia is weeping.
Happiest bride is the stolen bride, and Eleänaia smiles.
Proud she stands by her husband's side, at bay in the mountains,
Proud when the gendarme's bullet speeds straight to her heart.
(Creep closer, child, the moonlight is white in the forest.)

"Briseis," like all of Mr. Black's work, is forceful, true to life, and refreshingly clean. Its author attempts no startling situations, but, as Mr. Crockett would say, "tries to tell a plain tale as he knows it," and, what is better, succeeds. There is a bit here and there of the inevitable Scotch brogue, but Mr. Black has always been careful to use dialect sparingly, and only when the exigencies of scene require it. Crockett is the only writer of the hour who dares to give free rein to his Scotch vocabulary, and the only one, perhaps, whom it is possible to pardon for so doing. Even Barrie is shy of overloading his dialogue with the vernacular of the "banks and braes."

"Briseis" is deserving of a warm welcome. There are always amusing touches in Mr. Black's work, and always a strong undercurrent of serious thought that makes it worthy to rank with the best fiction.

A CRITIC'S WEAKNESS AS A CREATOR.

Andrew Lang is seriously handicapped by his terrible sense of humor. There is a distinct difference between being a humorist and having a sense of humor. It is not given to all men to have both powers, however richly endowed they may be with the one. Mark Twain has both; but while Dickens was the prince of humorists, he had no real sense of humor. If he had he never could have made himself so ridiculous. But a keen sense of humor, while it is invaluable to the possessor as a daily companion over the rough and troubled ways of life, sometimes restrains and corks up what might be a brilliant expression of himself. *Mrs. Hauksbee* said, in one of Mr. Kipling's "Plain Tales," that a sense of humor would save a woman when religion and family ties failed. Sometimes it keeps a man from reaching the heights of sublimity, because his acute vision sees so plainly the narrow line beyond which is the ridiculous.

Mr. Lang has the finest and most heroic conceptions, but he fears to put them on paper. The work he produces is always good, and always just short of what we expect. His "Monk of Fife" was admirable, but the divine fire was left out. His new book, "Pickle the Spy," ought to be great. It is said to be not all fiction, but founded upon various state papers and ancient archives. It explains the mysterious disappearance of Prince Charles Stuart from 1749 to 1766. If Robert Louis Stevenson had had that idea and that material, it would have been transmuted by the alchemy of his brain into great and golden literature. We cannot answer for Mr. Lang.

MR. BERNARD SHAW.

When "Arms and the Man" was produced by Mr. Mansfield in America, the public realized that for once a remarkable piece of literature had been staged. We hear, however, that Mr. Shaw's new play will have to go into the Independent Theater if it ever sees the light, as the subject is so distinctly unpleasant that even the *Tanqueray*s and *Ebbsmith*s would pass by on the other side.

Mr. Shaw is one of the most interesting men in London, and one of the best known correspondents. He is an Irishman who belongs to the set of semi socialists whom Mrs. Humphry Ward pictured in "Marcella." London has no better musical and dramatic critic, and

he is expected to give his readers not only wisdom, but wit. He inherits his knowledge of music from his mother, who is his devoted friend and companion. She was a professional musician for many years.

Mr. Shaw is indefatigable in his search for material. He delights in the vagaries of his fellow man, and spends much of his time among the debating societies of the thinking working men.

A RUSSELL CARNIVAL OF GORE.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson has been credited with having in "The Wrecker" surpassed all records for wholesale slaughter, but even that bloody scene of butchery upon the deck of the *Flying Scud* pales before the battle, murder, and sudden death contained in W. Clark Russell's latest sea story, "An Ocean Free Lance." Mr. Russell has summoned to his aid all the forces of the sea and air and sky; ships are wrecked by fleets, prisoners made by dozens, men killed by scores. The lightning flashes and the thunder rolls in one continuous tempest, and death stalks upon every page. In one instance, at least, the extent of the carnage is so vast as to sweep grammatical considerations from the author's mind. "The fight was over," he exclaims; "the West Indiaman was ours; but great Heaven, what a sight were on her decks!"

This is apparently the supreme effort of Mr. Russell's life, and it is difficult to imagine what "Britain's sailor novelist" will do for "situations" for his future work. We fear that in "An Ocean Free Lance" he has exhausted his stock of thrilling horrors, and that his next story will be a bathos.

To sustain his heroic vein must be an arduous labor for Mr. Russell. Imagine the difficulty of inventing a new variety of shipwreck, a new type of storm, for every novel! It may be that sheer desperation has had much to do with the phenomenally lurid atmosphere of "An Ocean Free Lance." The story is told by one *Julian Madison*, first mate of the privateer *Tigress*, and such expressions as "Such a sight I have never seen before or since," and "I never should have believed it possible," are continually on his lips. Never were there such tornadoes, never such terrific combats, such blood freezing spectacles, and such sickening holocausts, as Mr. Russell here presents. The impression produced by the book is that of an author driven hard for words to discount all former flights of gory fancy. Mr. Russell has so long juggled with the wonders of the deep that an ordinary iceberg, murder, or tempest is a mere bagatelle. The agony must be daily increased, like the allowance of an opium eater whose system becomes hardened until he demands four times the amount that would kill an ordinary man.

For those who crave fiction of this gory description, "An Ocean Free Lance" will be a veritable godsend. It is interesting, as all its author's novels are, and new, except in one particular. The inevitable fair maiden appears on page 212, and those who are familiar with Mr. Russell's books are immediately prepared to find her cast away in an open boat with the hero, as, indeed, duly occurs a little later.

"THE TEMPTRESS."

In his latest book, "The Temptress," Mr. William Le Queux has indubitably proved himself to be "a fellow of infinite fancy," however far he falls short of writing standard English. Much that might be said upon the latter point is as well left unsaid. A writer with Mr. Le Queux' extensive command of solecisms is unassailable. He smiles down as from a height upon mere critics, and will continue to write as best pleases him, regardless of remonstrances.

But, if only to see to what lengths imagination can go, "The Temptress" is well worth looking into. In some manner not clearly set forth, the person who gives the book its name has strayed, been lost, or been stolen from the paths of rectitude, and answers to the name of *Valérie*. She is a combination, such as probably only Mr. Le Queux could accomplish, of *Becky Sharp*, a tigress, and a plain fool, and her confederates and she pursue a career of crime unparalleled in the world's history. To be sure, there are but three murders in the story; but there are hints of innumerable others, and a kind of *sans gêne*, dare devil, go ahead and be hung disregard of consequences about *Valérie* that is extremely diverting. The police have been hunting her for years, but none too enthusiastically, it would seem, since she continues her reprehensible dealings undisturbed. In the end she commits suicide in quite the conventional manner, with a farewell letter, the customary tears, gasps, and a hypodermic injection of morphine.

As a work of fiction Mr. Le Queux's book will not set the world wondering, but as a mark of the "silly season's" advent it is entirely satisfactory. Mr. Le Queux will be remembered as the author of several other works of like merit, and we sincerely trust that, in company with Miss Laura Jean Libbey, Colonel Savage, and Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter, he will continue to labor in the field of romance. No wonder the critics are complaining that English books are occupying American attention to the exclusion of home talent!

MR. BANGS SCORES A HIT.

"Straws," says the old proverb, "show the way the wind blows." The flashes of humor which distinguished Mr. John Kendrick Bangs' "House Boat on the Styx" were mere trifles compared with the *mots* of cleverer writers, but they were a remarkable advance upon anything Mr. Bangs had done previously. Impressed by this slight but significant improvement, we ventured in January last to express a conviction that his next book would be really amusing, and that with due allowance for the time necessary to develop a humorist, there was some prospect that he would eventually attain to that high estate. It is always gratify-

ing to behold the fulfilment of one's prophecies, and we are pleased to see that in "The Bicyclers, and Other Farces," he has justified what may have seemed to be a rash judgment on our part. Mr. Bangs has done some exceedingly clever work in these little plays, and, since commendation is always more agreeable than detraction, we are only too ready to accord him the praise which, for the first time in his literary career, we think, he has unquestionably earned.

It is recorded of Mr. Bangs that after reading a scathing review of "The Idiot," he remarked sorrowfully to a friend that he feared it was deserved. If this be true, it speaks volumes for his common sense. If anything can combat our impatience of mediocre writing, it is the knowledge that the writer is alive to his shortcomings and anxious to improve. If Mr. Bangs knows how poor much of his work has been, there is hope for him; and certainly "The Bicyclers" seems to mark a turn of the tide. It not only reads well, but we hear that it has been successfully performed in several instances, and this means much.

Everything that Mr. Bangs has written has had an excellent sale. Whether or not this is a reflection on popular taste, it has sufficed to encourage him to continue his labors—and fortunately, too, if the ultimate result is to be a series of books equal in merit to "The Bicyclers." Artemus Ward is dead, and Mark Twain seems to have taken to serious fiction. The time is ripe for the advent of an American humorist, what Mr. Bangs has long aspired to be, and what in his latest book he is for the first time. There are laurel wreaths awaiting him if this is a fair sample of what he can do.

STEPHEN CRANE AND HIS SLUM STORIES.

Little by little it is dawning upon the reading public of America that there is at least one new thing under the sun, and that that one new thing is Mr. Stephen Crane. So sudden and phenomenal has been his literary progress that his reputation seems to have been conjured by oriental genii. Yesterday he was practically an unknown newspaper man, today he is a shining light among American authors.

When Mr. Crane published "The Black Riders" there arose gibings and sneers galore. It is said that these "lines" were written in a week, and we can well believe it. They possessed neither finish nor power. But the end was not yet. The critics were prepared to jeer at anything which bore the name of Crane, ready to hark back to "The Black Riders" and point a moral on all that might follow. Then came "The Red Badge of Courage," which set all the reading world of England and the United States agog, and disposed, as its publishers have said, "of the lingering tradition that only a well known author, or an author with the hall mark of foreign approval, is recognized by the reviewers." From the first there was no question that in this singularly forceful and absorbing story Mr. Crane had struck a new and commanding note, and that thenceforward he would never have to complain of any lack of attention. Those who had been most prejudiced against him by the bizarre quality of his "poetry" were foremost in acknowledging the remarkable merit of his prose, and Stephen Crane was forthwith enrolled upon the Parnassian roster.

His position thus secured, he has followed up "The Red Badge" with two other books, written in the same vein, but dealing with characters of a very different stamp. "George's Mother" and "Maggie, a Girl of the Streets" are frankly slum stories, and the latter at least is a study of the seamy side of life; but they are so carefully done, and show such a scrupulous regard for veracious description, that they stand forth far in advance of other American efforts in the same line. They are as novel as if *Chimmie Fadden* had never been written. Both books are in a way unpleasant. Even in our short experience of Mr. Crane's work, we have learned that we have little of sentiment to expect from him. His descriptions of tenement life are as uncompromising as the life itself, and what little humor is to be found in his books is of a grim nature. *Maggie* comes to the hideous end which is the natural result of her parentage and training, and there is no attempt to ward off the inevitable.

In this, mainly, lies Mr. Crane's art. He has ruthlessly robbed war of its glamour and exposed it for the awful reality that it is, and with equally relentless fidelity he has painted his gloomy picture of life in the city slums. Every soldier knows how true to nature is "The Red Badge," and every mission worker will recognize that "George's Mother" and "Maggie" possess the same virtue. Some of us, perhaps, may prefer to dwell upon the gallantry of battle and the rare instances of humor in the tenements, but a large majority will admire Mr. Crane for his painstaking accuracy, and read his books because their author has taken the trouble to learn his ground before venturing to guide others over it.

A NOVELTY IN BOOK MAKING.

A conventional little love story told in what is certainly a most unconventional fashion is Mr. Charles P. Didier's "'Twixt Cupid and Crœsus; or, the Documents in an Attachment Suit." Mr. Didier is a draftsman of considerable ability, but, excellent as they are, it is not in its illustrations that his book is remarkable. The story is told in sixteen letters, a telegram, and two newspaper clippings, which purport to be originals, and are reproduced with surprising fidelity to "life." The letters are printed in facsimile upon note paper, duly engraved for the most part with monograms and crests, each pasted upon a page, and fronted by an illustration; and so carefully has the work been done that more than a casual observation is necessary to convince one that these are not in reality the originals of a clever correspondence. We believe the idea is not wholly new, but it is sufficiently novel to command attention, and together with Mr. Gibson's book of

drawings, it will no doubt lie upon the table of many a society girl who has a fondness for portraits of herself.

Viewed from a literary standpoint, Mr. Didier's story is not superabundantly excellent, but the clothing that it wears renders serious consideration unnecessary. It is a light and amusing little sketch. The book is dedicated "To the Sweetest Girl in the World," which permits of every love lorn swain presenting it to his *inamorata* with the ascription heavily underlined.

A BOOST FOR LITERATURE IN WISCONSIN.

Out in Wisconsin they have an "Ethical Society" which some weeks ago sent out an invitation to the "literary writers now, or formerly, residing in the State of Wisconsin" to meet in Milwaukee. The "literary writers" were to bring along such stories or poems as they had handy, accompanied by certificates that they were "resident literati" or "non resident literateur" who could furnish date of residence in the State. From the collected material two classes of literary work were to be selected for prizes ranging from twenty five to ten dollars. Those in the first class were to be the work of those "literati" resident now or formerly in the State of Wisconsin, who had received pay for published work. The second class was to consist of "writers who have written without pay." The object of these prizes was stated to be "to, in a degree, stimulate and elevate literary ability and exercise."

We should like to know the outcome of that literary congress. The "Literary Association of Wisconsin," which appears to be a sort of branch of the "Ethical Society," charges three dollars a year for the privilege of membership, but it agrees to have the manuscripts of its members corrected and revised by "accomplished literatures"—"thus nearing an assurance of publication from editors, publishers, and printers." We wonder if the accomplished "literatures" prepared the circulars.

The Literary Association of Wisconsin appears to be a likely addition to the gaiety of nations, and fully competent to give value received for the price of admission to its séances. In the mean time, editorial offices are wide open, grasping at the faintest sign of talent in a contributor, and making these literary associations absolutely unnecessary except as a means of livelihood for some ambitious "literature" who wants to "take in" cheap "revising."

A YOUNG AMERICAN'S "FUN" IN AFRICA.

"Through Jungle and Desert" is a book which is full of the personality of its young author. Mr. Chanler is a great grandson of an Astor, from whom he inherited the money to follow his impulses, and a grandson of the late "Sam" Ward, brother to Julia Ward Howe, from whom he inherited the ability to tell the results of his impulses in an agreeable fashion. Presumably the impulses belong to himself, as they are of unusual scope.

Dr. Hans Meyer, who went to Africa with an emperor and a few geographical societies behind him, met Mr. Chanler the year after the young American left college. He had one white companion, younger than himself, and a hundred and eighty natives with him, and he had explored an entirely unknown country, where Mr. Stanley had said that it was unsafe for a thousand rifles to go. Dr. Meyer, meeting him in the depths of the dangerous forest, asked him his object.

"Fun," said Mr. Chanler.

In 1892 Mr Chanler went to Vienna and persuaded the Chevalier Ludwig von Höhnel to accompany him on a three thousand mile journey through Africa. Lieutenant Höhnel was already a traveler of distinction, having accompanied Count Teleki on his famous expedition to Lakes Rudolph and Stephanie. The new book is Mr. Chanler's record of their journey.

A SOUTH SEA STORY TELLER.

The student of cosmopolitan life and literature will miss something by letting Louis Becke's South Sea stories slip by. They suggest Kipling, but they are as different from Kipling as Kipling is from Haggard. They are audacious, sometimes they disgust, but always they fascinate. "By Reef and Palm" was Becke's first book, published in England and republished here. It suggests Stevenson, of course, but in no way has its author copied that master. You never believe for an instant that it was necessary for Mr. Becke to have read either of the men into whose class his talents have pushed him. He was among the Pacific islands in 1870, long before Stevenson went there. His latest book, "The Ebbing of the Tide"—again a suggestion of Stevenson—is equally clever with his first, to which the Earl of Pembroke wrote so enthusiastic a preface.

Mr. Becke is an adventurer, whose life story would make a thrilling tale. He is conclusive proof of the fact that if a man is made of good material the career of a rolling stone gives him a peculiar polish. His father was a lawyer in Australia, but it was impossible to keep the sons at school, or at any humdrum employment. When Louis was fourteen, he and his brother, two years older, started for San Francisco in a crazy old ship which took four months to reach its port. But that four months had filled the younger with a love of the sea. He obtained a clerkship on a trading vessel, and soon blossomed into a trader upon his own account. For years he went up and down through the coral reefs leading what he calls "a lonely but not unhappy existence." A few years ago he married the daughter of a colonel in an English regiment, and went back to live in Australia, where he has devoted himself to writing.

Much of Mr. Becke's work turns upon the loves of white men and the native women of the islands. It is a phase of life full of dramatic possibilities, and one that he has had before him for years. Probably no man, with the observation and culture of Mr. Becke,

ever knew these people so well, not even excepting Mr. Stevenson.

TOLSTOY'S IDEAS AND PROJECTS.

Count Tolstoy always has something new to say, because he keeps his thoughts running whether there is any particular demand for them or not. Sometimes it is surprising to see how original he can be.

Most people have an idea that a thinker begins again exactly where he left off with the last interviewer, and are astonished that the philosopher has had the temerity to advance while the public paid its attention to something else. They expect to stick a pin through a man's last idea, as if it were a kind of butterfly caught by their dexterity, and incapable of motion until released. An interviewer was sent up to see Count Tolstoy after the coronation of the Czar, to take down his ideas concerning a "peace court," and found that a peace court was as old fashioned to that progressive mind as *Anna Karenina's* hysterics.

"An international peace court in Europe to prevent war? That reminds one of children's efforts to catch birds by putting salt on their tails. Such a peace court would merely increase the perils of the peaceably inclined, for there is always a Napoleon or a Bismarck at hand."

Count Tolstoy laments the fact that the German victories have injured German literature. He says that Sudermann and Hauptmann are the only Germans writing now who give him any pleasure; and they, chiefly because they crowd Ibsen into the background. Ibsen he finds it impossible to understand.

Tolstoy, we are told, is thinking of starting a newspaper to propagate his ideas. It is to be published in London, and will give space to his opponents as well as to himself. He would ask nothing except that the author should be sincere. But it is scarcely probable that he seriously entertains such an original design, and we shall not subscribe for his new periodical until we see a copy of it in print.

THE AUTHOR OF "DEGENERATION" DEGENERATES.

"How Women Love," a collection of short stories, is a typical example of a practice to which we have often referred, that of hanging commonplace work upon a literary reputation. Its author is Dr. Nordau, whose "Degeneration" was so widely discussed a year or so ago; but those who buy "How Women Love," in the expectation of finding in it anything approaching the merit of its famous fellow, will be grievously disappointed. Not that these little sketches, for they are hardly more, are wholly bad. From any one of a score of writers they might have proved reasonably acceptable, but it is exactly because any one might have written them that they reflect little credit upon their creator. We expect more of Dr. Nordau than trivialities which should be published in a daily paper and forgotten by the next morning.

Whether or not we agreed with the theories embodied in "Degeneration," we recognized them as the outcome of study and of careful thought. There is no indication that Dr. Nordau has overtaxed his brain in preparing "How Women Love." The first story in the book is forcible in a way, interesting as any *feuilleton* of average merit is interesting, and not over original. The others, and particularly the two which essay to illustrate how women love, come perilously near to what is the unpardonable sin in the book of today—dullness. The subtitle of Dr. Nordau's work is "Soul Analysis," but the psychological dissection thus implied is not apparent to the naked eye, and a perusal of the stories arouses a doubt as to whether the author knows very much about the way women love after all.

"One Way" depicts the life long devotion of a woman who is discovered laying a wreath upon a grave. The man whom she supposes to be underneath it is standing a few feet from her, happily married, somewhat pleased to see her again, and apparently not altogether unwilling to resume the romance at the point where they left off twenty seven years before. Twenty seven years have worked wonders in the lady's ideas, however, and she decides that they must drift apart once more, which they forthwith do, with considerable emotion. "Another Way" recounts the yearnings of a man after a lost love, whom he finally meets after thirteen years, and kisses affectionately upon a Paris thoroughfare at two o'clock in the afternoon. This lady is of a different stamp. She possesses that rare and convenient attribute which the small boy called a "forgetery," and, though she accepts the embrace, she evinces no remembrance of former events in their career. "Shall I tell you what I think?" asks the lover bitterly. "I believe that *Helène* has mistaken me for some one else!"

The moral of all this "soul analysis" is that either women love or do not love, which, with all due respect to Herr Nordau, we knew before. We might have been glad to hear it again in a really attractive form, but in its present shape the recital bores us. Dr. Nordau can do better work. Possibly "How Women Love" was written merely as a relaxation for its author, *pour passer le temps*. The best goldsmiths sometimes make tinsel images for sweet variety's sake.

AN EXPLANATION.

No one is infallible. The best of us make slips now and again, and are caught napping on points of common information, but a ready acknowledgment of a mistake may do something to palliate the offense. We are indebted to a correspondent for most courteously calling our attention to a serious error in our review of "The Damnation of Theron Ware," in the June issue of MUNSEY'S, by which we referred to Mr. Frederic's book as his first novel. Apologies are in order, and we tender them willingly. Mr. Frederic has already scored two successes in "The Copperhead" and "Seth's Brother's Wife."

LATEST FADS

THE ATHLETIC GIRL.

With her golfing cap tip tilted and her golfing costume kilted,
All her lovers she has jilted and forsworn;
She no more of dancing thinks, and no soda water drinks,
But is found upon the links both night and morn.
She has tried her hand at boating, and at diving, and at floating,
Almost everything but voting she controls;
She's been salmon fishing, eeling, and of course is skilled at wheeling,
And has contemplated sealing at the poles.

She's a devotee of walking, and is over fond of talking
Of the hours she's spent in stalking after deer;
Has a love of speedy racing, knows what trotting is, and pacing,
Little bets is even placing far and near.
She is very good at curling, loves to practise hammer hurling,
And her wrist is trained to whirling with a foil;
You'd pronounce her a fanatic at diversions acrobatic,
And all types of sport aquatic are her spoil.

She has more than often prated of the distances she's skated;
She tells how yachts are rated, like a salt;
She can pass a ball or kick it, or go bowling at a wicket,
For she knows the game of cricket to a fault.
She can ride like any jockey, she has beaten men at hockey,
And is most uncommon "cocky" to have won;
And she knows the language mystic of the circles pugilistic,
For a bit of training fistic she has done.

Billiards, pool, and otter hunting, golf, canoeing, paddling, punting,
Moose and mountain sheep confronting, and croquet,
Shuttlecock and battledoring, on the rifle ranges scoring,
Sailing yacht or catboat, oaring on the bay;
Running, jumping, and natation, navigation, ambulation,
So she seeks for recreation in a whirl;
She's a highly energetic, undissuadable, magnetic,
Peripatetic and athletic kind of girl!

THE CUSHION AS A FAD.

A sofa cushion may at first thought seem an inoffensive and insignificant article, scarcely worth the notice of the student of contemporary life and manners. Not so, however, when its baneful possibilities are seen and understood. For the sofa cushion—or *mutato nomine*, the divan cushion—is becoming a prominent, not to say obtrusive, item of furniture in the sanctum of the faddishly inclined American of either sex. An up to date New Yorker has thirty upon his divan, all of white silk, and each bearing a different design. Mementos of college life are three that bear respectively the word "Columbia" in pale blue, the diamond shaped pin of a Greek fraternity in black and gold, and a cleverly executed sheet of music symbolizing the Glee Club. A crest and coat of arms represents pedigree, a Seventh Regiment device military glory, and a shattered heart some early love affair, from which most of the romance would seem to have departed when it was immortalized upon a cushion.

One might be led to believe that the fortunate possessor of these treasures is abundantly supplied with devoted friends of the other sex, to whose nimble fingers he is indebted for so imposing a display. But here, as ever, appearances are deceitful, and we learn with disappointment that his *fin de siècle* embroideries were all made to order and paid for in cold, unsympathetic cash.

A young widower with an imagination somewhat morbid has a set of six cushions made from his late wife's dresses, upon a divan of black velvet. Here again grief has taken a form so eccentric that its sincerity is decidedly dubious. It has become, as a clever woman once said, "spectacular affliction."

The diversification of the divan cushion is a severe tax upon the faddist's ingenuity, already sadly overworked, Whatever we do, we must not copy our neighbors. Imitation may be the sincerest flattery, but it has come to be regarded as the mark of a craven spirit. If all the beautiful designs have been exhausted, let us by all means have those of surpassing hideousness. But perish the thought that we should not be original.

The "autograph cushion" is one of the new ideas. The owner is free from the reproach that attaches to the ordinary autograph collector in that she—for this is a feminine specialty—is no "fiend." Celebrities fear her not, for she is not likely to approach them, unless they are reckless enough to enter her door. The raw material, so to speak, of the autograph cushion, is a square of canvas with as smooth a surface as possible. Upon this the proprietor's friends are invited to inscribe their names in pencil, together with such remarks or sketches as their fancy may dictate; and these are subsequently perpetuated by being embroidered in colored silks. Here lies the great difference between the cushion and the "album." A name once inscribed in the latter stands there for all time; in the former, the inscription is merely the beginning of the task.

The finished autograph cushion is a strange object, covered, every inch of it, with labored chirography and boasting marvelous forms of

men and beasts, angular quotations from the poets, and a variety of other hieroglyphics whose purpose is not immediately evident. For it is necessary to be an expert needlewoman in order to do justice to this fad. As an enigma in still life it far surpasses its first cousin, the "crazy quilt," and half an hour is a short allowance of time in which to grasp its topography.

A young artist has a sofa pillow on which he paints the names of all the girls with whom he has been in love, and which he calls "the history of my heart." This should cause the "proposal fan" to rage with inward envy.

GAMES GONE ASTRAY.

A perversity common to all children is the desire to put everything to some use entirely foreign to the purpose for which it was originally designed. To the child mind, chairs and tables are not so much articles of domestic utility as valuable materials wherewith to construct steamers and railroad trains. Those of us sufficiently young to recall such pastimes will remember that dominoes had no attractions except when masquerading as elephants, that the checkerboard did duty as a ferry boat, and the checkers as military personages of pleasing uniformity. No child is content to take things at their face value, and "therein," it seems, "do men from children nothing differ." There is a certain satisfaction that bicyclists take in riding their wheels as they were never meant to be ridden, and a pleasurable thrill that every woman has felt in converting hairpins into buttonhooks and sharpening a pencil with the nail scissors—a thrill partly of surprise at the novelty of the service these commonplace objects are performing, and partly of self congratulation for having discovered their hitherto unsuspected possibilities.

And so it is with the game of pool, which was originally intended to be played with a cue, sixteen balls, a table, and nothing more, but which has of late undergone strange transformations. In the clubs it is no longer strictly good form to play the "straight" game, for some ingenious mind has discovered that pleasing variety is to be obtained by recourse to the bottle. The bottle, in pool phraseology, is the small receptacle designed to hold the numbered balls which determine the order of play. If one would be up to date, he empties all these balls out and puts the bottle wrong end up upon the table; and lo! we have the game of "bottle pool," wherein the main object is to overturn the useful article which is doing duty as an inverted tenpin. Upon this—whisper it not in Gath—depends the fate of other bottles, whose prerogative it is to capsize and not to be capsized!

As in pool, so in whist, in checkers, and in billiards. Without the aid of dominoes whist is old fashioned; we try to lose instead of capture men at drafts; and the billiard table has been invaded by a small ivory ball, the size of a marble, which must on no account be removed from its resting place during the play, unless one would pay forfeit.

This development of what might be called the hybrid game is a curious indication of the mad pursuit after novelty now in progress. Every hour brings forth something novel, and devotees arise to rally joyously about each new invention. In America, at least, the man who evolves a new beverage, a new game, or a new fad, is a public benefactor. His device is named after him, and he becomes in a way famous. To be sure, the fame is neither prodigious nor enduring, but then some of us are easily satisfied. Soon we shall play whist without cards and croquet without wickets. Already there are experts who play pool without cues. It remains only to rid ourselves of the balls and the table also, and we shall have a game that is really ingenious.

THE MAID OF MILITARY MIND.

To that interestingly romantic object, the feminine heart, there is a fascination entirely irresistible in helmets, epaulets, and brass buttons. It is a partiality as old as the average joke, and what is the reason therefor no man may say. Take an utterly uninteresting and flagrantly callow youth in civilian's dress, and you will see him snubbed in every ball room into which he ventures. Send that same young gentleman to West Point or Annapolis, or enlist him in the National Guard, and he becomes an idol, with a nice little shrine all to himself and any number of worshipers. Many a strictly religious man has returned from "the Point" cursing fate because the girl who accepted his escort thither has fled smiling with a cadet; many the cadet who has well nigh died from very weariness of adoration.

Hence arose that most delightful *bon mot* of a lieutenant in the navy, who thoughtfully observed the raptures of some feminine visitors to his ship, and then, turning to a friend, remarked, "We wear the buttons, and they do the rest;" and hence, also, has arisen what may be termed the maid of military mind. She knows intimately four West Pointers (who have forgotten having met her), six privates and a fourth sergeant in the Seventh Regiment; she has sat next to a Squadron A man at dinner, and boasts an uncle who fought in the war. Also a brigadier general in the National Guard sits opposite to her at church. What more is needed to make her a latter day Jeanne d'Arc? So she is a familiar figure at field days and dress parades, where she waves her handkerchief and says, "Oh, I wish I was a man!" more enthusiastically than grammatically, plays "The Star Spangled Banner" perseveringly with one finger in the treble and a wrong accompaniment in the bass, and, when present at drills, explains movements to her companions in a shrill voice and sublime ignorance of first principles—all of which endears her, as may be imagined, to the hearts of her uniformed fetishes. Moreover, she possesses a number of glittering trinkets—buttons, crossed sabers, belt plates,

mayhap even a marksman's medal—which she disposes about her costume in a manner calculated to ravish the senses of gods and men.

Such is the girl with the military fad, one of the legion of maidens with hobbies. Last year she was collecting fraternity pins from her college swains, but *tout passe. Vive la nouveauté!*

ANOTHER "TROPHY" FAD.

Love comes back to his vacant dwelling—
The old, old Love that we knew of yore!

Yes, let the cynics gibe if they will. Romance is not dead; chivalry still reigns in the human heart; Cupid, abused, trampled upon, accused of being a "seedy little, greedy little god of gold," is still among us. The love of the latter day swain is as tender and devoted as was that of the old time knight who bore his lady's favor through many a bloody fray. Now and again in the midst of a cold and practical world it is our privilege to happen upon striking evidences of this survival of chivalry, and lately our attention has been directed to one in particular, of such pastoral simplicity, such limpid tenderness, that we are constrained to exclaim with Mr. Dobson,

The old, old Love that we knew of yore!

For this latest invention of faddish young lovers is a very oasis of romance in the desert of age and life. Before it the beauty of the trophy door pales, and the Arcadian charm of the proposal fan fades into nothingness.

In a book, richly bound and chastely tooled, the up to date lover preserves the hairpins of his flames, each carefully fastened upon a page and distinguished by the initials of its former owner. There is something in even this brief statement that makes the heart to thrill and the eye to sparkle. Of all the accessories to the toilet of the fair, none is more significant than the hairpin. Even the crumpled handkerchief, the worn slipper, and the soiled glove, which have served as love tokens since the day when first they appeared, are but poor and tawdry things compared with this, woman's only weapon saving her tongue. The hairpin is essentially romantic. Without its aid it would be difficult to keep up appearances, to say nothing of hair; and these should be love's tokens instead of the mere faded flowers and bits of ribbon which have hitherto done duty.

And so, when in the spring (or any other season, for that matter) "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," his fingers may at the same time lightly turn the leaves of his hairpin book. Here is the gold specimen that kept in trim array the auburn locks of Chloe; here the commoner but no less effective black one that fastened Lydia's jetty tresses; here the tortoise shell that held in place Flavia's crowning beauty; here the crimped pin that helped nature in the case of Phyllis—and so *ad infinitum*.

The hairpin book is a device of rare and surpassing beauty. Little wonder, indeed, that, dwelling on it, our thoughts fly back to the loves of the shepherds and shepherdesses of Arcadia—only the shepherds and shepherdesses did not know any better!

LITERARY MASQUERADING.

There are few literary men, poets or prose writers either, who in these busy days can spare much time to talk about "the muse" and "inspiration." The profession of letters has come to be as imperative in its demand for steady and regular work as is the Stock Exchange or the bar, and the author who cultivates faddishness and whimsical methods of composition is very apt to be left behind. The poetry of the hour is written at office desks, with the printers' boy waiting for copy, and the novel of adventure must needs be ready on a certain date whether or not inspiration sees fit to come around and lend her valuable assistance. It may be for this reason that great books are rare, and that the critics are asking "Where is a poet to be found?" but the season of dreaming under the trees and by the brooks and then writing about them is a thing of the past. Time, time, time is everything, and the muse has regular office hours and draws a weekly salary.

Here and there, however, is to be found that *rara avis*, a literary man with an independent income; and he it is who can afford to cherish fads, and hug to his soul the pleasant fancy that only under certain circumstances and amid peculiar surroundings can he bring the children of his brain into verbal being. Pierre Loti, arrayed and photographed in a myriad costumes, is one such, and Joaquin Miller, wearing a skull cap and writing in bed, is another. Read Robert Louis Stevenson's letters, and you will find that he played the flageolet and weeded in his garden to gain inspiration for "The Wreckers."

These peculiarities come more under the head of reasonable diversions than of faddishness. It remains for comparatively unknown writers, whose literary work is at best laborious, to show to what absurdities the affectation of eccentricity may lead. There are many of them in New York, one in particular whose verses sometimes appear in remote corners of the magazines. This gentleman abhors the light of day. "I can never write in the glare of the sun," he says; and he may be found in his study at three P. M., with the curtains drawn and the lamps lighted, writing the most inoffensive little lyrics in which "violet" and "triolet," "flushing" and "blushing," and "maiden" and "laden" have things much their own way.

Tobacco, too, is commonly supposed to be a potent aid to composition. Anthony Hope, by his own confession, smokes three pipes in the course of evolving a short story, which seems reasonable; but what shall we say of the New York writer who has had a rack constructed on which to rest a long brierwood, so that he can puff from start to finish of his work without the aid of his hands? Still another verse writer has a favorite statuette upon his table, without the guidance of which he declares

himself unable to rhyme two words. It is fearful to contemplate the blighted career that will result when the statuette shall be rolled off upon the floor and go the common way of all bric-à-brac.

There are a whole host of minor writers who are dependent in this fashion upon a pair of slippers, a coat, or a certain pen holder, but only one, we imagine, who draws inspiration from a piece of twine, invariably twisting it in his left hand while scribbling fiction with his right. And we know of at least one poet who can write only when a piano is being played in his hearing. This is counterbalanced by an innumerable multitude who affirm in all sincerity that a piano most effectually prevents them from writing at all.

Some one has called literary men the "demigods of the intellectual world." It will be remembered that in Greek mythology the demigods possessed rather more than their share of mortal foibles. The connection needs no comment.

POSTER POETRY.

The word poster has lost much of its significance as a noun and has come to be a descriptive adjective which covers a multitude of sins. It is applied to drawings, to house decorations, to gowns, to anything, in short, that is weird or out of the ordinary. Poster, eccentric, and bizarre are at present almost synonymous terms, and will no doubt be ranked as such in the next dictionary, unless the poster fad dies out and becomes utterly forgotten—which seems too much to hope for.

We have poster poetry, which is a thing unto itself, and, so far as literary value is concerned, may be classed as "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals." Lewis Carroll's "Hunting of the Snark" and "Jabberwocky" are examples thereof, as are also "The Jumblies" and "The Owl and the Pussy Cat" of Edward Lear, except that in the days when these immortal lyrics were written the poster craze *non fuit*. But of late a new school of verse writers has arisen among us, and their productions have attained a respectable popularity in a surprisingly short time. Poster poetry has been quoted at a hundred dinner tables, and is beloved purely and simply for its utter inanity. We are all aware how great a hold upon the reading public was obtained by—

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe,
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

and by—

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live,
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a sieve.

The prime requisite of poster poetry is that it shall jingle and be readily committed to memory, and on this score at least the productions of Mr. Gellett Burgess of San Francisco are irreproachable. During the last month or so we have heard them repeated far and near, in literary sancta, in business circles, in the thick of the social maze. To exchange these ditties, to learn them by heart, and to invent others like them, is a fad of the day. To satisfy the craving for "galumphing" verse, more time honored macaronics have been revived, and the Four Hundred have been finding delight in spasms of rhyme that were familiar to many of us at the halcyon age of six.

Baby sat on the window seat,
Mary pushed baby into the street,
Baby was scattered all over the "arey,"
And mamma held up her finger at Mary.

"Where is your sister, Margaret? Tell."
"Mamma, I threw her into the well!"
"Margaret, I'm grieved at you sincerely;
I thought that you loved your sister dearly."

Johnny put poison in his mother's tea,
And his mother died in agony;
Johnny's father was terribly vexed,
And said, "Well, really, John, what next?"

It is a curious thing to see these ancient quatrains cropping up, and to hear them passed to and fro with manifestations of the liveliest approval. The three homicidal stanzas quoted above must certainly date back to the days of Mother Goose. No one can account either for their origin or their recent popularity.

Then there is the five line jingle which, like the name of gentleman, has been much abused, but which is now in high favor. One in particular, the work of a well known bud, has been going the rounds:

There was a young man so benighted
He never knew when he was slighted
He went to a party,
And ate just as hearty
As if he'd been really invited!

To return to Mr. Burgess, whose "poems" have, after all, been most in vogue, it is his work which certainly deserves the classification "poster."

I'd rather have fingers than toes;
I'd rather have ears than a nose;
And as for my hair,
I'm glad it's all there,
I'll be awfully sad when it goes!

The towel hangs upon the wall,
And, somehow, I don't care at all!
The door is open; I must say,
I rather fancy it that way!

Some one has paraphrased one of Mr. Burgess' jingles in a way which seems to throw light upon his methods;

I write my verses in the dark,
And do not have to think;
I make my fingers chase the pen,
And the pen chase the ink!

It is strange that nonsense of this description should appeal to educated people; but there is no denying that one's sense of humor is touched by the sublime abandon of such doggerel; and while there is not one New York society man or woman in a hundred who can tell the name of even one poem by the great Alfred Austin, there are many who have found the utmost relish in poster poetry. Truly this is a frivolous age.

ETCHINGS

AT THE PARADE.

AMID the tangle of damask roses
That shook their petals over the grass,
In the diamond dews of the July morning,
She stood to watch the soldiers pass.
"See the banners," she said, "that beckon,
Stars of silver against the blue,
Setting my soul aflame to follow!
Ah, but what can a maiden do?

"Hear the voices of long dead heroes
Call to arms in the trumpet's blare.
Oh, to put by my skirts of satin!
Oh, to cut off my flowing hair,
Gird my hips with a shining saber,
Spur my steed with a bold halloo
Into the thick of the bursting battle—
Ah, but what can a maiden do?

"Yonder youth with the sash of crimson
Looks from under his waving plume
Up this way at the glowing roses;
What if I fling him one in bloom?
See, the flower to his lips he presses—
Happy the girl he wills to woo!
Would that he found my face the fairest—
Ah, but what can a maiden do?

"Wait and wait, with hopeless passion,
Never daring a word to say—
Heart, be still, for the youth is breaking
Out of the ranks and comes this way!
Lo, in his eyes, the light of laughter,
Bright on his breast the rose I threw;
Pray, when a handsome lad comes courting,
Tell me, what should a maiden do?"

Over the hills the fireflies glittered,
Rockets flashed in the purple air,
All unheeding among the roses
Walked together the youthful pair.
"Chill a lover," he cried, "with scorning,
Cruelly rend his heart in two,
Lift him up to the heights of rapture—
All of these can a maiden do."

"How to be there in your place I panted,
Only a few short hours ago,
Under the flag to ride," she murmured;
"Now, I would never have it so.
Shed sweet tears for the fallen heroes,
Love and be loved by the brave and true,
Praise with smiles and reward with kisses—
This is the best for a maid to do!"

Minna Irving.

THE SONNET OF THE INTERWOVEN RHYMES.

A SONNET form there is, more beautiful
Than any that our poets wont to use;
It plays the rebel to Italian rule,
And must the bright peculiar birthright lose;
And yet so sweetly can it woo the muse
With gifts of newly interwoven rhyme,
That she, her rigor softened, may not choose
But love its beauties till she praise its crime.

Melodious Spenser used it, in the prime
Of English life and song, his love to tell;
Why does our later age forget the chime,
And in its changes slight that sweet toned bell?

Its rich, full rhythm shall ring again for thee,
Suiting heart music with word melody.

Curtis Hidden Page.

THE CENTENARY OF BURNS.

THE world is filled with countless songs
To which undying fame belongs,
Of smiles and tears and rights and wrongs,
Each vending its own hobby;
But of all bards of high degree,
Whose songs are rich in melody,
None sings so charmingly to me
As my ain bonnie Robbie.

He pities e'en the hapless mouse
By chance evicted from its house,
And moralizes on a louse
Upon a bonnet nobby;
He's dear to Scotia and to me,
And for a' that will ever be;
"O wad some power the giftie gie"
Another such as Robbie.

He aired the impulse of his heart,
Employing but the peasant's art,
Acquired about the village mart
Or field or farmyard lobby;
But so sublime his sweet address
To Mary, full of tenderness,
It will his name forever bless,
The honored name of Robbie.

G. F. Rinehart.

UNDER THE MAPLES.

UNDER the maples with Molly,
Down where the wind sweeps free,
Down where it strays in the bending maize,
Salt with the breath of the sea;
The white clouds lie in the arms of the sky,
The hollyhock cradles the bee,
And shrill is the hail of the mating quail,
But Molly's the mate for me!

Here is the scent of the meadows,
Kissed by the lover-like rain;
To the waiting trees comes the rover breeze
To woo and to flee again;
Here is the song of the robin throng
From the willows along the lea,
And the wild gulls ride on the sliding tide,
And this is the place for me!

For blithe is the laughter of Molly
As the flute of the twilight thrush,
Blue are her eyes, and soft her sighs,
And witching her winsome blush;
And sweet is the word that my heart has heard
At our tryst beneath the tree,
She has whispered it twice, she has whispered it thrice,
And "Yes!" is her word for me!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

THE BRAVE LOVER.

A WHITE rose once climbed up a steep castle wall,
With a heigho, sing low to my ladye!
Toward a window far up, set the highest of all,
With a heigho, sing low to my ladye!
It strove all the night and it ceased not by day,
(For where there's a will you can sure find a way),
Till the casement was reached in the morn dim and gray—
With a heigho, have pity, my ladye!

A maiden looked forth from her window so high,
With a heigho, sing low to my ladye!
And she spied the white rose, as it nestled close by,
With a heigho, sing low to my ladye!
She kissed its white petals all glistening with dew,
And called it her knight with a heart brave and true,
Who had climbed hard to win her—he had won her, too,
With a heigho, have pity, my ladye!

I stand near her castle, and fain would I try,
With a heigho, sing low to my ladye!
But the wall is so steep and the window so high,
With a heigho, sing low to my ladye!
And I oftentimes think of the glad olden time,
Of the rose and its efforts, its conquest sublime;
What would *my* welcome be if I dared but to climb?
With a heigho, have pity, my ladye!

Anthony Wilson.

KNOW'ST THOU THE LAND?

KNOW'ST thou the land where sky blue flowers
Grow six feet high from the scarlet ground,
And twist themselves into impossible bowers,
With whirligig leaves around?

Thither, oh, thither, love, let us fly
'Neath jet black trees and a pea green sky;
For I cannot rest till my feet shall stand
In the nightmare garden of Poster Land.

Know'st thou the land where a giant girl,
With a vacant face and solid hair,
With garments of many a serpentine twirl,
Stands on the amber air?

Thither, oh, thither, love, let us fly!
For I long to meet her before I die,
And see if my soul can understand
The mystical maiden of Poster Land.

Marion Couthouy Smith.

TWO ANSWERS.

"I love you, sweet,"
I said to a child,
Whose curls in a mass of tangles wild
Fell over the shoulders, soft and fair,
Kissed by the sun and the summer air.
"I love you, sweet;"
And she turned and smiled,
The frank, fresh smile of a trusting child.
"I love you, too;
I love you best,"
The lips of the little one confessed.

"I love you, sweet,"
I said to a maid,
And the dimples alternately went and stayed.
"I love you, sweet;" and the laughing eyes,
Blue as the bluest summer skies,
Looked shyly up,
And as shyly down
Under the lashes of golden brown;
But I waited in vain for the words confessed—
"I love you, too;
I love you best."

Madeleine Geale.

AMBITION.

ASPIRE not too high.
Although the lark soars to the sky,
To utter forth its most melodious sound,
Still, 't is confessed,
It comes to earth to build its nest
Low on the ground.

Louis J. Alber.

THE MODERN WAY.

"CHARGE!" he cried.
A hundred sturdy men and true
Hung on his word, for well they knew
The morrow would come, but they'd not be
There in the ranks, any more than he.
Marks of the struggle through which they'd come
Lay before them; hushed was its hum;
Now was the time, and the waited word
Fell on their ears. In silence they heard.
Not a man flinched, but each one stood
Firm in his place, as a brave man should;
They looked to the leader; his eyes flashed bright;
Each was ready to do with his might
What the leader bade. At the word of command
The muscles grew tense in each strong right hand—
"Charge!" he cried.

Nay, 't was not Wellington. Marlborough? No.
Inkermann, Plassy, were long, long ago;
But in London town, and the lord mayor spoke
The word that even the sleepers woke
Among the guests ranged at his banquet oak.
"Charge!" he cried.
"Charge—your glasses!"

Frank Roe Batchelder.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

THE PERVERSION OF CRIMINAL JUSTICE.

A CRIMINAL trial is beginning to seem like a battle, a game, between the opposing lawyers, rather than a calm arrival at a judgment which shall deal out justice.

The moral effect upon the public is most unfortunate. A hardened criminal who sees in his crime no punishment of remorse and self contempt, but only possible incarceration or death, begins to look upon a successful criminal lawyer as his best friend, as a man who can stand between him and punishment, and is quite willing to do it for a consideration. On the other hand, the prosecuting attorney is feared almost as much by the innocent as the guilty. He is regarded as taking advantage of every possible subterfuge and trick to get a conviction, and as taking it consciously and deliberately.

This view of the prosecuting attorney is given by the opposing counsel in his efforts to nullify that official's work; and unfortunately the records of "star cases" confirm the undesirable impression. The prosecutor is bound by his oath to consider the interests of the prisoner equally with those of the people. That too often he does not do this calmly, squarely, and judiciously, everybody can see. The contest of legal ingenuity becomes exciting, and the life or liberty of the accused appears to become a secondary consideration in the mêlée. The lawyers on both sides battle for "reputation."

If no lawyer would deliberately undertake to defraud justice by screening the guilty; if judge, jury, and counsel would sift a criminal case as calmly as any other subject, realizing their fearful responsibility, and taking it as a supreme duty; then crime would have a new check, and respect for the law and its practitioners would advance. But the millennium has not yet arrived.

THE WESTERN MOTHER OF PRESIDENTS.

SHOULD Mr. McKinley be successful at the polls next November, his State will have nearly equaled the historic record of Virginia as a mother of Presidents. The latter, the most populous and important of the thirteen original States, supplied us with five of our first ten chief magistrates. Besides these, William Henry Harrison, the ninth President, and Zachary Taylor, the twelfth, were Virginians by birth. Ohio, not admitted to the Union until 1802, has already been represented thrice in the roll of political honor, by the elder Harrison, Hayes, and Garfield. She was also the birthplace of two other Presidents—Grant and Benjamin Harrison. New York, which for eighty years—since she wrested the premier rank from Virginia—has stood first in wealth and population, has furnished but two successful candidates for the Presidency—Van Buren and Cleveland, though two more of her sons, Fillmore and Arthur, reached the office by the accident of its tenant's death.

No other State, except Massachusetts and Tennessee, has had two Presidents, and no central or Western State can compare with Ohio's record. Is it a mere matter of chance, or is there, as has sometimes been suggested, an extra spice of the "get there" quality about the sons of the Buckeye commonwealth? No doubt Ohio herself, with her well known modesty, would repudiate this latter theory; yet it seems to be obtaining some credence, at least in the world of politics.

THE DYING EMBERS OF SECTIONALISM.

IT is a time honored custom that each graduating class at Yale should plant a slip of ivy in the college grounds; and these memorial vines are usually taken from some spot of interesting historic associations. A cutting from the ivy that grows upon General Lee's tomb, at Lexington, Virginia, was offered to the class of 1896, and was accepted. It is strange that even one single voice should have been raised in criticism of so inoffensive a proceeding. One of the class day speakers, a clergyman of some repute in New England, protested against it with all the ardor of a narrow mind and a tasteless obtrusiveness. We are glad to learn that his outbreak elicited no response whatever, and that the ivy was duly planted. We have not heard as yet that any other irreconcilable has come along to tear it up.

To import an obsolete sectionalism into such a matter is as gratuitous as it is misguided. That must be a most bovine species of bull to whom a sprig of ivy from a dead fellow countryman's grave can serve as a red flag. It should be universally recognized, in 1896, that the civil war ended, and ended forever, in 1865. We commend to general attention and approval the lines upon a monument recently unveiled in one of New York's burial grounds:

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules; her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons.

THE DECLINE OF LEISURE.

YEARS ago, *Punch* published a picture of two men, supposed to be typical inhabitants of the west end of London, walking along Piccadilly. One of them said to the other, "My dear fellow, pray do not walk so fast, or people will imagine that you have something to do."

The joke accurately represented the opinion of a generation ago, when English society re-

garded it as discreditable to have any connection with productive labor or commercial work of any sort. A member of the upper ten, actual or would be, was careful to conceal any business ability he might possess as being an utterly vulgar trait. The reader will remember *Barnes Newcome's* daily walk between his city office and his west end club, and Thackeray's delightful description of the carefully graduated progress by which the brisk, hard headed young banker became, as he moved westward, the languid and foppish exquisite.

There are many indications, today, that the tide is turning, or rather that it has long since turned, and that the old social prejudices have been pretty well swept away. The ancient landed aristocracy of England has been hard hit by agricultural depression, and we have seen earls and countesses go into trade as the only alternative to pawning their coronets. On the other hand, the new commercial and financial plutocracy has carried society's citadels by its command of the purse strings; and the result has been a shifting of ideas. The stronghold of the "leisure class" has capitulated. The average young man of the west end is no longer idle, and no longer ashamed of the fact that he works. The man who has no occupation is already regarded with a certain degree of distrust.

To Americans, the development is interesting chiefly because it adds another to the many points at which English ideas have, in recent years, become assimilated to our own. We are pleased to see the signs of an apparent determination upon the part of our worthy friend Mr. Bull to advance by clinging to the flapping coat tails of our Uncle Samuel.

THE PLAN FOR A HEBREW NATION.

A MOVEMENT of which Americans hear very little, but which may have an important effect upon the history of the coming century, is going forward upon the shores of the Mediterranean. This is the return of the Jews to their ancient home in Palestine—the Zionite movement, as it is called.

For hundreds of years there has been talk of the Jew returning to Jerusalem. Through all his years of oppression and wandering, this vision of his native land has been held before his eyes by certain of his teachers. But it is only in the last twelve years, since the renewal of persecution in Russia, that the idea has taken shape. There are now more than four thousand Jewish colonists in Palestine. At Jaffa the schools are Hebrew, the ancient language being spoken altogether, and a Hebrew literature is being developed. The works of the great English, French, and German authors are being translated, and writers of their own race are encouraged.

The Zionite movement is backed by the influence of the Rothschilds and other great Jewish families and societies, and as we see its stirrings in every country, we can believe that it only requires a great popular leader to make it one of the important movements of history. That it is not purely religious, but racial, is proven by the coöperation of Rabinowitz, the Christian Jew who became so well known here during the World's Fair Congress. There is already one Jewish Christian colony in Palestine.

Those who have based their attitude toward the Jew upon the traditions of Christianity, believe that it is impossible for him to have a permanent home. They bring forward Biblical prophecies which they interpret as forbidding it; and as a fulfilment of the prophecies they point to his loss of caste, his long social and political inferiority.

They never stop to consider that his only persecutors have been Christians, that he has been held down only by Christian fanaticism. A part of the Jewish people have, through centuries of oppression, taken on some of the characteristics of an enslaved race; as a nation enjoying autonomy and freedom, such characteristics—created by Christian prejudice—would be likely to disappear.

As a Jewish state, Palestine might well become a country that would claim consideration among the family of nations. If the Zionite movement continues to grow, such a result is almost assured.

THE WHEEL AND THE PULPIT.

IT is only natural that the ubiquitous bicycle should have gotten into the pulpit—not literally, but as a subject for sermons. Although the clerical standpoint is usually a conservative and a more or less critical one, yet of the many preachers who have touched on the subject of the wheel few, so far as we are aware, have denounced it as an evil thing. They have spoken warningly of the abuses to which it may contribute, but have, as a rule, recognized that its dangers, at their worst, are far outweighed by its benefits—a fact that shows the prevalence of clear judgment and good common sense.

"Bicycling," said one well known New York clergyman, "has done much for the public good. It has made the enervated take to outdoor exercise. It has contributed to the spiritual good of the community. Half the religious doubts of the world have been dyspeptic doubts. To possess moral health, man needs physical health. Bicycling has helped intellectual progress by promoting social intercourse. It is giving us better roads. In fact, we cannot estimate the good done by the wheel. I thank God for it, and would canonize the inventor if I knew his name."

Denouncing the bicycle, from the pulpit or anywhere else, is like railing at the railroad or the steamship. Every great mechanical invention, each new phase of development, brings to fallible humanity some opportunity of evil along with its power for good. Shall we abandon the art of writing because it has created the crime of forgery? Must we all go unclad because the apparel of some is sinfully ostentatious? It would be almost as foolish to seek to abolish the steed of steel because now and then one rides it to perdition.

SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER comes across the hills ;
  Hark to her welcome, strong and free—
  The diapason of the sea,
The treble music of the rills.

A flush dyes every vine and tree,
  The sunlit land with rapture thrills ;
This is the autumn's jubilee !
  September comes across the hills.

Fragrance with lavish hand she spills ;
  Magician of the year is she,
  To whom all nature bends the knee.
Announced by woodland scents and trills,
September comes across the hills !

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"A Path of Roses."

From the painting by Ethel Wright—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

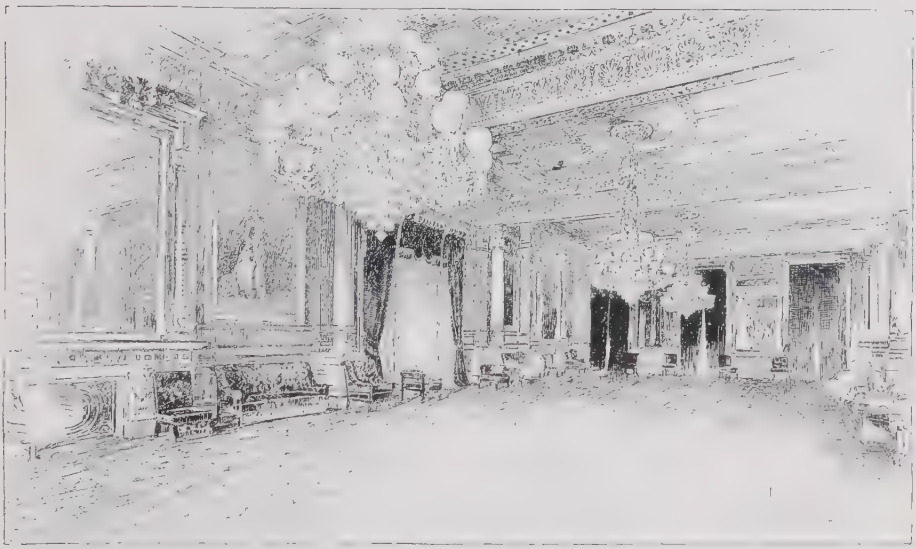
MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XV. SEPTEMBER, 1896. NO. 6.

IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

OUR REPUBLICAN COURT, AS IT APPEARS AT THE PRESIDENT'S RECEPTIONS—THE BEAUTY OF THE WHITE HOUSE, AND THE THRONGS THAT FILL ITS HISTORIC ROOMS.

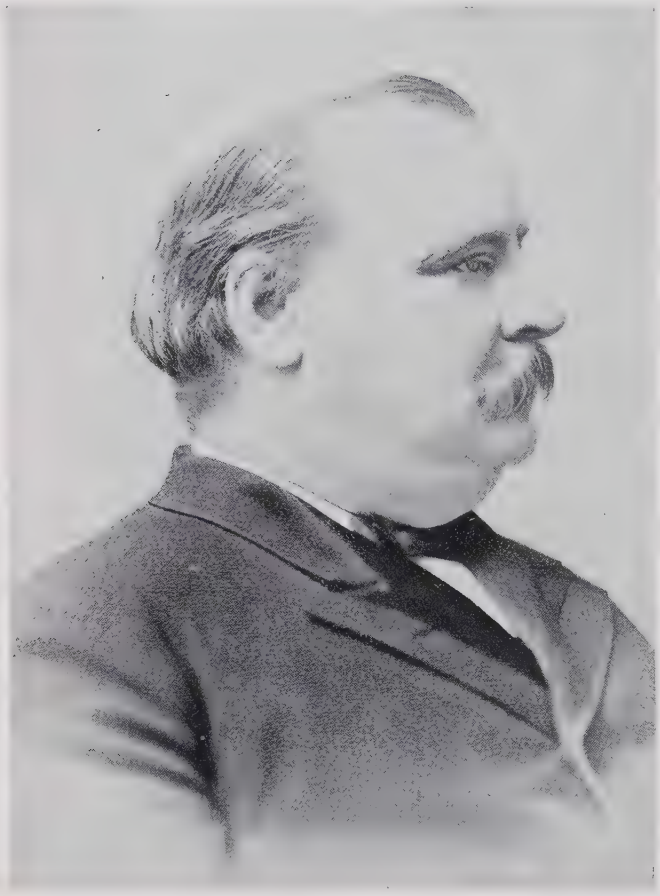
ASIDE from the state dinners, there are at the White House, each season, three great evening functions for which cards are issued. At the first, the members of the diplomatic corps are the guests of honor; at the second, Congress and the judiciary; at the last, the army and navy.



The East Room of the White House.

These three receptions might truly be described, as far as the guests are concerned, as three great struggles to perform three almost impossible acts. The trio of feats are to gain the dressing room and dispose of one's wrappings; to emerge from it and be received by the President and Mrs. Cleveland; and to regain the dressing room and recover one's outer garments. This little journey in the White House world usually occupies a good share of the two hours—from nine to eleven—set apart for the reception, and the woes of *Pilgrim*, with the Slough of Despond, the giant *Despair*, and all his other enemies and obstacles, were mere bagatelles compared to those of social travelers at the Executive Mansion on these occasions.

If it were required that the cards of invitation sent out for these gala times should be presented at the gates, there would be no such crush. But passports are not demanded, with the result that not only every one who is bidden goes, but also hundreds



President Cleveland.

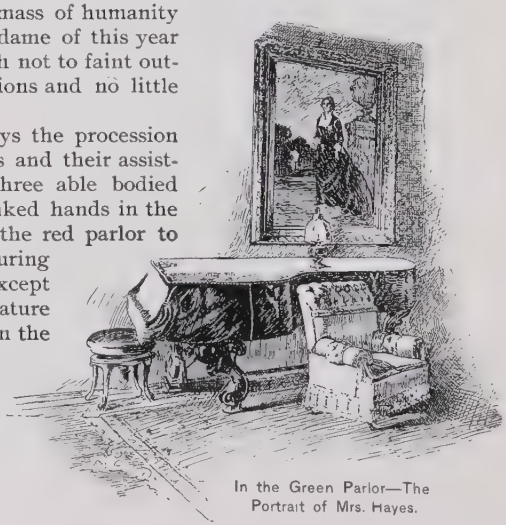
From his latest photograph—Copyright by C. M. Bell, Washington.

who are not. The consequence is a dense mass of humanity through which the befrilled and besleeved dame of this year of grace 1896 squeezes—if she is lucky enough not to faint outright—with great detriment to her decorations and no little trial to her temper.

The focus of the crowd, of course, is always the procession that marches in to greet the host and hostess and their assistants. This forms in the inner corridor. Three able bodied attachés of the White House stand with linked hands in the doorway that opens from the corridor into the red parlor to prevent an undue number of guests from pouring in at once. This precaution is effectual, except now and then when a lady of diminutive stature who has become separated from her party in the jam, outwits the custodians by dodging under their very arms, and joining her friends whether those guardians will or no.

In the red room femininity recovers her breath and her sleeves, if she can ; for the red room is the ante chamber to the blue parlor, where the President and Mrs. Cleveland stand. There is consequently a momentary halt here, with a patting of locks, a plucking out of depressed sleeves, and general preparation for the reception just ahead. The visitor once in trim, she gives her name to Colonel Wilson, the majordomo of the White House, who stands at the President's left, and who makes the introductions. In another moment the goal is reached and passed, and the President, Mrs. Cleveland, and the ladies of the cabinet, forming a long line across the blue parlor, have all been greeted.

Beyond is the green parlor, but no lengthened tarrying is expected here, for just as the red room is considered merely as the entrance of the reception parlor, so the green room is looked upon only as its exit. The big, square, historic east room, however, stretching the entire depth of the White House, and to which



In the Green Parlor—The Portrait of Mrs. Hayes.

The South Front of the White House.

Drawn by J. M. Gleeson.

the green parlor leads, is the grand rendezvous where one may stand or sit—if one can find a vacant divan, which is highly improbable—chat with friends, or inspect the exquisite floral garnishings, till one has mustered up courage to begin the dreaded return trip to the dressing room.

conceive, since besides standing stock still for two solid hours she must look pleasant every second of the time. I certainly think the receiving party should have seats. Of course, carping critics would say that seats suggested a throne; but as I may be a President's wife myself

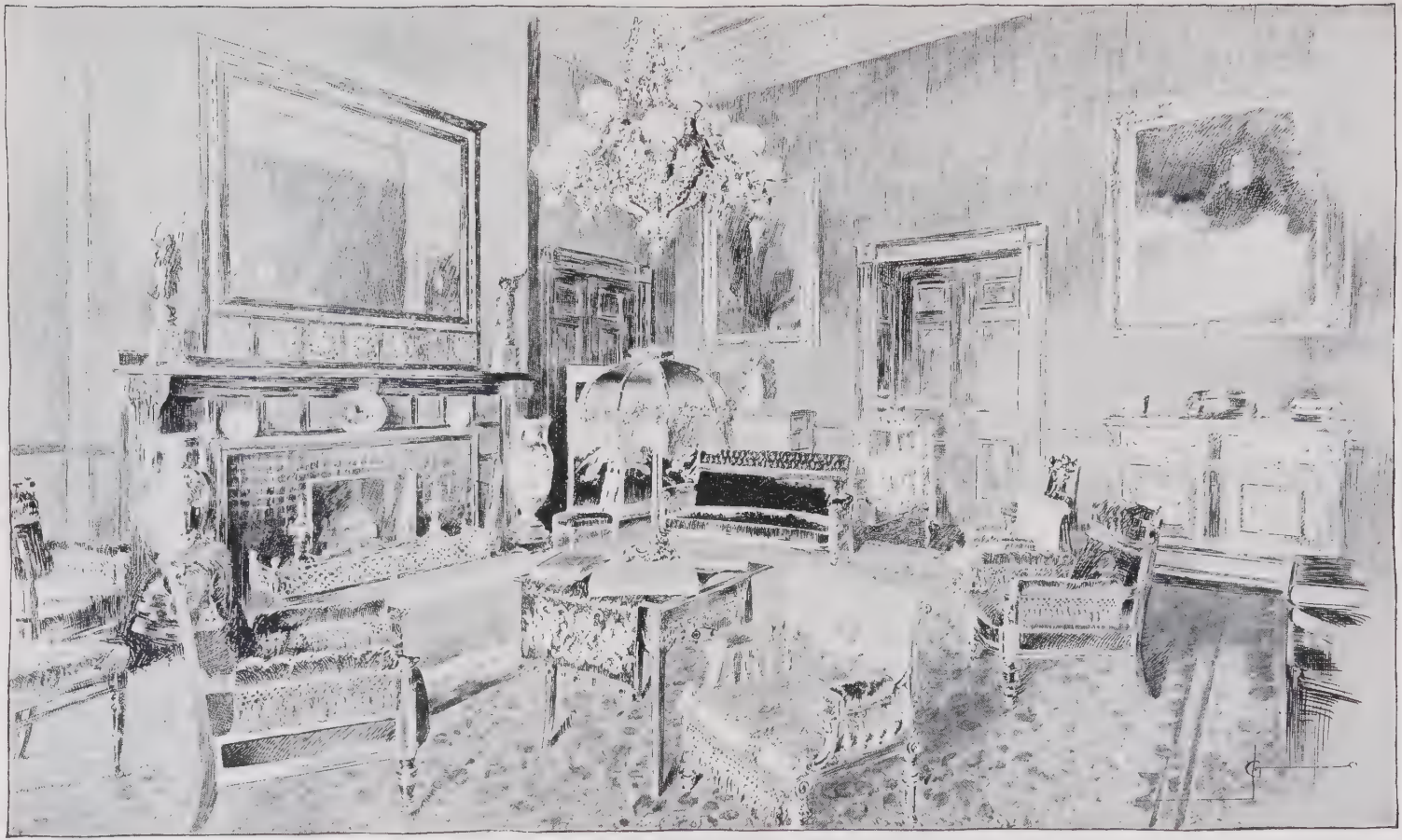
Mrs. Cleveland.

From her latest photograph by Gilbert, Washington.

"I thought when I came in," said one visitor, "that I'd almost rather wear my sealskin in these hot rooms all the evening, than try any longer to fight my way into that dressing room; and now I believe I'd as soon go home in the freezing air without it, bare necked and bare armed as I am, than attempt to get back to it."

"I wouldn't mind that," returned the other, "if I could only have sat down once—just one little once—this blessed evening, and rested myself for a minute. How Mrs. Cleveland endures it I cannot one day—who knows?—I will put myself on record right now as saying that I, for one, advocate thrones, if thrones they be, for these huge receptions."

Mrs. Cleveland's gracious manner is indeed unfailing. The President has been seen to look bored, and the cabinet ladies grow weary, but Mrs. Cleveland has reduced her social methods to such an art—for art it must be, since it would be palpably absurd to ask of flesh and blood that such superhuman endurance should be nature—that she is apparently as fresh at the close of



The Red Parlor of the White House.

Drawn by J. M. Gleeson.

In the Blue Parlor.

landed with blossoms, are lovely paradoxes of ice, fire, and flowers. Or they may be likened to mighty clusters of diamonds and pearls—the soft ground glass globes being the pearls, the hundreds of scintillating pendants, radiating every color of the rainbow, the diamonds. The mantels are banked with the choicest roses, hyacinths, and ferns. The ceilings and walls are twined with thick cables of smilax, studded with multitudes of tiny colored electric lights. The long conservatory, filled with all the exquisite growing things of the world, is a blaze of light, and from the outside looks like some transparent palace. Every woman wears her brightest jewels and her gayest gown. The diplomats are in court costume, the army and navy in full uniform, while over it, and under it, and through it all, ebbs and flows the melody of the scarlet coated band.

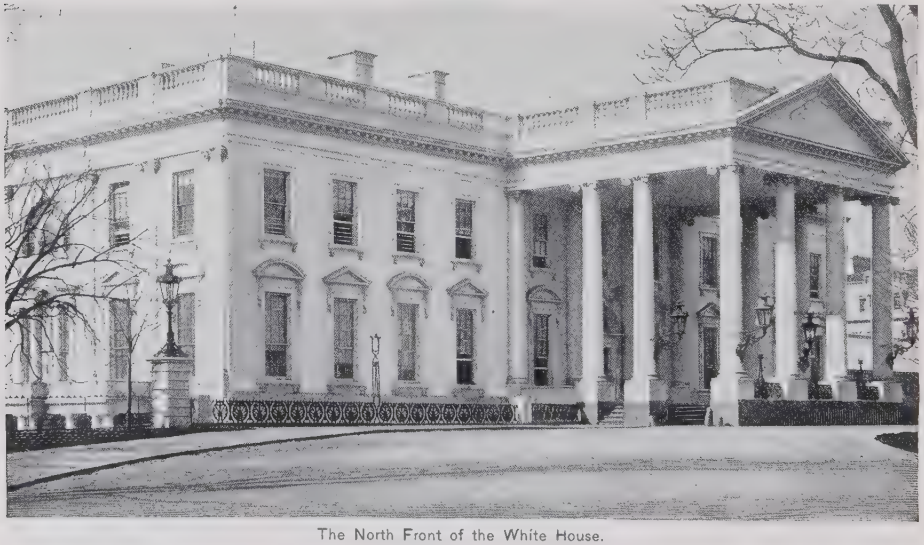
At the head of the private staircase, on these nights, there is always stationed a little bevy of observers eagerly looking down upon the panorama beneath. This company is composed of the personal attendants of the Presidential household—the valet, the governess, the maids, the nurses.

"Those servants had the best place of all," said a Congressman's daughter, as she stood waiting for her carriage, and shivering. "They enjoyed it just as I shall enjoy it tomorrow—as a picture beautiful to look upon from a little distance, but not so charming when one is too close."

Alice Ewing Lewis.

the evening's ordeal as at its beginning, and as glad to see the last guest as the first.

The White House, like other professional beauties, is at its best in evening dress. It sparkles like a huge jewel. Its great cut glass chandeliers, all alight, and gar-



The North Front of the White House.

From a photograph by Jarvis, Washington.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

A CRITIC AND LEADER OF SOCIETY.

Lady Jeune is well known in America through her published essays upon social conditions in England. In London she is famed chiefly as a leader of the society that she has so frankly criticised. Her house in old fashioned Harley Street is not a gilded abode of wealth, but as a salon where the notable men and women of the day gather it has few rivals in the British capital. The lions of literature and art go there to rub shoulders with the wearers of ancient titles. Dukes and duchesses, bishops, cabinet ministers, and even royal personages, are to be seen there, though not a few of the guests may be secretly afraid of their clever hostess' trenchant pen. She had a serious tiff, a year or so ago, with the Duchess of Sutherland, in consequence of a published paragraph describing that lady's alleged literary ambitions. These the duchess vigorously disclaimed, and she is said to have stigmatized Lady Jeune as an "offensive tattler." The latter proved her ability, however, to hold her own against the attacks of her ducal antagonist.

Lady Jeune.

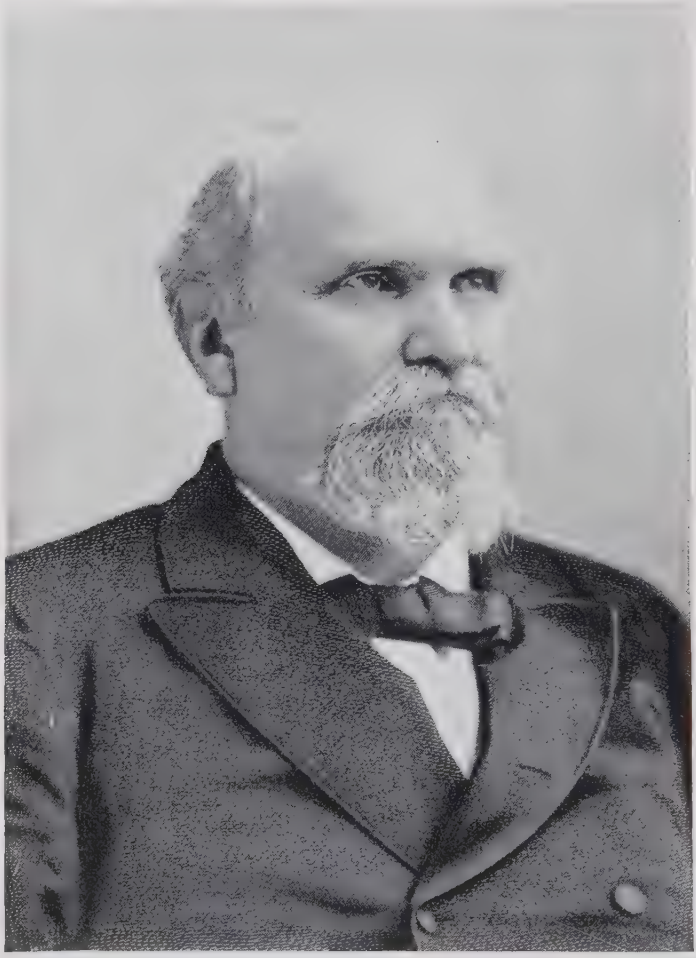
From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

Lady Jeune was a Miss Stewart-Mackenzie, a member of the Scottish family whose

head is the Earl of Galloway. As a girl she was married to Colonel Stanley, a son of Lord Stanley of Alderley. After her first husband's death she married a clever young lawyer, Francis Jeune, the eldest son of the late Bishop of Peterborough. He has since she has always pointed her sharpest arrows of criticism.

THE DEMOCRATIC CHAIRMAN.

Senator Jones of Arkansas, Mr. Harrity's successor as chairman of the Democratic



James K. Jones, United States Senator from Arkansas.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

been knighted, and raised to the bench as president of the probate and divorce division of the high court of justice.

Besides her social duties and her literary work, Lady Jeune is deeply interested in philanthropic work, and has organized several charities whose field is among the poor of the London slums. She is an intensely practical woman, with a strong sense of the responsibilities of wealth. The waste of money in mere vulgar or frivolous ostentation is the modern social blemish at which

national committee, is a modest man who tells the public, through the pages of the "Congressional Directory," that he "carried a musket in the late unpleasantness on the losing side." While generals and colonels are with us in countless numbers, Mr. Jones is one of the few surviving privates of the two armies. With the modesty that distinguishes his military record, he has never sought to thrust himself forward in politics. He was forced to the front, in the Fifty Third Congress, by the urgent

Horace Boies.

From a photograph by Bilbrough, Dubuque.

need of a leader for his party's forces in the Senate. Put in charge of the Wilson tariff bill, he displayed a knowledge of economics and a faculty for leadership which few had expected. His success rallied around him the adherents of free silver coinage, and the Chicago convention made the Confederate private a political generalissimo.

Mr. Jones is a man of fifty seven years, and of fine physique. He has served for nearly eighteen years at Washington, and on the 4th of next March, when his second term in the Senate expires, he will begin a third, to which he was elected last winter. He is not a man of wealth, his plantation in Arkansas being almost his entire property; but he has great faith in an invention for rolling cotton in cylindrical form, and should the new machine supersede the cotton compress, as he predicts, it may make the Senator rich.

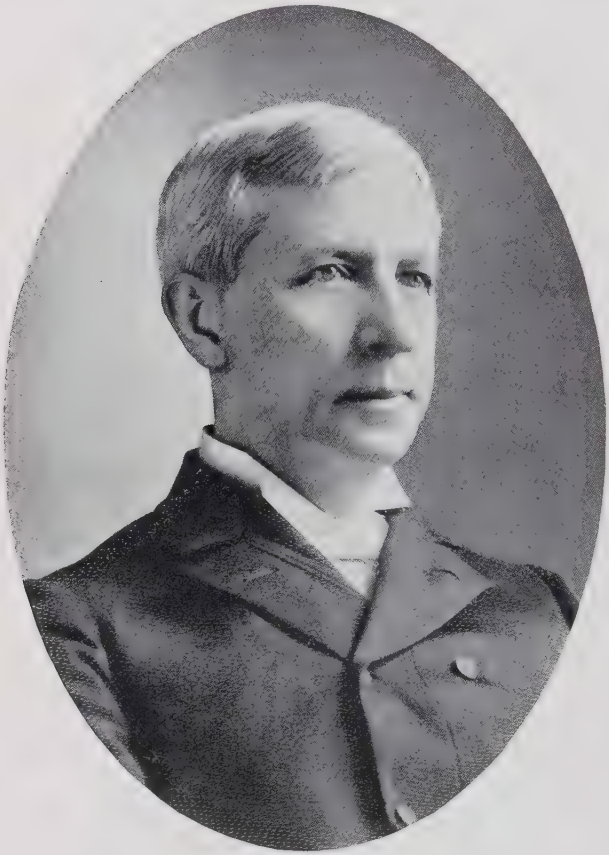
THE FARMER STATESMAN OF IOWA.

One of the humors of the Democratic convention in Chicago was the invention of the term "affidavit face" for the bland and ingenuous countenance of Horace Boies of Iowa. Mr. Boies' face was in evidence chiefly in the form of lithographs, though its owner himself was on view for a short time. Unfortunately for the hopes of his political friends, he is not an orator like Mr. Bryan. The "cross of gold" triumphed, and the "affidavit face" retired to the seclusion of Waterloo, Iowa.

Mr. Boies is a New Yorker, but has become thoroughly Westernized during his thirty years' experience in Iowa. When he was sixteen years old he went to Racine, Wisconsin, with seventy five cents in his pocket, intending to grow up with the country; but he found his surroundings uncongenial, and went back to the East, to take up the study of law. He hung out his shingle in Buffalo, and was practising there when Mr. Cleveland was the local district attorney. During all this time Mr. Boies was a Republican in politics, and he remained so long after his removal to Iowa in 1867. In 1884 he became a Cleveland Democrat, and stumped the State for tariff reform. Five years later his personal popu-

larity secured his nomination and election to the governorship, an office which no Democrat had held for forty years; and though he was beaten for reëlection, this remarkable success brought him forward prominently as a Presidential possibility.

Mr. Boies is a farmer as well as a lawyer.



The Rev. John Lindsay Withrow, D. D.,
Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly.
From a photograph by Gehrig, Chicago.

He has a farm of twenty five hundred acres near Waterloo, and devotes much of his time to supervising its cultivation.

A PRESBYTERIAN LEADER.

For the last seven years the great annual gathering of Presbyterianism—the church's General Assembly—has been an occasion of strife and struggle. The liberal and conservative schools of religious thought have again and again found themselves hopelessly at odds. Their seemingly irrepressible conflict has disheartened the church at large and distracted its lawmakers. The dissension seemed to become more and more embittered, and many observers predicted that it could end only in the disruption of the Presbyterian body.

The danger of such a disaster has been measurably lessened, if not wholly removed, by the better feeling that prevailed at the General Assembly held at Saratoga in May—a feeling that was in great part attributed to the wise influence of the man who was chosen to be moderator for the present year. Dr. Withrow proved to be a "moderator" in the most literal sense. He was remarkably successful in inspiring a spirit of mutual concession, and in managing the discussion of vexed questions without once allowing an opening for bitterness.

Dr. Withrow is pastor of one of the largest Presbyterian congregations in the West—the Third, of Chicago. He is fifty nine years old, a Pennsylvanian by birth, and a graduate of Princeton. He has been at the head of important churches in Philadelphia, Indianapolis, and Boston. In the last named city, his charge was the historic Park Street Church. He has had nearly ten years of successful ministry in Chicago.

AN EASTERN BOY KING.

The young King of Servia represents one of the newest royal families of Europe. The dynasty was founded by his great grandfather's brother, Milosch Obrenovitch, who began life as a swineherd; and its brief history has been a stormy one. Milosch's son and successor, Michael, was assassinated; his grandnephew, Milan, escaped a like fate by abdicating. There has been war with Turkey and with Bulgaria, and a bitter internal feud between the established rulers and the Karageorgevitch pretenders, the descendants of "Black George," who led the Servian peasants' first revolt against Turkish domination.

It is not strange that Alexander, the

fourth Obrenovitch, should have difficulty in finding a princess to share his throne. Four times he has been reported as paying his addresses at four several courts, but no betrothal has as yet been announced. First it was Helen of Montenegro whose hand he sought; then Sibylle of Hesse; then Olga Dolgorouki, the Czar's half sister by his father's morganatic wife; and finally Marie of Greece. This last match might have been arranged but for one objection—the opposition of the lady herself, who preferred another Alexander, a son of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia.

Alexander, King of Servia.
From his latest photograph by Jovanovitch, Belgrade.

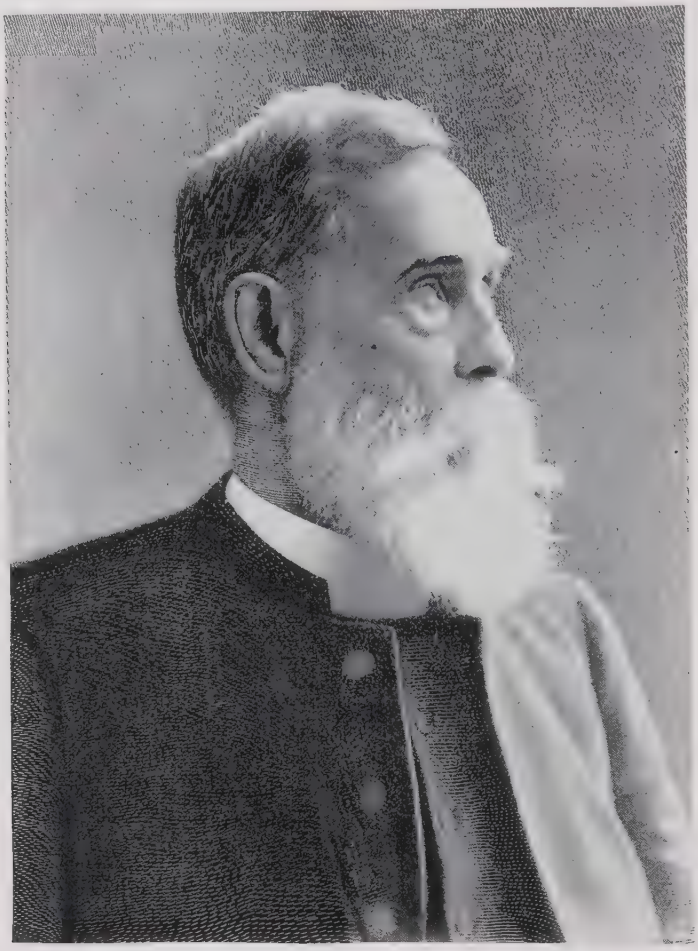
The Servians are an interesting people, and have in them the makings of a state. The ambitious boy—for he is scarcely more—who is now their king, may have an important part to play in the troubled politics of the Balkan peninsula.

THE BLIND CHAPLAIN OF CONGRESS.

One Saturday night, some forty years ago, some Western Congressmen had met on an Ohio river boat, on their way to Washington. The place and the time were not those of strict decorum, and the statesmen devoted themselves to poker, interspersed with the whisky of the country, and decorated with conversation that was not of the drawing room order. One of the passengers whom their revelry disturbed was a young Methodist circuit rider. Next day, services were held in the cabin, and the captain asked the young preacher, whose name was Milburn, for a sermon. His address was a fearless arraignment of the Congressmen's unworthy amusements. When he had delivered it, he retired to his stateroom and awaited the result; for that was a day when insults were seldom long unavenged. Presently there came a rap at his door. He rose and admitted the captain, who told the astonished preacher that the abashed statesmen had sent him a sum of money, and invited him to be a candidate for the chaplaincy of Congress.

That was the introduction to public life

of William H. Milburn, since famous as the "Blind Chaplain of Congress." He has held this office for many years, first with the House, and at present with the Senate; and in the intervals of his terms of service he has traveled all over the world as a lecturer and preacher. He bears his seventy three years easily, and is one of the most picturesque and familiar figures of Washington life as he walks along Pennsylvania Avenue, to and from the Capitol, on the arm of his adopted daughter.



The Rev. William H. Milburn, Chaplain of the United States Senate.

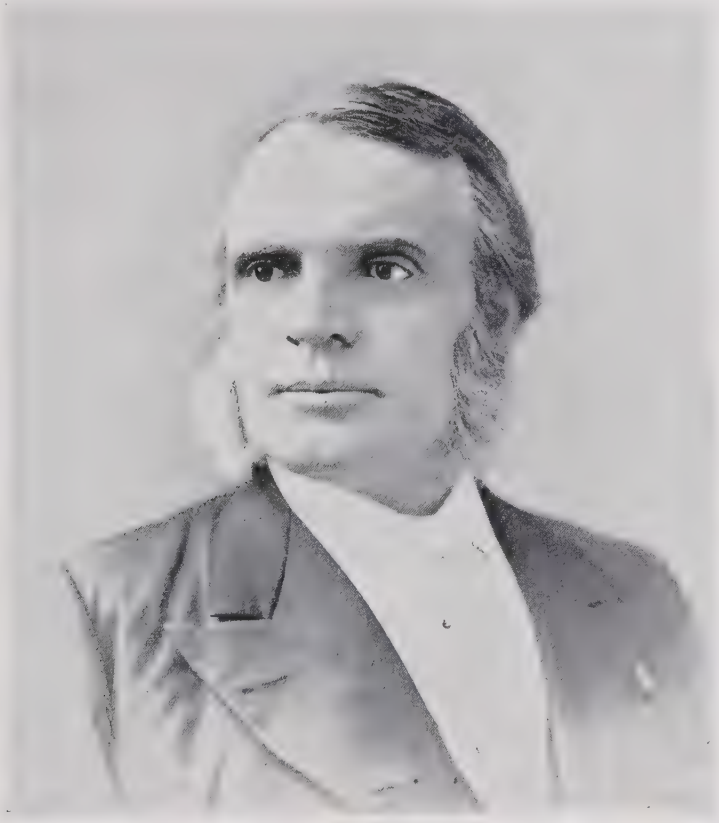
From a photograph by the Favorite Studio, New York.

The fearless independence that Mr. Milburn showed in the incident on the Ohio river boat has always marked his thoughts and expressions. It was the bravery of the plain spoken circuit rider, a type that was an element in the history of the building of the Middle States. It won him respect and popularity at Washington, though at one time he was notified by the Speaker of the House that some of the members had taken offense at his comments upon public affairs and political questions, and that it would be well to avoid controversial topics in his invocations.

A NEW METHODIST BISHOP.

Dr. Charles C. McCabe, whom the recent conference of the Methodist church raised to the rank of a bishop, but who still is best known as "Chaplain McCabe," is famous as the most successful beggar of modern times. All his begging has been done in the cause of charity and religion. It began just thirty years ago, when he took part in

the celebration of the centennial of American Methodism, and incidentally raised nearly a hundred thousand dollars for the Ohio Wesleyan University, his alma mater. This attracted the attention of the newly formed Church Extension Society, which enlisted him as assistant secretary. In 1884, at a critical period in the existence of his career, and that which won him the sobriquet that clung to him so long, was his service as a Federal army chaplain during the civil war. He suffered a term of confinement in Libby Prison, an experience which he turned to good account in a lecture that is perhaps the most popular ever delivered, judging from the frequency of



Dr. C. C. McCabe, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

From a photograph by Garber, New York.

the Methodist Missionary Society, he undertook the secretaryship of that important organization.

During his long connection with these two societies, Dr. McCabe's work has made him famous throughout the Christian world. Millions of dollars have been raised and expended under his auspices. His voice has been heard in more hamlets, villages, towns, and cities than that of any other living Methodist. His enthusiastic earnestness and his personal magnetism have won him a wide popularity.

Dr. McCabe is an Ohioan, not quite sixty years old. The most adventurous part of requests for its delivery, and for the amount of money it has secured for philanthropic purposes. His episcopal residence will be at Fort Worth, Texas, where he will make his home for the next four years.

AN ARCTIC EXPLORER.

There are few men who are, literally speaking, more completely out of the public eye, just now, than Frederick Jackson, who was last heard of in July, 1895, amid the arctic snows of Franz Josef Land; but Mr. Jackson's plucky attempt to reach the North Pole by a new and untried route has excited no little interest all over the world,

Frederick Jackson.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

and when he returns to civilization—if he returns alive—he is likely to be the hero of the hour.

The great polar island group, or possibly continent, of Franz Josef Land was discovered twenty years ago by the Austrian explorers Payer and Weyprecht, in the icy seas beyond Nova Zembla. Jackson went there in 1894, intending to spend three years in the attempt to push northward to the pole. In several respects this region seems to offer an easier avenue of approach than the glacier clad shores of Greenland, where so many brave men have toiled and perished with a disheartening lack of results. Its climate is less severe, it has an abundance of animal life, and it offers a land route for much, or perhaps all, of the distance to the pole—which Jackson regards as a great advantage, as he is a believer in sledges as the best means of arctic travel.

Mr. Harmsworth, an English publisher, who is defraying the cost of the expedition, has sent his steam yacht to Franz Joseph Land each summer with supplies for the explorers. Those who visited them last year paint quite an attractive picture of Jackson's headquarters, a large log hut, christened "Elmwood." Its thick walls are lined with baize and hung with pictures; the living rooms are filled with easy chairs, brightened by a huge fire of logs, and humanized by the stalwart figure of the Englishman, with his pet Eskimo dogs curled up on the rug at his feet.

In September or October Mr. Harmsworth's yacht will probably get back to England with later news from Jackson.

IN THE REIGN OF BORIS.*

By Robert McDonald,

Author of "A Princess and a Woman."

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I TO IX.

BEVERLY, a New York newspaper correspondent, is sent by the *Herald* to Carpathia, a little state in eastern Europe, to investigate the political situation, and incidentally the transactions of John Marr, a wealthy American who controls vast interests there. Crossing the Atlantic in company with the capitalist and his daughter Elinor, and Count Lubona, a Carpathian nobleman, Beverly discovers evidence of a conspiracy to overthrow Boris, the king, in which Lubona is a leading spirit. The young ruler is suspected of desiring to hand his dominions over to Russia, of whose royal house he is a morganatic scion.

While Beverly is riding with the king and Lubona through a wooded ravine in Carpathia, an attempt is made to assassinate Boris, who is badly hurt. Despite Beverly's protest, Lubona orders the fallen monarch conveyed to his own ancestral castle, now occupied by the Marrs, whose sympathy Lubona has enlisted. Through a misunderstanding Beverly is known to the Marrs as Mr. Hardin, and he resolves to retain his incognito. The king is introduced as Count Festin, and in this guise, on recovering somewhat from his injury, he pretends to fall in with Marr's plans, and agrees to accompany him to the conspirators' rendezvous. A strange woman, jealous of Lubona's attention to Miss Marr, warns Beverly that the king is in danger. He tells Boris, and as they have discovered the presence of guards around the house, they determine to accompany Marr, believing that once safely outside they will be able to escape to Carpeth, the capital. Marr rides out of the courtyard in advance, but before Beverly and the king can follow, the door is swung shut. At this moment a shot rings out, and Marr's voice is heard shouting, "Look out for the king!"

X.

BEVERLY swung himself down from his horse in angry impatience.

"He knew I was the king," Boris said; and then the ridiculousness of his situation struck him, and he laughed loudly. "Is this a game of hide and seek?" he asked.

"It is a game which is going to deprive you of a throne," the American returned. "We were a pair of fools to trust that man, or to believe for an instant that he did not know you. He must have his plans perfectly matured to have told you of them tonight, and then——"

"Shut me out—or in. Your countryman appears to have a pretty wit."

Beverly left his horse standing, and went over to the stable door of which the girl had told him. As she had said, it bolted on the inside. It took him only an instant to pull back the heavy bars of iron, although they had rusted from long disuse. His heart jumped as each one gave way before him. After all, they might have one chance of getting out into the open. He felt that if that could only be brought about all would go well. As his strong muscles answered the call upon them, he felt in himself the energy of ten men. He could fight through anything, and he would.

An iron handle was fastened against the door, for use in drawing it open, and as the last bolt fell Beverly grasped this and pulled. To his surprise, it yielded, and came slowly open on rusty hinges. He had scarcely hoped for this, in his heart.

He found himself looking into blackness. The stable was lighted by two lanterns hung up against the sides of the stone wall, but their rather feeble light did not extend here. He started to take one down, and then, instead, he ran swiftly to them and put both of them out.

"What are you doing?" Boris asked angrily. He had dismounted from his own horse, and was investigating the stable. He found every door locked.

"If these people are still outside, I do not want them to see that we have found an open way. The light will tell."

"If it was going to tell, it has carried its message already. These doors are all locked. We are rats in a trap. We are confined to this one room to await the arrival of any man who chooses to come and pick us off through some peephole. Ah, well, the fortunes of war!" And he sat down on an overturned feed box against which he had stumbled.

"They won't do very accurate picking off in darkness," Beverly returned. The air of the night blew in, and he wondered why the moonlight did not show here. He supposed that clouds and the thick fir trees were responsible.

"Are we to mount our horses and ride out," Boris asked, "to be shot down out-

* *This story began in the July number of* MUNSEY'S.

side instead of inside? I suppose it is immaterial, except that outside we *may* get away. I should judge from what our kind host said that he does not wish to compass my death. He expressly requested them to 'look out for the king.'"

"I am going to try that way for a little distance," Beverly said. "You stay here. Shut the door after me, and if anything happens, or if I do not return, bar the door again and see what you can do to protect yourself. There is a small door here which runs by a secret passage into the house. Get to that, and see what Miss Marr will do to help you."

"That breed is all alike, I suppose," Boris said contemptuously. For all his bravado, his heart was sick within him. He could not forgive himself for his foolhardiness in letting his neck run into this noose. Like most people who are ready to play a doubtful game, he was full of anger to find himself checkmated, and ready to declare everybody else base and guilty of double dealing because he was the loser.

"Miss Marr is a good woman, and if you say anything more about her I will crack your head, and leave you to attend to your own affairs," Beverly said hotly. But as he spoke he knew that he would not leave Boris to attend to his own perils. Implanted in the heart of strong men is that loyalty to a cause they have once taken up which becomes a passion in disaster. The representative of that cause may be weak and contemptible, as the Stuarts of old were, but his character has no effect upon his adherents; or, rather, the weaker and more in need of help he is, the more surely is he able to call upon the strength of other men. Beverly had been fairly forced into this contest, but now that he was in it, it possessed his soul.

"You have no need to crack my head. It is pretty nearly finished," Boris said good naturedly. "I was only expecting Miss Marr to be filial. I should look for as much in a daughter myself. I have always heard that Americans are enterprising, and clever at carrying their own ends, but I believe I prefer a regard for hospitality."

"Shut the door after me," Beverly said, "but do not bar it. I may want to rush back. I will call."

He felt his way out into the darkness. It did seem unaccountably black. He wondered at once what would happen if a pit were dug near by to trap him, or if one of the guards were to meet him and run a knife through him. It would all be so easy. But in Beverly's heart there were no coward suggestions that after all this was no fight of his, that he had no need to imperil himself. He was helping a country and king to what he believed was the best thing for them.

Boris had been his careless, good natured friend, and he was lending him a hand in an emergency. But that was not his deepest reason. In his heart was a hatred of Lubona which dominated him. It seemed to him that he had always hated the man, that he had been born hating him. The Carpathian count should be brought to confusion at any cost; and again, John Marr must not be allowed to bring his revolution to a head. Beverly's own newspaper story would lose its dramatic interest. But something had come in ahead of that—a new and mad desire to protect Elinor Marr at all hazards. If possible, she must never know what her father had tried to do.

All this was in his mind, making a motive power as he moved forward. In two seconds he had put his hand against a stone wall. He let it rub along for a dozen steps, and then realized that he was in a passage or alleyway. He looked up, and could see that the fir branches were above the wall, for there was a faint glimmer of sky, and the smell of the open.

He took his pistol in his hand, and crept slowly along. Once he thought he heard a sound, but it appeared to be only the mournful singing of the wind through the wet firs. He must have walked at least a hundred yards when he suddenly came to the end of the wall and put his hand on a tree trunk. He was in the fir wood at last. He did not know which way to turn. It was pitchy dark, and the place appeared to be entirely deserted. Probably they had not thought this place worth guarding. He would go back and get Boris. They could lead their horses out here, get into the fir wood, and away to Carpeth.

The ground under Beverly's feet was covered with short grass, and soundless. He had come on with every caution, and had moved noiselessly, but as he put his hand on the trunk of the tree a flake of bark fell to the ground. It must have struck a stone or a bit of wood, for it made a slight noise. Instantly a voice and the click of a firearm responded. Beverly held himself rigid. How he wished that he could speak Carpathian! But he listened no less intently, and stored the words in his memory; for in a sentence or two the name of Elinor Marr was spoken.

There were two men, and evidently one was asking the other concerning the noise

Apparently the other assured him that it was some sound of the night and the wood. Then, as if they had just met, or had found something to say after a long silence, they began to speak in their strange language. It was about as difficult to remember as any meaningless string of words, but Beverly had trained his memory in a hard school. He had often written out long interviews with public men where he had been obliged to dispense with a notebook entirely, and at times when the misplacement of a word might have had serious consequences. He put his whole attention upon the words as he heard them, and when he felt that he could remember no more, he slipped back the way he had come, and called softly to Boris to open the door. He found that energetic young man with the lantern candle in his hand, trying all the doors over again.

"Come here," Beverly said. "You understand Carpathian. What does this mean?" And he repeated word for word the rigmarole in which Elinor Marr's name had appeared. It was as "Marr's daughter" that they had spoken of her, "daughter" being like the German word, which he knew.

Boris translated at once.

"'We are to leave Marr's daughter in the castle alone. She will suspect nothing. She will make a fair bride for any man.' That's simple. They were merely complimenting her," he said. "Of course they were to leave her in the castle, and of course she will make a fair bride."

But Beverly looked at him with eyes in which stern determination shone.

"I shall not go away from here and leave that girl," he said, his lips close together. "You may do exactly what you choose. I shall go back into the castle, tell her the situation, and take her away with me. We can get out of that window somehow, and the guard there is bound under the ivy bush."

"But may I ask how you expect to get into the house again? We are fastened up here in this stone stable, which might as well be a dungeon. Every door is secured. I think we may as well take this outlet you have discovered. We can fight two men, if my head does ache;" and Boris put a hand to his bandages.

"I am not going to leave Miss Marr."

"Her father hadn't many scruples."

"He thought her safe. He did not realize the nature of these barbarians."

Beverly walked over to the oak door, through whose peepholes he had looked a very few hours before, and tried it. It was hidden behind harness and saddles, which had been hung over it, and had chanced to leave the peepholes on the other side uncovered. He pulled the trappings down, and in a few minutes was at work on the door. It was stout enough, but evidently it had not been considered, for with a little skilful work it was opened.

Beverly took one of the lanterns, and sent the king ahead into the passage. As he started in himself, he heard the sound of a footstep behind him, and turned just in time to see a great Carpathian flying through the outside door which he had neglected to fasten after him.

"Run!" he called to Boris, and turned in the passage. The Carpathian held a knife in his hand, which he was about to throw into the darkness of the passage. Two sounds stopped its flight. One was the Carpathian word for "king," and the other was the crack of Beverly's revolver.

The first came from a second Carpathian, who had followed the knife thrower. The bullet from the revolver broke the bone of the man's wrist, and let the knife fall harmlessly to the floor; but neither man stopped. They rushed to the little door, determined at all hazards not to let the two prisoners escape, although they could hardly have known, Beverly reasoned, of this secret passage, nor could they have realized that the fugitives were going back into the castle.

Now it was that the peepholes which Beverly had so carefully located came into use. The Carpathians must be very close, for they were tugging at the door. He put his pistol to a hole and fired. He heard a groan and a fall; then he fired into the other hole. There was deep and complete silence. Beverly made a foolhardy resolve to go back and bar that outer door, and had opened the door before him a tiny crack, when he felt Boris' hand on his arm.

"Don't be hasty," the young king said. "The other man is probably standing there to kill us. Let us make a dash for it. They evidently do not want to kill me exactly in this way, and they will be afraid to shoot after us. Come on."

And together they ran down the narrow passage.

XI.

BEVERLY was behind, and as he ran he thought. The chest was before the door into the passage, and they would be obliged to call to a servant to let them out. It was altogether likely that the servants inside had been bought as surely as those outside.

"Go on and try that door in the wall

straight ahead," he said to Boris. In the emergency he unconsciously took the air of command. Then, shutting off the light in the lantern, he went back to the door into the stable. It might be that he and the king were held as securely as rats in a trap, but he was going to do his best to make an opening through one end of it.

The door stood as he had left it, with the faintest crack of an opening. He looked through the peepholes, but could see nothing. The pleasant smell of the clean hay came to him with suggestions of a country boyhood, and seemed to make the whole place harmless. Then, taking his revolver in his hand, he boldly pushed the door open. As he had expected, he found himself grasped at by a brawny Carpathian, who had been lying like a tiger, hoping for just this. But the man did not know the stuff of which a good athlete is made. Beverly slipped from his grasp like an eel, and grappled with him, both of them breathing furiously. Together they writhed and twisted, each trying to gain the advantage, but with every turn the Carpathian was getting the worst of it. Twice Beverly could have fired his revolver and ended it, but through his consciousness went the horror of killing a man. He remembered a story a Western friend had once told him of the unpleasantness of knowing that you have taken a human life—a deed impossible of atonement.

"It's about as cheap in the long run to be killed as to kill a man," this philosopher had said. "You don't have so much time left to think about it."

But Beverly had no squeamish thoughts of letting himself become a victim. He would kill his enemy if he had to, but he intended to be so expert that the necessity would not come. That is probably the hope of every man who slays another in self defense. Bit by bit, he felt himself pressing the Carpathian down, and as he did it, he surprised himself to note the rapid train of thought that rushed through his consciousness. As he fought with the man he wondered what had become of the other Carpathian, whose wrist he had broken, and if he had killed him when he fired through the door. If he had, who had taken the body away?

As his hold pressed his antagonist down more and more, he momentarily released his throat, which he had been grasping, to take a new hold. The man gasped a word which Beverly knew meant "leg." Then, in the darkness, he had a horrible feeling that something reptile-like was coming over the floor, crawling toward him; something that moved painfully. They were struggling over a very narrow space, and their feet scarcely moved. Beverly felt a hand on his boot, which must have been easily distinguishable from that of the Carpathian. He realized that a knife in the man's sound hand could easily lame him for life, and make him helpless now.

He dragged the wrestler back, and forgot everything but his fury and the necessity of saving his own life. Putting the pistol to the man's head, he fired. As the body relaxed its hold, he sprang with a second shot toward the man on the floor, as nearly as he could judge of his distance. But he must have missed, for his bullet pattered against the stone flooring.

By this time his eyes had become so accustomed to the darkness that he could distinguish its varying shades, and the square of the open door loomed gray against the velvety blackness of the rest of the stable. Across this a vague shape passed, too dim for form, but he knew that it must be the man with the broken wrist. At any rate, Beverly could bar him out now. It might be some time before he could summon the rest of the guards to an attack. If the prisoners were once inside the castle, they would be safe for the present, and their chances of escape would be much better. John Marr had evidently no intention of giving his daughter a disturbed moment. Beverly flew to the door and barred it. Then he went back to the door leading into the passage, and tried to arrange the harness over it so that it would be concealed when he closed it.

Slipping through, he found Boris using all of his not inconsiderable strength against the further door, but it would not move a fraction. The passage was too narrow for two men of such size to exercise their strength together.

"Hark," Boris said. "What is that?"

It was the sound of the piano, and Elinor Marr's voice singing.

"Heaven grant she is there alone, and is not singing to that cur Lubona," the king went on.

"If he had returned, his horse would have been brought around to the stable," Beverly remarked. "We must get out of here before he does come;" and he knocked softly on the door behind the tapestry. He kept up a regular rat-tat for some time before there was any response, and then the piano suddenly stopped. Elinor seemed to be listening.

"It will probably frighten her to death,

and she will call half the servants in the house, and scream," Boris said, "or think it is spirits. Most women are fools."

"You may have to rely upon one to get you out of this mess, fool or no fool," Beverly returned.

An hour or two earlier, he had been ready to consider Boris a trifler over the most serious things in life, because he seemed ready to forget all to dally over the songs of this beautiful girl. Now Beverly was angry with him because in his own troubles he seemed to lose all sight of her. But this last state of mind left him more at ease than the first. Boris indifferent, impatient, was less to be considered as a rival than Boris philandering ; and it had come to this, that every man was a rival in Beverly's eyes. Had the passage been lighted, he might have seen a humorous understanding of the fact in his companion's black eyes.

"I suppose she will let us out. Pound away," the king said.

Elinor sat at the piano for a moment, her head raised, and then she rose and went into the hall. She had no thought that the knocking came from any one except Lubona, and she wondered why he came back in that way. She had decided that Beverly had broken his promise not to let Count Festin go away with her father, and did not expect to see them again. She wanted to meet Lubona, to explain her failure to keep her charge safe ; and when she heard the sound that always means a waiting, she ran at once to let him in. But as she neared the great door of the entrance the noise retreated behind her. She did not know the castle very well, even yet, and as she entered the old hall she looked vaguely about for a door. Then again came the knocking from behind the chest. She stopped, timid.

"What is it?" she asked.

Beverly answered.

"Can you pull the chest away from the tapestry? Count Festin and I missed our way from the stables ;" and then he added in an undertone to Boris, "She can never do it alone."

But her muscles were better trained than he imagined, and with one or two tugs of her handsome, strong bare arms, the big chest moved aside and the door opened.

"You see I kept my promise," Beverly said under his breath as he thanked her.

Her delight at seeing them was perfectly naïve and girlish.

"What a curious way to come from the stables! How did you know of the passage there?"

"You may not know it, Miss Marr," Boris said gravely, "but you have an antiquarian for a guest. Mr. Hardin has a mania for old houses, and secret paths, and that sort of thing. He has done nothing but worry me about the dungeons you might possibly have, and at last he brought me into that rat trap."

"Miss Marr," Beverly began bluntly, "I am very sorry to be obliged to tell you that Count Lubona is your father's enemy. He has surrounded this house, intending to keep us all prisoners. Your father has escaped, and will probably bring help. (Now, may Heaven forgive me for that lie!) It is of paramount importance that Count Festin and I should reach Carpeth at the earliest possible moment. Will you come with us?"

"Why should I go with you?" she asked proudly.

"Because—pardon me—it is dangerous for you here. These Carpathians are half barbarous, at least in this part of the country. You would be here alone. Indeed, if you will not come with us, we must stay with you, and it will be a very serious loss to Count Festin."

"But Count Lubona said——"

"Lubona is your father's enemy. Pardon me, but he is using you—your kindness to his country—to make you false to your father's interests. If we wait here until he returns, we shall be in a situation which must result most unpleasantly for some of us." Beverly spoke gravely and rapidly. Boris, looking at her keenly, saw Elinor hanging upon the young man's confident words. They were all standing. "The reason we came through this secret passage is because we were imprisoned in the stables, and this passage was supposed to be unknown to us."

"How did you know it?"

"It was told to me—by a woman."

"What woman—one of the servants?"

"I suppose so," he said lamely.

"Well, Mr. Hardin, you and Count Festin are at perfect liberty to go, if you can. I know that Count Lubona did not wish Count Festin to leave this house." She looked at him firmly. "Nor do I. He is an enemy to free Carpathia. If Count Lubona has tried to prevent his going, I find him only justified in doing so. I am glad if he has succeeded."

She turned on her heel, and went back into the drawing room as though the subject were entirely ended. But Beverly followed her at once.

"Miss Marr," he said, "you must come

to Carpeth;" and his voice was full of authority. "Your individual opinions make a matter in which I shall not presume to meddle, but you are in danger here. Lubona might take care of you, but he is not here. If he can be prevented, he will never come here again. You are at the mercy of these barbarians, and I shall not leave you in peril."

"Then let yourself and Count Festin stay."

"That we cannot do. It is Count Festin's duty to go. You are going with us. I insist upon it. There is no other way."

If anybody had ever told Beverly that he would bully a woman, he would have rejected the idea with scorn; but he felt now that he was coming perilously near it. He put out his hand, and she arose to her feet.

"How do you know that the place is surrounded?"

"Because we were attacked when we tried to go," he explained patiently. "We may be killed here, and you left alone. We shall take you into Carpeth."

"But if I will not go?"

Then was Beverly brutal in earnest. Even while his face was white, his eye did not quail.

"Is Lubona your accepted lover? Will you marry him?" he asked.

She sprang up, furious. "How dare you ask me such a question?"

"Because we were warned by a woman who is jealous of you," he said, looking back into her scarlet face. "Because you are considered as his bride; because in Carpathia it is not always necessary that a woman should consent to marry a man."

"Hush, hush!" she said, and put the back of her hand over her eyes, while her face grew red and then white. Beverly, giving up all hope of ever finding favor in her eyes, sure that this humiliation would sever her from him forever, stood there miserable.

"I will go with you," she said.

XII.

After Elinor had gone up stairs, walking slowly, almost like one who moved without her own volition, Boris turned to the American.

"May I ask," he said, "how you purpose taking Miss Marr away with us? How are we to depart? Are we to open the front door and go out into the wood hand in hand, like a modern version of the old fairy tale, or how?"

"I am going back to the stable for three horses."

Boris had seated himself on the chest which had stood before the door, and when Beverly was not looking he had several times put his hand to his head. It ached with a pain that sickened and bewildered him, and which the wine he had drunk with Marr, and the excitement of the supper, had done much to augment. But Boris was made of plucky stuff, and was not ready to acknowledge himself at the mercy of any bodily foe. Sickness meant weakness, and to his suspicious nature weakness meant that he was prey. But a hard headache, following a shock, wears upon the nerves of any man. Deep circles had settled about his black eyes, and as he moved his hands there was a more quivering gleam from the heavy stones that adorned them than an ordinary change of light would warrant.

"And do you propose to go out of that alleyway with Miss Marr? Going to put her on your horse? Another case of 'then light to the crupper the fair maid he swung,' eh? I'd put her in front, if I were you. She'd make an admirable shield."

But Beverly paid no attention. As he walked away, Boris called after him, "Are you going to bring the horses through the house?"

"That is exactly what I am going to do," Beverly returned, as he walked away. He knew his own plans perfectly now, and that good American revolver was in his hand. An old man might probably have asked Miss Marr to go with him, to let her servants show him the way and bring the horses out; but Beverly had arrived at a stage where he felt that the universe was cleared for his action.

He did not know how to get back to the stables by way of the house, and in three minutes he had decided that the only thing to do was to go back by way of the passage under the stairs, with an axe in his hand to batter down the stout oaken doors. An axe is not always at hand in the usual gentleman's dwelling, but fortunately Lubona's ancestral line went back into the days when Carpathians carried battle axes, and he had some of those stout, honest weapons still hanging on his walls. Beverly took down one of them, and went back into the passage, a lantern swinging from his arm. He listened when he came to the door into the stables, but there was only dead silence. Pushing the unfastened door open, he went in.

Back in the hall Boris sat with his head on his hand, his tired brain whirling. He felt ready to give up every-

thing, for the moment. He was full of disgust with himself. It seemed to him that he had only the empty shell of everything; that perverse nature, in making him a light jester at life, had also played an unkind practical joke upon him, and had given him only the husks of every good thing. She teased him with visions of what might be, leading him on and on, only to find that there never was anything real or good or substantial for him.

He was practically an illegitimate child, born of a morganatic marriage. He was brought up in the most splendid court on earth, as a member of the royal household, and yet he was a nameless beggar, a mere pawn to be moved here and there at a capricious will. He had given, hardly his heart, but all his boyish loyalty, which he thought was his life's passion, and which would doubtless have grown to be such, to a woman who had sent him to this throne. Not long ago he had learned that she had deserted him, to make a proper marriage with a man of proper rank and wealth.

"I should never have come into the world," he said bitterly. "I was, I am, the representative of a broken law. But now that I am here, I should be strong enough to take matters into my own hands, and to fit events to my own pleasure."

Jest as he might, slur as he liked, Boris, the man, had seen the woman who seemed to make it worth his while to be a man; and, with a hopelessness born of a despairing experience, he was seeing her won by another man. He was trying to pretend that she was nothing to him, but trying unsuccessfully. The savage loomed in his heart. Why should he be denied all things? His head was sunken on his breast; his eyes, for once, were fastened on the floor, dull and full of gloom.

He heard Elinor Marr coming down the steps and toward him, but he did not look up until she stood before him. There was pity in her eyes as she looked down at Boris. She had put on a short, dark dress of blue serge, with a small round hat on her head, which brought back all her girlishness, and seemingly some timidity, as she spoke.

"You are ill," she said. "What can I do for you?"

She ran to a table in the drawing room, and brought back a bottle of smelling salts, which she held out. Boris took it gingerly, hating the stuff, yet grateful.

"Where is Mr. Hardin?" she asked, looking about.

"He has gone after the horses." Boris smiled a little. "I believe he contemplates bringing them back through your drawing room, and taking them out of the front door. He is determined to take us both away from here."

She rose from the seat she had taken and walked across the floor nervously.

"Count Festin," she said, "how soon do you think my father will return?"

"That I cannot tell," he replied gravely. "When he went away I believe he did not intend to return for some hours." Boris' heavy head was causing him to lose the thread of the story he had been telling.

"Some hours! You said that he escaped; that he would come with help for you."

"Ah, he evidently went to his mine, or whatever it is, after help. I imagined that it was some distance away."

Elinor was impatient to be gone, and walked back and forth nervously. It had grown late, and the servants seemed to have retired. She went into the dining room, brought back a tray with biscuits and wine, and put it before Boris. There was something in his sick, boyish face which touched her, for she broke out all at once:

"You are a Carpathian; why do you make trouble? Why are you not all *good* men, and all for a free Carpathia?"

"Evidently Beverly has made her consider Lubona something beside a 'good man,' which fires one shot in the battle," Boris thought with a weary satisfaction. It takes but one bold turn of the right handle to shake up the whole kaleidoscope of a woman's mind. "I am not a Carpathian," he said. He was tired of masquerading, particularly under the name that Lubona had given him.

"Then what have you to do with it?" She started to speak Lubona's name, but evidently the wound Beverly had given her was too recent. "I have heard that you are not for a free Carpathia."

"No. I am merely a friend to Boris, and a loyal friend, I hope," he laughed. "Sometimes I have doubts upon that subject, but I certainly am not one of those who would take service near his person, to betray him."

"No! No!" she said. She looked so beautiful, she came so close to him, they two practically alone in the dead of night in that house, that Boris felt for a moment a sense of protection which astonished him, which was foreign to all his nature. The wide generosities toward women had never been taught to him. He had never known them enough even to blame his father that

he had left his son penniless because that son's mother had not been a legal wife. It had been unpleasant, but from his point of view it was natural.

Perhaps his new feeling might not have lasted; it was only an idea which passed for an instant through his mind, and possessed him; but before it was entirely gone, there was a queer sound in the house, and Beverly came leading a saddled horse through the rooms. It was a strange enough sight, but not so out of keeping as it might have been. Doubtless horses had passed through those halls many times in the history of the house.

"I had some trouble getting back," Beverly said cheerfully. "I had to batter down two or three doors, but Count Lubona should have taken the wear and tear on his house into consideration when he shut us up in it." He probably would have used Marr's name if his daughter had been absent.

He had muffled the horse's feet, so that they made little noise on the solid oak, and the animal stood there meekly, as if an ancestral hall was no unusual sight. Beverly put the bridle into Boris' hand and started back, but the king arose to his feet.

"Let me go," he said; but even as he spoke he fell back in his seat, his face ghastly.

"He will not be able to go," Elinor cried, but Beverly put a glass of wine to his lips and held it there.

"He must go," the American said.

She flashed back at him. "Why is it so necessary for him to go?"

Beverly wanted to say, "Because he is the King of Carpathia, and your father has aided Lubona in keeping him here." He felt reckless. He believed that after he had shown her Lubona's worthlessness, she could never forgive him, and he wanted to put all hope away from him; but he could not hurt her. He made no answer, but ran back after the other horses.

He had found that the door at the further end of the passage opened upon a court, and this in turn led into the principal stables. As they gave upon the inclosed court, these inner doors were seldom locked, and Beverly knew that the grooms must sleep above. He was very cautious, after he had made noise enough to waken the dead by chopping off the lock of the door from the house stable into the court; but as there was no stirring, he concluded that the servants were outside doing duty as guards. He had disabled three of them, and he did not know how many more there might be.

He had gone into the principal stables and taken his pick of the horses for Miss Marr, getting a beautiful little chestnut which he rightly imagined to be her own riding horse. He could find no muffling for the little mare's feet, and he went back to the other stables to find some towels which he had seen there, and to get out the other horse. As he finished swathing the hoofs, and took up the bridles, he heard a sound at the outer door. Men, more than one or two, were coming rapidly down the stone alleyway, leading a horse. They were talking excitedly. The door was securely barred, and Beverly lifted his head and listened.

One voice was speaking Carpathian, and Beverly knew the sounds well enough, now, to know that it was a peasant who spoke. He almost held his breath to hear the answer. When it came, he recognized at once the smooth, polished tones of Lubona. For an instant he started to go; then he took his revolver up and fired it straight at the door, once, twice.

"Any way, that will give them something to think about," he said grimly.

Then he took the bridles of the horses, and trotted them through the house into the hall where Boris and Miss Marr were. He found her standing by Boris, a cushion behind his head, bathing his forehead in some cooling lotion. The sight went like a pang to Beverly's heart.

"We must get out at once," he said. "Lubona is at the back of the house. Come;" and he took Elinor Marr's arm, turned her around, and half lifted her into the saddle.

Boris staggered to his feet, and went toward his horse. He had desired only to be left there, with Elinor Marr bathing his head. Thrones might fall, and kingdoms be lost, it was all one to him. But Beverly's spirit moved him, and he followed.

The American threw open the doors, and the three horses rushed out into the night.

XIII.

If there were any guards in this part of the grounds they made no sign, and in five minutes the three were nearing the covered bridge over the little stream which Boris and Beverly had crossed that afternoon. The American felt that the hardest part of their journey would be over when this was passed. The river must be crossed before they could reach Carpeth, and this seemed to be the simplest place at which to make the attempt. Once Beverly turned and looked back at Lubona's castle.

"I wish," he said to himself, "that that old fox would come back, and that he and Lubona would eat each other up like two hungry wolves. That would be a solution of the whole question."

He was young and in love, and although he had said to himself that his case was entirely hopeless now that he had wounded Elinor's pride, still he could not entirely banish the vision of what might be. That his dream was built on the probable death of two men did not make it any the less sweet to him. In his sturdy heart he thought they both ought to die. Men, even good men, are not so far from the primitive state as writers upon Christian civilization would have us believe. The life in Carpathia had not been one to cause Beverly to think of the ways of conventionality. He had decided to make a heroic sacrifice. He was going to give up the opportunity of his life, and let this story of John Marr's unsuccessful conspiracy go unrecorded — if they succeeded in making it unsuccessful— because he cared for the old schemer's daughter.

Boris drew his horse up beside him.

"That was a wonderfully clever idea of yours," he said, in a low tone, "to bring Miss Marr."

"She had to be brought. There was no other way."

"Certainly not. You must put it down to my thick, aching head that I did not see its importance earlier."

"I am glad you see it now."

"I had no idea you Americans were so clever. I had one for a friend and comrade once, and I am sure the plots and subterfuges of you and Marr would never have occurred to him. Whenever anything of that sort had to be thought out, I was always the man who had to do it. It came easier to me. He was a good fighter, and clever, but the Yankee tricks that seem to be second nature to you and Marr were entirely unknown to him. But then he was educated principally in Europe."

Beverly drew up his horse. "What do you mean?" he said.

Boris laughed rather unpleasantly. "I mean that it would never have occurred to me to bring Miss Marr along as a hostage. Of course we can bring her father to terms now. He does not seem overly devoted to her, but——"

Beverly had to speak under his breath, but that did not prevent his words from being full of scorn. They were nearing the bridge, and he had to speak rapidly.

"Do you imagine for an instant that I would have done such a thing for *you?* What are you or your miserable throne to that girl's peace of mind? If it had only been for you, I should never have allowed her to have one uneasy moment."

"It was a clever idea, all the same," Boris muttered imperturbably.

They had reached the bridge and had halted for an instant.

"There is but one thing to do," Beverly said aloud, dismissing the subject. "It is growing lighter. The moon is coming out from the clouds again, and it will not be long until daybreak. We must keep close together, and make a rush for it across the bridge."

Beverly took the bridle of the little chestnut mare in his hand, and with the girl between them they rushed through the bridge. There was not a sound except the echo of their own horses' feet on the boards. At least, at first they heard no other sound than this and the foaming river; but in a moment all three drew rein and listened. Coming behind them were galloping hoofs.

They were at the turn of the road.

"Let us go up the other way," Boris said. "That is Lubona, and he will certainly follow along the road toward Carpeth."

Elinor spoke at once, and there was anxiety in her tone. Evidently she was intensely afraid of being overtaken by Lubona now.

"He will imagine that we would reason in that way," she said. "Any one would. Let us hide in the trees until he gets by, and then follow the road he does not take."

Without a word Beverly pushed his horse toward the hillside. He remembered that it was not so steep here, but rose in a series of natural terraces up which a clever footed horse could easily zigzag.

"Wait," he said, as his horse stumbled. He dismounted and led the animal, feeling for a sure and easy footing. Elinor and Boris came quickly after him. It was still so dark that it was only necessary to get out of the narrow road. Boris also dismounted, and each man held his hand over the nostrils of his horse, that the animal might not betray them. A foot stamp would have been enough. But each of them stood silent as statues.

When the party of horsemen came to the end of the bridge, they were evidently puzzled. They had expected to be guided by the sounds on the road.

"It is heavy soil here, wet after the rain. They must be going slowly," Lubona said.

"But which road?" asked a man.

"Both. Four of you go in one direction, and three will come this way with me. Whatever you do, do not harm the young lady. She is to be brought safely back under any circumstances."

Beverly could understand but one word of this, and that was the allusion to Miss Marr. Even if he had not known, he would have guessed it, by the slight movement she made. To her, and to Beverly had he fully understood, the sentences were sinister, but to Boris they meant only that Lubona, like himself, saw in Marr's daughter the weapon which could be held over her father's head. But he knew too much, now, to mention that fact. After the men had gone, he literally translated the sentence to Beverly.

"There is nothing for us to do but to climb this hill and come down on the other side. It may take us some time, but they will not readily suspect us of having tried it. I know the road on the other side," Boris went on. Neither of his companions noticed how weak his voice sounded, how little sign he showed of his usual spirit. They had seen him pass so rapidly from mood to mood that they could hardly tell what was natural to him. "We must get to Carpeth as speedily as possible."

It was constantly growing lighter. The sun, still hidden, but already sending heralds of its coming up into the sky, was melting the clouds around the paling moon, and letting its feeble light show at last. But it was by no means easy to climb that wooded hillside. Presently they found that there was nothing to do but to walk and lead their horses, and as they advanced Boris more and more lagged behind. Elinor kept close to him. She seemed to be constrained so long as Beverly's eyes were on her face. He had shamed her, and she could not forget it.

They had reached the top of the mountain, which was not very high here, and found a tableland which dipped here and there into ravines running down to the valley below. Beverly waited until Boris came near, and then spoke to him.

"Do you know any way down from here by which we can reach a road to Carpeth? We do not want to go by the most frequented way, because that will be watched. We must get there within a few hours."

Boris did not answer, but sat wearily down on the grass.

"Let him rest for a moment," Elinor said, without looking at Beverly. "He is completely worn out. Have you any brandy?"

She turned to speak to the king, and gave a cry of fear and dismay. Beverly, who had turned to his horse to get a brandy flask from a pocket in his saddle, started at the sound, expecting to see Lubona, at least. What he saw was the king lying back unconscious on the ground, a stream of blood running down his face. The exertion had set the wound in his head to bleeding again, and had at last completely overcome him. Elinor had his head on her arm in an instant, and was stanching the flow of blood with her pocket handkerchief.

"There must be help somewhere," she said. "Oh, we cannot let him die here! It was madness for you to let him start." With pure womanly logic, she took the ready attitude that it was all Beverly's fault. Of course she could not blame the disabled man, and certainly not herself.

Beverly looked about the landscape, as if he expected to find help springing out of the ground somewhere. His search was rewarded by seeing the smoke from a hut some little distance away. He ran toward it.

"Suppose they do know him," he said. "We can only try to save his life. We appear to have come to first principles at last."

He had often seen the outside of these little Carpathian huts, with their byre for the pigs, but as he came nearer he noticed that this was one of the most squalid, little more than a byre itself. It was evidently the temporary lodging of some herder of the pigs who were allowed to run in the forest. To Beverly's relief the man, an alert looking peasant boy, hardly more than a child, was standing by the door. The American forgot, for an instant, that the lad probably could not understand him, and ran up to him speaking German; but it was with genuine surprise that he heard the young peasant answer him in the same tongue.

"Ah, you can actually speak," he cried delightedly.

"My mother belongs over yonder," the boy returned. "I tend our own pigs. I am not a herder to other men."

"I have a sick man here, very ill," Beverly said. "Will you come and help me bring him here until he is better?"

After Boris had been put into the rude bunk in the wall, which was all the hut had to offer, and Beverly had broiled a bit of ham over the fire for his breakfast and that of the girl, he began to think of the best thing to do. Boris must have medical attendance as soon as possible.

"There was once a time," Beverly said to

himself, "when it was of more importance to die than to give up a throne; but life has more delights than it once held, and giving up this throne appears to bear no very serious consequences."

After he had made Boris as comfortable as possible, and had barred the one door of the hut to the best of his ability—which was small, with the materials at hand—he gave Boris' revolver into Miss Marr's hand, and told her that he must go, first asking her if she would go with him.

"I cannot leave this sick man," she said. "I am not afraid."

"I will return at the first possible moment, and take you into Carpeth. I must take this boy with me to show me the road. I might find it myself, and I might not. Besides, I fear to leave him here. He might have such a piece of news to carry that he would desert and betray you."

He looked at her for any sign of fear or weakness, although she was to be left alone in a wilderness with a man who might be dying, and in a country which was in a state of revolution. Beverly debated within himself whether it was fair to go and leave her alone with the king, without telling her whom she was to guard; but he decided that there could be no good in giving her an extra danger to fear.

It was almost noon before he and the boy set off through the forest toward the road to Carpeth. Once there, Beverly determined to get into the town, and bring away a physician, if it were at the point of a pistol. As he and the boy crashed down the hillside, the youngster pointed a finger toward a ravine which was hidden from view, except at this close range, by the thick firs.

"In there," he said, "is the house where men have been coming for a week. My mother knows. She is German. She tells them many things. I was not to tell, but you are also German, so it cannot matter."

Beverly almost held his breath. Which of them was it, Lubona or Marr, to whom "men had been coming"?

"They are not people of this country, altogether," the boy went on. "Some are Russians, miners from Orlun. They say they come here to work in mines, but my mother says there is more than the ear hears. They have guns," he whispered.

On a sudden, Beverly took a resolution. This must be John Marr's camp to which he had offered to bring them the night before. If he were there now, Beverly would go to him, tell him where his daughter was, and give her into his hands. After Boris' suggestion that she be kept as a hostage, there was no other course open.

"I am looking for those people. Take me there," he said to the boy.

They went cautiously, looking out for sentinels. Beverly's mind was about equally divided between a hope that they might find Marr there still, and a wish that they might not. If Elinor left him and went to her father now, the probabilities were that he would never see her again; and he felt how much that would mean to him. But the girl's father was the man to take care of her, and he should know, if possible. Yet it was with a sinking at the heart, and with the consciousness that he had selfishly wished to keep Elinor near him at the risk of disaster to Boris' kingdom, that he saw a man through the vista of fir trees, and realized that it must be a sentinel. He was walking slowly, and looked like one of the better class of Carpathian farmers; but he carried his rifle as if he knew how to use it.

Beverly took out his notebook, wrote a few words on a leaf, and tore it out. The inside was written in English, but the address, to John Marr, was in German. He gave the boy his white handkerchief, telling him to go forward, waving it, and to ask the sentinel to pass him on with the note, which came from a friend with news.

He sat down and waited. There was no chance, he felt, for Marr to show treachery to him now. The boy seemed to have been gone a long time, when he heard the crash of footsteps on the dry twigs of many years, and looked up to see two men coming with the messenger. Neither was Marr.

Beverly cursed his folly for having taken so much for granted. Was this Lubona's camp, or a new uprising?

"They come up like puff balls, and I believe, on my soul, they are about as substantial," he said angrily.

There was no use in trying to move. He must make the best of it. The men were grave when they came near. Evidently they did not doubt that Beverly was a friend. The English, which they could not understand, said that much to them. They asked, however, for news of Marr. They belonged to his "miners," they said. He was to have been with them the night before. They were to collect a large force that day, and Marr had not arrived. They had not seen him since early in the day before. Where was he?

"Oh, Lubona!" Beverly cried to himself. "How much cleverer you are than I imagined!"

(To be continued.)

HER LETTER.

A DOOR was suddenly opened, and then slammed vigorously as a white capped, rosy cheeked maid ran swiftly down the broad stone steps of a Nob Hill mansion. Down the street and around the corner she flashed, dropping, unnoticed in her haste, one of a bundle of letters that she carried.

There was a high wind blowing, and it coquetted and dallied with the little white slip for a second's space and then sent it scurrying across the street in a sudden gust of dust and energy. As it fell to the ground, it attracted the attention of Jack Howard, who at that moment turned the corner from Taylor into California Street. Howard flecked off some of the grime it had collected in its wild debauch, and after vaguely scrutinizing it in the dim twilight, managed to decipher the superscription by the aid of the light from a neighboring lamp post. The stamp was uncanceled, and as neither a possible owner nor an available mail box was visible Howard slipped the letter into his breast pocket and continued on his way.

At Kearny Street he joined the throng that was moving towards the Grand Opera House. In front of that building carriages were hastily depositing their gaily attired burdens, and then being rapidly driven off to make room for the long line to follow. Through the narrow doors, a dense stream of people were filing with that well bred and placid inertness that betrays the habitual pleasure seeker, and hints of comfortably reserved seats.

In the foyer, Howard ran up against a man who had been laboriously picking his way in a counter direction to the crowd. "Ye Powers!" he ejaculated, with some amusement. "You're going the wrong way. Come in and join the majority. It's our last night together."

Franklin Powers' head nodded negatively. "Haven't time, dear boy," he answered. "Just left my sister at her box. She met her party here. Overjoyed to see you again, Jack, old boy, before I go. Was afraid I wouldn't be able to run in again. Yes, tomorrow—Japan first, then where I choose. Now I've letters to write. Scores of them—farewells and that sort of thing, you know, that can't be put off. Refused to go with my sister. But I am not going to keep you. Go in, Jack, and don't lose a cent of your investment."

"Well, if you won't," Howard said reluctantly, giving his friend's hand a hearty grip. "But will you do me a favor? Your speaking of letters reminds me. On my way down town I found a letter some one had lost. I meant to post it, and then forgot all about it. It may be important, as it is marked "to be forwarded." Drop it in a box as you pass. There—where the deuce did I put it? Jove!—I've lost it. No, here it is. Thanks. You're a lucky beggar, Frank. You always did manage to get whatever you wished for, which was inevitably the best things of the earth. But there's the music beginning. Good night and good by. Bon voyage."

"Good by, old fellow,". Powers responded. "Good fellow that," he soliloquized as he passed through the now empty foyer and into the crowded streets. "But how little of us the nearest of our friends know after all. Jack has always cherished a superstition about my luck—as he calls it. Everything in the world I want I get! Phew! I wonder what he would think if he knew that the only thing in the world I want is just what is denied me. The best of the things of earth, my lady!" And then, regardless of the crowd that was surrounding and jostling him, he uncovered as if to salute her presence.

Surprising a look of curiosity from one of the passers by, Powers replaced his hat with a comical laugh at his own expense. "That man thought me a recently escaped lunatic," he said as he went up to his room at the club. "I wonder if he has warned the authorities!"

In the large English grate a generous fire was burning, in front of which Powers stretched himself in a low arm chair, after turning on all the incandescent lights in the room, which made it fairly gleam with light and cheer.

He had letters to write, but there was plenty of time. He would smoke first, and get warm; that crisp February wind had chilled him. Besides, he wanted to think out, to plan that letter to her. He thought

he had something to tell her, but he did not know how to put it in words. He wanted her to know that he was her friend, though she would not let him be anything more. He was going away, but he could not go without telling her how proud he was to have known her, how proud to have loved her. Bah! It sounded so puerile! He could not send such sentimental stuff to her. What use to write after all? Would it make any difference? She was kind—yes, and happy. Happy people do not need kind things to be said to them. On the whole, he was glad he had not written before. She would read in the papers that he had gone, and would realize that he was hurt. Would she acknowledge it to be more than a "man's wounded pride"?

Presently it occurred to Powers that he was growing sleepy. He was too tired to write letters that night. Letters? There was that letter Jack Howard had given him. And he had forgotten to post it! But he could give it to his man to drop in the box. And he placed it carefully on the mantel, where it could not possibly be overlooked or forgotten. Then he glanced at the address—and sat bolt upright in his astonishment, dropping his cigar to the ground, where it burned, unnoticed, a hole in the thick Persian rug.

"Jove!—it's her handwriting," he whispered excitedly. "I have been entertaining an angel unawares. To think a letter from her could have lain next to my heart for forty minutes, and I not feel it. The veil of flesh is thick. Well, to whom are you writing, my lady? Francis Courtney Randol, Esq. Who the deuce are you, any way? And what is she writing to you for? She never wrote me more than a couple of lines in her life—and then to thank me for flowers. And that was but once. After that she always "thanked me in person." But Francis Courtney Randol, Esq., is favored. Well, you'll get your letter just a day late, Randol, Esq., for I shall keep it until the last moment before I start. There you go back in my pocket, and for twelve whole hours you will lie next my heart, and I shall pretend that it was written to me. You won't deny me that pleasure, Randol, Esq., nor you either, my lady?"

Twelve months later Franklin Powers stood in the corridor of one of the hotels in Johannesburg. He had registered and was scanning the pages in the hope of finding a possible acquaintance, but all the names were strange to him. He felt a little disappointed. It had been a long time since he had seen a friend's face.

"Does not a Mr. Fletcher, Henry Fletcher, live here?" he asked of the clerk. "I understood that he did."

"He has stopped here," the man informed him, "until six months ago, when he was called back to California. His father died, I believe. We are expecting him back soon, however;" and the clerk scrutinized the newcomer with curiosity, then tried to catch a glimpse of the freshly written signature, but Powers still monopolized the register. A name had attracted his attention—Francis Courtney Randol, and from San Francisco.

It sounded familiar, but he could not place it, and he glanced inquiringly at the clerk. "Mr. Randol," answered that important functionary, following the direction of Powers' finger on the page, "is one of the cleverest men in South Africa. Some say the cleverest. He does not spend all of his time in Johannesburg, but when he does he always stops with us. He is rapidly making a fortune, but honestly, I assure you, Mr.—" covertly consulting the register — "Mr. Powers. Why, you are a San Franciscan yourself. You must know him?"

"No, I don't," Powers confessed. "I can't even place him, though his name is familiar."

"There he goes now," the clerk interrupted officiously, and then raised his voice: "Mr. Randol, won't you step here a minute? I want to introduce you to one of your fellow citizens—Mr. Powers. He has just arrived from San Francisco, Mr. Randol."

The men greeted each other pleasantly; Powers with his inherent *bonhomei*, to which Randol responded with an effort. Strangers generally interpreted his reserve of manner as expressive of hauteur, whereas it required a closer acquaintance to discover it to be a shyness, a self depreciatory reticence, peculiar to a man of his parts and magnetism.

Observing him closely, Powers judged him to be much less than thirty, but there he was deceived. His boyish figure and the thin, clear cut features made him appear many years younger than his age. One thing was certain; although the name was familiar, Powers had never seen him before. Once seen, that face would not be forgotten, with the dark, earnest eyes to which a smile seemed foreign, and the sensitive chin that responded so easily to all emotions.

"I remember Mr. Powers quite well," Randol said quietly. "You left for Japan just about the time I started in the opposite

direction for Johannesburg; the papers were full of you at the time. They chronicled your movements with religious faithfulness. I recollect reading of a luxurious traveling bag that was to accompany its owner in a trip around the world."

"One of the discomforts of inheriting a fortune," the other answered simply. "There are drawbacks, you know. But can't we get a drink in this place?"

And Randol responded cordially, "Come over with me. I am on my way to the club. I should like to introduce you there."

Powers expressed his gratitude for the courtesy, and together they walked down the street, one answering the eager inquiries of the other, to whom all was new. By the time they reached the club, Powers, with boyish enthusiasm, had given himself up entirely to the charm of his companion. His dignity and his gentleness carried Powers irresistibly to the decision that this was a man worth cultivating, a friend worth the making.

The club rooms being empty, the men seated themselves by an open window that overlooked the street. As Randol pointed out the different places of interest, and designated some of the passers by whose names appeared daily in the papers, Powers scanned him closely, and suddenly he broke out, "How did it happen that we never met before? Your name is so familiar. Your home was in San Francisco?"

"Yes, I was born there," Randol replied, "and have always called it my home, though I was so rarely there. My work kept me out of the city, to which I only went for pleasure. That was seldom enough, as I never had time for society. That is why we didn't meet, Mr. Powers. You were in the swim; I was not."

Franklin smiled ruefully. "You make me feel like a fool and a butterfly. I have wasted my time all my life. But I'm glad to meet you, although I had to come all the way to Johannesburg."

"I know you very well," answered Randol, "through Phil Porter. He was in my class at Harvard. He was always talking of you and Jack Howard. Howard is a friend of yours, is he not?"

Powers jumped up excitedly. "I have it," he cried. "Jack Howard! Do you know, you owe him a service, and I owe you an apology;" and then he poured out a rapid, incoherent account of a letter that had been given him to mail, but how through his carelessness it had lain for months in his pocket, where he had overhauled it one day when in the very heart of China. He had sent it off immediately, but his conscience had pricked him. He feared it was important, for it was marked "to be forwarded." He supposed Randol had received it long since. He trusted it had caused no inconvenience.

"I don't understand," answered Randol. "I don't know Mr. Howard. You say the letter came from him?"

"Not written by him—no," Powers corrected him. "You see he found it somewhere on the street, and gave it to me to mail for him, and then I played the dunce."

Randol's face grew white, and his chin twitched visibly. "I never received it," he said. "I expected a letter just at that time—an important one, too. I have often wondered—it made a great difference to me then."

Randol's reserve affected Powers deeply. "I am sorry," he said simply. "It was confoundedly stupid of me." Then he hesitated. "I can tell you something about it—at least, that is, whom it was from. You see, I recognized her handwriting. That's what made me notice your name."

Randol strode to the end of the room, and then back to where Powers was standing. His mouth moved nervously.

"Whose handwriting?" he managed to say.

"Miss Carnegie's," and Powers bowed his head in quaint reverence. "Miss Cecily Carnegie."

Randol stared at him blankly, and then dropped into a chair and covered his eyes. Powers felt ashamed to be a witness of the grief he had reawakened. He stood cursing the stupidity that had caused such unforeseen results. Then a generous impulse shook him, and he touched Randol on the shoulder.

"I am sorry," he said in a low tone, out of which all the joviality had gone. "I can't tell you how much. You love her, too. I might have guessed it. Everybody loves her that knows her. God bless her. So do I. It was only my infernal selfishness that kept you from getting that letter. It was the night before I left San Francisco, and I kept it foolishly to pretend it was written to me. But I only intended to keep it a day."

Randol raised his head. He appreciated the nobility of Powers' confession, and tried to return the confidence, to make some explanation. But it was a sad attempt—the breaking up of a lifetime's self repression and reserve. He could hardly bring himself to speak of her for whom his affec-

tion was so deep rooted. He told a simple little tale of his love for Miss Carnegie ; of how he had loved her for years, even before his college days ; but, knowing his unworthiness, and fearful of breaking up their friendship, he had never spoken. Then came the opening for him in Africa. He could not accept the position without learning from her whether there was any hope for him or not.

And so he had written without entirely betraying his feelings, but telling her of a possible change in his life, and that before he decided he wanted her advice. It all depended on her. Did she take enough interest in his future to help him? Could he come the next day? And so he had sent his letter off; but the next day came, and the next, bringing no reply, and when three weeks had passed he had decided that her silence was her answer ; that she had wished to show her indifference without giving him pain. And then the invitation to Johannesburg was accepted.

"You need not feel so badly about it," he reassured Powers, who looked the picture of forlorn remorse. "It would have turned out the same way, anyhow. She could never have cared for a fellow like me, if you had no chance. She probably hinted her indifference to me in that letter."

But Powers shook his head with sudden intuitive sympathy for the woman he loved.

"She loved you, I know," he said slowly. "And she wrote and told you to come. And when you went to Africa without consulting her, how her pride and her love must have hurt her! What an ass I have been!"

Randol coughed suddenly and walked to the window, gazing at the passers by with unseeing eyes. Then he turned to Powers with hand outstretched. "We must be friends," he said.

Powers wrung it heartily. "We are in the same boat, old fellow, but you're going to get out, if my name is Franklin Powers. I am going to find that letter, and I'll dance at your wedding to prove how glad I will be. Then you'll have to forgive me."

"I do now," was all Randol could say.

Thus was cemented the friendship between the two men, who learned to value it deeply. There was no talk of Powers continuing his journey. It was tacitly understood that they would stay together until the letter should come.

Although he never spoke concerning it, Powers kept the promise he had made, and never relaxed his efforts to find the letter, whose recovery became a sacred duty to him. To the principal post offices in America, Asia, Africa, and Europe, he wrote concerning it, but as time passed bringing no results he grew almost hopeless.

And he had nearly made up his mind to write to her about it, when one day the letter came.

Powers dashed up stairs and into Randol's room, interrupting him unceremoniously as he was shaving.

"It's come," he cried. "Her letter! It's dirty and torn and covered with postmarks, but it's her letter!"

The razor dropped to the floor.

Powers turned sympathetically towards the fire as Randol tore open the letter with fingers trembling in their eagerness. A low cry, and the letter was shoved into Powers' hand. He took in the short message at a glance. "Come ; I shall be waiting for you." A lump rose in his throat. "God bless you, old boy," he said wistfully. "Now you can forgive me at last. Thank God, my selfishness didn't ruin your life."

A great gladness shone from Randol's eyes and transfigured his face. "Frank," he said, "you don't know how much your friendship has been to me. It has cheered me wonderfully. You have been so brave, while I have been glum. But it is easy to be sorry with a fellow sufferer. Can you stand being glad for me? I should hate to have anything come between us, even Cecily, precious as she is to me."

"I am glad," Powers assured him earnestly. "More than that ; I am thankful. If I couldn't get her myself, it's next best your having her. Believe me, I can dance at her wedding, old fellow, as long as it is yours, too."

"God bless you." Randol's mouth twitched suspiciously. "I'll tell her you said that;" and then he walked off abruptly, picking up hurriedly his belongings that were scattered around the room.

"When will you go?" queried Powers, watching him as he threw his brushes into a bag.

"Today," said Randol. "Think how long she's been waiting. Cable? What could I say? 'Just got your letter. Am coming.' She'd think I was crazy. And I'll get there as soon as a letter could."

That very day he left Johannesburg, and telegraphing ahead for accommodations, he made swift connections right through, arriving in New York an hour before the overland train started for San Francisco.

There was no one he knew on the train, and as he was not in the humor to make acquaintances, he would sit in the smoking

car all day long and plan for the hundredth time his meeting with Cecily. How he would try to make up to her for her long waiting!

The train finally reached its destination, and Randol, with the other passengers, took his place on the ferryboat that plied between San Francisco and Oakland.

He stood at the front of the boat, watching the lights of the city as they came nearer and nearer. He fancied he could almost distinguish her home up on the hill. And then he laughed at his folly. His joy and excitement were turning his head. He was so near, and he could hardly wait.

Near him stood two men earnestly talking. Randol had noticed neither of them, but when one turned to leave, some words arrested his attention: "Well, I am going below, Jack. Remember me to Mrs. Howard. Good night."

Jack Howard! Frank's friend—the one who had saved Cecily's letter. A great wave of gratitude swept away his reserve, and he turned and spoke to Howard, introducing himself as a friend of Franklin Powers. Howard was charmed to meet him. His fame, he assured Randol, had preceded him to America, and he inquired eagerly after Powers and his plans.

"And you, Mr. Randol," he asked—"are you here for a long visit?"

Randol assented tremulously. He hoped to be in San Francisco some time. In fact, his return was indefinite. And then his gratitude recurred to him.

"Do you know, you once did me a service, Mr. Howard?" he said. "You saved a letter of mine—at least, a letter to me—from destruction." And he recounted the incident.

Howard laughed. "That's just like Powers. You should be thankful to have got it at all. I had completely forgotten the circumstance. I hope the letter did not require a speedy answer?"

Randol did not reply. He wanted to ask if Howard knew Miss Carnegie, yet he could not overcome his reluctance to speak of her. It was absurd. He might as well make the break.

"It was curious," he began diffidently. "The writer turned out to be a mutual friend of ours. You know her, perhaps? Miss Carnegie, Miss Cecily Carnegie."

Howard stared at him, and then laughed heartily. "I'll have to tell Cecily. What a coincidence! Yes, I know her. We were married last month. So you're an old friend of hers? Can't you come up to the house with me? Cecily will be charmed. No? Then dine with us tomorrow. Come, now; I insist."

But Randol murmured hastily some incoherent excuses. He was to leave San Francisco in a few hours. Business trip. Going right back to Johannesburg. Sorry he wouldn't have time to renew his acquaintance with Miss—Mrs. Howard.

Howard listened in amazement. "The fellow's drunk or crazy," he thought. "First, he said he was out here indefinitely. Now he's going right back. Queer, Cecily has never mentioned his name. She couldn't have known him very well. I must ask her about him."

Just then the boat entered the slip and the passengers hurried off. Randol could never recall how Howard left him, or whether he bade him good night.

He stood on the deck absently watching the lights that a few minutes before had seemed so bright. Now the city looked dark—dark as his future. Yes—his and Frank's. Poor Frank! He had not had time to think of him much lately. He would write and tell him that he would not be asked to dance at his wedding. Her wedding! Yes, he would write. He would not go back for a while to Johannesburg. He did not want even Frank's sympathy. True, Frank loved her, too, but somehow it was different.

Some one touched him on the shoulder. One of the deck hands stood beside him.

"We've reached the city, sir," he explained. "Every one has left the boat." Randol did not answer him. The city! Cecily's home. He did not want to go there. What a fool he had been to come back! Had he only followed Frank's advice and cabled, it might never have happened. Any way, it would have been easier.

The man grew impatient. "The decks have to be cleared," he said loudly. "Them's my orders. Either get off and go, or get off and buy your ticket to go back. Them's my rules."

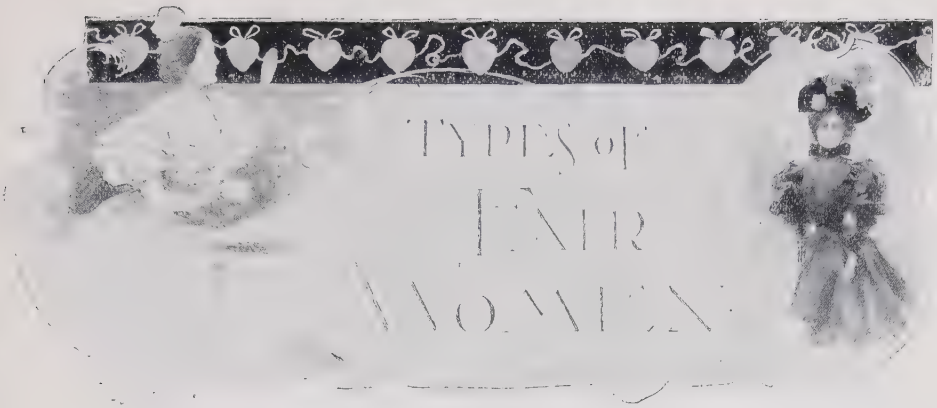
As Randol did not answer, it occurred to the man he was deaf. But peering through the darkness, something in the set face touched him, and he raised his cap.

"If you are sick, sir, I can help you. I'll take your bag, sir. Where are you going?"

But Randol shivered as if he were cold.

"I don't know," he said.

Ednah Robinson.



WE talk of the practicality of this day and generation, and lament that the romance has died out of life; but when there comes to the surface of our social life a trace of the old fashioned emotions upon which fairy tales for young and old have been built ever since men began recording human joys and sorrows, then we find that our interest in it is just as strong as ever. Not only society, but the readers of newspapers all over the country, have looked with interest upon the love story of a young prince of millions and his sweetheart. The story has most of the elements that go to make up the successful drama. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., the prospective heir to a fortune of something like a hundred million dollars, has exercised the prerogative of all young men, rich or poor, and fallen in love with a young society woman whose face has charmed many. Miss Grace Wilson, the daughter of Mr. R. T. Wilson, the well

Miss Daisy Arnold.

From a photograph by Condon, Atlanta.

Miss Grace Wilson.

From a photograph by Abnan, New York.

known banker, belongs to a family which is famous for its fortunate marriages. The eldest son, Orme Wilson, married Miss Carrie Astor, a daughter of the late William Astor, and Miss Wilson's sisters are Mrs. Ogden Goelet and Mrs. Michael Herbert.*

If the young people had received the parental blessing which they doubtless felt to be their due, the wedding would have been a society event of great magnitude, and then the stream of events would have rippled peacefully on. But for some reason Cornelius Vanderbilt, Senior, objected to his son's early marriage, and has done everything in his power to prevent it. All the world loves a lover, and it is doubtful if the father gets much sympathy in his objections. We cannot help setting him down with the "cruel parents" of literary tradition. Looking upon Miss Wilson's pretty and intelligent face, we can believe that young Mr. Vanderbilt might be quite willing to exchange even the enormous fortune which his father has to give, for her smiles and favor.

Miss Wilson has been a great favorite in society. She has all the tact, the diplomacy, the gracious manners, of the most

*Mr. Vanderbilt and Miss Wilson were married on the 3d of August.

finished woman of the world; and were the Vanderbilt millions to come into her hands she would doubtless make as celebrated a social leader as the former Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt.

Miss Daisy Arnold is a Southern girl who was one of the prettiest of Atlanta's débutantes last winter. She entered society surrounded by every good fortune which the fairy godmothers could give, but her endowments of wealth and birth were speedily overshadowed by her reputation for wit and clever story telling. She has the face which the Northerner naturally expects a Southern girl to possess. It is white and colorless, with scarlet lips and black eyes. It has a poetical and dreamy air, a quality that makes all the more vivid the piquant sallies with which she meets the dullest company. She recalls memories of the witty women who were toasts in the Southern capital a generation ago.

Not long ago—it seems only the other day—when society was forming a "girls' orchestra," the first names mentioned for prominent parts were those of the Misses Drexel, daughters of that public spirited citizen, the late Joseph Drexel, of the famous old Philadelphia family. Since their early childhood the two "Harmonious Drexels" were the delight of their friends, particularly of their father, who gave them a most careful musical education. They were so constantly together that few people were surprised when they married the two sons of Admiral Dahlgren of the United States Navy.

Mrs. Eric Dahlgren, formerly Miss Lucy Drexel, is an example of young and charming American womanhood. For some time she and her husband made their home in New York, but of late they have lived in Chicago, where Mrs. Dahlgren's talents make her conspicuous in the Lake City's society of clever women.

Mrs. Eric Dahlgren.
From a photograph by Roseti, New York.

Miss Mamie Goldsmith was one of the famous beauties of Atlanta at the time of the exposition, last year. She had spent the preceding year with friends in Europe, and had stopped for some months in New York, where she was one of the belles of the younger dancing set. Miss Goldsmith is tall, and looks like one of Gibson's typical American girls. She has a rich, creamy complexion, beautiful, soft, dark eyes, and dark curls, which she generally arranges in some quaint fashion. The last few months have made her an enthusiastic bicylist. Almost every morning she can be seen on Peachtree Street, garbed in the most correct

costume, starting off for a long run. She is essentially the modern girl, with all the fads and graces which the latest ideas have brought. During her stay in New York, a few months ago, her friends delighted to bring her quaint additions to her collections. When she went home she took to Atlanta one of the most unique and curious tea sets in old Russian brass ever seen in this country.

ever a record of the love he had inspired in his contemporaries. Money came in, sufficient to erect a heroic bronze; but stone and metal seemed cold symbols of that great heart. It was finally decided to use the funds to erect a hospital in Atlanta. Here the young girls of the city come with books and flowers and music, to cheer the dull lives of the patients. Miss Goldsmith and Miss Arnold are among the active mem-

Miss Mamie Goldsmith.

From a photograph by Condon, Atlanta.

It is not only as wits and beauties, and as maids accomplished in all the ways of the modern woman, that these young girls of the New South are making themselves notable. They ride bicycles where their mothers rode on horseback, and have exchanged the floating plumes and sweeping skirts of the earlier generation of Southern women for the "trig" and sensible tailor made costume; but the heart of the girl of today is of the same degree of tenderness as that of her ancestress famous in song and story.

When Henry W. Grady died, the people of his own State, and men from everywhere who had known him, wished to create some memorial that would carry for-

bers of the Aid Society in connection with the hospital.

Miss Goldsmith's father is a prominent citizen of Atlanta, who is greatly interested in the present political situation, and who may be asked to take one of the gifts of his party if it comes into power.

Miss Lucy Inman is another Southern girl whose father, like Mr. Wilson, came to Wall Street after the war, and amassed a fortune as a banker. Her relations in the South are among the prominent old families, and she spends almost as much time with them as in her new home. In both places she is popular and admired. She possesses a beauty which it is difficult for the camera to portray. It recalls the historic belles of

Gainsborough's canvases. She is tall and slender, with a peach blossom coloring and golden brown eyes and hair. The camera seems to catch and hold a passing sadness which she never allows her friends to see. Her father has expressed his desire to have a portrait of his handsome daughter painted by Carolus-Duran, and she may this year go to Paris in order to realize Mr. Inman's wish.

Miss Lucy Inman.

From a photograph by Condon, Atlanta.

The California fiestas are not so famous, east of the Rocky Mountains, as those of New Orleans, but they make the early floral season one long holiday in the lower part of the Golden State. They have borrowed from the Gulf City the ways of its mimic royalty, and each year the prettiest and most popular of the young society women are chosen as queens to preside over the local gaieties. In almost every town the pageant of a court is part of the worship of the flowers.

In Los Angeles the queen is appointed by the fiesta committee, which includes the most prominent business men of the city. But business is laid aside when the glory of the spring comes upon the Western coast, and the play time monarchs are chosen. This year's queen in the City of the Angels was Mrs. Mildred Howell Lewis, who is famed as not only the most beautiful woman in Southern California, but the leader of the set that makes the social life of Los Angeles and its surrounding resorts. Society there is very cosmopolitan. Californians go much abroad, for the journey from New York to Paris seems a trifle to them after they have crossed the continent; consequently they bring many visiting foreigners home with them, and all the foreign diversions. Coursing, golf, polo, and all the sports that an old civilization has taught Europe to enjoy in places like Pau or Nice, have long been known to Los Angeles. In all these, as well as in the battles of flowers, Mrs. Lewis has been a conspicuous figure.

She was born in Louisiana, and knew the ways of her sister queens in the Mardi Gras from childhood. She is the only child of a wealthy banker, and married immediately after leaving school. She is very tall, nearing six feet, with a slender waist and a Junoesque figure. Her large and placid

eyes also recall that ox eyed goddess. Mrs. Lewis is so gracious and sweet tempered that in all the trying days of the flower festival no one ever found her other than smiling and cordial. She seemed like some tall flower herself.

The royal wardrobe in Los Angeles is even more superb than that which Rex himself demands for his queen. Five regal robes, ermine bordered, jeweled and embroidered, were worn by Mrs. Lewis during her reign. She chose the prettiest girls of her acquaintance to assist her in her work, but among them all she shone resplendent, a queen indeed.

Among the other queens in California, one of the most popular was Miss Lillian Rea of San Jose. Miss Rea was elected to her office. She is very tall, very dark, and full of that miracle of health and bloom which is typical of California. She was noted among all the queens for the exquisite taste displayed in her dress and in every accessory of her court. She fully realized the conception that this was a carnival of flowers, and flowers made the keynote of every decoration, not only in the town and upon the equipages, but in her gowns and canopies. There is always great rivalry in the decorations, but it was reserved for Miss Rea to see the beauty of carrying out every scheme of color on nature's own artistic plan. The success of her ideas proved her artistic spirit. She herself was like some deep, dark, rich rose.

The types of women in different parts of our country are as varying as the country itself. The French creole blood in New Orleans, or that of the Huguenots in the Carolinas, makes no more vivid types than that of the Spaniard in California; and yet every one of these women carries with her an individuality that proclaims her American in any part of the globe. It may be the scream of the eagle for which they listen that keeps their heads in the air. At any rate, any one of them might put a crown on her head and it would seem in place.

Miss Lillian Rea.
From a photograph.

The development of American girls is something that excites the admiration of every other nation, and we do not consider ourselves vain or self conscious when we hold up a mirror to our women and frankly admire the reflection. The "Daisy Miller" day is over, even in literature. Our girls are not only lovely in their bloom but they

Mrs. Mildred Howell Lewis.

From a photograph by Schumacher, Los Angeles.

grow into magnificent womanhood. The sallow, middle aged woman of Mr. Dickens' "American Notes" died and left no posterity. Our girls do not send their most beautiful sisters to marry abroad. Those who go to other countries are only a fair average, but they have made a name and a place for themselves.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY AND COLUMBIA.

The proposition to unite the National Academy of Design with Columbia University is one that will no doubt be fully debated before it is settled affirmatively or negatively. We hope to see it accepted, and realized as soon as may be. It may seem at first to carry with it a certain loss of dignity, a compromise of the Academy's independence—the objection that led to the

"In the Palace Garden."

From the painting by H. J. Scholten.

"A Holiday Morning."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by Emily Hart.

"Reveries"

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by Ilcva Cuomans

rejection of the suggested alliance with the Society of American Artists. But second thought will show that the case is radically different.

The Academy would be likely to gain from the connection with New York's great university as the College of Physicians and Surgeons has gained. Its prestige would not be diminished. Its control of its membership and of its exhibitions would not be interfered with. Its teaching department would no doubt be greatly strengthened. The greatest problem that now confronts it would probably be solved, for the university would grant it a site, and the likelihood of additions to its building

"The Virgin's Dream."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by A. Bramtot.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO., 257 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

"Siegmund Discovered by Brunnhilde."

From the painting by Jacques Wagrez.

fund would be greatly increased. On the other side of the question we can see no objection at all commensurate with the advantages offered by the alliance.

PITTSBURGH'S OPENING EXHIBITION.

One of the earliest and most important exhibitions of the coming season will open this month in Pittsburgh. The iron city has made up her mind that her Carnegie Galleries shall become an important center of American art. Thanks to the munificence of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, she is well supplied with the sinews of war; and she intends to organize an institution that shall have a great picture gallery, a complete art

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CO. 257 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

"Psyche."

From the painting by William A. Bouguereau.

"A Penny, Please, Sir!"

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by L. Perrault.

school, and an annual exhibition attracting the work of the best American painters.

This year's is her first display, and she has exerted herself to make it a notable one. A fund of eight thousand dollars is to be devoted to the purchase of the two best pictures sent in by native artists, and there are various other prizes and medals. To draw good work from a distance, offers are made of defraying expenses of transportation and insurance. The museum trustees have evidently resolved that Pittsburgh

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"Love's Captives."

From the painting by J. Ballavoine—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

shall rank with the older art centers, and are setting to work in a businesslike way to achieve their purpose.

The offering of large money prizes is a policy that has its critics, but it will no doubt serve its purpose of attracting attention to a new exhibition. There was a good competition for the five thousand dollars

"A Messenger of Cheer."

From the painting by Moreau of Tours.

offered last winter by the Philadelphia Academy, but Pittsburgh has decidedly "gone one better" than the Quaker City, and may expect to reap the reward of enterprise.

THE "PALL MALL" AS AN AUTHORITY ON ART.

It was a curious coincidence that brought out an article on Émile Wauters in the June issue of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, after our own sketch of the Belgian artist and his work, which appeared last month, was ready for the press. Still stranger was it that a periodical possessing the high reputation of Mr. Astor's magazine should on one page locate M. Wauters' studio in Brussels, and on another in Paris. The latter statement is correct. Yet more extraordinary, the *Pall Mall* printed the picture of Miss Lorillard which appeared on page 614 of the August MUNSEY'S and labeled it "Portrait of Mlle. Blanche Zarislowski"; while it put the name of Mme. Sassoon de Rothschild beneath a likness of Miss Mary Helen Carroll, of Baltimore.

Nor is this all. The text of our Anglo American contemporary speaks of Walters and "Willens" as the product of a single artistic generation. The reference is presumably to Florent Willems, who was a successful painter in Paris, and twice a medalist, before Wauters was born. There is a mention of "Dauhgny," too, which may be intended for Daubigny, though the meaning of the passage is far from clear. Possibly Mr. Astor would do well to let some more of his editors follow Mr. Cust into retirement.

AN ARTISTIC WEDDING.

The wedding of M. Bouguereau and Miss Elizabeth Gardner finally disposes of a piece of gossip twenty years old. Two decades ago, when the first Mme. Bouguereau died, and her husband painted his famous "Virgin of Consolation" as an expression of his grief, his interest in his clever young American pupil was noted. He never had a scholar who caught his smooth and graceful style so completely as this New Hampshire girl. So remarkable was the suggestion of Bouguereau in her beautiful studies of child life that it was whispered, sometimes, that the finishing touches upon her canvases were the master's own. It is said, now, that they would have been married long ago but for the opposition of the great painter's mother, who disapproved of *Américaines*. She lived to a great age, dying not long ago; and the belated wedding followed. M. Bouguereau is now a hale and hearty veteran of seventy one; his bride is twenty six years younger.

A daily contemporary — the *Journal*— mentions, as the chef d'œuvre of Miss Gardner, the "Roll Call," of which it remarks that "among war pictures few have stirred the blood of young and old so deeply." It remained for the proverbial enterprise of the latter day New York journalist to discover the hitherto unsuspected fact that the famous scene from Crimean days was in reality the work of the graceful painter of child life, and not of Lady Butler, to whom war's accessories are familiar of old. The confusion is the more curious because these two—perhaps the most celebrated women artists of their respective countries —have little in common except the Christian name of Elizabeth.

Characteristic specimens of Mme. Bouguereau's art were given in this magazine in June last, and in December, 1894. Henceforth, if her husband should "touch up" her canvases, we do not see how the most captious critic can raise any objection.

MUNKACSY'S RETURN TO HUNGARY.

Munkacsy, the famous Hungarian who has long been a prominent figure in the art world of Paris, is returning to his native land to take charge of the national museum at Buda-Pesth. Pulszky, the director whom he succeeds, caused no small scandal by filling the galleries with worthless pictures for which he paid—or at least charged the government—inflated prices. He was conveniently declared insane, and Munkacsy was invited to take the vacant post, which carries with it much prestige and high official station, as being the foremost living artist of his race.

Some time ago we recounted the incident that gave the Hungarian painter his introduction to Paris—the purchase of one of his canvases by an American gentleman, who sent it to the Salon. His marriage to a rich wife gave him the opportunity which comes to few in his profession—to follow out his artistic ambitions without any thought of their financial side. The result has been a series of religious paintings which are not only grandiose but—at their best, at any rate —really grand. His work has been of a sort rare in this age of pot boilers, of smooth portraits and salable figure studies.

Munkacsy has expressed his intention of painting some French historical subject, to be presented as a farewell gift to the nation whose hospitality he has enjoyed for twenty years.

IN SALEM TOWN.

WHAT is't to ye *why* came she to Salem town? There be some slaveries, God wot, that be worse than death, and none the easier to be endured that the fetter is a hoop of gold.

Looking out from our cottage windows on Salem Highway, where the grass stands lush, and the apple blooms wanton with the wind, she would pause ofttimes in her singing. Then, on a sudden, she would come to me, and take my face between her hands, and gaze at it as though 'twere a lesson book she was a-studying. And then it was "Goody, goody, are ye wearying for old England? Do ye sorrow that ye left it for the love o' me?"

It was evermore thus, I say. And evermore, looking back at her, and seeing the dire dread and loathing clean gone out of her face, I would make answer, "Nay, bairn, *thou* art my England."

By my faith, but had that word been true I had had a fair enough country. For the eyes of her were like deep pools of standing water, and her mouth even as a poppy field for redness, while her long hair, dark and shining and shadowy, was as newly mown hay that the sun hath kissed from green to brown. For the rest she was tall and lissome, and carried herself right queenly, yet withal with a kind of tricksome gaiety.

'Tis ill to say it, but from the first those of Salem village looked askance at us. This, meseems, was partly owing to Clarice's red cloak and fair face, which straightway set all the godly maids of the township by the ears, and partly that she would not, nay an' you had begged her on bended knees, go to meeting.

"Nay, nay, goody," she would say; "ye are gone clean daft to think the good God hath a liking for such sorry company. He is the liker to be found, trust me, out here among the birds and flowers, than a-meeting with those sour folk that call themselves 'the godly' and 'the elect.' Nay, I will not go, I tell thee. I should but laugh in the long face of the tithing man. And *that*, thou knowest well, were a sin which naught but death could make amends for."

Thus, saving Piers Wentworth's only, no foot crossed our threshold. He, too, would have been shut out, I warrant, but for the masterful way of him. For on the first day of our coming he had stood on a sudden, tall and strong and comely, in the open door. Never a "By your leave" or "I crave your pardon" had he in his mouth, but there was in his eyes the look that comesbut once in a lifetime.

Belike his gaze must have drawn her, for, albeit she had heard naught, Clarice turned and faced him. Then—for still he spoke not—she drew herself up in right awesome fashion. "To what, sir," she said, "do we owe his most unlooked for honor? Mayhap 'tis not known to ye that we have no craving for visitors, and that furthermore in the land *we* come from every man's house is his castle."

She paused, but still he held his peace, whereat she broke out mockingly, "Now, by my troth, 'tis a dumb man that we have for company. Belike he is deaf, too, and has so little wit that he must needs wander where he is not wanted. Go, goody, I prithee, and get the poor fool some gruel, and fashion him a puppet out of thy second best mantle, that he may have somewhat to pleasure him."

Then he spoke, and his words beat hers down, as his eyes had hers, even while she mocked him. "Be still," he said. "Why need you rail at me because I come to you with no glib and oily lie on my tongue? I say you but now as you passed through the village. I know not who you are, or whence you come. But I love you. That is why I am here. That is why, for all your pride and railing, I will come tomorrow, and the next day, and the next—aye, and all the days of all the years of my life, but what I will have you for mine own."

Such was his wooing, and I warrant ye he seemed like to be as good as his word. Never a day passed, foul or fair, but brought him with it, and, truth to tell, grew less foul or fairer with the bringing. 'Twas past nature, I say, that she should hold out long against him who craved for love in so high handed a fashion, and, withal, with that strength and mastery that is dear to every woman.

Once, I mind me, I was moved to speak a

word of caution, and straightway could have bitten my tongue out for the framing of it. Her face, that had been so blithe, grew all of a dull red, as though a flame had scorched it. When she spoke it was bitterly, for all she was evermore so gentle with me. "Think ye," she said, "that I need to be minded that I am not as other women? Is there ever a day or an hour that I forget it? Even if I did, would ye grudge the galley slave a moment's rest, a moment's dream of the freedom he may never know? Nay, ye would not. And yet his hand hath been soiled by crime, and mine, God wot, is free from all save the smirch of sale and barter. Ah, goody, will ye not let me dream of the only face, save thine, that hath ever looked on me with honest love? There be no harm in that, surely. I may never be his wife, or the mother of his children. I may never taste of the simple joys that other women drink up so unthinkingly. But surely, *surely*, I who have done with tears may laugh and prank me out, and make merry with a dream."

So these two were evermore together, and the apple trees of Salem Highway cast down flowers and fruit upon their heads, and later on, like liberal givers, the blossoms of a second spring.

But ere the purpling of the wood violets there was a strange spirit abroad in the land; a murderous spirit, begotten of hate and superstition, and akin to madness, which called itself by the sacred name of justice, and used as its deadliest weapon, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

Thereupon there was dragging of guiltless men and women to foul prison, where they lay burdened with irons. Thence, for such as would not sin against their soul by confessing to a lie, there was no deliverance save by a mock trial and a death of shame.

At the first, though, it was not dreamed that persecution would go so far. When first we heard rumors of it, Clarice had turned from Piers to me crying gleefully, "See, goody, what overmuch of sanctity hath done for 'the elect.' Truly it hath driven them to the riding of broomsticks, and tripping it with the foul fiend in the witches' dance. Poor souls, I warrant they found the black man better company than any they had known. Bethink thee, goody, how, an' I had done *thy* bidding, and taken my share of meeting house and tithing man, I should even now be flattening my nose against the bars. However, 'tis a world's wonder in any case that it hath still its wonted straightness. Verily, Piers, when thou thinkest on't, I be a monstrous good imitation of a witch. I dwell alone, save for goody there, who doth not count. I go not to meeting. I wear a red cloak. And I walk when and where I list with a tall, dark man for company. That means thee, Piers Wentworth, though thou seest it doth not altogether misapply to a greater, whom, by my faith, thou favorest mightily."

For answer to this gibe he only seized her two hands, crying out with a man's impatience, "Clarice, Clarice, *when* wilt thou marry me?"

And she had laughed up in his face, saying, "Never, I tell thee, never. In faith, I am too much afeard of those sour and saintly maids, that scowl so dark on me and thee. Think ye they have no love for me because I sing not after their fashion—through my nose? Or mayhap 'tis because they who christened me gat not my name out of the Chronicles."

Always she put him off. But there be other shapes—such as fate and death—that may not be put off, and stand to parley with no man.

On a Friday in the wane of May, there fell a shadow athwart our door. Then two men in tall hats and somber garb pushed past it, and stood covered and unbidden before us. One of these was short and simple faced, the other long and spare and solemn, with crafty lips and cruel, gimlet eyes that seemed to bore through heart and brain, in search of any trace of fear or weakness.

This man spoke first. "We seek the woman Clarice Neville."

At that name that she had thought never to hear again, Clarice's cheek paled. None the less she answered proudly, "I know not who ye are, nor wherefore ye thrust yourselves unwarranted upon me. But as ye are minded to put it so unmannerly, *I* am 'the woman Clarice Neville.'"

"In the name of the king, then," he said, "we are come to arrest ye on the charge of witchcraft."

She put her hand to her head like one bewildered. "Methinks my wits have played me false," she said. "'Tis not possible I have heard aright. I be no saint, God wot, yet have I not harmed or sought to harm the least of His creatures—surely, then, there be none to bear me malice."

"Verily, woman," broke in he of the milder visage, "dost not know that the afflicted maids cry out against thee, that thou tormentest them night and day? 'Tis said, too, thou hast, by thy witch's arts, seduced

the goodliest youth in all the township, till he is even such an one as thyself. He goeth no more to meeting, and he hath been heard to call good Master Parris' sermons 'tedious and unmeaning.' Nay, Master Parris, look not so angrily upon me. *I* said it not. Verily, though I, George Corwin, sheriff of Salem town, be but the weakliest babe of the covenant, I know better than to look for ungodly diversion or tickling of the ears on the Lord's day."

"Have done with thy prating," cried the other fiercely. "The Lord will avenge His servant of his enemies—even of them that stand so high as that proud sprig of a stiff necked stock. Bid the wicked woman come with us."

"Nay," she said, and her eyes were no more troubled, but alight with a strange fire, "nay, I *will not* go with ye till I have said one word for myself, and for those others who suffer, or are like to suffer, from this madness. Master sheriff, I bid you have a care for yourself. For take notice 'tis only on the foes of this man beside you that the bolt hath fallen. Walk warily, therefore, lest he thirst also for your blood. I be a stranger to him, yet would I swear that in some way he profits by my doom. Hear me, if not for myself, for others. God himself hath burned it in upon my heart that when this frenzy shall be past and over, ye shall find beneath it neither cloven hoof nor witch's caldron, but the black heart and crafty hand of this murderous priest. Then, an' ye do his bidding, shall the blood of the innocent cry out against him and you."

The preacher's white lips writhed into a smile. "Silence the witch," he said. "Thou knowest we have proof enough of her guilt to hang her, an' she had as many lives as a cat. What, dost hesitate? Hath Satan indeed a hold on thee, that thou wouldst fail in thy duty for a woman's tongue? Presume not, thou faint of heart, to stand in the path of the Lord's vengeance. Else shall it smite thee like a thunderbolt."

"Nay, verily," quoth the other, trembling. "I did but turn sick, your reverence, with a qualm i' the stomach. All my life have I been subject to such qualms. Is it your worship's pleasure that I put irons upon the woman?"

"Now on my soul," she said, "ye shall not drag me hence in chains. I will go with ye, since needs must. But an' ye lay so much as a finger upon me, ye are like to learn how despair makes strong the weak."

"So be it, then," said the preacher. "Gallows Hills lies before her, whether she fare toward it bound or free."

"Then fare ye well," she said, "faithful heart that hath borne with me so long. All that I have is thine. Would that it were a thousandfold more, but such as it is, take it and get thee back to thy quiet cottage in old England. Farewell, humble home, wherein I have known all of love and joy that life holds for me. Farewell, dear world, that smilest back at me under the May sun. Farewell, hope and love and life. Farewell."

On the morn of her trial I was early at Salem meeting house. They brought her in laden with irons, and pale with the prison pallor, her dark hair falling unbound upon her shoulders. At sight of her the screeching, shaking maids on the front bench set up a yet more shrewish clamor. However, save for the sad scorn of her mouth, 'twas as if she took no note of them. Standing there friendless and alone, taunted and mocked and jeered at, she yet bore herself right dauntlessly. Her eyes wandered slowly past the faces of her persecutors till they rested on the judges. In a breath her face grew all of a ghastly and piteous whiteness, for there among them, with his bloated face and evil eyes, was the man whom she had crossed the seas to flee.

Her face grew white, I say, but the next moment it was still and set as though death itself had hardened it. For Preacher Parris leaned forward from his place among the magistrates, gloating upon her with his cruel smile.

"Clarice Neville," he said, "I bid you in God's name speak truly. Are you guilty or not guilty of the charges of witchcraft brought against you?"

"Not guilty," she made answer clearly.

"Thou liest, witch," quoth he. "Wherefore, an' it were not the grievous truth, would these pious maids cry out against thee, that thou evermore afflictest them with tortures not to be endured?"

"Now as God lives," she said, "'tis *you* who lie, black hearted priest, you and these your minions. Ye are drunk with blood, all of ye, and yet ye thirst for more. Wolves that ye are, I will not do ye so much pleasure as to plead with ye for my poor life. Do your worst, then, consistent members of a sect whose religion is to persecute, whose sufferings have taught ye naught save hate and rancor. Swear away the lives of your victims. Drink deep of their hearts' blood. And look to see the day when your children, and your children's children, shall curse ye for this butchery!"

"Silence," cried the preacher, "thou blasphemer of the Lord's elect. Had I my will thou shouldst be gagged as well as chained. Mayhap to confront thee with thy partner in guilt may confound thee somewhat. Your worships, I pray you have the constables bring in the accused."

Straightway, with clank of irons, and guarded by men at arms, they brought Piers Wentworth in. He walked as one in a dream, and a murmur ran through the crowd, "We have seen his sort afore. He will have naught to say for himself, and the magistrates, godly men, will soon make an end of him."

Then said the elder judge, him with the white hair, who sat on the right of Preacher Parris, "Piers Wentworth, I charge thee speak the truth before God and these witnesses. Art thou guilty or not guilty of the sin of witchcraft?"

He made answer bitterly, but still as in a dream. "What ye will. Since ye have sworn my dear love's life away, ye may do your will upon me, too, and welcome."

"He doth not deny his guilt, your worships," said the preacher. "What boots it that we hear more?"

On a sudden Clarice's voice clave the air in wild entreaty. "Nay, your reverence, and ye worshipful magistrates, and good folk of Salem village, hear me but a breathing space. I will confess my guilt before ye all. Suffer me not to die in my sin. Hear me! For the love of the dear Christ, hear me!"

She clasped her bound hands, and bent upon her judges so anguished and piteous a gaze that they stirred uneasily beneath it. Then, for all the preacher's black looks, the younger magistrate made answer, "Speak, woman. We would have none go forth to death with a lie upon the lips."

"Now God reward ye for this grace," she said. "And be it known unto ye that the words that I first spoke were a lie, planned to deceive your honors, and this most worshipful assembly. Howsoever, the ripe scholarship and judgment of your worships have pierced the flimsy web of my deceit, and valued it at its true worth. And now, since no manner of falsehood can avail me, I would in some fashion shrive my guilty soul before I go hence. I *am* a witch. I have signed the black book and danced in the witches' ring. I have consorted with the foul fiend, and afflicted these elect maidens. Through my devilish arts I have entrapped the soul and body of this poor young man, whom it is idle to accuse of witchcraft, since it is well known to your worships' wisdom that no man may be bewitched and a wizard at the same time. Mark how his eyes follow me, and how he strives to speak. *That*, your worships, is a part of the charm. Let him not speak, I pray you, for Satan will but make use of his tongue to pour forth lies and idle sayings."

The preacher sprang to his feet with the cry of a wild beast cheated of its prey. "Gag the lying devil," he screamed. "See ye not that she would snatch this brand from the burning, and trick the faithful of their righteous vengeance?"

But the magistrates frowned, and the younger laid a heavy hand on his shoulder. "Peace, Minister Parris," he said. "Else will even they of the covenant think that 'tis not justice but malice prompteth us."

"At least, then, give the man leave to speak," cried the other furiously. "'Tis like that proud tongue of his may wag to his undoing."

But Piers Wentworth waited for no leave. "Magistrates," he said, "and fellow townsfolk, it must be plain to the most witless of ye that my dear love hath taken a double load of guilt upon her innocent shoulders. What arts hath she save those that the good angels have taught to every maiden? What charms but that of her youth and beauty and wild, sweet ways? Would ye slay her for these, or for the generous heart that would embrace sin and death and shame to save another? Nay, rather get ye down in the dust at her feet, and kiss the hem of her garment. If she dies, I die, and there be none of ye strong enough to stay me therefrom."

Once more, sharp and bitter, came the agonized cry, "Your worships, heed him not! It is the charm. It is the devilish charm that may not be undone but with my death. Bid him live. It may be that the purity of his life may make amends for the weakness and wickedness of mine. Tell him, as the last words I shall speak to him on earth, not to rob me of this one hope that I shall carry with me into the outer darkness. I kneel to ye for mercy. As ye hope for it in that day when God shall sit upon his great white throne, and the heavens be shriveled as a scroll, do not deny me."

On all sides rose the cry, "Spare the youth, spare him!"

In the midst of the clamor the elder judge arose and called for order. "We, the magistrates of Salem village," he said, "do find Piers Wentworth innocent, and Clarice Neville guilty, of the charges brought against them. We therefore command that the man be released from custody, and that

the woman be recommitted to Salem jail. Thence she shall be taken tomorrow at sunrise to Gallows Hill, where she shall be hung by the neck till she is dead. And may the Lord have mercy on her soul."

Between midnight and dawn, as I lay upon the stone floor of Clarice's cell—this last poor grace being granted in answer to her prayer and mine—the bolt slid back, and he who had wrought her such evil in the olden time stood before her. She turned slowly from her station at the barred window, whence she had been gazing out for the last time at the fair world, all white with moonshine. I marveled that there was no trace of the old horror in her eyes, and that her face lost none of its calm at sight of him.

"Spoiler of my life," she said slowly, "wherefore are you come? Could you not even let me die in peace?"

"Nay, Clarice, nay, my wife," he made answer, "for I am come to save you."

"Truly," she said, "I am Clarice; but not your wife—nevermore your wife."

"Listen," he cried, "I repent me of my sins against you, of that last foul insult that drove you from me. Your eyes have haunted me ever since; the sweet breath of you, and the red mouth, and the dusky hair. I have followed you to the world's end. And for that I knew that naught but the shadow of death could force you back to me, it was my hand that laid the train for your undoing. Bribery of that treacherous priest hath brought you here. Bribery of these solemn faced guards shall take you hence. Think not that I bear you malice for having taken another in my place. 'Twas no worse than I had done a score of times before you left me. By the Lord, but 'twas a brave sight to see how stoutly you beat off those bloodhounds from your paramour—"

"Stop," she cried. "I care not what you say of me, but before God I will not hear one breath against him I love. You and such as you know not what love is, but I loved him. For me law had no bonds, hell no terrors. I would have been his slave and mistress—since I might not be his wife—but that my very love forbade me. How could I, who loved him, smirch his pure soul with the sin of mine, and drag his fair name in the mire of my dishonor? I could not an' I would. Nay, I tell thee, before I had done him such foul wrong, I had stilled forever with mine own hand the weak heart that tempted me."

"Clarice," he said hoarsely, "I care not whether you be innocent or guilty. I love you. I swear I will love none but you all my life long. Come with me. The guards are bribed. The craft that shall carry us away from these accursed shores waits for us in Salem harbor. Think of the shameful death before you. Think of life—with me, your doting slave and husband, ever at your side. Come, I beseech you! Come!"

She raised her head, and her face was as the face of a conqueror. "I have thought on these things," she said. "Last morn when I lifted up mine eyes, and saw you whom I had fled among the judges, I knew 'twas all in vain, and that there was but one way of escape left open for me. Through that dark door you may not follow me. Once past its portals I shall await in safety the coming of my heart's true lord. See where the first dawn breaks over Gallows Hill. Go, and in your going bid the guards hasten, for I am ready."

Eleanor Duncan Wood.

SWEET ARE THE NAMES.

SWEET are the names of Shakspere's women; they
Like music melt upon the heart and ear;
First *Juliet* comes, then *Beatrice* draws near,
Perdita pure, and *Lucrece* chaste as day;
Dear *Desdemona*, she who loved the Moor;
There, poor *Ophelia*, and *Cordelia* here
Whose voice was ever soft and low to *Lear*;
Rare *Rosalind*, the fair who reignèd o'er
Orlando's soul in Arden; *Portia* wise,
And *Jessica*, who with an unthrift love
Ran far as Belmont; look your last now, eyes,
On maid *Miranda*, gentle as a dove.
These names and women out of Shakspere's art
Like sweetest music sway the human heart.

Robert Loveman.

STORIETTES

A MEDIATOR

POLLY, the gray parrot, was one of Miss Vaudevere's household gods. He had been given to her by an old sea captain from Rio de Janeiro. Polly was a native of Brazil, and a wonderful talker.

Miss Vaudevere liked to have the bird with her in the studio of a morning. He entertained her while she sketched by his spirited remarks concerning her work, or any other thing that struck him as interesting. John Castle was attached to Polly, too. Castle and Miss Vaudevere were painting together a picture of the gleaning Ruth. It was a long task. Castle wished it endless. Nobody could guess what Miss Vaudevere felt about the matter.

Some question arose concerning a piece of real estate belonging to Miss Vaudevere, and she was called out of town for a few days.

During her absence, Castle worked upon those portions of the picture which had fallen to his share. He painted the eyes of the gleaning Ruth. He had made a special study of eyes. He had decided that the eyes of this particular character should be a deep, dark hazel. When, after two days of constant work, they were finished, he saw, with a conscious thrill of joy, that they were the sloe black, beautiful eyes of Miss Vaudevere herself.

On the morning of Miss Vaudevere's return, the maid whose duty it was to tidy the reception room, off the studio, was putting things in order there. She hated Polly thoroughly. Now and again, as she moved about, she stole a glance at her chic self in the large mirror.

"How pretty! How sweet!" simpered Poll from his cage. The maid shook her duster at him angrily.

"I'd like to wring its neck! Sure it's no fit company ye are for ladies, at all," she whispered across to him, lapsing into her mother tongue.

"Pretty! Pretty! Oh, my! I'm in love!" giggled the bird.

The portières which separated the reception room from the studio were parted rather abruptly, and Miss Vaudevere came into the little apartment. She had been looking at Castle's work on the gleaning Ruth. There was a smoldering fire in her deep eyes, and her lips were compressed in a straight, hard line.

"Kindly do not admit anybody this morning, Katie," she said to the maid. "I am too tired to do any painting. I will sit here with Polly a while."

"Pretty Polly," said the parrot, mincing along his roost.

"He's a naughty, bad bird, that he is, Miss Ernestine," said the ruffled Katie, giving him a parting flirt with her duster as she left the room.

Polly subsided, and seemed to be taking a nap.

Miss Vaudevere strolled about the room restlessly, moving a piece of bric-à-brac here and there. After a while she paused before the big mirror and regarded herself critically. She was a beautiful creature, tall and well formed, with the dusky coloring and soft, black eyes of her Spanish mother. She stood gazing at her image intently for a few seconds. Suddenly a great surge of color swept her face and neck. She threw up one hand and smote herself in the breast.

"Oh! How I hate you! You black, ugly thing!" she cried fiercely, to her reflection in the mirror. "If you were small and fair—" her voice broke, in dry, harsh sobs—"a little, golden haired, blue eyed thing, he would love you! He likes fair women. Didn't he tell you so himself? If you had no heart to love him, love him, love him till death, he would love you. Oh, you poor black thing! I do pity you! Once I thought you were beautiful. I must have been mad! I am mad to love him! John! John! John! Yet he painted my eyes for the Ruth! He did! He did! It's a shame to my womanhood to love unloved! I hate such love! I would strike it out of my soul—so!"

She lifted her right hand and struck furiously at the face in the mirror, shattering the glass into atoms. Then the color drifted out of her cheeks.

"Oh, my! Oh, my!" said a shrill, shocked voice.

Miss Vaudevere looked down at her hand. It was bleeding. She turned about and walked sedately from the room. Once in her private apartment, she summoned her maid.

"Adele," she said, "a mirror in the reception room is broken. Please tell the housekeeper to have it replaced at once. And Adele, will you look at my hand? I have hurt it with the glass."

There was no need to tell the maid that words would not be acceptable. In tactful silence she sponged the hand, removed a bit of glass from the firm, white flesh, applied ointment, and bandaged the wounded member.

The vivid carmine had left Miss Vaudevere's lips. She leaned back, resting her head against the woman.

"Adele," she said drearily, "do you care for me the least bit in the world? Oh, I am miserable, Adele!"

The severe lines in the woman's face became relaxed.

"As a mother loves her child, so I love you, Miss Ernestine," she said simply.

The girl looked up at her with wide, suffering eyes.

"Adele," she said, "oh, Adele, I struck you

once. I shall never forget it. Sometimes it seems as if I must die of rage. Put your arms about me, Adele. You are no servant! I never knew any mother save you. Oh, love me all you can, Adele, for my heart is near to breaking."

The Frenchwoman put out her long, graceful arms, and gathered the girl close to her bosom, murmuring sweet, soothing things, till the dark lashes fell over Ernestine's eyes, and she slept.

Down in the reception room all traces of the mental storm had been removed, and a very tame and lonely parrot reigned supreme.

"Does Poll want dinner?" asked the housekeeper, passing through the room at midday.

"Get out!" said the bird crossly. "I'm in love!"

The housekeeper laughed as she went her way.

Miss Vaudevere, suffering both mentally and physically, did not feel equal to receiving the few of her fellow artists who called that day.

"Tell them that I am ill, Adele," she said to the maid.

Polly, down in the reception room, felt indisposed, too. He eyed the callers sharply as they came and went, putting now and then a sharp answer to their questionings. When John Castle came into the familiar little room, he tapped his favorite gaily on the breast.

"How do, Polly?" he asked.

"I'm in love," said the bird sullenly. Castle laughed.

"Miss Vaudevere is ill, sir," the maid said. The laughter went out of Castle's eyes at once.

"Not able to work?" he asked, tapping the bird's cage with nervous fingers.

"Not able, sir," answered the woman.

"She's in love," volunteered Polly cheerfully. Castle was disappointed.

"Don't!" he said crossly, to the parrot.

"John! John!" called the bird softly. Castle gathered Polly on one arm and strode into the studio, where he fell to painting vigorously. He was a big, clean cut young American, blond and handsome. His face was grave to sternness as he worked away on the gleaner.

John Castle was deeply in love with Miss Vaudevere. They had been students together in Paris. Castle had spent his little all on his education. Some time it might return to him. He meant that it should, but it would be slow work. It seemed to him that he had always loved Miss Vaudevere, though he had nothing but love to offer her. He was a proud fellow. The best in the world was not good enough for Miss Vaudevere, he knew; and John Castle was not the best. He had no means, and he was at the bottom of the ladder of art. When the best came in sight, he would take himself out of the way; and meanwhile she should never know his heart. That was how he looked at the matter.

He worked away with firm, steady strokes at some stalks of corn in the field of Boaz. The parrot, in some other part of the big room, was talking busily. By and by the shrill voice penetrated Castle's thoughts.

"I hate you! Hate you! Hate you! You ugly black thing!" the bird was saying bitterly. Castle turned about sharply, and stared at the parrot, who, perched before a mirror, was gazing fixedly at his reflection.

"Come away, Polly," he said gruffly. "Don't be silly!"

"I hate you!" cried Polly. "If you were small, fair, sweet! No heart to love him! Love him! Love him! He'd love you! John! John! John!"

Castle stood like one carved from stone. His face looked gray in the sunlit room.

Polly sobbed stormily on. "Shame! Shame! To love, unloved! God help you! Poor black thing!"

Castle darted forward and snatched the bird up on his arm

"Polly!" he said huskily. "My heavens, Polly!"

But Polly's memory failed him, and he had gone back to a state of semi dumbness again. "I'm in love!" he said drearily.

Castle thrust him into the cage and rang the bell hastily.

"Ask Miss Vaudevere if she will see me for a moment. Say that it is quite imperative that I should see her," he said to the maid. Then, aglow with excitement, he paced the room and waited.

"Thank God! Thank God!" he said fervently. "I thought I was too mean a creature, too poor and commonplace, to love her. And she loves me. Loves me! My beautiful woman! My queen! God bless you, Polly! You mustn't stay here; you'll tell the servants what I say."

"My queen! My queen!" chanted Polly in a very flat voice.

Castle seized the cage and swung it on a hook out of the window. "Hang the bird!" he said, laughing nervously. Then he fell to painting again, dashing in colors with reckless haste.

Presently Miss Vaudevere came into the room, calm and lovely. She had made up her mind that Castle should never know of her love for him. The battle had been a severe one; the quick impetuosity of her Spanish forebears had struggled for mastery within her, but she had conquered.

Castle came to meet her, a strong, new light in his eyes.

"You wanted to see me?" she began bravely, smiling up at him.

Castle stood still, looking straight at her. She turned her eyes to the picture of Ruth. Castle drew nearer to her, keeping his eyes fixed upon her. The deep, dark eyes came round to his slowly. Miss Vaudevere lifted her hand and deliberately covered them.

Castle almost laughed with delight at her effort to hide what he was longing to read. He dropped his hand upon her hair, and drew the lovely face back against his.

"I wanted you," he said boldly. "I love you! Oh, I love you to the deepest depth of my being. Did you know that? Take away

your hand;" but the hand remained over the dark eyes. Castle dropped his face, and pressed his lips to hers.

"My love! My love! My love!" he whispered joyfully.

She drew back from him, covering her face with her hand, and trembling.

"Oh, no! No! No!" she said breathlessly. "It isn't true!"

"It's as true as God!" he said, gathering her hands against his breast.

"Why is this?" he asked, touching the bandage gently.

"A mirror was broken in the reception room," she said hastily. "It is nothing."

The whole truth came to Castle with a rush of intuition, stirring him to the soul.

"Ernestine," he said, pressing his lips against her hair, "I love fair women. My mother is a fair woman." She hid her face against his breast.

"Oh, I have suffered a great deal," she said brokenly.

"Poor hand," Castle said tenderly. "Poor little, suffering, dear hand!"

"I'm in love," called a faint, doleful voice from without.

"It's Polly," Castle said, laughing boyishly. "He is a remarkably intelligent bird."

Florence Eve Owen.

THE FINAL RESOLUTION OF MISS KATHARINE TRENT.

It was half past five, and almost dark. The train was about to start. Most of the seats were occupied either by the passengers in person, or by their representative baggage, and the lamplighter had just completed his tour. Dick had disposed of wraps, cane, umbrella, and the bundlesome fruit of a day's shopping in the city; had exerted himself in every possible and impossible way to secure the comfort and amusement of his companion, and then, having failed to elicit the slightest response, had gone into permanent retirement behind the evening paper.

But Miss Katharine Trent failed to find anything interesting in the new magazines, and was now leaning disconsolately back in her seat, wrapped in penitent contemplation of the half inch of Dick's forehead and smoothly parted brown hair visible above the edge of the paper. A box of chocolates on the window, and a big bunch of violets in her lap, seemed equally unregarded.

"I suppose," she thought, drawing together her pretty brows, "if newspapers were made of glass, I could see Dick's eyes; but it's a good thing they aren't, for I should certainly feel inclined to break that one into a thousand pieces."

The train was going at a fair speed now, and murmurs of contented conversation reached her ear.

"Dick," she said suddenly, sitting bolt upright, "here we are almost at Englewood. Are you really going to go as far as South Chicago with me?"

"I am afraid I must;" and Dick laid down his paper with grave courtesy, and looked for a moment straight into her eyes. "Mother is down there with Bessie, you know, and I telegraphed them to expect me out to dinner. I never like to disappoint Bess."

But Kate had dropped her eyes when Dick looked at her; the smile and the "I'm so glad!" with which she meant to begin her overtures of peace had died on her lips, and she stared with burning cheeks out into the darkness, while Dick, with a hardly repressed sigh, again took refuge in his paper. But he read line after line without catching a word of the sense.

"I suppose I was an ass to think she cared for me," he was thinking. "It's plain enough now that she doesn't and never did;" and Dick spread out his paper and refolded it with a vicious punch.

The truth was that Miss Katharine Trent was a bundle of startling contradictions. That she had a tender heart, or that she was thoughtful and earnest, no one who looked for a moment into her big, serious blue eyes could doubt. Yet often, if not indeed generally, she acted without a moment's reflection. Her little Italian singing master was fond of calling her his "beautiful chord of the ninth," and said that everything depended upon her proper resolution.

It had begun to rain. A few drops zigzagged their downward career across the pane with most fascinatingly unexpected movements; but Katharine did not even see them. She was thinking desperately of that look in Dick's eyes. Of course he loved her. She knew that. Didn't she love him just as much? But here her conscience awoke with a start, and informed her that if she did love him, she had taken every precaution to conceal the fact from herself, and Dick, and every one else. "And don't you," conscience went on, "don't you treat almost every fellow you know better than you treat Dick? And didn't you, this very afternoon, refuse even to talk about marrying him?"

The train was flying now, and Katharine found herself listening frantically to the measured double *slam, slam*, of the wheels, that brought nearer every instant the time when Dick would go.

"I know he'll never look at me or speak to me again. I don't blame him. I can't ask him to forgive me, because I should certainly cry, and—oh!" Her heart almost choked her with its beating, for the train had begun to slow up, and Dick was putting on his coat. Suddenly a voice pitched in a girlish soprano fell on her ear.

"Good by, Will," it said, "and please write to us right away, won't you? You know mamma always worries so about you. Good by"—a kiss—"good by!" That was all, but it was enough; not a minute for reflection, but Katharine needed none.

Dick was beside her, hat and cane in hand, but Kate was already on her feet.

"I will," she said to herself, with a swift glance around, while the pink in her cheeks changed to red and flamed clear up to her hair; "I will!" The man across the aisle was looking out of the window. "No one will ever know the difference," she went on, "and I can't bear to have him go."

"I telegraphed your father to meet the ten twenty train," Dick was saying. "I really must hurry."

"Good by, Dick," said Kate, her voice positively ringing with cousinly affection. "I'm awfully sorry I can't stop off with you and see Cousin Bess; and be sure to give my love to Aunt Katie;" and, tiptoeing a little, she pulled his face down to hers and kissed him straight on the mouth.

For a moment the universe seemed to reel about Dick's head. Then he sank into the seat and pulled Kate down beside him.

"You will be carried by—oh, Dick!" and Kate was almost sobbing in an agony of blushes.

"I think I'll change my mind and go on down to South Bend," remarked Dick cheerfully, taking in at a glance the too interested observer across the aisle. "Your father—er, Uncle John might not meet you, you know; and besides"—crushing both her hands against him as he bent over her in a blissful moment when the man across the aisle was looking the other way—"besides, you have not told me when you will marry me."

Tony Schultz.

THE MAN IN BLACK.

THEY were sitting before the great open fireplace in the reading room at the Fellowcraft, sipping their after dinner coffee and smoking. A diversity of topics had elicited the ordinary small talk of insipid discussion, in which neither had found the other particularly interesting, until, at last, they touched on the meaning of color in men's apparel.

The question was suggested to them by the entrance of a man dressed in somber black. He came into the room where Dean and Greig were chatting, glanced about as though looking for some one, and passed out without speaking. His appearance would have caused comment anywhere. At the Fellowcraft, where the character of the man was well known, it was the subject of frequent discussion. Not only were his clothes black, but his bearing, his talk, his attitude to those he met, were heavy with the atmosphere of mourning that he wore. The men by the fire were well aware of its cause, for both had known De Vinne's wife well.

There had been a great deal of talk about De Vinne's lack of love for Hattie Missell before he married her. Afterwards the truth of some of the assertions came to most of us in the shameful way he neglected her. But now that she was dead, and De Vinne so apparently heart broken over his loss, we rather accused ourselves of being unjust to him.

It was Greig who began the talk.

"That man De Vinne," he said, following the man in black with his eye as he left the room, "makes one creep. His black is like death itself."

Dean looked in the direction in which De Vinne had disappeared. "Few of us know anything at all about the meaning of color," he answered slowly. "We should use it differently if we did, I think. Now and then you see a man who has the right idea, but only now and then."

"De Vinne?" Greig suggested with sarcastic emphasis.

"De Vinne!" Dean flared out, the blood mantling to his forehead. "De Vinne's black is an insult to every one who knows him. I want to tear it from his back whenever I see him."

Greig raised his eyebrows in evident astonishment.

"Oh, you know what I mean. You know what the fellow was before he married Hattie Missell, what he continued to be, what he still is. It's no secret. It may be all right for a man to do as De Vinne did, and to continue to do so as long as he pleases, even though all the world knows that it was what he did that broke his wife's heart and killed her. I am not talking about what he is; I am simply saying that his black is a lie to every one he meets and an insult to her."

"Perhaps you are a bit severe," Greig said calmly. "I suppose if he wants to wear black as an expression of his feelings, he has that right."

"Now that's just it," Dean said, leaning forward. "Has he that right? Is he honest about it?"

"I don't know of any law that can force a man to be honest," Greig said, "or to seem what he is, unless," he added reflectively, "it be a moral law, and every one looks at that sort of thing according to his understanding. De Vinne may think he is doing absolutely the right thing. Black to some people is a penance, you know."

"Not to De Vinne," Dean replied shortly. "He is not the sort that does penance. His black is a cloak to his actions, not an expression of his grief. Once in a while you see a man who hasn't any more moral right to wear mourning, the way De Vinne does, than I have to swear in court to what every one knows is a falsehood; only, of course, the law would send me up for perjury, while De Vinne forces his lie upon every one he knows, and people bow to him and say, 'Poor fellow!'"

"Rather a good thing, I fancy," Greig reflected, "that we haven't any such moral law as that; or, rather, that we haven't any court of execution—here. Most of us would be doing time for perjury, I fear."

There was a break in the conversation. Dean had finished his cigar, and he did not light a fresh one. Instead he sank deep into

his chair, and gazed into the fire. He was thinking of the woman for whom De Vinne was in black. He had known Hattie Missell well. Once he had fancied he was in love with her, but she had shown him clearly that she was only his friend; very clearly, though, that she was that. She was one of the most beautiful, most fascinating women he had ever known, and as he recalled her sweet face and slight, graceful figure he quite forgot that Greig was near, looking at him and wondering at his abstraction.

"You never knew her as well as I did," he said, looking up at Greig, quite unconscious that the other man had not been following along with him in his thoughts of her, "and so you can't hate De Vinne's black as I do. You think I am unjust, and condemn him without reason, but that is because you don't really know. Hattie Missell was the sweetest woman that ever lived. He treated her like a beast. Once I saw him strike her. He was drunk, of course, but is that an excuse? It was at the Colemans' german, the winter before she died. She had been waiting an hour for him with her wraps on ready to go home. I had seen him, and knew that he was in no condition to go anywhere with any one; I had been trying to have her go home without him, but she would not. Finally he came down the stairs with his hat on the back of his head. 'Are you ready to go now, Harry?' she asked. His reply was an unintelligible mutter. 'I've been waiting an hour for you, Harry; it's very late,' she went on. He was headed for the supper room again, and she tried to stop him by standing in his way. Then he struck her with his hand in the face. I heard her smothered 'Harry!' and stepped up to him. He hadn't seen me until then. He laughed, and asked if it wasn't beastly early to go home.

"That's only a small incident," Dean went on, talking hurriedly, "but a life of such incidents can't end too soon for a woman. You see I knew her very well before she married—better, perhaps, after that night, when she knew that I knew how it was with her. A month later she wrote to me to come and see her. De Vinne had gone to Chicago for a week, on business (you remember his escapade there, it was notorious). She wanted me to attend to some law business for her. It was her will."

Dean said the last words very slowly, then stopped.

"I suppose she must have loved him," Greig said.

"She thought she did," Dean answered. "She was engaged to another man when she first met De Vinne, but the other man was away making money for her, and the engagement didn't last long—for her."

The "for her" was separated from the rest of Dean's sentence by so long a pause that Greig could not mistake its meaning. He looked up quickly.

"Oh, no," Dean said, divining the question in Greig's look, "it was a better man than I. A true, loyal fellow, a man who really loved her, who loves her now, for that matter. His name was Sherman."

Their discussion of the meaning of colors had gone deeper than exteriors, and for a time both men thought without speaking. Finally Greig shifted his position and lit a cigarette.

"We were speaking of color, I believe, and the effect of a moral law if it could be put into execution here," he said between the first puffs of smoke. "What, for instance, do you think *he* would be getting?"

Greig nodded his head in the direction of a man who had just entered the room, and who now stood by the table, running his eyes over the various periodicals there, and occasionally picking one up to glance at the illustrations. From where he sat Dean could see the man clearly, but he had not noticed him as he came in. As he recognized him now, he gave Greig a curious look, then jumped up, and with outstretched hand went over to speak to the newcomer.

Greig did not know the man, but as he turned to meet Dean something about his features appeared familiar. Something he had heard connected itself with the man's face, but Greig was unable to recall what it was. As he looked at him carefully, his personality made the something less and less distinct. Evidently his impression was at fault, for everything about the newcomer spoke of life and gaiety.

He was not good looking, though his face, which was tanned as brown as leather, was interesting. It was not alone in the face, however, that Greig's impression of sadness was contradicted. Everything about the man was gay. His clothes were of light Scotch tweed, his linen a fine dotted pink, and his tie a de Joinville of deep red. His voice and his hearty laughter filled Greig with its own spirit, and he watched his manner and studied his face with pleasure. Dean and he were evidently old friends who had not met for a long time, and their greetings were hearty and free. They spoke of people they both had known, and of past events familiar to both. Finally the man drifted away into conversation with others who came up to greet him, and Dean, dropping out of the circle, came back again to Greig by the fire.

"Quite in our line of discussion," Greig said when Dean was seated; "the man's colors, I mean."

Dean smiled. "Yes," he said, "he is one of the few men who appreciate the real meaning of the colors they wear, who know what color is and how to use it."

"Who is he?" Greig asked.

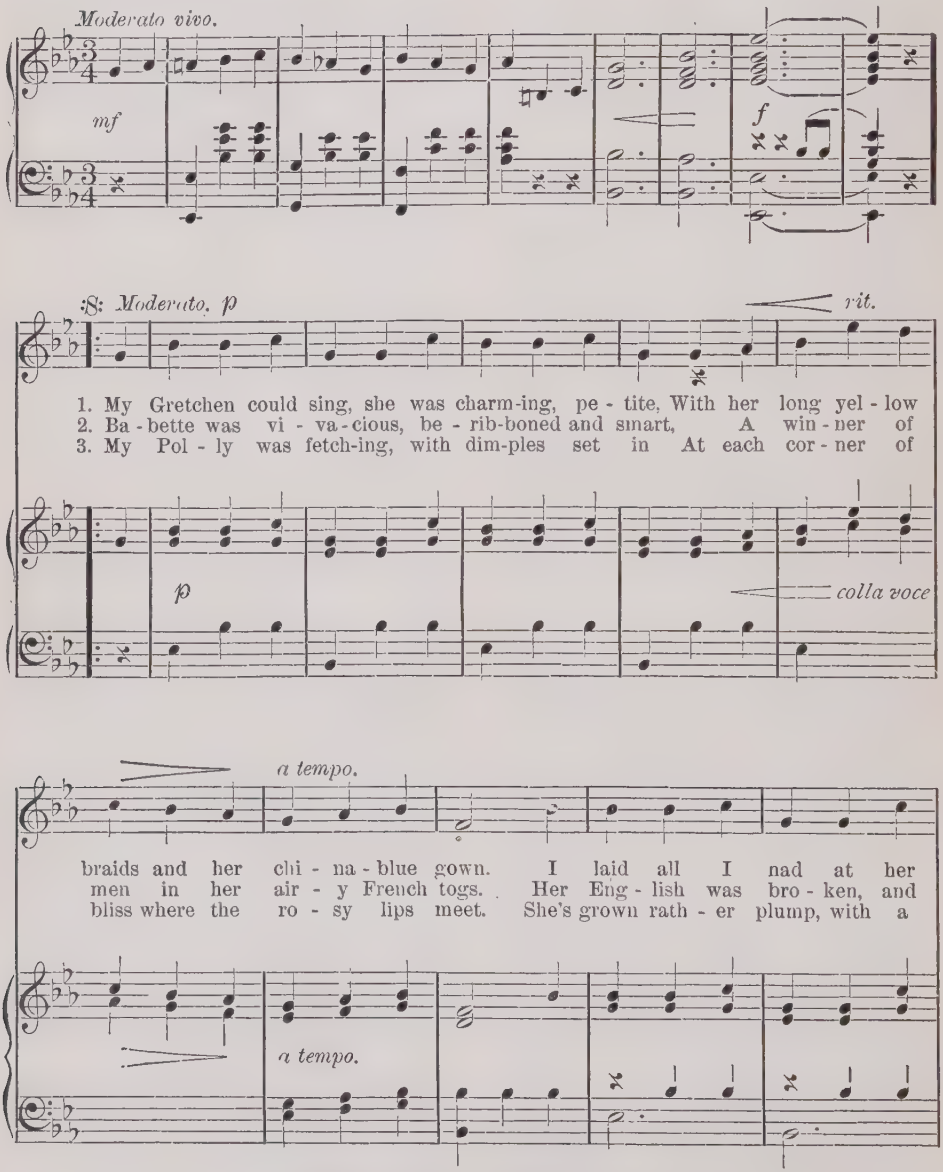
Dean was silent a full minute. He leaned forward, resting his arm along his knee, and looked into Greig's face. "You wouldn't guess it," he said, "but he is the man who loves her now. He is Sherman."

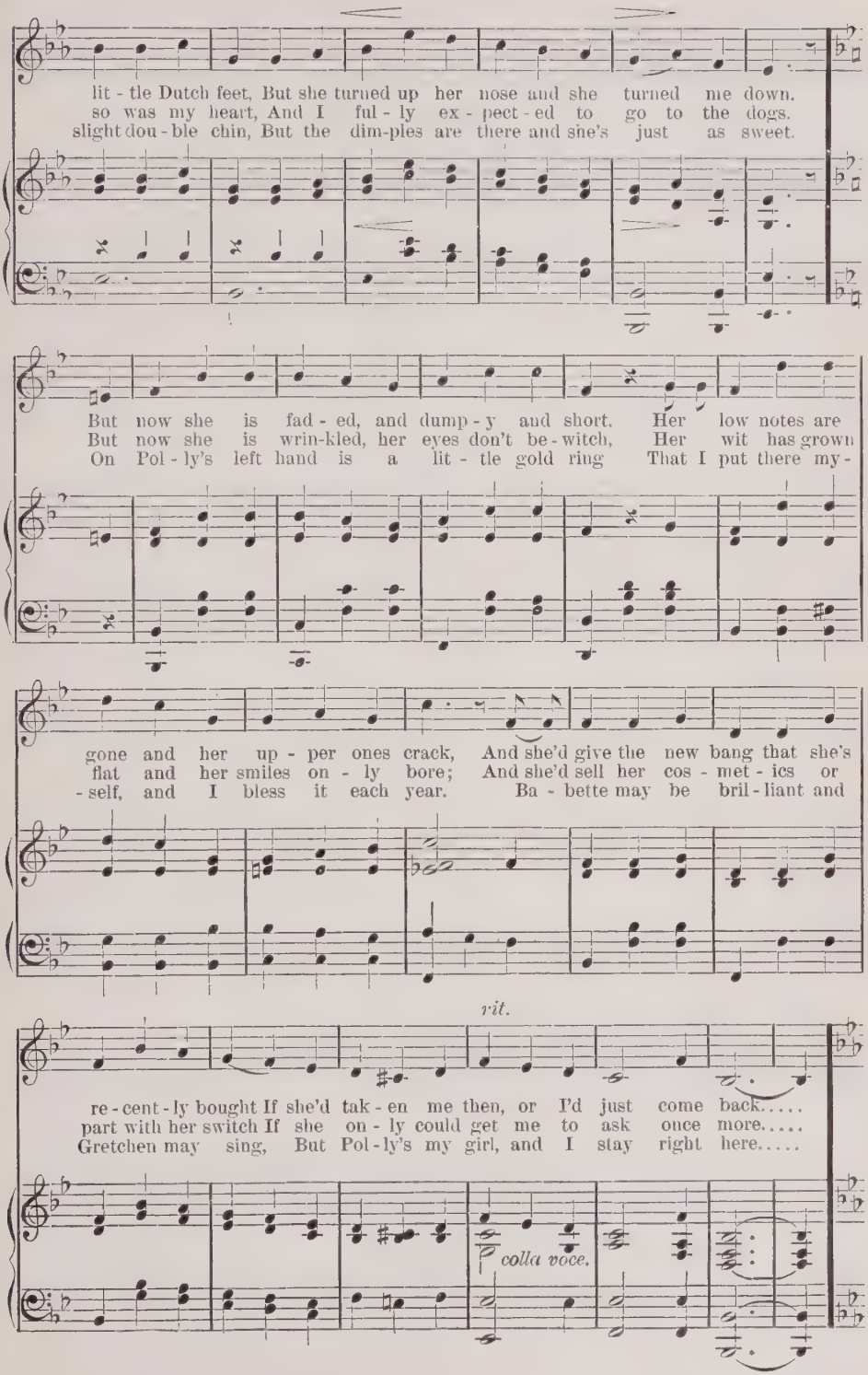
Jerome Case Bull.

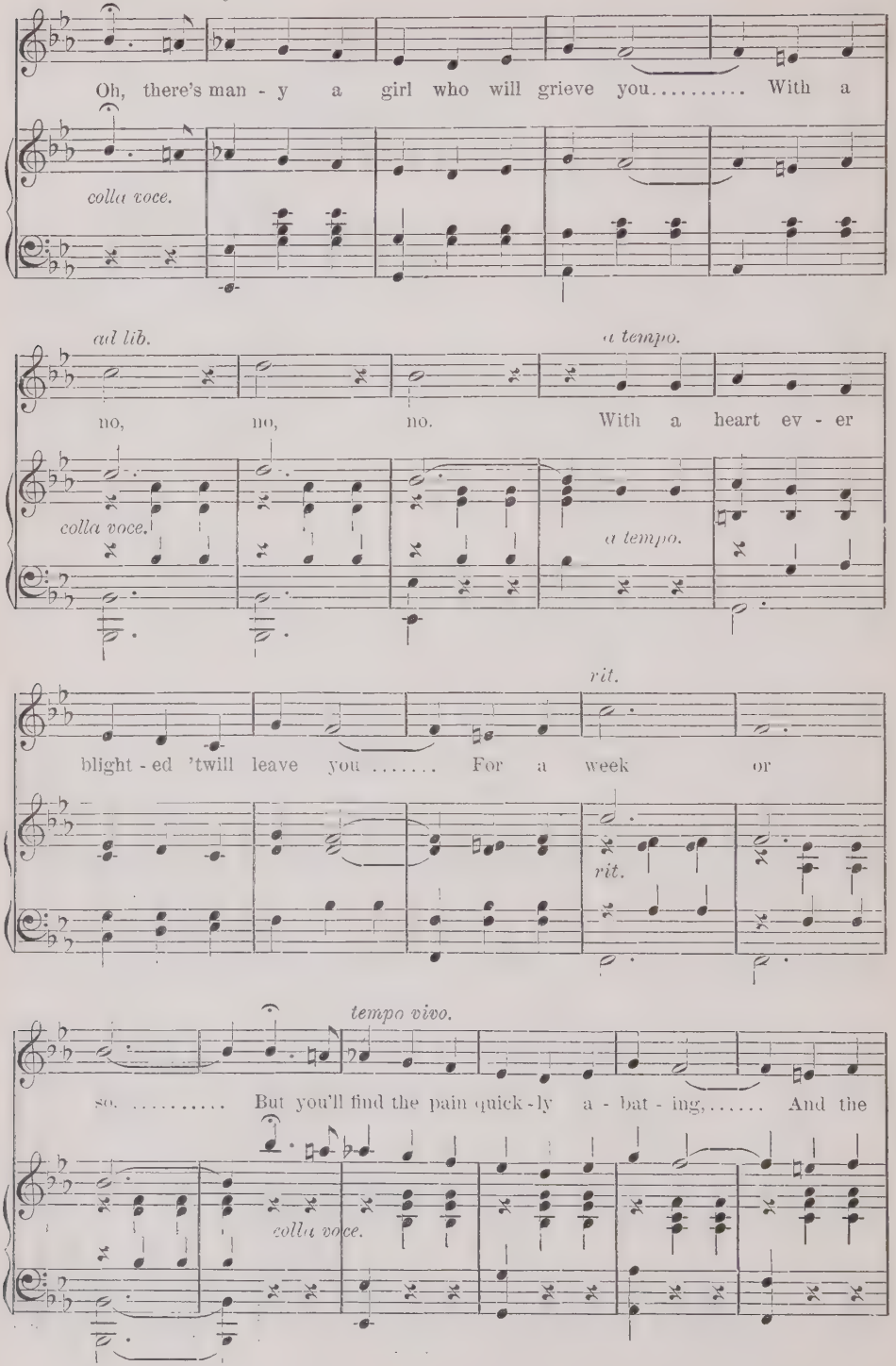
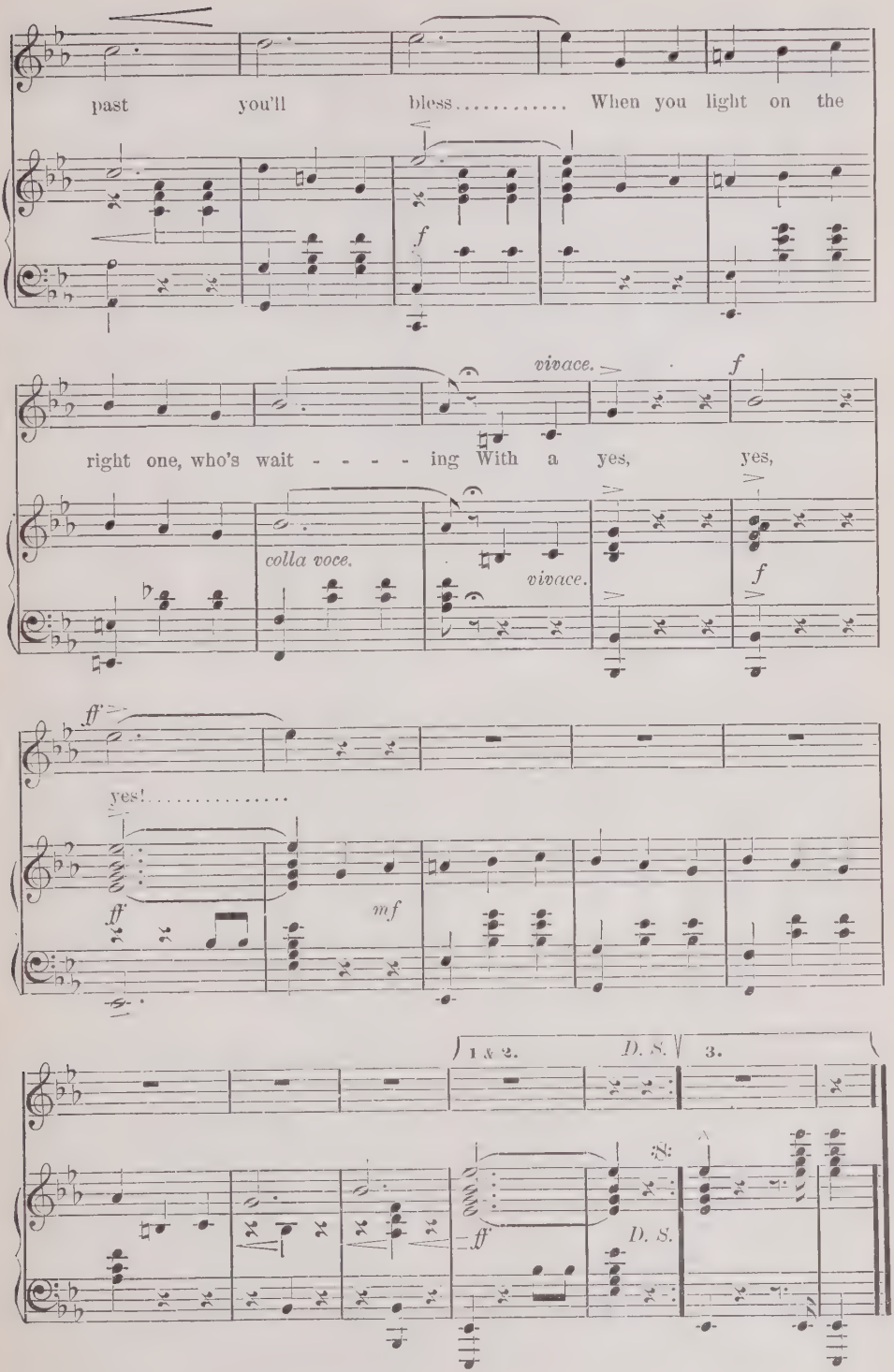
There's Many a Girl.

Words by
JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

Music by
GILBERT TOMPKINS.


Moderato vivo.
mf
f
Moderato. p
rit.
1. My Gretchen could sing, she was charm-ing, pe - tite, With her long yel - low
2. Ba - bette was vi - va - cious, be - rib-boned and smart, A win - ner of
3. My Pol - ly was fetch-ing, with dim-ples set in At each cor - ner of
p
colla voce
a tempo.
braids and her chi - na - blue gown. I laid all I had at her
men in her air - y French togs. Her Eng - lish was bro - ken, and
bliss where the ro - sy lips meet. She's grown rath - er plump, with a
a tempo.

Copyright, 1895, by Gilbert Tompkins, New York.

lit - tle Dutch feet, But she turned up her nose and she turned me down.
so was my heart, And I ful - ly ex - pect - ed to go to the dogs.
slight dou - ble chin, But the dim-ples are there and she's just as sweet.
But now she is fad - ed, and dump - y and short, Her low notes are
But now she is wrin-kled, her eyes don't be - witch, Her wit has grown
On Pol - ly's left hand is a lit - tle gold ring That I put there my -
gone and her up - per ones crack, And she'd give the new bang that she's
flat and her smiles on - ly bore; And she'd sell her cos - met - ics or
- self, and I bless it each year. Ba - bette may be bril - liant and
rit.
re - cent - ly bought If she'd tak - en me then, or I'd just come back.....
part with her switch If she on - ly could get me to ask once more.....
Gretchen may sing, But Pol - ly's my girl, and I stay right here.....
colla voce.

REFRAIN. *Allegretto.*

Oh, there's man - y a girl who will grieve you..... With a
colla voce.
ad lib.
a tempo.
no, no, no. With a heart ev - er
colla voce.
a tempo.
rit.
blight - ed 'twill leave you ..... For a week or
rit.
tempo vivo.
so. ..... But you'll find the pain quick - ly a - bat - ing,..... And the
colla voce.

past you'll bless..... When you light on the
f
vivace.
f
right one, who's wait - - - - ing With a yes, yes,
colla voce.
vivace.
f
ff
yes!.....
ff
mf
1 & 2.
D. S.
3.
ff
D. S.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

THE NEW HEAD OF THE CONSERVATOIRE.

The death of Ambroise Thomas left the directorship of the Conservatoire vacant, and the American musicians who depend upon Paris for their standard and for the polish which shall make their art shine before the world, have been very much interested in the selection of his successor. It was generally supposed that the place would fall to Massenet or Émile Retz; but Massenet preferred perfect freedom to the acceptance of any new honors. Theodore Dubois was then proposed. It was thought that his small fortune would hardly allow him to take so unremunerative a post, but to the satisfaction of every musician he accepted, and has already made an entire change in the management of the important and influential institution under his charge.

A SAINT-SAËNS ANNIVERSARY.

Saint-Saëns recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his début in Paris by playing a new sonata for piano and violin with Sarasate, to whom it was dedicated. At the time of the Parisian organist's first appearance, Chopin and Liszt were before the public, but this boy of ten was brought into direct competition with them, playing works which they neglected.

Saint-Saëns was perhaps as remarkable an example of precocious musical talent as was ever recorded. At the age of twenty two months he discovered that there was a connection between the black marks of the score and the sounds of the piano. At three, he could read music and write it, and we have a clever set of waltzes which he composed at five. He has just finished his fifth piano concerto, which is said to be one of his finest pieces of composition.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF NILSSON.

Nilsson is said to have regained her lost fortune. At a recent sale of pictures at the Hôtel Drouot, in Paris, she paid more than a hundred thousand francs for a "Diana in the Bath," by Watteau.

Her intimate friends, and those who had been long associated with her in her companies, were the only people who realized the greatness of her loss when her fortune disappeared. She was born a peasant, but with great pride and ambition. She never had any real love for the stage; to her it was always a means to an end. When she had accumulated a fortune, and had married the Marquis Casa Miranda, the end of her struggles had come. She retired, content. Then her husband lost everything in speculation; and, no longer young, she went back into the field, to compete with new voices, fresh ideas. She has carried the day successfully, and is once more at rest. Her voice still retains much of its old time beauty, but the fair goddess who charmed in her youth has grown old.

SOME WESTERN SINGERS.

It was the author of the "Breadwinners" who first called attention to the fact that the climate of the Northwest and the Lakes, which gives most women such high and uncomfortable speaking voices, also makes the perfect soprano. There are many examples of this theory. One of the best is Myrta French, who was for two years the soprano of the Hinrichs Grand Opera Company. Miss French comes from Eau Claire, Wisconsin. While still very young, she realized the possibilities of her voice, and came to New York to study. Here, like all students, she saw Paris ahead. She went for a little while to Marchesi, whose house is the Mecca of American aspirants for the operatic stage; but most of her preparatory work was done with Sbriglia. After two years she came out in a concert in which Pol Plançon assisted her, and which was so much of a success that Sbriglia took her on a short tour. Since her return to America she has sung with Damrosch and Sousa, besides her two years in grand opera.

Miss French has a soprano of great flexibility, which she handles with spirit and charm. She is small and dark, but possesses a dramatic power that goes a long way toward fitting her for any rôle.

Another young singer of Western origin is Jeanne Gréta, who conceals under her French stage name an identity whose associations are well known in America. She is the daughter of a Western railroad magnate, and the daughter in law of a deceased United States Senator. Although in her girlhood her voice had been considered very fine, and she had studied for short terms with various teachers (among them Gaston Gottschalk, the brother of Louis Gottschalk), no definite aim had saved her studies from constant interruption. About four years ago, however, her ambitions and the solicitations of her friends determined her upon a musical career.

For two years she studied with Agramonte of New York; but in spite of private praises, the superstition of European training kept her from obtaining any offer befitting her abilities. A foreign début loomed up as the one thing necessary. Her voice was developing from a brilliant lyric soprano to a full, rich dramatic soprano. Arrived in Paris, Mlle. Gréta received promises of almost unlimited possibilities from Marchesi, de la Grange, and Bouhy, three of the leading teachers of the world. Of these, she chose to place her future in the hands of the Countess de la Grange.

Almost immediately she was set to work upon a repertory of opera. Her remarkable

Myrta French.

From a photograph.

facility and earnestness gave her, at the beginning of this year, a dozen modern rôles, besides several of the older Italian classics. Massenet was so enthusiastic over what he called "her beautiful future," that he gave her a number of lessons, and presented her with a score of "Le Cid," inscribed "in remembrance of her remarkable interpretation." Thomé, Bemberg (composer of "Elaine"), and Reyer (composer of "Sigurd") also found her capable of that supreme test, the interpretation of music to the entire satisfaction of its author. Daniel Mayer, the concert director, was so much pleased with her voice, at the first hearing, that he brought her out in an orchestral concert at St. James' Hall in March. The result he called the most successful début ever made in London. It led to a number of concert engagements at what is said to be the highest price ever paid to a débutante, twice as much as Mme. Melba received after her earliest public appearance, and three times Calvé's first recompense.

In London Mlle. Gréta sang two arias of such widely different demands that critics fell by the ears over her voice. One faction called it a mezzo soprano with the upper register "made," the other claiming that it is a natural high soprano with the higher notes built. There was general agreement, however, that it was singularly dramatic. This power, combined with an attractive stage presence, will ultimately, no doubt, bring Mlle. Gréta into the field of opera. She had the advantage of the tuition of M. Pluque, *régisseur* of the Opéra at Paris, in acting, and her teacher of diction, M. Jancey

chose her from all his pupils to give an example of his skill before the directors of the Conservatoire. Massenet declared her dramatic ability to be remarkable, and there would seem to be good reason to predict that Mlle. Gréta may one day reach a high place among the brilliant galaxy of American feminine vocalists. Her friends claim one for her already.

Jeanne Gréta.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

TWO AMERICAN ORGANISTS.

It would seem like carrying coals to Newcastle to send an organist to Rome, but Clarence Eddy has captured the city of music and religion by his organ recital at St. Cecilia's. One Italian musical critic has said that in his time Rome has entertained no more marvelous executant on the organ than the American. St. Cecilia's is the finest *accademia* in Italy, and admission to membership is very difficult; but Mr. Eddy, after his performance there, was unanimously elected. The president stood up to say that the society considered itself honored by placing his name upon the list of members.

The Italians were particularly impressed by Mr. Eddy's rendering of Bach, which America has long known and appreciated.

Guilmant, who is generally considered the best living organist, spoke to Clarence Eddy recently concerning Charles Galloway, of St. Louis, Missouri, and prophesied that in a few years this young man would rank with the great musicians. Mr. Galloway's talent for composition showed itself very early. When only twelve, he composed a "Te Deum," which was sung in several churches. The

organ has always been his favorite medium of expression, and of late he has devoted himself entirely to the study of that instrument. His hands are the hands of a pianist. He is very tall, and his fingers are unusually long, besides possessing an unwearying strength.

He has a wonderfully versatile talent. Most of his work has been serious and full of peace and evenness, but last winter, in Paris, he set one of Ella Wheeler Wilcox' poems to music. It started around the American colony in manuscript, and became one of the fads of the moment.

Charles H. Galloway.

From a photograph by Otto, Paris.

A PROMISING AMERICAN SINGER.

Margaret Reid, who sang here two years ago in comic opera, and whose face at that time decorated the cover of this magazine, is fulfilling the prophecies we made for her. She has been singing at Covent Garden this summer, and her *Nedda* is said to be a brilliant performance.

Besides her really beautiful voice, Miss Reid brings to her work a thorough literary as well as musical understanding. She is quite young, and evidently has an operatic future.

It was as *Ophelia* that she made her début in New York, in 1892. Marie Van Zandt, who was singing in "Hamlet," was taken suddenly ill, and by diplomatic management on the part of Miss Reid's friends she was brought on to sing the rôle. It was her first appearance on any stage, but it was a brilliant success. The world of grand opera was before her from that moment, but she very wisely reasoned that the needed stage experience could be gained far more quickly on the light opera stage.

Margaret Reid.

From her latest photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

She is Mrs. Harold Swain in private life, and has a delightful home in London, with a garden where her dogs may run. Dogs are her fad. Last year she took a favorite bulldog upon an expedition across an Alpine glacier. The poor beast lost his footing and went into a crevasse, his mistress almost losing her own life in the effort to save him.

Miss Reid is a particular favorite of the English royal family, both as a singer in drawing rooms and on the stage.

OPERA IN TWO WORLDS.

We are to have some novelties in music during the coming season, if all reports are true. A rumor comes from Paris that Jean de Reszke and Calvé are intending to give two of Offenbach's operas in America.

It has been settled long ago that Calvé can do anything, so wide is the range of her histrionic talent. We can imagine ideal performances of "La Grande Duchesse" or "Madame Favart," with Calvé in the leading rôles. She has no consideration to give to the idle fear

Lola Beeth.

From her latest photograph—Copyright, 1896, by Aimé Dupont, New York.

that her public will wonder at her going from *Ophelia* to the sprightly heroines of Offenbach.

London would hardly feel complimented to be told that New Yorkers are more critical than the older community, but it is true that the British capital accepts and makes a success of artists who get small consideration here. Lola Beeth—"Tremolola," as she is facetiously called— has been popular in every rôle she has sung at Covent Garden during the past summer. It is doubtful if she returns here at all.

London might retort that New York accepts only the great artists, and wants them in every rôle, great or small, not because the critics are so many, but because they are so few. She confines her favor to the field where she is safe in granting it, giving it only to those whom the whole world honors.

VERDI'S GREAT CHARITY.

Verdi, to whom has fallen the phrase "the last of the Titans," which was so long applied to Mendelssohn, seems to add a fullness to his genius with each succeeding year. He was born in 1813, and is rounding out his life with honors of every sort, but he has not forgotten that the world may not be so kind to all men. He has deposited in the Banca di Milano the sum of four hundred thousand lire ($80,000) as the first instalment towards establishing a Verdi House of Rest for aged and destitute musicians. This is only one third of the total sum he intends to give. He expects his wife to survive him, and at her death the home will receive the greater part of his estate. An interesting fact is that Camille Boito, a brother of the librettist and author of "Mefistofele," is the architect.

A FAMOUS CONDUCTOR'S MEMOIRS.

Luigi Arditi is writing his memoirs, and they should make interesting reading. They will tell the history of his artistic life, and give reminiscences and critical comments upon the hundreds of men and women who under

his baton have risen to fame, and, alas, fallen again from their high estate.

Old New Yorkers know and love Arditi. He, the elder Chickering, and Bottesini were musical pioneers in New York. They took the town when it was raw and green, as it were. Anna Louise Cary, Gerster, Campanini, Novarro, all the old names, were once connected with Arditi's. He has seen them all decline and disappear, and now he is telling the story.

Mme. Arditi is an American, but it is doubtful if she will return here during her husband's lifetime.

Lillian Apel.

From a photograph by Szekely, Vienna.

ANOTHER YOUNG AMERICAN PIANIST.

It may be the influence of Paderewski which has brought out so many American pianists, but month by month the number grows. One of the latest and most promising is Lillian Apel. She is the daughter of a well known musician, and her earliest lessons were musical. She was not an infant prodigy, but has had an education which was healthy and gradual, and which has developed a thoroughly artistic nature. Miss Apel was born in Detroit, but most of her education was received in Paris, where she first appeared. The arrangements for her first concert tour will bring her to the American cities before she is heard in London.

PADEREWSKI'S PUPIL.

The chief lack in the average feminine concert performer is femininity. One hears a vast amount of physical effort, and a labored searching after masculine effects, but the delicate shades of meaning which it should be a woman's province to give are more or less neglected. It has come to pass that even in the field of delicacy of interpretation, men surpass women.

An exception to this rule is found in Antoinette Szumowska, who came to America last year, heralded as Paderewski's only pupil. While there was nothing in her playing to recall the gifted Pole, this may be because his young countrywoman has an original talent of her own. She had, at any rate, a gift that pleased a great many critical audiences.

Mlle. Szumowska's parents were Siberian exiles, who went to Dublin when they were allowed to leave Siberia, and it was there that their daughter was born. At an early age she

went to Warsaw to be educated in music. The best of the Polish pianists trained her at the conservatory there, and then sent her on to Paris, where Paderewski and Gorski gave her the benefit of their knowledge of the piano and of ensemble chamber music. It was only five years ago that she made her first appearance at the Salle Érard in Paris, but those years have been busy with concerts in half a dozen countries. Her first visit to America was in 1895, and during last winter she played here with the Boston Symphony and the Thomas orchestras, with Ondricek, the Adamowskis, and others. She went back to Europe in April, to appear in London with the orchestra conducted by Nikisch, who is well remembered here for his work in connection with the Boston Symphony organization. Recitals in London and Paris closed a season that has established her firmly in the front rank of women pianists.

Antoinette Szumowska.

From a photograph by Mendelssohn, New York.

Knowing that Mlle. Szumowska has been a pupil of Paderewski, one naturally looks with confidence for evidences of his influence. To be sure on such a point, however, one must have known her before she became his pupil. But whether her master has merely developed her along her natural tendencies, or has revolutionized her manner—which latter is unlikely—it is certain that she has a marked individuality of her own. In the first place, she is exquisitely feminine in interpretation and in technique. She is not without great vigor and forcefulness, for these are in a way as much the qualities of woman as of man. Her readings are frequently quite different from Paderewski's, and in general she seems to have caught from him very little beyond a thorough understanding of those methods and attitudes one might wish every pianist to adopt toward his much abused instrument. All in

Siegfried Wagner.

From a photograph by Höffert, Berlin.

all, Mlle. Szumowska is an ideally intelligent, poetic, and conscientious artist.

THE MAPLESON OPERA COMPANY.

Americans will under any circumstances be very much interested in Colonel Mapleson's opera company. No impresario ever made a greater impression over here than the man who wants to turn back the tide of time and give us Italian opera as we had it fifteen years ago, in the fashionable days of the Academy of Music.

Colonel Mapleson has announced that his singers and his operas will all be purely Italian. We shall have "Aïda," "La Traviata," "Norma," "Martha," and all the dear old melodious scores which have been regarded with such pitying indulgence by the Wagnerian school. Few of the singers announced are at all well known to us, but that means less than might have been imagined. Scalchi made a reputation here when she was entirely unknown in London and Paris. On the other hand, many artists are famous in Europe of whom we have never heard. Eleonora Duse, the actress, is new to us, but she has been celebrated in Italy for fifteen years. The prima donnas of Mapleson's company are Josephine Huguet and Hercla Darclée. Patti listened to Huguet in Lisbon once, and said that she was the greatest coloratura soprano she had ever heard.

HEREDITY IN MUSIC.

Musical talent in its entirety is seldom inherited. The sons of great musicians seldom show that the divine fire has descended upon them. Least often of all is the peculiar combination of talents that makes up a great conductor transmitted. But in the case of Siegfried Wagner all precedent has been put aside. The son of the greatest of German composers, the grandson of Liszt, he was born with a sympathy and understanding of dramatic music phenomenal in so young a man. In this country we have in Anton Seidl one of the greatest interpreters of Wagnerian music, but the master's own son comes and takes up the baton with still greater authority. Sometimes, when old musicians have witnessed his conducting, they have felt that the very spirit of his father animated him. He seems to possess not only the understanding, but the power to transmit it to those about him. Young Wagner is not only a conductor, he is fairly the creator of an orchestra.

ABSENT.

SOMETIMES, between long shadows on the grass,
The little truant waves of sunlight pass.
My eyes grow dim with tenderness the while,
Thinking I see thee smile!

And sometimes, in the twilight gloom apart,
The tall trees whisper, whisper, heart to heart.
From my fond lips the eager answers fall,
Thinking I hear thee call!

Catharine Young Glen.

THE DAUGHTERS OF MEXICO.

THE LIFE OF THE WOMEN OF OUR SISTER AMERICAN REPUBLIC—THEIR COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE, THEIR EDUCATION AND AMUSEMENTS, AND THE ATTITUDE OF MEXICAN SOCIETY TOWARD FOREIGNERS.

AMONG the crowds of visitors, principally from the United States, that flock to the City of Mexico, few attain to any real knowledge of social life among the Mexicans. An iron bound etiquette wards off foreign intrusion, and holds alien curiosity at bay as effectively as the impenetrable walls and guarded approaches of an eastern seraglio. Letters of introduction that would open wide the doors of hospitality in almost any other country, have little potency here. They serve merely to procure a formal introduction to the head of the family, and a ceremonious interview, in which no iota of punctilious politeness is missing, but which, when ended, leaves the bearer as much of an outsider as ever. Yet when proper credentials, presented through the tortuous channels of influence, have at last won the way into the penetralia of the exclusive upper ranks, friendship is lavished on the newcomer with a grace and a warmth that recompense him for the long waiting in the chilly vestibule beyond whose threshold so few strangers have been able to pass. It is taken for granted that no unworthy intruder could have overcome the sentinel dragons that watch the portals of the social sanctum, breathing forth jealous mistrust of all things foreign. Differences of nationality, of language, of inherent habits, are at once forgotten, cordial relations are established, and formality melts into a genial *laisser aller*.

The exclusiveness of this class of Mexicans may be better understood when it is remembered that it is based on the privileges of an ancient aristocracy. Descendants of noble houses which were old at the time of the founding of the City of Mexico, they have lived on into this era of republicanism with no diminution of family pride, dwelling amid streets that bear the names of their ancestors, and surrounded by places whose history and legends are their own.

The houses of the Mexicans seem to share the social characteristics of their inhabitants. On the outside, their blank, impenetrable walls give the impression of vast prisons. But if by chance the massive doors of the *zaguan* are flung wide, the passer by catches a glimpse of an open, sunny *patio*, or court, with perhaps a tossing fountain, clustered shrubs and palms, frescoed walls, a stately stairway beyond a Moorish arch, and above, on all four sides, colonnaded corridors where singing birds and flowering plants make glad with music,

Señora Carmen Romero Rubio de Diaz,
The "First Lady" of Mexico.

brightness, and perfume, from one year's end to the other. The few windows that open to the street have balconies, and are set high. On the frequent feast days these balconies are richly draped, and here gather the dark eyed señoritas in brilliant groups to watch the parades that pass below.

Mexico holds a foremost rank in the file of nations that claim prestige for their beautiful women. Noticeable among the points advanced to support this pretension is a certain expression, common to all classes, but so subtile as almost to escape definition. One enthusiast, in his anxious endeavor to give it tangibility and a name, called it a "prehistoric look." The qualification may not have been altogether amiss, for cruder perceptions that have likened it to the Egyptian, or even to the Hebraic caste, are misleading. Perhaps the beauty of Mexican women may be a reminiscence not of the Aztecs, who gave wild worship to serpent gods, with human sacrifice, but of the mysterious Toltecs, a race whose name might almost be set with that of the mythical people of the lost Atlantis. Unfathomable eyes, wistful lips, and shadowy hair bespeak the blood of a lineage that leaves behind the memory of man. It is a lineage of priests and kings, whose strange knowledge and weird powers seem to lie latent in these fair daughters of Mexico, their direct descendants, who bring in their presence something that awakens a dream of things forgotten, like a waft of spent incense from crumbled temples.

Señorita Luz Diaz,
Daughter of the President of Mexico.

A famous type of the beauty of her race is Señora Carmen Rubio de Diaz, wife of General Porfirio Diaz, President of the Mexican Republic. She is a daughter of the late Romero Rubio, who at the time of his death held the important post of minister of the interior. She is General Diaz' second wife, and was married to him in her

early youth. She is still a young woman, though she has filled the position of "first lady of the land" for many years, and with marked success. She has the national dark eyes, olive complexion, and wealth of lusterless black hair. She is of middle height and slender, graceful build, and her manners are very winning. As is the universal custom among the wealthy classes in Mexico, she orders her gowns from Paris, but her dress is always of quiet elegance. Her tact and brilliant abilities are influential factors in political and social circles. In Mexico the President's wife never gives public receptions, and her social duties are less onerous than those of our own White House; but Señora Diaz seems to consider that her elevated station holds her pledged to the well being of her people, and devotes herself assiduously to charitable work. She has founded several institutions for the aid of working women, and for the helpless and homeless. Doña Carmencita, as she is familiarly called, is

Señora Amada Diaz de la Torre,
Daughter of President Diaz.

A Mexican Quintet
The Children of One of the First Families in Mexico.

regarded everywhere as the very impersonation of gracious benevolence.

Her sister, Señorita Sofia Romero Rubio, has a charming face and pleasing manners, and has many American friends.

General Diaz is an ideal president for Mexico. He has a martial bearing, a splendid physique, a magnetic and imposing presence. His rule is strong and well sustained, and the wisdom of his policy is proved by the remarkable progress of his country during his repeated terms of office. He has two daughters, Amada (meaning "beloved"), now the wife of Señor Don Ignacio de la Torre, and

Luz ("light"), who is the inseparable companion of her stepmother.

To an American, the life of a young girl in Mexico seems somewhat severely ordered. She is brought up in the seclusion of her home, under the strictest guardianship, with few opportunities for outside influences to creep in and interfere with the carefully trained habits molded by priest and tutors. Her time is occupied with the learning of accomplishments, and the practice of religious observances, rather than with the serious branches of education, or with domestic acquirements. At thirteen or fourteen she is considered marriageable, and, under the same unvarying surveillance, is permitted to begin her social life. But this, in Mexico, is not the feverish round of excitement that rules in the great American cities. Unless she is taken abroad, the young Mexican débutante passes into a broader phase of life by making a comparatively small number of new friends, rather than a bewildering horde of acquaintances. Social events are rather infrequent. She may form a friendship with any man she is permitted to meet, but close chaperonage is never remitted for an instant. Nevertheless, and with apparent inconsistency, the instinct for coquetry, which is as strong in these demure, cloister bred maidens as in the most frivolous and unfettered American girl, enjoys opportunities for free play—very free play indeed, it may seem to foreign onlookers. The balcony here claims special mention, as the post of vantage. Perhaps because of its height, which insures safety from any too close encounter, it is ignored by the girl's guardians; or, for the same reason, parental sympathy consents to wink. Be this as it may, the fact is that many a serious attachment, ending in marriage, has begun in a balcony flirtation.

Señorita Carmen Sanchez,
Granddaughter of President Juarez, of Aztec Descent.

The scene for this romance in real life is easily set: a listless girl gazing down the street, a susceptible youth passing below. It is perfectly natural that he should glance upward and she downward. He turns at a short distance, and comes back. She is nonchalant behind her fan, but permits her eyes to be attracted again. The next day she seeks the air at the same hour. He is patiently waiting on the opposite curbstone, and thus the first act of "*haciendo el oso*" ("playing the bear"), as it is most unromantically called, is begun. Day after day finds the "bear" faithful to his post, but his lady grows more shy as affairs progress, and the don has to keep his tryst apparently alone. When she walks abroad in the grim keeping of her duenna, he meekly follows at a respectful distance, hoping for encouragement in the shape of a shy glance, discreetly given. But if, instead, he meet a haughty or an indifferent look, it is safest for him to keep afar, although the balcony flirtation, about which all the world is considerate enough to know nothing, may be continued. Rival "bears" are not infrequent, and sometimes serious complications arise, which, like the Gordian knot, can only be cut in twain by the dagger, or in modern days the bullet. After weeks and

Señorita Arguellas

months of probation, the parents suddenly become aware of the state of affairs, and if the pretender be judged worthy they invite him in.

One disadvantage of the "bear" system is that uncongenial couples frequently idealize each other, through the glamour of a difficult courtship, carried on in ignorance of each other's character. Later, when the wear and tear of matrimony has worn threadbare the once potent charm of a gracefully poised head, or the flash of a bright eye, they awake to the sad reality of their mutual unfitness. Another disadvantage is that audacious "Gringos" (Americans) in the fullness of their self assurance, have presumed, on the strength of a prolonged exchange of signals with some fair unknown perched upon a high balcony, to lift their hats when meeting her on the street. The rash foreigner feels his very marrow freeze under the icy stare that meets his overture, for such familiarity is regarded as an unpardonable insult.

Matrimony in Mexico means a final putting away of all the lighter interests of youth, and an assumption of family responsibilities. The Mexican *grande dame*, though never burdened with domestic details—which are left to her housekeeper—finds her time and attention absorbed in a general supervision of family affairs.

The "new woman" has not yet appeared in Mexico, nor are conditions conducive to her speedy arrival. The line of feminine activity is hedged in by barriers of social and religious prejudices that will not easily be broken down. Only self impelling genius enables a woman to make for herself any notable departure from the ways that custom has appointed for her.

The Mexicans are proverbially affectionate in their family relations. There is little petty bickering or domestic selfishness. Often a newly married couple will settle down in the paternal mansion of the bride or the groom, simply to avoid the separation of parents and children. On the large

Señorita Sofia Romero Rubio,
Sister of Senora Diaz.

haciendas, remote connections will sometimes group in numbers sufficient to form a small clan.

To view life as spent on one of these haciendas, which frequently cover miles of territory, is an experience that seems to take one suddenly back into the feudal ages. Modern life, with its rigid observance of the dictates of fashion, is almost forgotten. Your hostess meets you wearing short, full gathered skirts, and with either a lace *mantilla* or a clinging *rebozo* about her head and shoulders. This *rebozo* is a long, Persian-like shawl, sometimes of silk, and of so fine a texture that, although more than a yard in width, it may be drawn through a lady's finger ring. Your host is transformed from a Parisian *élégant*, as you knew him in the capital, to a *charro*, dressed in buckskin, with a double row of silver buttons, linked by small chains, down either leg of his tightly fitting trousers; a short jacket, embroidered with silver in gorgeous arabesques; and a felt sombrero, so heavily loaded with the same metal that you need both hands to try its weight. The wealthy *haciendado* is much given to house parties, and will stop at no expense to provide entertainment for the guests he invites to his remote, fortified palace. The scale of profusion on which everything is done may be instanced by the case of one host, who took to his country house an entire opera troupe, to give nightly performances by moonlight and torchlight in the court.

Señorita Carlotta Corona,
Daughter of the Late Governor of Jalisco.

Mexico is still "a land of song and story" to him who knows where its haunts of romance are to be found. The people of this half undiscovered country are keenly alive to picturesque possibilities, and have a matter of course way of introducing artistic details into their daily lives which does away with the sordid tone that dominates in more progressive parts of the world.

Whether or not their wisdom be folly is not to be determined by the stranger, who cannot be wholly responsive to the vibration at which their lives are pitched. Like antique pottery, Mexico needs a connoisseur to select the strong points of her customs and characteristics from amid a débris of imitative rubbish which, in later years, has been permitted to blur her underlying individuality.

Among those fortunate mortals who are privileged to live in two distinct epochs at once, is Señorita Maria Landa, the handsome daughter of a wealthy *haciendado*, who visits the capital during the social season. Of the others whose portraits are given here as types of their race, Señorita Carmen Sanchez possesses, besides her personal charm, a special interest as being the granddaughter of Benito Juarez, Mexico's greatest hero after Hidalgo. Juarez was of pure Indian descent. No drop of Spanish blood ran in his veins, nor did he know a word of Spanish until he had reached his twelfth year. During his boyhood the talent he showed, even amid the limitations of poverty—for his parents were simple tillers of the soil—attracted the attention of a gentleman who adopted the boy and educated him. His service to his country began in youth, and did not end until, by a life of labor and self sacrifice, he had gained for Mexico a firm place among independent nations. In the ancient cemetery of San Fernando, in the City of Mexico, *La Patria*, an allegorical figure in white marble, holds her vigil of sorrow beside him, amid the wreaths and flowers that are daily offered by a grateful people. On every anniversary of his death, the President, surrounded by the members of the cabinet, stands with uncovered head before his tomb, while an oration is delivered that recites his historic deeds.

Señorita Carlotta Corona is a daughter of General Corona, who fought against Maximilian, and was afterwards assassinated while serving as governor of the state of Jalisco. Her mother was a Miss McEntee of California. Señorita Corona is well known by many Americans who have had the good fortune to obtain entrance into Mexican society.

Señorita Torres.

Marriage between Mexicans and Americans is by no means common, but there are some cases on record. The late Princess Iturbide, mother of Don Agustin, the adopted son of the ill starred Maximilian, was a Miss Green of Washington. Señor Don Matias Romero, the veteran diplomat who has served for so many years as Mexico's minister to the United States, married Miss Lulu Allen of New York. Señor Don Ignacio Mariscal, secretary of foreign affairs, who is noted as a linguist, a philosopher, and a diplomatist, has an American wife. Señor Mariscal has translated into Spanish many philosophical and poetical works of French and English literature.

Occasionally an American weds a Mexican bride. Miss Sallie Hargous, who was a New York belle before she became Mrs. Dun-

Señorita Juana Torres.

can Elliott, and who is now one of the best known of the younger society women of the metropolis, is a Mexican by birth. So is Mrs. Eugene Kelly, the fame of whose beauty was known both in Mexico and in Spain, before her marriage to the New York banker.

The Señoritas Torres are sisters, and belong to a family long prominent in political circles. They are accomplished members of the highest Mexican society.

"Higher education" finds few votaries among the women of Mexico. They are content to devote themselves to "accomplishments"—as our grandmothers were. Of these, music and embroidery are chief. Ecclesiastical embroideries, such as altar decorations and gorgeously ornamented vestry garments, are often the pious labor of rich Mexican women, who spare no pains in the production of marvelous needlework, stiff with richness, and studded with pearls and other precious stones.

The acquisition of languages seems to come easily to the Mexicans, but they are usually shy of expressing themselves in any tongue except their own, or the French, which is commonly used in conversing with foreigners, although strict politeness demands that a stranger should be addressed in his native language.

Mexican women are much given to the making of verses, for which the musical Spanish is well adapted. Their sentiment is generally florid, a style that finds an appropriate vehicle in the sonorous Castilian. Mexican authoresses are not unknown, and many volumes of worthy poetry have been

Señorita Maria Landa.

published. Some of these poetesses are Esther Tapia de Castellanos, Señora Castro, Señora Kleinhaus, and Señora Landzuri. Señora Castro, who is of pure Indian descent, signs her poems "Mariposa Indiana," or "Indian Butterfly."

There is an air of *dolce far niente* about the life of a Mexican woman. There is no breathless scramble for distinction, and any effort to outvy her neighbors is considered essentially vulgar. Many graceful little social customs brighten the path of every day intercourse. Among these is the universal use of the Christian name between acquaintances and friends, a familiarity which is emphasized by the affectionate diminutive. Luisa becomes "Luisita," without any preceding title—a custom which seems strange to a foreigner, particularly when he hears married women thus addressed by young men of their circle. Another pretty fashion is the *abrazo* with which friends greet—a delicate embrace, accompanied by a caressing pat on the shoulder, and light kisses on either cheek.

When a photograph is given, a *dedicatorio*, or dedication, is always inscribed on the back, sometimes stating the age of the donor, for Mexican women do not understand the motives that prompt to concealment of their age. Young women retain the gracious gift of youth in all its perfection until the flower of life springs suddenly into full blown maturity. In the tropics there is a strange similarity between this abrupt ripening of life and the quick burst of light that turns night into day with scarcely an interval of twilight.

Among Mexican women kindliness of heart is a characteristic. Demonstrations of this feeling are so effusive that at first sight they seem exaggerated and insincere. After a time, the stranger recognizes the impulse from which they spring, and grows to admire them.

It seems a distinct inconsistency that women of such refinement should openly profess to enjoy the repugnant sport of the bull ring. Whenever the arrival of a celebrated *matador* is announced, boxes are engaged, at inflated prices, long in advance of the performance, and matrons and maidens of the best families attend, wearing delicate evening costumes. Often these exhibitions are given for the benefit of religious and charitable institutions. Grand opera is always well patronized, but concerts and musical recitals are not in vogue.

During the winter months, the flower of Mexican society is to be seen every afternoon, between the hours of five and six, on the Paseo, the fashionable boulevard built by Maximilian, which leads from the capital to the historic castle of Chapultepec. The women ride, richly attired, in open carriages, but many of the men are mounted on spirited horses of fine foreign breeds. There is a constant exchange of greetings as friends and acquaintances pass and repass one another in a procession that follows a prescribed route extending half way up the picturesque drive, and kept clear by mounted military guards, stationed at intervals in groups of three or four. In contrast to the stylish vehicles, with liveried drivers and footmen, is seen the President's equipage, handsome and costly, but with unliveried attendants and no emblazoned bearings—an emphatic expression of democratic dignity.

Jeannie A. Marshall.

THE FLOWER AND THE SWORD.

"I AM a sword of Damascus steel;
I'll fight or die, come woe or weal.
I love the sound of the battle's din,
And fame and glory I would win.
Aye to my master I'll be true;
Now tell me, comrade, who are you?"

"I am a blossom of low degree,
Kissed by the breeze from yonder sea;
Only a flower of no renown
Growing alone on my native down,
To bless and cheer in my lowly way
The hearts of the men whom you would slay."

William Edwards Cameron.

A ROSE OF REDDEST HUE.

I SOMETIMES think that never blows so red
The rose, as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every hyacinth the garden wears
Dropped in her lap from some once lovely head.

SHE was an ugly little thing. Mrs. Symonds had sighed more than once as she looked at her, wondering how so plain a child could be her daughter. She sighed now as she saw her standing apart from the group on the terrace below. Why could not Rose imitate her sister, so far, at least, as to show some interest in the things about her, instead of staring vacantly at a few clouds piled up in the west? Then the mother called, "Rose!" and sighed again. The girl's name, even, was against her. Why had she so depended on the child's baby beauty as to give her a flower's name?

Rose started at the call, and her quick perception felt painfully the metallic ring in the summoning voice, but she turned obediently toward the hotel veranda. As she came up, Mrs. Symonds surveyed her impatiently.

"Why haven't you on a white gown instead of that blue thing?" she asked abruptly.

Rose flushed. "Esther had to have her gowns ironed today, mother, and there wasn't time for mine, the woman said." She paused, then added, "But it doesn't matter."

"No," her mother returned, "it doesn't matter;" and though her voice was quiet, there was that in it which deepened the dusky flush on Rose's cheek.

"Was there anything you wished, mother?" she asked, after another pause.

Mrs. Symonds looked up from her embroidery. "Do join the young people, Rose, instead of withdrawing yourself so persistently. It is a humiliation both to Esther and myself that you are so unsocial in your tastes."

"But mother," Rose said hurriedly, "they are talking about the tableaux for Thursday. They don't—that is, I am not——"

Mrs. Symonds set three methodical stitches, and then said, without looking up, "You will oblige me, Rose, by going to your sister."

The girl's lip quivered for an instant as she looked at the hard face before her. Then she turned slowly toward the merry group gathered about Esther Symonds. As she drew near, the babel of voices resolved itself into distinct parts.

"Jennie shall be the *Beggar Maid*, and Mr. Chapman the *King*."

"And Jack *Mephistopheles*, and *Marguerite*——"

"Why, Esther, of course! No one has such masses of yellow hair as she."

"And *Faust*—we must decide on him next."

Rose came up just then, her timidity resolving her shrinking manner into positive awkwardness as she stood on the outskirts of the group. One of the older men saw, with a curious concern, the dumb pain in the girl's eyes, and said, moved by a carelessly kind impulse, "Here is Miss Rose. What part have you left for her, Miss Symonds?"

Esther laughed. "The 'nut brown mayde' isn't billed," she said in her smooth, soft voice. "Don't worry over her, Mr. Dyneton, but do come and help me straighten out this list."

Yet before she bent her yellow head over the paper she sent a swift glance up to her mother, which Rose intercepted, and which prepared her for a second summons. She walked back to the house with a dull pain throbbing at her temples, and a pitiful aching in her throat. As she ascended the steps, Mrs. Symonds her face darkened with displeasure, said coldly,

"You would better go to your room and lie down until tea time, Rose."

The girl's quivering heart revolted at the thought of her little room with its western windows.

"Oh, mother," she said pleadingly, "it is so warm there! It would rest me to go down to the lake."

Mrs. Symonds answered with a touch of anger.

"Always eager to be alone! Go where you please."

Rose turned and walked swiftly down toward the shore, to a place where a curve in its line hid her from the people above. Then she ran, on and on, seemingly finding

in the swift motion some outlet for her pain, until she came to a little nook made by a tree and an overhanging rock, hardly ten feet from the water's edge. A few pine boughs spread upon the sand, and a worn little volume of Shelley, were there to show that the place had been visited before.

The girl sank exhausted on the boughs. She looked out on the mirror-like waters, her hand pressed convulsively on her heart; but her breathing grew less heavy, and the color came slowly back to her lips. Suddenly she rose, and going to a little pool at the water's edge she bent over it eagerly. A pale ray from the summer sun lay across it, throwing back the girl's face in minute detail. Her brow and mouth had an almost judicial set. Then, with a new hardness about her, she sank down beside the water and clasped her hands about her knees. A heavy tremor shook her, and she threw herself on the sand and writhed in tearless agony.

"Oh, mother, mother!" she moaned, "why can't you love me? I am so ugly, but—if I could be pretty once, and then die! I want to die. They wouldn't care. If I could only be in one of those tableaux! But I'm too ugly, I know. Oh, God, let me die now!"

It was long past tea time when a slender figure walked quickly up the pathway, unheeded in the dusk—or unheeded by all save one. Arthur Dyneton was bending over Esther, listening to her pretty voice, and laughing at her somewhat shallow repartee; but he started as the shabby blue gown touched him, and he bit his lip as he glanced at Esther's face.

"Poor little thing," he thought, "with her selfish mother and sister, and her ugly little face, and her made over gowns." At this point Esther recalled him, but his mind was still on the "ugly little face." He smiled to himself in the twilight.

"Good!" he thought. "Van doesn't care much for the general run of girls, especially just now, but she's interesting, or I'm mistaken. When he comes, I'll ask him to help me give her a show. Meantime——" And smiling grimly, he turned to Esther, saying somewhat abruptly,

"By the way, Miss Symonds, a friend of mine comes tomorrow evening just in time for the house dance—and just in time, perhaps, for the tableaux. He is an artist of some note, and has a positive genius for posing people."

Esther laughed. "A friend in need," she responded lightly. "The tableaux are hereby given over to him. They were getting almost too much for me. But your friend is——?"

"Van Masters of New York. He is, as I said, an artist of some reputation, and is rich enough, too, to indulge every vagary of the artistic temperament. We have been friends from boyhood."

The next afternoon Dyneton was lying in lazy abandon on the sand, just at the western turn of the shore, when Rose appeared. He sprang to his feet immediately, tossing his cigar toward the water, where it fell with a faint sputter.

"Ah, Miss Rose," he said, "started on your daily constitutional? I've seen you disappear behind these rocks every afternoon for a week, until I frankly own I am curious."

Rose flushed as usual, and dropped her eyes in shy confusion.

"Ah!" muttered Dyneton, "she has eyelashes, any way;" for Rose's long black lashes rested on her olive skin and then curled upward.

"Yes, thank you," she stammered; "I mean—that is, I do go every day because the water is so beautiful. Oh," she breathed impulsively, "if mother would only let me row!"

"How often have you been out on the water?" Dyneton asked quickly.

"Just once these four weeks."

"And you love it so? Miss Rose, will you wait here while I get my boat? Your mother can trust me, I think;" and taking her radiant smile as a consent, Dyneton started off at a good pace. She had not long to wait, for in less than fifteen minutes he pushed ashore, and soon had the bewildered girl settled among the cushions of the Lotus.

All morning Rose had heard nothing save theatrical talk, every word of which cut to the quick; and in utter desperation, she had run off after dinner in search of some comfort from the only real mother she had ever known—nature herself. She could not understand, all at once, that she seemed to be really wanted somewhere.

Dyneton's easy manner, together with the feeling that he was so much older than herself—in reality he was but twenty seven—put her more at her ease than she had been throughout the whole month of summer resort life. He treated her more as the child she was than as the young woman her mother would make her; and yet he gave her the courtesy that a gentleman extends to every woman, be she seven or seventy. It was the first time since her father's death, four years before, that Rose

had felt a vital sympathy with any one ; and her chilled heart responded with an eager warmth that would have astonished Dyneton not a little could he have realized its intensity.

He exerted his entertaining powers to the utmost that afternoon. Partly by reason of her shyness, but more because of her range of reading and quick sympathies, Rose was a rarely good listener. Dyneton found a strange fascination in watching the dark eyes widen and gleam beneath their lashes, and in following the crimson ebb and flow on her cheek as she listened, spell bound by the vivid art he seldom cared to exercise. He was sincere in thanking her for the pleasant afternoon she had given him. As they walked up from the boat house he alluded to the dance that evening, and asked for the first and fourth numbers. Rose shyly granted them, and Dyneton added,

"I want you to come down for another reason. I'm expecting a friend of mine from New York tonight—a Mr. Van Masters, whom I want to introduce to you. He's a fine fellow, and I'm quite sure you'll like him."

Even as he spoke the evening stage whirled up, and with a hasty "Excuse me," he walked rapidly to the drive.

As Rose dressed hurriedly for tea—the white gown had been laid on her bed—she was not in thought or feeling the same girl who had left the room that afternoon. A sudden glance in the mirror blighted the new emotion, for her little brown face seemed to her all the uglier against the white of her gown ; and as she gazed, Rose's eyes filled with tears. It was not from vanity that she longed for beauty ; but her morbid brooding had made her feel that it was only fairness of face that could win her any measure of love and liking, and she yearned for it as the alchemist yearns for the magic transmuter. The emotion of healthy self appreciation had gone, and as she slowly descended the stairs she was once more the shy, self repressed girl of old. Dyneton noticed the strained look in her eyes as she entered the room, and as he and his friend were pacing the veranda after tea, he said abruptly,

"Van, old man, do me a favor."

"Name it."

"Did you notice that girl in the white gown who came in late?"

"The girl with the gipsy face?"

"Yes, a Miss Symonds, Rose Symonds," Dyneton said.

"Horrors!" ejaculated the artist. "To name that sort of a face by a flower when she needs Spain all about her!"

"Look here, Van ;" and Dyneton stopped short. "I am sorrier for that little thing than I've been for any one. She's the sister of that pretty girl you noticed when we first went in—a girl who is as selfish as she's pretty. Mrs. Symonds is a widow with a comparatively small income. As Esther is her pride, she gets everything ; and the woman seems to hate that poor, ugly little thing for her homeliness. The child has a heart that much more such treatment will turn to stone, and there seems to be no end to it."

He paused and then broke out again. "I tell you, Van, you may laugh at me for a fool, but that girl has in her the making of a grand woman if her heart isn't broken in her girlhood by cursed nonsense. What if she isn't pretty? She's got a mind that's worth any two I can think of. I forgot to tell you that I stopped one of her lonely walks this afternoon, and took her rowing instead. She's shy, but I gathered that she and her father were inseparable. He was evidently a scholar, and, though she was only fourteen when he died, he's left an impress that's been her salvation up to now. Van, you can help me a good deal if you want to, for I tell you that that girl is going to have a decent summer if I can manage it."

Van Masters laughed at his friend's excitement.

"You said something about a house dance this evening. Will she be down?" It was his sole reply, but Dyneton was satisfied.

As the orchestra tuned up for the evening, Dyneton looked around for his protégée, and finally found her, pale and miserable, on a side veranda. Just then the discords melted into a waltz, and drawing her through a low window into the waltz room he glided away with her.

"Point number two!" he thought. "She can dance ;" and when the number was over, Waverly Beach boarders had a sensation, for Dyneton walked over to Rose with his distinguished friend, and in another moment Van Masters was waltzing with "that ugly little Symonds girl."

Rose had no lack of attention that evening, for Dyneton and Van Masters exerted themselves ; and when her one showy talent was fully recognized, she had plenty of opportunities to exercise it. She herself could not understand it, but with childish gratitude she ascribed everything to Mr. Dyneton. She was not afraid of him now ;

and no, she was not afraid of Mr. Van Masters either; and *no*, she did not like him better than Mr. Dyneton.

Two days later the tableaux came. About five o'clock, Esther joined a group on the shore, made up mostly of the actors of the evening.

"Do you know," she said impatiently, "Janet is too ill to act, and whom we can have for *Carmen* I don't know. She is the only one dark enough. Mr. Van Masters, help me."

Van Masters looked up lazily.

"That isn't hard, Miss Symonds. Have Miss Cardrow's costume sent down to your sister's room, and I'll promise you a *Carmen* that will surprise you."

"What!" Esther exclaimed. "She can't act."

Van Masters smiled reassuringly into Rose's deprecating face.

"You will help us, Miss Rose?" and without waiting for an answer, he went on, "Suppose you dress by seven o'clock, and let me pose you in the music room a few moments alone."

Esther waited to hear no more, but turned in the stately way that Rose understood too well, and went back to the house without speaking.

The parlors were packed that evening, and for amateurs the tableaux were surprisingly good. It was the last one, however, which carried off the honors, and for which Van Masters had reserved *Carmen*. The scene chosen was that of the Spanish girl's seizure by *Don Jose*. As the curtain rose, it disclosed a fairly good soldier in the person of a young college student who belonged to a company encamped near by. He was looking, with a last remnant of sternness, at a girl standing with her back to him. Her red and white gown with its short skirt, showing her small, red slippered feet beneath it; her shorter sleeves, revealing the tapering, olive tinted arms and hands bound loosely behind her; and the red corsage outlining the slender figure, all made a rich study in form and color. But it was the expression and poise of her head which last caught and longest held the eye. It was turned just enough to show the classic profile, a point the artist had made most prominent, while from her eye there gleamed a look so pleading, so coquettish, and so daring, that before the curtain dropped the house broke into involuntary applause.

As Van Masters and Rose were promenading after one of the later dances, he said rather abruptly, "Miss Symonds, I want to take you out on the lake tomorrow afternoon, incidentally for pleasure, really to talk over the excuse you pleaded for not acting this evening."

Rose colored. "But, Mr. Van Masters, it was quite true," she said hurriedly. "I never dreamed that I could do anything but fail."

Van Masters laughed.

"Miss Symonds, I am going to tell you a little story to dream on tonight; tomorrow we will discuss it. A good many years ago there lived a girl about your age, whose life was a burden to her because of her utter lack of beauty. But one day she made up her mind that she would be ugly no longer, and from that day she studied to be beautiful. She proved to all the world that no woman need be ugly unless she chooses, for she died the 'divine Rachel' of all France."

Rose was staring at him with great, imploring eyes.

"Do you think—I mean, can I——"

But the last waltz had begun, and Van Masters only smiled as he whirled her away.

Ten minutes later Dyneton came upon them in the hall as the artist was bidding Rose good night. Something in the expression of the girl's eyes sent a shock through him as he turned hastily toward the veranda. In a few moments Van Masters joined him, and the two men paced two lengths of the house in silence. Finally, Dyneton said with an effort,

"Van, your confidence of a month ago is not to be divulged until the fall, under any circumstances?"

Van Masters laughed.

"No—under penalty of there being no confidence to divulge."

They separated, and when Dyneton was alone he murmured,

"I hope the cure won't be worse than the disease. Heaven forbid!" And there was a tender look in his eyes as he uttered what was to him a prayer.

Ten days had gone by, and on the morrow Van Masters' visit was to come to an end. On this last afternoon Rose and he walked out to her lonely retreat on the lake shore, and they were standing together by the small pool which not two weeks before had reflected such a sad little face.

"And if it could its secrets unfold," Van Masters quoted gaily. "Here, Miss Rose, bend over here with me. Didn't I tell you the truth? Your face is one of the few faces which, viewed from the front, give no hint of their classic profile. That's why

you must always wear your hair in a Greek knot, instead of so high. Your face is too long to stand it. Then, too, take another look at the eyes. Last time they were so busy picking out defects that they forgot to glance at themselves, whereby they missed something worth looking at."

As they bent together above the pool, he laughing and Rose flushing, a small photograph fell out of his pocket, face up. As Rose involuntarily glanced at it, she saw the picture of a beautiful girl, whose lips and eyes seemed to smile into the face above them as the man lifted it tenderly, carefully, wiped the moist sand from it, and replaced it in his pocket.

Rose had watched him mechanically, with a face that grew whiter every instant. His whole manner had been one impossible to mistake, yet she thrust it all aside with a stubborn fierceness. She fought against the cloudiness around her. She struggled to remember what they had said last. She shuddered from head to foot. In that instant Rose's girlhood departed forever, her woman's soul was born. It seemed hours before she heard an exclamation, then an eager—

"Miss Rose, can that be Dyneton signaling to us?"

She looked toward the lake. Yes, it was Dyneton, in a small boat, close to the shore, but some distance away. He was waving; he evidently wanted them, and they walked down the beach to meet him. In a few moments he landed and walked up to his friend.

"A telegram, Van, marked 'Haste.' I saw you come this way, and rowed after you."

Van Masters tore open the envelope, and read its contents before Dyneton had finished; then he thrust the telegram towards him, with a hand that trembled as he said dully,

"It is Madeline, injured in a runaway." Then, with a sudden passion, he cried, "For God's sake, man, hurry! We may just make the late train." Dyneton made ready to push off while Van Masters turned to Rose. "Madeline and I are engaged," he said simply. "I must go to her. I know your heart is full for us both. Don't forget me, little Rachel;" and he motioned her toward the boat.

"No, no!" Rose cried. "One more makes it all the heavier. Indeed, no! I want to walk back;" and Dyneton, glancing keenly at the girl's face, bowed silently and pulled off.

Her eyes followed the slender boat as it moved swiftly through the waters, until a turn in the shore line intervened. Yet still she stared with wide, unseeing eyes which the glinting sunlight on the water and the shimmer of the air above the hot, yellow sand failed to dazzle.

Suddenly she started. A butterfly, brilliant with its blue and yellow coloring, had flashed past her, bearing on its azure fans the old soul myth of Psyche and her Cupid. Rose watched it with curious attention as it swung to and fro in the sunshine, now hovering over the shallow water, now far above her head. For an instant it poised itself on the sand almost at her feet. Rose's gaze followed it, and as it fluttered away far down the shore, she raised her head and looked about her with eyes that gleamed and dilated with a swift growing pain. For another moment she stood erect. Then she sank down with a sob, and laid her cheek upon the footprint lying on the sand by the water's edge.

At the hotel tea was over; Van Masters had gone, and Rose had not returned. Dyneton waited, with increasing anxiety, until the sun was almost at its setting; then he took his boat and rowed back to the place where he had found them that afternoon. She was still there, lying face down on the sand.

Dyneton touched her with a woman's tenderness. He had almost decided to take her back in her unconscious state to the house—much as he dreaded possible comment for her—when she stirred, sighed faintly, and then opened her dark eyes full upon him. He bent over her, saying cheerily,

"Well, Miss Rose, that fall was too much for you. Tell me if it is more than the mere stunning."

She stared vaguely for a second, and then, as full consciousness returned, grasped eagerly at the straw he held out.

"Yes," she stammered, "I started to walk, and I—fell. Was I missed? Does any one——"

"No one has missed you," Dyneton answered quickly. "It is hardly sunset. Yet if you are able——" and as Rose assented, Dyneton placed her carefully in the boat, and rowed in almost utter silence toward Waverly Beach. Rose hardly spoke until Dyneton helped her ashore; then she turned to him imperiously.

"Not a word to any one of my—fall," she said. "I am quite strong. I will not have one word said."

Dyneton's heart ached for her as she stood proudly before him, but he answered her as

she wished, and they walked to the house in silence. As soon as they had reached it Rose left him, and ran in feverish haste to her room.

"I can't be alone," she whispered. "I must go down, for he—some one might think——"

She tossed over her box of ribbons hurriedly; then she crossed the hallway to Esther's room.

"Have you some yellow ribbon?" she asked as she entered.

"There's a bolt of it in my tray," Esther answered carelessly. "You may have it if you want it. It doesn't suit me."

Rose took it, and went back to her room, saying softly,

"He said today that deep yellow would suit me."

With fingers tense till they ached she smoothed out the shimmering satin; then she hastily knotted it into bows and ends, and fastened them in the white of her gown. Pausing only to glance at the general effect, she ran swiftly down stairs. When Dyneton entered a few moments later, he was astounded to find her almost the center of a group. She noticed him not at all, but threw herself into the whirling life about her as he never dreamed she could. All evening she talked and laughed, tossed back glittering repartee, and enacted the rôle of a woman of the world. Dyneton was pained by the pity of it, for he understood its true meaning. The rosebud had bloomed, but its leaves were flecked with crimson.

When the girl went up stairs that night her reputation was made. Interest in her had first been aroused by her *Carmen*, but not until tonight had she frankly accepted the many overtures that had been made to her. The tide had turned in her favor. "That ugly little thing" had been miraculously transformed into "that striking girl," and before another week Rose had distanced both her sister and pretty, brown haired Miss Cardrow.

Mrs. Symonds and Esther were annoyed at the transformation, and neither approved of it. But the girl had somewhere found a strange self assertion; and though Esther was still her dearest, the mother was vanquished by the daughter's new born dignity and imperiousness.

Late the following winter Dyneton passed through Chicago on a business trip, and called at Mrs. Symonds' home. Esther and her mother were out, but he was shown into the library, where Rose was sitting. As she came toward him he stood fascinated by the picture she made in her filmy black gown with its flashes of vivid yellow.

"I've been thinking of last summer all day," she exclaimed in her sweet, clear tones, "ever since the postman came this morning. You know what it was that reminded me about it, of course;" and with a steady hand she held out Van Masters' wedding cards.

As he heard her voice, Dyneton felt a strange exultation. Surely it had been but a fancy after all. As he took the cards he met her eyes, smiling and brilliant; but as he looked he read, with the keenest of all insights, the awful hardness there.

For an hour they talked, Rose in a fever of gaiety, and Dyneton with an aching heart. He gathered that her social successes had been great, yet he could not comprehend that this dark, charming woman had been evolved in six months from the child he had pitied and helped. His eyes dimmed. The child he had helped; the woman he could only pity. His fingers bent and rebent the envelope he still held. No, there was nothing he could do—now; and then, not without reluctance, he rose to go.

"Yes," she replied in answer to a last question. "Mother and Esther will probably go back to the Beach next summer, but I—" and she lifted her eyes to his, full of the laughing, gleaming hardness—"the old time enchantment might rebind me;" and then, with an instant perception of her words' twofold meaning, her eyes fell beneath his gaze, while her fingers nervously folded an end of the yellow ribbon at her waist.

Moved by an impulse too strong to be resisted, Dyneton bent forward and took her other hand.

"Rose"—he spoke her name for the first time—"I want to tell you something, dear. Nothing comes to us save for our good. If it is joy, we must let it humble us; and if it is sorrow—oh, Rose, never let it harden!" He stopped for an instant. "Rose," he went on, "it was the woman hidden in the child that drew me to you last summer. I tried to help the child, and I pray that the woman may help herself by accepting every joy and sorrow as the very best life has for her. I am coming to Chicago next winter, and I shall hope and expect to see you then;" and with a silent hand clasp he was gone.

Rose went slowly back to the library. As she passed the table, she took up the wedding cards that lay there. Walking over to the fireplace, she stood for many

minutes staring into the glowing embers. They had begun to fade before the click of the hall door roused her. Her mother and sister had returned.

Rose drew a sharp breath. For an instant she hesitated. Then, with a quick determination, she threw the envelopes full upon the coals. In a motionless silence she watched them to the last quiver of the charred papers; but when she lifted her head she murmured softly,

"He helped the child and he has helped the woman;" and her eyes were wet with tears.

Edna B. Kenton.

THE MORNING RIDE.

OFF with the gyves of slumber,
For the beads of night are told!
The east has lost its umber,
And glows with a gleam of gold.

The gray mists rise from the valleys,
And lift from the mountain walls,
And only the dullard dallies
When morn, like a bugler, calls.

A radiant ribbon of amber
The road shall stretch in the sun;
And whether we coast or clamber
We'll joy till the goal be won.

Not a shred of care or passion
Shall cling to the face of truth;
We'll speed in a heart free fashion,
A-thrill with the fire of youth.

Drawn to the core of our being,
All beauty shall meet and merge;
We shall come from our clear eyed seeing
Like a bird to the blue day's verge,

Having held in a priceless vision
The width of the air and earth,
Washed clear of the world's derision,
And filled with a nobler mirth.

So hey! for the golden weather
And the buoyant bliss we feel!
And ring out a song together
In praise of the steed of steel.

Clinton Scollard.

SARA CREWE'S LITTLE GAME.

ONCE when I was a little girl visiting my grandfather, his barn on the hillside caught fire, and I was the first one who thought of the danger to his beloved carriage. I can see it now, hideous, lumbering old vehicle that it was! I rushed to the barn, tore open the great doors, grasped the shafts, and ran it to the doorway. From there to the bottom of the hill the carriage ran me.

I have never forgotten the sensation when my grandfather died, and the farm fell to Penelope and me. The carriage episode repeated itself. For some weeks we ran the farm; then the farm ran us, until the bottom of the hill, and ruin, stared us in the face.

It was all Uncle John's fault; at least Penelope and I so felt it to be. He knew, and we knew, and all the neighborhood knew, that grandfather had not intended leaving us the farm and no money with which to keep it in order. During the last weeks of his illness, a stock company in which every one had believed failed suddenly. When the will was read our portion proved to be the old home farm and a number of valueless stocks in the ruined company. Everything else went to Uncle John, who already owned a large farm that grandfather had given him on his marriage years before. All the neighborhood thought that Uncle John would make up the value of the useless stocks to his dead brother's children. Penelope thought he would, and Alec, Uncle John's stepson, was sure of it.

I said nothing, for I was sure of the contrary, and I was right. The only move Uncle John made in the matter was to send us a written offer of ten thousand dollars for the farm. Pen sat looking at the letter in dismay. As the elder sister by fifteen years, she opened our joint letters.

"Sara Crewe," she said—she always gave me the benefit of my full name—"Sara Crewe, Uncle John must know that the farm is worth fifteen thousand if it is worth a penny."

I was feeling very guilty.

"Penny," I said, "I must confess something to you. I have done a stupid thing. I should have known better. The day that the will was read, Uncle John asked me if we should sell the farm, and I said, 'Knowing how grandfather loved it, I should feel it dishonest to sell to any one outside of the family.' Now, you see, Uncle John is the only living relation we have. There is no one to bid against him that we would accept, and he knows it. Penny, I was very stupid, and I beg your pardon for it."

"You needn't feel so badly," said my sister, "for he asked me the same question and got the same answer. But even if he did buy the farm, he has no one to leave it to but Alec, and that would be leaving it out of the family, unless, Sara Crewe——"

"He's not going to buy it at ten thousand dollars," I interrupted. "We will write to him that we hold the farm at fifteen thousand dollars, and see what he does then."

But we did not see; for Uncle John did nothing, not even replying to our letter. Yet we knew he received it, for Alec told us so. Penelope and I talked the situation over, and finally, in the face of advice from all the neighborhood, decided to try making the farm support us, aided by a small yearly income which our father had left us. The result was as I have said: we and the farm ran steadily down the hill.

It was long before Penelope and I would fairly acknowledge to each other that our experiment was a failure, and I don't know how long this reserve would have held if it had not been rudely broken. Open speech between us came about in this way: we were preparing to go into town to make some purchases for the farm—we purchased for nothing else by that time—when Penelope came into my room half dressed, with one shoe on her foot and one in her hand. She said, "Sara Crewe, look at this slit in my shoe."

"Is it on the outside or the inside?" I asked. "If it is on the outside, wear your right shoe on your left foot, and vice versa. I managed my last pair in that way for a week."

"I thought of that, but they are not reversible."

"Then wear them as they are, and when we get into town, we will buy a new pair," I said desperately.

"I'd like to know where the money's to come from, Sara Crewe. We must buy chicken feed today. The hens have almost stopped laying. I won't buy a pair of shoes until they begin again."

Penelope's facts were undeniable. I examined the shoe carefully. "Penny," I said, "snip off those ravelings sticking out of the slit, and black the white lining. Then, if you wear a black stocking, perhaps the hole won't show."

Penny listened, and followed my suggestions. By the aid of several like maneuvers, we really looked so nice that, after our business in town was completed, I proposed a visit to the neighborhood of fashion, where lived a connection of ours, known to Penelope and myself as the "Favored of Fortune."

"We had better go now, Pen," I said; "we may never have another chance. Dear knows what we may look like the next time we come to town!"

Pen dislikes remarks of that kind. She prefers to ignore disagreeable particulars, even in the bosom of the family; but she saw the force of my argument, and assented. Just opposite the home of the Favored of Fortune lies a little park. As we crossed its stone pavement, I heard an exclamation of horror from Pen. I turned to see her extended finger pointing to the ground.

"That," she said in a tragic whisper, "that is *toe*."

I looked. There it was, undeniably. It had punched a way through the black stocking, and was poking out from her black shoe like a little white terrapin head. Its expression was so funny that I sat down on a bench and laughed until the tears ran down my face. A sense of the ridiculous is the little hobby horse that has carried me safely over many a muddy road, but Penelope will rarely mount him behind me.

"Sara Crewe," she said severely, "it is not your toe, or you wouldn't laugh."

I disagreed with her, but it was not the time to say so.

"Pen," I said, "you will have to ask the Favored of Fortune to lend you a pair of shoes."

"I will walk home barefoot first," returned Pen; and I knew she would.

"Pen," I said, "what makes you so proud? I believe the marrow in your bones would stand up alone. If you won't ask help, you must sit down on this bench, and turn your stocking wrong side out. That will throw the hole on the other side."

"And have the police speak to me. Sara Crewe, have you lost your mind?"

"He won't see you. I will hold my skirts before you. You'll have to choose between him and the Favored of Fortune, Pen."

She chose the former.

"Do you know where I am going now?" she said, when the performance was safely over. "I am going straight out into the country to offer the farm to Uncle John for thirteen thousand dollars."

"Agreed," I answered, and we went forthwith. David, our black factotum, was waiting for us with the carriage—the same that ran me. David was a legacy from our grandfather, along with the farm. Penelope reposed an absolute confidence in him and his experience. Mine had received some shocks.

"To Uncle John's, David," said Penelope, with unnecessary decision, as we entered the carriage.

When we reached our uncle's home, Alec came out of the house to receive us. His mother had died years before, not long after her marriage to our Uncle John, and Alec lived alone with his stepfather. Uncle John had not much patience with Alec, who openly believed in theoretical farming, and wore gloves. Uncle John's creed was that a man should advertise his profession by trademarks upon his person.

"When I buy a horse," he would say, "I look at his teeth; with a farmer, I look at his hands." Alec's white hands were as thorns in his stepfather's side.

"Father's on the back porch," said Alec. "He's buying eggs of a man. Did you ever see father buy eggs? You'd better take a lesson. It's a kind of retroactive thing. The man sells the eggs, and father sells the man."

We found Uncle John on the back porch, with a basket of eggs before him. A wooden ring was in his hand. Any egg which would go through the ring he rejected; only the eggs that stuck came up to his standard for buying. He nodded to us, and went on with his purchasing.

"Penelope," I whispered in her ear, "ask him twelve thousand five hundred for the farm, not thirteen thousand."

"Sara Crewe," Penelope replied, in the same tone, "you said on the way out that you wouldn't come down a single penny."

"I hadn't seen that ring then," I answered. "Pen, I really think you'd better say twelve thousand."

"Very well," she answered; and when Uncle John was ready to give us his attention, that was the offer Pen made him.

Uncle John had one habit of awful fasci-

nation for me. Whenever he talked on business matters, he remodeled his features with his fingers, one after the other, in a kind of innocent, pensive way, not to his personal advantage. On this occasion he remodeled his nose and lips, but not his heart. He would only repeat his offer of ten thousand, which Pen refused as absolutely. The interview was short, and was conducted, on my sister's side, with some asperity, which Uncle John met with forbearance as aggravating as it was unyielding. On these terms we parted.

"Penny," I said, when we reached home, "what on earth are we to do? Of course we can't sell the farm outside of the family, as Uncle John knows too well; but how are we to keep, not rings, but gloves on our fingers, and shoes on our toes——"

"I wish you would not refer to that again, Sara Crewe," said Pen with dignity.

"Very well," I answered, "I won't, but we must have some ready money or starve ourselves and the live stock, too, which is worse. But suppose we reduce the live stock, Penelope?" I went on. "We might sell off half of what we have, and feed the rest on the proceeds. We'll see what Alec thinks of it."

Alec happened in the next day, and not only thought well of it, but offered to be auctioneer for us; so Pen and I decided to have a sale.

"There's a good deal to sell, you see," said Pen. "We don't want all these farming implements; we have about forty head of cattle, plenty of ducks and chickens, and, above all, the Berkshire pig with her nine young ones."

Now this pig and her young ones were the pride of Pen's heart. I believed she prized their pedigree more than her own. Theirs certainly was the longer, and it came more trippingly from her tongue. As the day of sale drew near, she visited the sty daily, lavishing every attention on its inmates. She expected to realize more from them than from anything else. But, alas, it was not to be. One morning she rushed into the house with the announcement that there were but six little Berkshires in the sty.

"In my opinion," said Penelope, "the fox has taken them. It might be possible."

"Are you sure it was not a mink?" I asked satirically. Earlier in the year, Pen, assisted by David, had arrived at the conclusion that it was a mink which nightly entered the chicken house. She persisted in this belief in David and the mink, even when faced by an old almanac found in the garret, which defined a mink as "a small animal of the weasel species, which sucks the blood of its victim, and leaves the carcass." No carcasses were ever left in our hen house.

But the present fact to face was that by some agency the little pigs were gone also; and the next day three of their brethren followed them. Pen and I stood by the sty, looking sadly at the three remaining relics.

"I am sure it is a fox," said Pen.

"How can you be so foolish?" I replied. "If it is a fox, it is a two legged one, named David. The little pigs have gone the same way as the chickens. Do you really suppose, Pen, that the old pig would let a fox walk off with her young ones? She has teeth, too, hasn't she?"

Alas! she had. Pen, poking about in the straw with the point of her parasol, found an unexpected answer to my question. The murder was out. David was vindicated, but the cherished Berkshire was a cannibal. Under the straw lay the half eaten scraps of her children. Pen was made ill by this discovery, and not only from a moral point of view.

"She ain' no mo' use as a breeder, Miss Pen," said David. "After they wonst tas'es peeg, they's a-goin' to eat 'em ev'ry time."

I remembered having heard something of the same sort told by missionaries from Africa, and began to say so, when Pen begged me to stop.

"I suppose it's only one of David's lies," I said encouragingly. "You remember the mink—"

"It might be possible," Pen interrupted; and when Alec came to talk over the inventory, he said it was not only possible, but certain.

"Then it would be dishonest not to mention the fact at the sale," said Pen sadly.

"No farmer would buy her if you did," answered Alec.

"It must be mentioned," replied Pen, with the air of a Roman father.

I followed Alec into the hall when he left. "Look here," I said; "about that pig. So long as you mention the fact of the eating it won't matter how you express it, I suppose. If you were to say that part of the litter were killed in the last *snap*, would that do?"

Alec looked at me, and I looked at Alec. The corners of his mouth approached his ears.

"Yes, Sara," he said, "that will do somebody;" and we parted with a mutual

understanding. Pen is honest always. I am as honest as the times permit.

The morning of the sale came at last, and was like a nightmare. The live stock would not be collected; and when they finally were, they would not stay where we put them. First, the chickens got out. Those for sale had been locked in the night before. In the morning Pen gave the key to David's boy, with repeated instructions to feed the chickens in the hen house. Half an hour later she opened the trap door and peeped in curiously. "Hen, hen, hen," she called. Pen would never say "Chick, chick"; she thought it vulgar. But it made little difference, for there was not a chicken in the hen house.

"'Deed, Miss Penelope, you done tol' me ter feed de chickens what was in de hen house, an' I let 'um out an' fed 'um," said David's own son. "I ain' done nothin' but what you said."

Pen admitted that "it might be possible," and for the rest of the morning the little darky had the delightful and previously forbidden occupation of chasing chickens.

As for the ducks, every one supposed the other had locked them up the night before.

"I seen 'um dis mornin'," said David's own son. "A-headin' up de stream, dey was. Dey's got a feedin' groun' way up de country yander."

To crown these discoveries came another. An Alderney calf, aged twenty four hours, was missing, and the mother was lowing wildly in the stable.

"Hit sartainly was shet up las' night wid de res'," asserted David. "Jes' as sho' as you live, ladies, de bull eat it."

"I never heard of such a thing," replied Pen tentatively. "Did you, Sara Crewe?"

David took serious umbrage at my negative reply.

"*Ex*cuse me, miss, I don' like to contradic' you, ma'am, but 'deed, miss, I have known bulls what eat calfs."

"It might be possible," said Pen, and David looked at me reproachfully, supported by her faith. "If he has," Pen went on, "he will be as useless as the Berkshire, I suppose."

"David," I said, "if you are too lazy to hunt the calf yourself, let that poor cow out of the stable, and she'll find it fast enough. It was no more locked up last night than the ducks were."

David departed, swelling with injury.

"Pen," I added, "how can you be such a fool? I wouldn't trust David tied with a string. Who ever heard of a bull eating a calf?"

"Sara Crewe, you know nothing about it. If a pig eats her young, it might be possible to a bull. You hurt David's feelings just now."

A little later David appeared in the doorway. He was rolling a bit of straw about his lips sheepishly. He generally carried a sample of the crop in season in his mouth.

"De calf done foun', Miss Penelope," he said. "Hit's ma went right to hit. Hit were out in de parsture jes' as snug under de bushes where she done hid it las' night. How come I ter fergit it, cos' I bin' combin' my hade at nights here of late. They say if yer combs yer hade at nights, yer fergits. That's what's got ter me."

"Well," I said, "you were very careless, David, but I'm thankful the calf is found and safe."

"'Tain't safe," said David solemnly. "Hit's done foun' dade."

With all my dismay, this was too much. The sublimity of our misfortune rose to the ridiculous, and I laughed until Pen became really angry.

I will not dwell longer on the confusion of that morning. Despite the ill luck which seemed to pursue us, we had everything fairly in order when Alec arrived. Passing it all over into his hands, Pen and I retired to the house, where we awaited results impatiently. When the sale was over, and most of the people gone, Alec came in to tell us that he really thought he had done rather well for us.

"All the farming implements you wanted to sell are gone," he said, "but, best of all, the greater part of the live stock has been bought in by one man, named Smith."

Pen bounded from her chair. "Frank Smith!" she cried. "Did he pay cash? If not, he mustn't have one of them."

Alec said the man gave his note, and added that he thought "a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush."

"In the case of Smith, his note represents the bush birds," I replied. "Alec, you can't mean to say you didn't know Smith's reputation in business matters? Well, I see why you irritate your poor father."

I really had reason to feel troubled, for, with Smith refused as a purchaser, when the ducks came back at nightfall, there was almost as much live stock cackling and quacking and lowing about us as there had been before the sale. That evening Pen and I sat again looking at each other despairingly.

"Pen," I said at last, "this is a crisis. We have been working the farm together. Now

I suggest that you take what small proceeds there are from the sale, wear my shoes into town tomorrow"—she had been wearing rubbers over hers to hide the hole—"and buy yourself a pair of shoes, and the things we must have to live, while I stay here trying to think out a plan."

Pen consented, and went into town the next day. All that morning I sat thinking, and all that afternoon I still thought, seeing before me more and more plainly but one hateful conclusion—to sell the farm to Uncle John for two thirds of its value. But just before Pen came home, something happened.

"Well, Sara Crewe," she said, "has an idea come to you?"

"Yes," I replied. "It didn't come until late this afternoon, Penny, when I was sitting alone on the front porch; then it opened the gate and walked up the path with a bucket of paint in each hand. Now, Penelope, before I tell you anything, I want to make a bargain with you. You know we decided that working together, we made a failure. I want you to promise me that you will not interfere with any of my decisions about the farm for a month. Then, if I have not succeeded, I will turn the farm over to you, and you can do what you like for a month. If we both fail, we will hand it over to Uncle John for his ten thousand dollars. Will you agree?"

"Yes," said my sister; "that seems fair."

"No interference for a month, mind, no matter what I do. Do you promise that?"

"Yes," answered Penelope, and I knew she would keep her word. Then I said:

"I will tell you what I have done. By noon tomorrow, the roof of this house will be crying out in large letters, white upon a red ground, '*Use Camphorated Compound Cramp Cure.*' As we are on a hill, and near the railroad, hundreds of people will have read it before nightfall, and we shall have one hundred dollars in our pockets."

Penny dropped into the nearest chair. She did not speak; but it would have been a waste of breath. Her face was enough.

"I am glad you remember your promise," I said quickly. "I was afraid, for a moment, that you were going to forget it. The man came up the path to say that if I would let him paint his advertisement on the roof of the barn, he would pay me twenty five dollars. I told him no, of course not. He was going away, when a thought struck me, and I called him back.

"'What would you pay me,' I said, 'if I let you paint it on the roof of the house?'

"He looked from one roof to the other, and said, as they were about equal size, he would pay the same.

"'No, you won't,' I told him. 'You know you never advertised on the roof of a handsome stone house before. You will pay me three times as much as for the barn, or none at all.' I wished I had asked more, for he grabbed at it, and the bargain was closed—twenty five dollars for the barn, and seventy five for the house—one hundred dollars in all, where we had nothing."

Penelope burst into tears. "As I promised, of course I can say nothing," she sobbed; "but I shall never forgive you, Sara Crewe, never!"

"I am very sorry you feel so badly about it," I said. "It seems to me best, conscientiously best, Pen. But you know I am to have but thirty days as my share of the management, and so I only rented the roofs for that term. Then you can have them painted over, if you desire."

"The first day," sobbed Pen, "the very first day of my term."

"It may be possible to paint them over before then," I said. "Something may happen." But as Pen would not be comforted, and as I was not moved sufficiently to withdraw from my decision, our relations became a little strained. In fact, I had to stand quite alone in the matter.

The next day, when the white letters glared out on the red roof, and all the neighbors checked their teams at the gate to stare and laugh, Pen shut every window blind, and would not cross the door sill.

"I said I would not interfere, and I will not," she said; "but I feel as if a demon was sitting on the roof—exactly!"

Even Alec saw fit to remonstrate with me on the subject.

"Sara," he said, "upon my word I don't wonder Pen feels badly. I can't think what you're doing this for. It's really not worth it."

"Alec," I replied, "I advise you to go home, and pull your thinkers up by the roots, and plant them again. That's what I did the day Penny went into town. They got a new start that way. What does Uncle John say?"

"He's pretty angry, Sara, and to tell the truth, I don't blame him for it—nor Penelope, either."

This was the first day. On the second, Alec came again to tell me that his stepfather had been to see his lawyer.

"He's come home more outraged than ever," Alec said gravely. Then he began to laugh. "By the way, Sara, last night, after I went home, I did what you told me

to. I pulled up my thinkers by the roots, and planted them again. They are growing very fast now."

"What did you say?" asked Penny, wiping her eyes. She had been wiping one eye or the other ever since the "Compound Cure" had brooded over our roof.

"Nothing important," Alec answered. "All the neighbors called on father today—casually, you know, just to pass the weather. You girls and the roof were mentioned by each one, incidentally." He began to laugh again.

"Alec," I said sharply, "you would better not aggravate your father by coming to see us just now."

Alec shook his head solemnly. "He'll be here himself before long, you see if he isn't. You had better be mixing your war paint and collecting your feathers, Sara."

"I can't think what ailed Alec," said Pen, when he had gone. "He is usually so considerate and sympathetic. He must have seen I was in trouble today, yet he kept bursting out laughing in the oddest way, at nothing at all. It was not like Alec. Do you think Uncle John is really coming here, Sara Crewe?"

On the third day of the reign of the "Compound Cure" on our roof, Pen's question was answered by Uncle John himself. Alec was the first to see him from the window, coming up the path to the house door.

"Sara," he said, "are you ready? He's here now."

Both Penelope and I knew whom he meant. Penny was sewing, and as she dropped her work and her hands together on the table by which she was sitting, her thimble rattled with apprehension.

"Alec," I said, "I don't want Uncle John to find you here. You have just time to slip out of the back door."

Alec shook his head emphatically.

"When I have been hanging about here for three days to see this! No, indeed, Sara, you can't make me go."

"Stay, Alec," pleaded Pen; "I should feel safer. Sara, let him hide in the closet. Do, Alec."

"I will if I may have the door on a crack," said Alec. And to this I had to consent, for Uncle John was already knocking at the front door.

I went to let him in myself, and when I brought him back to our sitting room with me, only Pen was to be seen, sewing at the table, with stitches which had all to be picked out afterwards; but the closet door was ajar.

"Penelope," said Uncle John deliberately, as he entered—he had ignored me, save for a brief greeting in the hall—"Penelope," he repeated, standing accusingly before her, "I have come to speak to you regarding the indecent way you are treating the home of your grandfather and of your own father. Both would turn in their graves—"

"No, Uncle John," I interrupted—Pen was already dissolved in tears—"Penny didn't do it; I did."

Uncle John turned to me. "You, Sara Crewe?"

"Yes," I replied. "Penny is the oldest, of course, but you know how we keep our word when we once give it, and she has promised me that I shall run the farm, and that she will not interfere with anything I do."

"Only for thirty—" Pen began to sob.

"Penny," I cried, "hold your tongue! You agreed not to say one word. Now keep your promise."

And my sister bowed her face into the white work she had been sewing.

"Uncle John," I said, "if you've anything to say, please say it to me. I am in charge. Won't you take a chair?"

Uncle John looked from the seat I offered, to me, and then back again to the chair, into which he finally sank. I sat opposite him, and we looked silently at each other, until he had to begin.

"Sara Crewe," he said, "when you first told me that you would not sell the farm out of the family, I supposed you had some feeling for the old place."

"So I had, Uncle John," I answered, "and so I have. That's why I rented the roof out to the 'Compound Cure' rather than sell it."

My uncle put his hand in his pocket, and drew out his check book. "Now, Sara," he said, "it's not worth while for me to tell you that this is a great personal inconvenience to me, nor to enter into a talk on values. You have one mind as to the price of the farm, and I another. I have offered you ten thousand dollars down for the property; you have offered it to me for twelve thousand. I came over this afternoon prepared to make a compromise. Get me pen and ink. I will write you out a check for eleven thousand, which will precisely split the difference."

He laid his check book on the table, and opened it.

"Uncle John," I said, without moving, "I am very sorry you feel so about the 'Compound Cure.' I had tried every-

thing else to make the farm pay before I came to that. And I am sorry, too, that I must refuse your eleven thousand dollars; but I am in charge of affairs, and I shouldn't feel it just to Penelope."

Penny took her head out of her work to open her mouth, but I frowned, and it shut again.

"I must absolutely refuse, Uncle John?" I said.

"Very well, then," he answered. "If you are so obstinate over one thousand dollars, Sara Crewe, I will yield it."

He got up from his chair, found pen and ink, and brought them back to the table.

"What are you going to do, Uncle John?" I said, as he drew the check book towards him. Uncle John looked up at me, and began to remodel his features.

"I accept your offer," he answered; "but it is a large sum to pay out, Sara Crewe."

"What is a large sum?" I asked.

"Twelve thousand dollars."

I shook my head.

"I can't sell the farm at twelve thousand, Uncle John. I can't conscientiously do that."

Uncle John laid down the pen and stared at me.

"What do you mean, Sara Crewe? That was your own offer. Penel——"

"No, Uncle John," I said; "Pen has promised to leave all this to me, and you know she will. We did offer you the farm at twelve thousand, but that was before we —or rather I—had developed this advertising industry. We can afford to hold the farm now, and I mean to hold it at its actual value—fifteen thousand dollars."

Uncle John closed his check book with a snap which his eyes and mouth seemed to imitate.

"Then you can hold it," he said; "but understand, Sara Crewe, no matter what straits and what disgrace you run yourself and Penelope into, don't look to me for help. I wash my hands of you."

"We won't get into any straits, Uncle John," I answered firmly. "I see plain sailing ahead of me. I have thought out ever so many plans for developing this advertising industry. Our being near the railroad and on a hill is a great deal in our favor. I have decided to run a flagstaff up the side of every chimney we have, and rent out the flags. Of course wooden scantlings set up in the fields are nothing new, but that will yield something. I have a crowning plan of setting a scantling on the top of the house, as high as it is safe. We live on a hill, but we don't have heavy winds. I mean to create here an advertising farm that people will come from far and near to see. I shall ask fancy prices for the advertisements, and I shall be inventing original and startling methods all the time."

Uncle John lay back in his chair, staring at me. I did not dare to look in Pen's direction just then.

"Sara Crewe," said Uncle John, "do you actually mean to do this disgraceful thing on the old home place?"

"Uncle John," I answered solemnly, "I pledge you my honor I mean every word of it. I am sick of spending every penny we get on the farm. Now the farm has got to do something for us. If you can think of any better paying plan, short of selling the farm out of the family, or selling it for less than fifteen thousand dollars, I should be delighted to hear of it. Otherwise this advertising industry will go on. I can see no help for it."

My uncle forgot to mold his features. He forgot to dip his pen in the ink, until he found it would not write in his check book.

"Here, Sara Crewe," he said, tearing out the check he had drawn up, and laying it loose on the table before me, "do you go and have a deed of this farm made to me. Of all the disgraceful things I ever heard, this is the worst. Get me the deed, I say, and two witnesses."

I looked at the check. It was for fifteen thousand dollars.

"Sara Crewe," said Uncle John, as I took the check, and he rose to go, "I will do you the justice to say that I believe you do not realize what you have done. As a woman you cannot understand how it appears, but if you were a man, Sara Crewe, I should say without a moment's hesitation that you had deliberately played a very close and a—very doubtful game, Sara Crewe."

What my uncle saw written in my face, I am sure I do not know. I opened my reticule quickly, and shut his check inside. When I looked up again, he was vigorously modeling his features, and watching me so curiously that I was glad to glance at Penelope. Pen was also looking at me with an expression of awe. At that point it seemed to me that I heard a distinct but suppressed chuckle. I glanced at the cupboard door anxiously, but the sound did not come from that direction. As it was repeated, I turned involuntarily towards Uncle John. He was no longer modeling his features, but they wore an expression quite new to me.

"Sara Crewe," he said slowly, "you ought to have been a man." When he said

that I knew that he felt himself paying me the highest compliment in his power, and also that in pocketing my uncle's check I had pocketed his respect.

"I am very sorry, Uncle John——" I began, but he stopped me.

"No, you ain't, Sara Crewe. You needn't think I bear you a grudge, though; I don't, my child. Lord, it's a pity you ain't a man. It makes me sick when I see what ought to be a man having to walk about this world in woman's skirts; but it makes me sicker to see what ought to be a woman in man's trousers. Now, there's my wife's Alec——"

The closet door creaked, and I broke in:

"Never mind about Alec, Uncle John. I am glad you don't feel hardly towards me, and we can move away in a week, if that will suit you."

Uncle John held out his hand. There was a curious smile on his face.

"It was a close deal, Sara Crewe," he said, "but as a deal it was square, and I can't complain. I'll tell you what, though. I'd rather have you on my side than on the other. You needn't think of leaving the farm for very long. I look at it this way: it takes two halves to make a whole, but you can make it out of three quarters, and Alec. He—well, I wouldn't take away the big pieces of furniture, Sara Crewe."

Grace Stuart Reid.

HESPERIA.

Across the stretch of southward seas
The zephyr swept Hesperides
  Lie smiling, ever smiling;
And there the laughter loving Pan
Leads on his joyous woodland clan
Through halcyon haunts, unknown to man,
  With song the hours beguiling.
O fair, far land, thy portals
Swing only to immortals!
  Thy scented bowers, thy wondrous flowers,
    Thy pleasant ways of ease,
Thy nights dew dipped and breathless,
Thy birds, unwearied, deathless—
  These charms untold I'd fain behold,
    Fair, far Hesperides!

The dusk with all her wealth of stars,
The dawn, when clouds like crimson bars
  Turn all the east to splendor,
Bring roseate dreamings unto me
Of Nereids flashing from the sea,
Who turn their shining eyes to thee,
  Thou land of music tender.
But ah, 'tis useless dreaming—
Thy woodland pools that, gleaming
  Like bits of sky, unruffled lie,
    Are not for eyes like these;
Yet, could my longing vision
Behold thy fields Elysian,
  What peace divine I'd claim as mine,
    Fair, far Hesperides!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

A Swedish Movement for Developing the Leg and Chest Muscles.

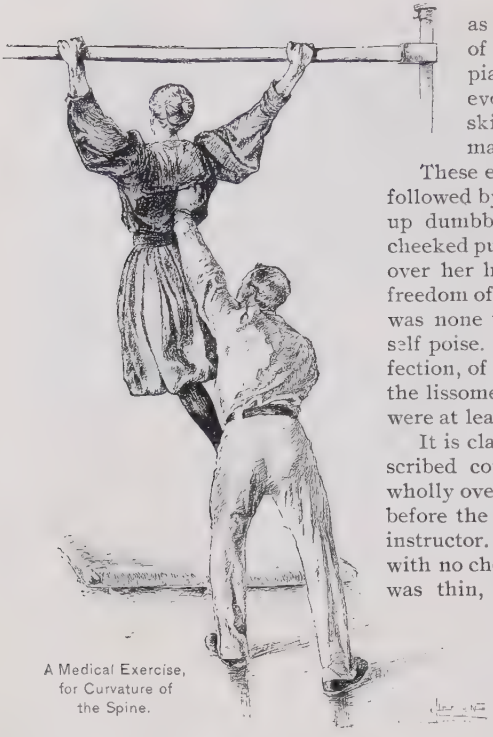
IN A GIRLS' GYMNASIUM.

THE GROWING POPULARITY OF PHYSICAL TRAINING FOR WOMEN—HOW A GYMNASIUM GIRL GETS HEALTH, STRENGTH, AND PLEASURE FROM BARS, BELLS, AND LADDERS.

THE hands of the clock were pointing to nine, one morning, a few weeks ago, at a well known gymnasium for women in a New England city. The gallery that runs around the main hall of the building showed here and there the expectant face of a visitor. Below, the janitor was busily arranging dumbbells, flying trapezes, and ungainly wooden horses, while the professors talked over their plans for the day. From an inner room up stairs came the babble of girls' voices. There was a general air of healthful, pleasant activity. Presently a bell sounded, the babble of voices ceased, and a long line of red cheeked, well built young women stepped in single file down the winding stairs. With a courtesy to their instructors they marched into the training room, and stood there in readiness for their morning's work.

The girls, twenty five in number, were arrayed in typical gymnasium suits—loose blouse waists, low at the throat, and generally finished off with a neat sailor collar, fastened with a knotted bow of ribbon. Their dark blue divided skirts reached only to the knee. The visitor could not but be impressed with the healthy freshness of their faces. It was surprising to learn that several of these plump, round throated, fresh complexioned girls had passed their thirtieth birthday. Their average age was twenty five, but they seemed like school girls, so full were they of good spirits, so enthusiastic was their interest in the exercises that formed their daily routine. They composed the two advanced classes, the "seniors" and "juniors."

"Fall in!" cried the instructor, and in an instant the girls were drawn up in as straight a line as the best drilled veterans ever made. Up went their heads, firm and erect, chests were arched, heels set together, toes pointed at the regulation angle, arms and hands close to the side. This was the beginning of the "setting up drill,"



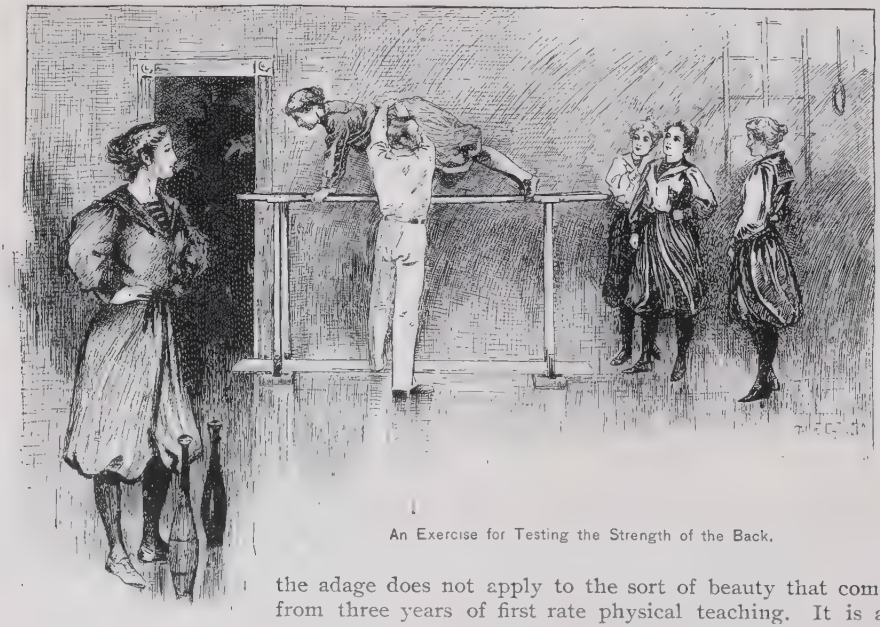
A Medical Exercise, for Curvature of the Spine.

as it is called at West Point. As the first note of a lively march sounded on the gymnasium piano, they entered upon a series of military evolutions, making intricate movements with a skill and accuracy that would put to the blush many a body of masculine performers.

These exercises lasted about ten minutes, and were followed by an hour of light gymnastics. The girls took up dumbbells and wands. One golden haired, pink cheeked pupil preferred a pair of clubs, which she swung over her head and about her shoulders with a graceful freedom of movement. Among all the twenty five, there was none that could be called awkward, or lacking in self poise. There were different degrees of physical perfection, of course. At least ten members of the class had the lissome grace of the proverbial young deer; the rest were at least up to a good average standard.

It is claimed that by faithfully carrying out the prescribed course of drill a naturally awkward girl may wholly overcome her defects. A living instance was set before the writer. "You see that girl?" inquired the instructor. "She came here two years ago, pale faced, with no chest at all; her shoulders were bent, her throat was thin, and showed ugly cords; her carriage was exceedingly bad." The change was certainly remarkable, for her chest was arched, her throat round, her bearing erect; and the glow that the morning's exercise had brought to her cheek made her a very pretty girl instead of a "horrible example."

No woman can be beautiful without a good figure; and what woman does not wish to be beautiful? If all American girls knew what a gymnasium course can do for them, how it can strengthen and develop the body, how it can add to their enjoyment of life and their attractiveness, there would not be enough schools in the country to accommodate the throngs that would apply for membership. Beauty is but skin deep, it may be objected; but



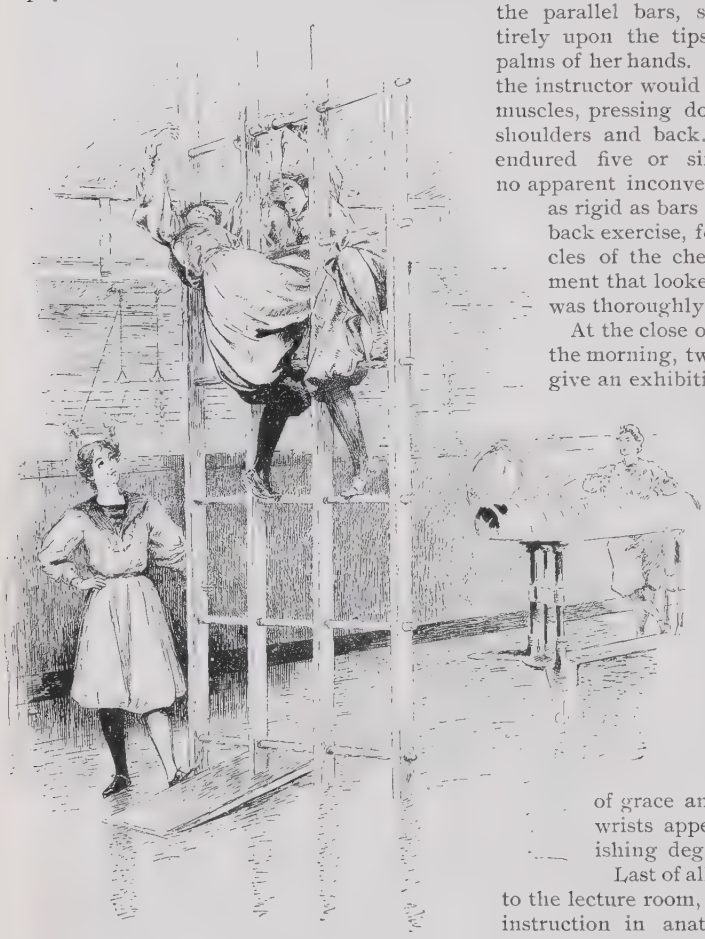
An Exercise for Testing the Strength of the Back.

the adage does not apply to the sort of beauty that comes from three years of first rate physical teaching. It is an

The Fencing Exhibition.

Drawn by J. M. Gleeson from a photograph.

education that goes far deeper than the skin. It brings health—for a well developed figure means a body with healthy functions; it makes existence a happiness instead of a burden; it touches the moral life, and gives the mental soundness that comes from physical soundness.



The Spiral Ladder

After the lighter gymnastics came an intermission of ten minutes, during which the girls strolled about, chatting merrily, or sat upon the horses and bucks, their feet swinging back and forth, with the gaiety of school children at recess time. Then came the heavier work, which took another full hour. A showy movement, and one that was a favorite with some of the girls, was a journey around the hall, clinging to iron rings at the end of long ropes that hung down from the ceiling, and swinging from one ring to the next. Ladder climbing was another exercise, and to this the instructors attach special value as a developer of lungs and muscles.

A back strengthening exercise, which to the spectator seemed almost cruelly taxing, was gone through without the slightest sign of reluctance or fatigue. Each girl in turn was ordered to hold herself up from the parallel bars, supporting herself entirely upon the tips of her toes and the palms of her hands. While in this position, the instructor would test the strength of her muscles, pressing down forcibly upon her shoulders and back. Some of the pupils endured five or six minutes of it with no apparent inconvenience. They seemed as rigid as bars of steel. The bending back exercise, for developing the muscles of the chest, was another movement that looked trying but evidently was thoroughly enjoyed.

At the close of the regular routine of the morning, two girls were allowed to give an exhibition in fencing. It was a remarkable display of skill and agility; thrust and parry followed each other with almost dazzling speed, the combatants seeming as much in earnest as if they were belted knights fighting upon the field of honor for the favor of some fair lady who stood in the admiring group that surrounded them. The movements of their bodies were the acme of grace and quickness, and their wrists appeared to have an astonishing degree of strength.

Last of all, the class was marched to the lecture room, where for another hour instruction in anatomy was given. One minor point to which attention was paid was the taking of measurements—of height, girth of chest, and so forth; not that this is of value in itself, but because an understanding of it is needed by those pupils who are fitting themselves to become instructors.

This ended the routine of the morning. On the other days of the week, besides a repetition of many of the same exercises, lessons are given in dancing, both plain and fancy steps; there are lectures on various subjects, and special tasks are set for individual students. There are also classes for the medical students—girls who are being treated for curvature of the spine and similar physical defects. Patients have been

Voluntary Exercises During the Recreation Hour

brought to the institution by an attendant, and have left it, after two or three years' treatment, entirely cured.

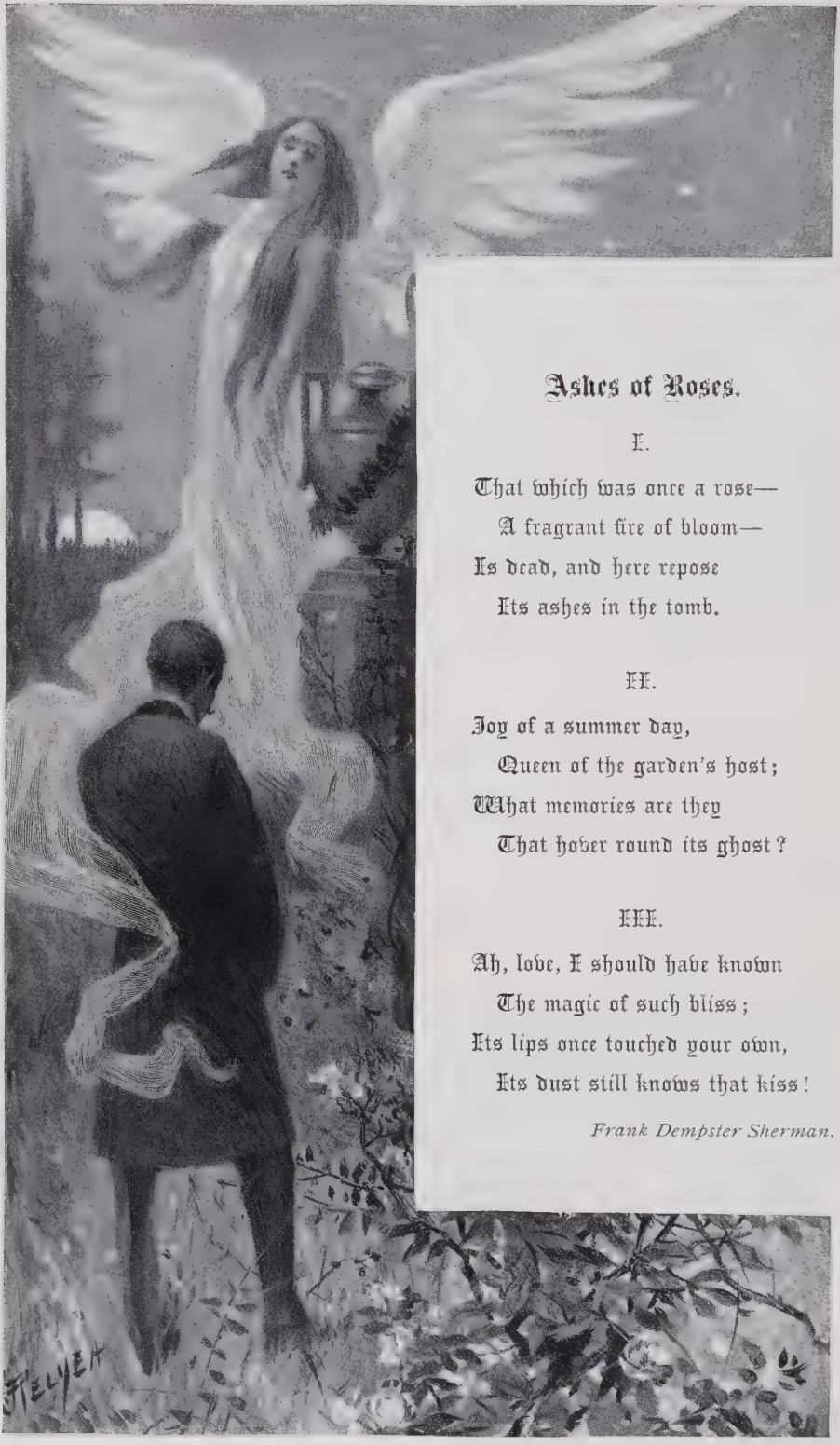
Fashion is not always allied to common sense, but she never was wiser than when she decreed the downfall of the helpless sentimental heroine of a former day, and set up in her place, as the ideal of womanhood, the healthy modern girl who frankly admits that she has arms and legs, and who knows how to use them. The typical society belle is no longer languid, lily-like, and quickly *passée*. She is a robust, strong limbed girl, who has no idea of fading even when she finds herself surrounded by girls of her own, who will learn to jump bars, swing clubs, and climb ladders, as their mother did before them.

Jean Pardee-Clark.

MOON FLOWERS.

WHEN steps the moon o'er heaven's purple sill,
And, golden shod, the Bear looks through the night,
Do fairies catch the moon rays as they spill,
And twirl them into cups of gleaming white?

Hattie Whitney.



Ashes of Roses.

I.

That which was once a rose—
A fragrant fire of bloom—
Is dead, and here repose
Its ashes in the tomb.

II.

Joy of a summer day,
Queen of the garden's host;
What memories are they
That hover round its ghost?

III.

Ah, love, I should have known
The magic of such bliss;
Its lips once touched your own,
Its dust still knows that kiss!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE STAGE

A USEFUL MEMBER OF THE FROHMAN FORCES.

It is the fashion to decry monopoly in business, but in the theatrical world the system of one man power redounds to the distinct advantage of public and players. Here is Charles Frohman, with enough people on his roster to muster fifteen companies. When he wishes to make a production, he can fit the man or woman to the part with much more satisfaction to all concerned than if the choice must be made from only a dozen individuals. His Empire stock company is generously expansive in its nature, and it was through drawing from this and from the John Drew forces that Mr. Frohman was enabled to capture the town with "Thoroughbred" last spring.

This system also serves the artist who wishes to escape the hardships of road work. Elsie de Wolfe is among this number.

"No money would induce me to go through the ordeal again," she said to the writer, in alluding to the touring experiences that fell to her lot earlier in her career. "Even at the risk of being known as the governor's (Charles Frohman's) clothes horse, I stay in New York and take a part in any of our companies here where there may chance to be an opening."

The clothes horse allusion was in jocose reference to the remark of one of the critics on the showy gowns Miss de Wolfe is called upon to wear. But she always wears them with the easy grace of a woman accustomed to the good things of life, and the clothes themselves consequently never savor of the property room.

Miss de Wolfe is a graduate of the amateur stage, and possesses a refined intelligence that enables her to give clear cut, truthful portrayals. She is at her best in characters that call for strong, assertive personality or a piquantly original temperament, such as *Kate Ffennell* in "The Bauble Shop," and *Charley Wishanger* in "The Masqueraders." This season she will probably spend more time with Drew than with the Empire company.

Elsie de Wolfe.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

SUMMER SHOWS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

A New York theater goer would have felt himself very much at home in San Francisco during the early part of the present summer. At the Columbia Theater one company, headed by Maxine Elliott and Frank Worthing, was

playing a repertoire containing "The Charity Ball" and "Lord Chumley," while at the Baldwin another stock organization, including Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon, was doing in succession two other Lyceum plays, "The Home Secretary" and "The Gray Mare." Both these shows were given at popular prices, and materially injured the business of a star who was in the Golden Gate City at the same time, playing at regular rates.

The journey to California to fill a summer engagement is becoming more and more the fashion with Eastern artists. Of course it breaks in upon their vacation, but as an actor's holiday is invariably without pay—in other words, a "lay off"—there is little grumbling on this account.

One of Miss Shannon's reasons for leaving the Lyceum company, given in these pages two years ago, was that she wished to try her powers in a wider range of parts. She has certainly had her wish, having played with no less than half a dozen different companies in the interim. Of course this is a trying experience, but it is admirable training. Miss Shannon would make an excellent leading woman for a metropolitan company. Her beauty is of a singularly refined type, and her method is convincingly natural. Her last engagement previous to going to the Pacific Coast was with Olga Nethersole.

Effie Shannon.

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

LULU GLASER IN PROPRIA PERSONA.

We present this month a portrait of Lulu Glaser as she really is. It has for some time been an open secret that Francis Wilson's popular leading woman possessed a dual identity, so far as her appearance was concerned. She has been almost invariably photographed in the curly wig she wears in all her rôles. Our

Lulu Glaser.

From her latest photograph—Copyright, 1895, by W. M. Morrison, Chicago.

Virginia Earle, in "The Lady Slavey."
From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

picture is proof, however, that the wig is by no means necessary as a beautifier.

Miss Glaser's theatrical history has been a happily uneventful one. She has never been with any other company than Wilson's, which she joined four years ago. There was no vacancy for her at the time, but after hearing her sing the management was enterprising enough to place her on the salary list as understudy to Marie Jansen, and she speedily stepped into the latter's place. Her powers as an actress do not lag behind her ability as a singer, as is so often the case. She throws herself into each part with the vim and dash work of this sort demands, and yet never oversteps the limits of refinement.

She abounds in fun and good spirits, and has confessed that the rather sedate rôle she played last season in "The Chieftain" was somewhat hampering. She is very fond of "The Merry Monarch," to which it is to be hoped Wilson's new opera, "Half a King," to be produced this month at Hayman's Knickerbocker Theater, will be a wholly worthy repertorial companion.

Miss Glaser is a Pittsburgh girl, and reflects honor on the American training that has fitted her to occupy high rank among light opera singers.

MANAGERS VERSUS MUMMERS.

If any one doubts that vaudeville is still the winning card in the managerial game, he has but to look at the record of "In Gay New York," the Casino's third annual review. Of all kaleidoscopic concoctions this is easily the pearl, having a little of everything in it, from a back somersault off a step ladder to a romanza for the tenor. And the business done has been of proportions to make the critic ask himself, not without disquietude, if this state of things, from a passing fad, is really becoming a permanent foible of public taste.

However that may be, the chronicler must take things as they are. If he sits by and simply

cries, "Turn ye, turn ye back to the good things of the past," he is apt to waste his breath. Nobody can mold the inclinations of a people; if this were possible we should not hear so often of impecuniosity among managers. No, the breath of favor in the purveying of amusement is as elusive as the fabled will of the wisp, and often leads its pursuers into the same quagmire of disaster. This is why the director of a playhouse may be on the top of the heap this year and at the bottom next, and marks a notable difference between him and the performer to whom he pays a salary. The latter rises or falls on his own merits, and the movement once begun in either direction is not apt to be retarded or reversed. But the manager cannot rely either on his own judgment or even on that of an audience in another city. The launching of each new production is, in great measure, like starting his whole career afresh.

Sometimes managers and artists rise in popularity together. In that case, the manager is said to have "a run of luck." Virginia Earle, for instance, is now coming to be associated with popular pieces at the Casino. She filled the title rôle in "The Lady Slavey" last winter, and was prominently cast in "Gay New York." She was the *Little Billee* in "The Merry World," and also had another minor part in the '95 review. She has played *Tags* in "The County Fair," and filled Della Fox' position in a road company giving "Wang," but it remained for a New York appearance to make her name familiar to theater goers generally.

In Dorothy Sherrod, whose portrait we also present, we have another young actress whom it may be worth while to watch. She belongs to the army of theatrical aspirants from the South, and for two seasons made an excellent record as *Bossy* in "A Texas Steer," succeeding Flora Walsh in the part. Tim Murphy has engaged her to play lead next season in his new piece, "Old Innocence."

Dorothy Sherrod.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

Miss Sherrod belongs to another vast army, besides that of the Southland—players who have been with Mr. Daly. She describes herself as "such a goose" for breaking a three years' contract with him in six weeks.

A DARING VENTURE.

"I know we shall challenge criticism with almost reckless bravery, but we shall work hard in order that we may not fear it."

This is what Miss Brandon Douglas says in

reference to a plan she and her fellow star, Donald Robertson, have in view for the coming season. Although a New York girl, Miss Douglas is known only to audiences "on the road," where she has played for the past year in "The Man in the Iron Mask" and "The White Mouse." She studied for the stage under Mme. Janauschek, and filled her first engagement in "The Two Orphans." To escape the monotonous routine of doing the same thing night after night, she found a place with a repertory company. The next step was to join forces with Donald Robertson, and the audacious plan these two have in mind is to come into the metropolis for one week, changing the bill nightly, each part for the stars being as different from the other as possible. As their repertoire is one of serious plays, any one who has observed theatrical happenings of late years with even desultory attentiveness will at once understand why these two young players must be possessed of rare courage.

Brandon Douglas

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

ONE BIG THEATER HAT THAT FINDS FAVOR.

The hat pin has for several years borne the honor of being known as woman's chief defensive weapon. Last winter it took on a new

Marie Dressler.

From a photograph by Bryant, New York.

quality, and proved itself the steel pivot pointing out success to a now popular actress who just previously had been associated with a pronounced failure. Marie Dressler worked hard in "The Stag Party," and perhaps, if the revolving hat had been thought of in time, it might have turned the tide at the Garden Theater just as it afterward brought a flood of prosperity to the Casino. But we have to deal with history, not "might have beens," and when Miss Dressler appeared in "The Lady Slavey," with her hat so adjusted that every movement of her head would throw it into a new position, her audiences were immensely amused by her clever management of an original device for fun making. There is at least one big theater hat that is not an object of deadly opprobrium. This summer she was advertised on Koster & Bial's roof garden as "the star obscurer."

Nowadays an appearance in vaudeville rather adds to a legitimate player's reputation. than detracts from it.

NEW OPERAS ON BROADWAY.

There is nothing like having more than one string to your bow, especially if you are a musician. Ludwig Englander, the composer of "A Daughter of the Revolution," will enjoy this month the unique experience of hearing two of his operas performed simultaneously on Broadway, within three blocks of each other. Jefferson de Angelis makes his début as a star in "The Caliph" at the Broadway on September 3, and on the 14th "Half a King" is brought out by Francis Wilson at the Knickerbocker. At the same period Camille D'Arville, who was heard in "A Daughter of the Revolution" last year, will come forth at the Olympia Theater, at the distance of another three blocks, in a brand new concoction of Oscar Hammerstein, "Santa Maria." Some

people might regard this as a magnificent opportunity to find out whose fault it was that "A Daughter of the Revolution" didn't "go," but it must be remembered, on the one hand, that the librettist is an important factor in the fate of an opera in these days, and on the other that Miss D'Arville is no longer a star but simply a member of a star stock company. This last project of Mr. Hammerstein's will do much toward reviving the "palmy days" referred to in this place last month, when one payment would entitle a man to hearing from three to five artists of the first rank.

Jessie Busley.

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

THE STEADY RISE OF A YOUNG ACTRESS.

While the play may be the thing for the audience, it cannot make or mar an actor's career. The best tragedy ever written is, of course, quite powerless to endow with genius the dolt who thinks to lift himself into prominence by playing the principal rôle. On the other hand, provided an artist has real talent, it can scarcely be prevented from receiving, sooner or later, the recognition it deserves. Jessie Busley's first appearance with the Charles Frohman forces was in Augustus Thomas' ill starred "Surrender," but while the play died, the actress survived, and in "Charley's Aunt," "The New Boy," "The Fatal Card," and "The Sporting Duchess," she grew constantly in favor. In the spring she played with great cleverness opposite to Fritz Williams in "Thoroughbred."

Miss Busley adopted the stage as a career in 1890, and her first experience was with Robert Mantell's company. Her style is simple and delightfully natural, and she has no trace of a mannerism.

THE DALY DISCOVERIES.

Whatever else may be said of Augustin Daly's judgment, he has excellent taste in

feminine beauty. It was through him that the general public first gained knowledge of the charms of the present Mrs. George Gould; Maxine Elliott received her proper recognition on his stage; and now, in Marie St. Johns, he seems to have added another to the list. Miss St. Johns, who has only recently joined the company, is a New Yorker of good family, and has acquired a valued reputation as a church choir singer. Her experience in acting was gained in amateur theatricals, and it will be interesting to watch her career when the new Daly season opens, which will be at an earlier date than last year.

Marie St. Johns.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1896, by Aimé Dupont, New York.

MANY MEN IN ONE.

Last spring Mr. Hammerstein posted a big placard in front of Olympia, announcing the advent, some four weeks later, of Fregoli. Now nobody in New York had ever heard the name before, and everybody wondered why it should be writ out in letters as big as those which had heralded the coming of Guilbert and Chevalier. Of course the notice explained that the newcomer would play an entire play all by himself, changing from one character to another with incredible swiftness. But then we had all seen lightning change artists galore. Did not even the song and dance performers rush from one costume into another in the wings while doing their three turns a night? Why, then, should such a fuss be made over this Italian, who had not even a London or Paris visé on his credentials?

Then, when he arrived, and it became known that he did not speak a word of English, heads were again sagely shaken, and "He won't go" was muttered in theater lobbies. But he made a success on the opening night, although there were still those who thought he talked too much, and others who averred that the whole thing was a mere clothes act. After he had

Maurice Barrymore.

From his latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

been for a time at Olympia's roof garden, he changed his bill and gave us in "Eldorado" a startling example of versatility. He performs tricks like Herrmann, rings bells in a manner to recall the famous Swiss, and even dances the skirt dance—all this in addition to assuming the forty odd other characters in the play. At a period when men in all callings are tending towards specialisms, it is not to be wondered at that Fregoli, who is indeed a whole vaudeville show in himself, should have stirred the sluggish tide of summer theatricals in Gotham.

Fregoli has been playing professionally only since 1893, when he appeared at the first music hall opened in Rome, at two dollars a night. His talent was discovered in 1890, when he was in the Italian army, and he performed a whole comedy with five characters to supply the place of a company that had deserted the post at short notice.

One of our American playwrights has now on the stocks a romantic drama of the time of Cromwell, which, while not demanding the skill of a Fregoli in its leading man, will contain situations calling for a dual personation more startling than any the legitimate has ever seen.

LIGHT ON THE ROOF GARDEN MYSTERY.

After two seasons given to careful pondering on the matter, a possible solution of a perplexing problem has occurred to us. Why should the great majority of the acts on a roof garden stage be of such an inferior character? And this being so, why should the attendance appear to be in no wise diminished thereby? One cannot say that the public care not a whit whether the performance be bad or good, and frequent the place solely for the coolness and beer to be found there, for as soon as the final curtain falls there is a general exit, scarcely a corporal's guard remaining for the promenade concert which many of the gardens advertise so prominently. And yet certainly they do not have a high opinion of the show, judging by the indifference with which they allow the various performers to come and go, and by the comments to be heard on their doings as one circulates about among the tables.

The poorness of the entertainment has come to be proverbial; these audiences now recognize that they are the dogs on which is tried the raw material that comes to every manager's mill, and having been transformed into one animal without a "by your leave," they immediately retaliate by "playing horse" with the show. There is no guying, merely a good natured wagering among the various groups as to whether the next comer will be worse than the last. When now and then a really meritorious act is given, an almost reverential awe falls on the assemblage, and some are inclined to feel defrauded of their rights.

Since our last issue went to press, New York has had a seventh roof garden added to its wealth in these resorts—that on the Grand Central Palace, the great building where the electrical show was held. Its elevation exceeds that of any other in the city, and it possesses one or two features which make it far and away the most attractive spot of the kind in Gotham. In coolness and commodiousness of promenade space it is unsurpassed. It should win great favor for these virtues alone, in spite of a somewhat out of the way location, and an elevator service that appears to carry one purposely through regions of infernal heat in order that the breezes above may be more keenly appreciated.

UNDISCOURAGED BARRYMORE.

Following Georgia Cayvan at Palmer's this fall, Maurice Barrymore will have another try at starring. He can easily attribute his failure some years since in "Reckless Temple" to the play, the rock on which so many capable men and women split. His new piece, "Roaring Dick and Co.," has at least the merit of a catchy title, and is said to be somewhat of the nature of "Captain Swift," in which Barrymore made a big hit at the old Madison Square. Mr. Brady intends to provide "Roaring Dick" with a fine cast, of which not the least conspicuous feature will be W. J. Le Moyne.

Mr. Barrymore is of English birth, but he has been identified with theatricals in this country for twenty one years. He is a man with an uncommonly fine stage presence, and has a reputation as a boxer. It was during his first season with "Diplomacy," back in 1879, that he was severely wounded by a desperado named James Currie. The affair took place at the railway station in Marshall, Texas. Ben Porter, an actor, was killed, and great excitement was caused in theatrical circles. But when not long ago a newspaper asked prominent members of the profession to tell of the most awkward situations in which they had ever been placed, Mr. Barrymore made no mention of the Texan episode, but wrote, instead:

What I am going to tell you happened in England a good many years ago. I had been acting at some of the London theaters, and had made a bit of a name for myself. Then I was engaged to appear at the St. James.

The play was a melodrama of a society nature, and Mrs. Kendal was the leading lady. The scenery was very realistic for those days, and among other things was a cataract of real water, which ran down the mountain side, outside the Neapolitan palace. I was to play my strong scene with Mrs. Kendal. It took place in the court yard of a palace open to the sky, with the blue sea on one side, and the mountain previously mentioned on the other. I was to declare my love. Forward I sprang to clasp her hand, and as I did so she drew back. Shall I tell you what happened? I fell flat on my face, and she fell backward, sitting down gracefully on the stage. The cataract had broken loose and made the ground slippery.

Mr. Barrymore's last notable engagement was his playing of the leading male rôle in "The Heart of Maryland." He is fond of books, and is an authority on stage history. He married Georgie Drew in 1876, and is the father of Ethel Barrymore, who promises to be as able an actress as her talented mother, whose early death was such a loss to our stage.

LITERARY CHAT

A SOUTHWESTERN STUDY.

In Owen Wister's "Red Men and White" there is a story called "A Pilgrim on the Gila" which might be used as a striking campaign document just now. It was published almost a year ago, but it could not be more apropos of the present political situation if it had dropped hot from the pen and press within the last few weeks. It attracted so much attention at the time of its publication that the Territorial delegate whom it caricatures under the name of *Luke Jenks* declared that he was going to sue Mr. Wister and his publishers for libel. The statesman thought better of it, however, and went on his way until he became one of the leading supporters of the Bryan boom at the Democratic convention in Chicago.

Mr. Wister's description of the *Boy Orator of the Rio Grande*, and of his speech in favor of the admission of Arizona as a State, is particularly interesting at the moment.

And then the Boy Orator of the Rio Grande took his good chance. I forgot his sallow face and black, unpleasant hair, and even his single gesture—that straining lift of one hand above the shoulder during the suspense of a sentence, and that cracking it down into the other at full stop, endless as a pile driver.

The *Boy Orator's* style of oratory, as reported by Mr. Wister, recalls speeches we have been hearing lately.

"With her snow clad summits, with the balm of her southern vineyards, she loudly calls for a sister's rights. Not the isles of Greece, nor any cycle of Cathay, can compete with her horticultural resources, her Salt River, her Colorado, her San Pedro, her Gila, her hundred irrigated valleys, each one surpassing the shaded paradise of the Nile, where thousands of noble men and elegantly educated ladies have already located, and to which thousands more, like patient monuments, are waiting breathless to throng when the franchise is proclaimed. And if my death could buy that franchise, I would joyfully boast such martyrdom."

The teller of the story, listening to this burst of eloquence in the House of Representatives, has his ribs jogged by an elbow, and receives a hoarse confidence that "California only holds the record on stoves now." A few months later, when he plows through the dreary Arizona desert, which grows cactus, alkali sand, and stage robbers, he meets the genial old Mormon who made that remark, and asks him what California held the record in before the *Boy Orator* broke it. He gets the answer in the course of a conversation which it is a pity to mutilate. The bishop says:

"I took a look at those buzzards there in Washington, our Senate and Representatives. They were screeching a heap, all about ratios. Now 'ratio' is a good sounding word, too, and I guess that's why they chew on it so constant. Better line of language than they get at home. You can divide them birds in two lots; those who know better, and those who don't. D' you follow me?"

"And which kind is the Boy Orator?"

"Oh, he knows better. You see we used to have a saying in Salt Lake that California had the smallest stoves and the biggest liars in the world. Well, there's an old saying busted."

Mr. Wister had very little work for his imagination in getting "A Pilgrim on the Gila" ready for the publisher. The robbing of the paymaster was fact; the Mormon bishop who ruled a large part of the dreary land was fact; and the photograph of the robbers and their counsel, after the trial, was so much a reality that it was printed at the time in an illustrated weekly. But as a brilliant piece of humor, the story has seldom been surpassed.

We praise Rudyard Kipling for his Anglo Indian sketches. His whole collection has not so much of the salt of humor or the spice of sarcasm as Mr. Wister has managed to crowd into this one tale of our own West.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

The death of Harriet Beecher Stowe has set the world talking of how "Uncle Tom's Cabin" came to be written, and of the reasons for its unprecedented success. It is more than forty four years since its first publication, but the fact that a prominent publishing house found it worth while, only four months ago, to get out a new and elaborate edition, proves how enduring has been its hold. In 1852, the year of its appearance, more than three hundred thousand copies were sold. Since that time the book has been translated into twenty different languages, and competent authorities have estimated the total sales at something approaching three millions.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a red letter event in literary history, beyond a doubt; but the critics are asking why it was so. Certainly there have been hundreds of more ably written books, and hundreds intrinsically more worthy of success, whose fame has been but moderate and whose popularity short lived. Why is it, then, that this story, in whose style and construction it requires no vast discernment to find flaws, has made such a mark? The problem is not hard to solve. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was essentially a human and an opportune book. It told, to be sure, not a whole truth, but it told nothing but the truth. Its episodes were mainly based upon fact, its characters largely drawn from life. Among foreigners but little was known of the negroes, and even the Americans of the North and West had no accurate conception of slavery's darker side; but there was a deep and growing conviction on the subject, and it required merely a leader to set the whole land in a blaze. Thus Mrs.

Stowe's book had the double advantage of being from the standpoint of fiction a novelty, and from the standpoint of morality a crusade.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum. It is not for us to disparage "Uncle Tom's Cabin" on the ground of literary weakness. No book, however opportune, could attain such popularity unless there was much in it to appeal to the reason and the sentiment of the world. Nor was it the mass of the people alone that felt the importance of Mrs. Stowe's work. Some of the most brilliant men and women in the literary and social world confessed how great an impression the story of *Uncle Tom* had made upon them. Dickens, Macaulay, Sand, Heine, Whittier, Carlisle, Charles Kingsley, and a host of others equally distinguished, sent letters, and Mrs. Stowe's tour through England in 1853 was nothing short of a triumphal progress.

There can be no better eulogium of Mrs. Stowe's life work, and no better epitaph with which to close her life itself, than the words spoken by Jenny Lind over forty years ago:

The writer of this book can fall asleep with the consciousness of having been a powerful means of operating essential good for the welfare of our black brethren.

"SUMMER IN ARCADY"—A PROBLEM NOVEL?

A great babbling of tongues has arisen since the appearance of Mr. James Lane Allen's "Summer in Arcady," and a number of critics have worked themselves up to a high pitch of frenzy, endeavoring to decide whether or not Mr. Allen, who has hitherto been distinguished for the purity of his work, has wandered afield from the straight and narrow path and added another to the over long list of problem novels. No doubt it would gratify certain of these reviewers to be able to prove that such is the case, and possibly they will do so to their own satisfaction before they have finished, for the term "problem novel" has lost much of its original significance, and is freely applied to any sort of fiction dealing with topics of which convention forbids open discussion. Into this dangerous field "Summer in Arcady" admittedly enters, as its author announces in a preface which he calls a "flag of war." It is a study of the animal side of life; a story of a youth and maiden drawn together by the physical impulse implanted in all living things, the force by which nature perpetuates every species, from the yellow butterfly to the human being. It begins with their first awakening of mutual interest, describes the growth of their passion, and ends at the doorway of their bridal chamber. It presents their romance as a natural history exhibit, and treats it with the realism of science.

In the preface, the author makes a vehement onslaught upon the "black, chaotic books of the new fiction"—with which some critics would rank his own latest work. It is not easy to see why "Summer in Arcady" should be set in a wholly different category from such a novel as "Jude the Obscure," which belongs to the "invasion from the literature of the mother country" that arouses Mr. Allen's ire. The American writer, no doubt, preaches a useful lesson; but so also does Mr. Hardy, and so, in greater or less degree, does any novelist whose purpose is sincere and whose work is true to life. Mr. Allen's handling of his theme is more delicate and graceful, and far less unpleasant, than Mr. Hardy's; but as we have already said, "Summer in Arcady" is a study of the animal side of men and women, no less than is "Jude." The fact that his young peasants are arrested by an accidental interruption at a moment when passion has mastered them, and that same night make a clandestine trip to the "squire's" across the river, made a vast difference, no doubt, in the subsequent lives of these two persons; but as far as the character of Mr. Allen's book is concerned it matters little. The presence or absence of a golden ring upon the third finger of the left hand is not the sole criterion of distinction between ennobling love and debasing lust. For that matter, *Jude* and *Arabella* were married in time to save them in the eyes of the world.

"Summer in Arcady" is a "problem novel," and should be shunned by those who dread a book which, in its author's words, "ventures to lay bare some of the veiled and sacred mysteries of life." To all others we heartily commend it as an interesting little story, charmingly told, thoroughly healthy in purpose, and giving an admirable picture of a characteristic phase of existence in the heart of our own country.

KIPLING AND AMERICA.

The announcement of a novel of American life by Rudyard Kipling recalls the fact that Mr. Kipling does not seem to be able to write a long story. "The Light that Failed" left you feeling indulgent toward an old friend, and the novel which he and the late Wolcott Balestier wrote together was pitifully dull. We must ascribe the dullness to Mr. Balestier, who took himself too seriously. It is not one of Mr. Kipling's faults.

There are more reasons than one why Mr. Kipling cannot tell a good American novel, and we are willing to put ourselves on record as prophesying that he will never do so.

His fellow editor in India has just been telling how he studied India. He says that Kipling spared no effort to obtain local color. Night after night, in the hottest weather, he would spend in exploring the dens of vice and opium in his native city of Lahore. He made friends with the natives, as well as with the English who ruled them. He spent weeks and months in the Simla society which he has treated with such satire. His friend says that among the queer colony of mixed European and Asiatic blood which remains an uncared for and discreditable excrescence upon British rule in India, there were many who unburdened their minds and hearts to Kipling. But has he given any such study to America?

He has shut himself up in a Vermont village, and knows no more of our social life than any other stranger. He has thought, apparently, that he was too precious to be freely known of men. He has feared lest the detestable American paragrapher might have something to say about him.

Consequently, we do not know Mr. Kipling, and he does not know us. He may by chance have turned a microscope on village life in Vermont with an idea of usurping Miss Wilkins' field; but that would give him no broad conception of American types. Every country is made up like a human body. It has head, face, hands and arms, stomach, and feet. The stranger who comes here and draws a minute sketch of some isolated part of our people comes no nearer picturing us than the blind man came to describing an elephant when he lifted its trunk and reported that the animal was a huge serpent.

The doors have always been open to Mr. Kipling, but he refused to come through. We gave him all the admiration we had, and a good many of our dollars, but he never came near enough to know us, and it is something of an impertinence for him to write an American story. Penny-a-liners may do that sort of thing, but Mr. Kipling is accepted as writing only of what he understands. He is breaking faith when he does not.

A GIRL'S WAY TO FAME.

Somebody has called attention to the new fashion of making an artistic biography, which seems to be to ignore the hero's early struggles, and to picture him as bounding into fame on the wings of success, as if born full panoplied, Minerva-like. But the humble toilers along the road like to learn of the paths which the successful have trod. They like to see what the pitfalls have been, and how they have been avoided—or jumped.

The story of Sara Jeannette Duncan's life might put cheer into the heart of the most despondent striver who really felt that he or she had a talent for doing something which the world wants. We speak of her as Sara Jeannette Duncan, though she is now Mrs. Cotes. In the old days, if we remember rightly, she was Sarah Jane Duncan.

Almost anybody who reads anything except Rollin's "Ancient History," knows how "*Orthodocia* and I" went around the world in "A Social Departure." That trip was really taken, but not exactly as the clever author told it. Miss Duncan's father was a merchant in Brantford, Ontario, upon whom success never smiled. When his daughter was old enough she taught school, but found it dull, hard work. She determined to take a little trip, describe it, and try to sell the story. Her first sketch was a description of a visit to Loretto, near Quebec. After that she made several little journeys which met with some success, and by and by she drifted to Washington. But she couldn't do good reporting, and she couldn't do good fiction; so she went back to Canada, and did a "ladies' page" and a "bric-à-brac column" for the Canadian papers.

At last the idea of taking a trip to the Pacific coast came to her. In Montreal she had made a friend of another girl, whose people allowed her to go with the young reporter upon what they all felt was a wild goose chase. The small sum paid her by one Montreal newspaper was the entire capital with which she started; and for that Canadian journal she wrote the letters which have made her famous. When she reached Vancouver a real estate "boom" was in progress, and Miss Duncan made a lucky speculation which enabled her to continue her travels. The *Orthodocia* who had started with her left her here, but the name went on, and was given to any companion of the moment. It gave more continuity to the narrative, and an additional touch of personal interest.

Miss Duncan is charged with one serious offense—inability to keep her pen away from her friends. A well known New York club man, who made it possible for her to visit Agra, in India, was turned into fun as *Rubicundo*. In London both her success and also the foundation of her "An American Girl in London" were given her by two chance acquaintances whom she caricatured as *Lady Torquillin* and *Peter Corke*.

Apparently she did not find matrimony and India entirely sufficient, and she has come back into the world. When Mr. R. Harding Davis was looking at Paris with his American eyes, they were supplemented, upon many occasions, by those of Mrs. Cotes, who seems to possess at least two where most people count only one. Doubtless we owe much of his vision to her, while she probably found him a most suggestive *Orthodocia*.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD LAWYER.

If any one doubts the romance of facts, he should buy Henry L. Clinton's "Extraordinary Cases," and read it when fiction palls. Mr. Clinton was admitted to the New York bar in 1846, and has practised there for fifty years. His book is pressed down and running over with what Jerome K. Jerome would call "Novel Notes."

He has one story of a woman who was tried for murdering her sister in law. Polly Bodine was her name, and she was young and handsome. The first jury wanted to convict her, with the exception of one juryman, who was for acquittal. He declared that he would not give a verdict on circumstantial evidence unless it was in the fourth degree—"that is," he explained, "with four witnesses ready to swear that they saw the crime committed." They had a new trial and convicted her, and then another when she appealed. About this time Barnum's Museum exhibited a wax figure of the prisoner, making her appear a wrinkled hag of seventy. On the third trial, the jury acquitted her. Up to that time Mrs. Bodine had kept calm, but when she heard that she was free she fell back into her chair and burst into tears. Her counsel leaned over her to

hear what she would say. She managed to choke out,

"Can't I sue Barnum now?"

Mr. Clinton was connected with many of the most famous criminal cases of his day, and he gives their story with a fine understanding of character.

MR. THACKERAY AND MRS. BURTON HARRISON.

It is difficult to say just where plagiarism begins and ends. When Charles Reade took an old French story and used it for the motif of "The Portrait," he justified himself by saying that an author had a right to material wherever he found it, if he could improve upon it. Shakspere would doubtless have propounded much the same theory. We are waiting to hear what excuse Mrs. Burton Harrison has to offer for her recent use of the late William Makepeace Thackeray's "Little Dinner at Timmins'."

Mrs. Harrison's version of the story is elaborated in some degree, and entirely modernized in its setting. It has an atmosphere of millinery and upholstery which gives it something the air of a fringed Christmas card, and makes it suitable for publication in *Harper's Bazaar*, where it appeared. But as an improvement upon Thackeray, it was hardly a distinct success. Mrs. Harrison is very clever at making character pictures of New York society people, but her originality has never startled us. We would not suggest, however, that she should take it upon herself to use her talents in modernizing the familiar old stories with new padding and tapestries. We prefer them in their original state to the cleverest transformation.

But if a "young writer" wishes a lesson in the gentle art of bringing old stories up to date, we can point him to no better example than Mr. Thackeray's "Little Dinner at Timmins'," and Mrs. Harrison's "A Young Couple."

THE ZANGWILL BROTHERS.

We hear very little concerning Israel Zangwill's brother, although he is his brother's constant companion, and has written a very clever book called "A Drama in Dutch." The two live together, and work at the same table, but with ways which are separately characteristic. Israel Zangwill is anything but methodical, and the board before him is piled with litter until it is impossible to find anything once lost in its depths; while his brother works on a cleared and even space.

These young men were brought up in the ghetto. They understand the peculiarities of their Jewish brethren as few have understood them, because they have come out from it and look upon it with a perspective. They see the Jew with the eyes of a citizen of the world, while fully realizing the meanings of all that passes before their eyes. Both men have the philosophic trend of mind. Metaphysics is their favorite study and topic of conversation, and as they sit at their common table, working from ten at night often until three in the morning, the shuttle of thoughtful talk flies between them.

No author is more lionized in London society than Israel Zangwill. Not only is he clever in his books and reviews, but he finds it easy to enliven with wit the ways of his daily walk in life. His brother, L. Zangwill, writes over the signature "Z. Z."

TWO NEW "POETS."

There was a wise man once who called attention to the fact that a great many people are ever searching for some new thing. It is easily understood when the new thing happens to be better than the old. But it is hard to explain why a crowd of apparently intelligent persons should consider the discovery of two new "poets" worthy of cablegrams, while men whose genius has been tried by the wear of years lie unread in libraries.

One budding genius has been fostered by Joaquin Miller on this side of the Atlantic. He is a Japanese, and his "poetry" reminds the common, every day reader of those ambitious attempts to rival Mr. Aubrey Beardsley made by students in the art schools. Here is an example:

The brave upright rains come right down like errands from iron bodied yoretime, never looking back; out of the ever tranquil, ocean breasted, far, high heaven—yet as high but as the gum tree at my cabin window. Without hesitation they kill themselves in an instant on the earth, lifting their single noted chants—oh, tragedy! chants? Nay, the clapping sound of earth lips.

The London "poet," Edmund Curtis, is less of a mystic. He is a boy of fifteen, who has been working in a factory and living in poverty. His work shows some thought and a good deal of sentiment. This is not the day of "mute, inglorious Miltons," and already philanthropic people have taken the boy from his home in the slums and sent him to school. It is altogether likely that they have taken the best method of killing his poetry. It sounds like the wail of misery. A warm blanket does not foster the growth of wings. But if his benefactor succeeds in making him a respectable, every day citizen, he will probably be happier than the majority of poets.

To any one who has ever seen much of a girls' school, the verses of young Curtis are more suggestive of the sort of poetry that emanates from a secret diet of pickles and candy than of the genius of a young Chatterton.

I look at the world through the eyes
Of my own misfortunes and see
That sorrow and trouble and wrong underlies
Mirth and life's vanity.

The fact that he can write English is not remarkable, as his father was an educated man, an architect, who fell into poverty. The boy was not born a slum child. Altogether, his present "fame" appears to be due to newsgatherers who had to give something for their money.

LATEST FADS

MY ARTISTIC WIFE.

Her ambition is surprising. She outdoes in early rising
The proverbial expedition of the lark ;
For at art she's a beginner, and she's daily growing thinner ;
It's impossible to win her from her hobby to her dinner—
She is carving, she is starving, till it's dark !
And this art has come between us, for she's sculpturing a Venus,
An Apollo, and a Juno, and a Pan,
And she's planning for a naiad and a six foot hamadryad,
And she says she has no leisure for a man !

She takes lessons from a master in the modeling of plaster,
And is learning from an artist how to paint ;
When he sees her ineffective and irregular perspective,
Then (with epithets invective) he remarks she is neglective,
And would weary out a peri or a saint.
Even this does not dissuade her; she beseeches him to aid her,
And works with double ardor at her craft,
And so great is her delusion that I'm forced to the conclusion
That she's crazy and fanatical and daft.

With her chisel, and her mallet, and her brushes, and her palette,
And her canvas, and her plaster, and her clay;
With her tinting, and her staining, and her shading, and her graining,
Small wonder I'm complaining ; for my love she is disdaining,
And she snubs me, and she dubs me "in the way."
All her interest runs to pigments and to callæsthetic figments,
To a dado, or a bas relief, or frieze,
And she begs me to believe her that my pleadings only grieve her,
When she's painting china vases at her ease.

She has decorated all things, both the bulky and the small things,
And put particolored borders on the floors ;
And, returning from her classes, she bedecks the looking glasses.
There are flowers in groups and masses painted everywhere she passes
On the stairs ! On the chairs ! On the doors !
Oh, ye happy hearted spouses, who have plain, prosaic houses,
You may sing and may rejoice and may be glad
That the Fates have blessed your lives by presenting you with wives
Not afflicted with the decorative fad !

POLITICAL FADDISTS.

The first few months of summer have often been called the "silly season." In the years of Presidential elections, at least, autumn is far more deserving of the disparagement. Not alone is this due to the daily newspaper press, which about this time is indulging in pyrotechnics of the most extravagant description. The individual lunatic is as conspicuous as the collective. When we speak of political idiots, it is without partisan reference of any kind, for upon the ground of absurdity men of all parties are equally assailable. The fanatic who has a fad for writing purposeless letters to the newspapers, the crank with a penchant for collecting campaign buttons, the straw vote fiend, and the inventor of the political bet, form a quartet before whom rational people stand aghast.

The first of these is a master illogician. If he endeavors to point out to us the virtues of silver, we are instantly converted to gold, and when he is an advocate of gold he involuntarily becomes an efficient recruiting officer for the silver army. His letters are signed "Citizen," and "16 to 1," and "Goldbug," and no living man can read them, for he is the most futile of living creatures.

The collector of campaign buttons is perhaps no more fanatical than the collector of coins or postage stamps or autographs, but he is infinitely more audacious. No one wearing a political badge is safe from assault in his immediate vicinity. He will seize his best friend by the coat, and, engaging him meanwhile in a rapid conversation, will abstract the little emblem of conviction and make his escape. Worst of all, every visitor to his house is haled into his sanctum and obliged to examine every specimen in his collection.

The straw vote fiend is another nuisance that the law ought to suppress ; but the preëminent and unapproachable idiots known to human experience are the makers of the political bet. Birds of a feather, these flock together joyously. No mere wagering of paltry cash suffices to calm their superabundant enthusiasm. When they lose, they shave off half a mustache, or sacrifice a beard, or wear an 1870 hat on Wall Street for a week, or wheel a perambulator up Fifth Avenue in the prime of the afternoon. When they win, they follow after their victims, gloating like ghouls over these pitiful and purposeless exhibitions of imbecility.

No man may know why, when it becomes necessary to elect a President of the United States, a multitude of lunatics should arise and overflow the land. These epidemics of idiocy come around as regularly as blizzards, and the reason is a veiled mystery. There are asylums for the insane. Pray, are they over-

crowded? Is there no room for the political faddists?

GEMS THAT DO NOT BLUSH UNSEEN.

A woman feels toward her diamonds much as she regards a secret. Neither is of much consequence unless she can let the world know of her possession. Just now it seems as if the average woman spends half her time and energy in devising new and original ways to exhibit such jewels as she is lucky enough to own Her rings were never so costly and gorgeous. Every heiress appears to carry on her hand a guarantee of what she can bring in it to the man who is lucky enough to win it.

But rings can only be worn at gloveless functions, and every year they seem to become fewer in number. We know that Lord Beaconsfield, in his young days, wore a dozen dazzling rings on the outside of his gloves, and there is a tradition that some American women once followed his example, though none has been found to acknowledge that she ever did so vulgar a thing. The girl of today has learned a new trick. She has her diamonds or pearls sewn along the back seam of her gloves. It is a clumsy, ungraceful fashion, about as artistic as an electric light; but it shows that there was money spent, and that appears to be the object of most fads of feminine adornment. It would be almost as sensible, and still more effective as an advertisement of wealth, to trim a skirt with thousand dollar bills.

THE GOLFING FIEND.

The golf bacillus has not yet been discovered, but there are outward and visible signs which leave no room for doubt as to its existence. In Scotland golf is a recreation, dignified by age; in England and America it is a disease of the most virulent description. The golf fiend is *sui generis*. In his clothes, in his speech, in his manners, he stands revealed, and there is no mistaking him for other than what he is. Not the drink mania nor the bicycle craze marks its victims more plainly.

It is possible to talk with a banker, a lawyer, or a physician for hours at a time and never hear mention made of finance, jurisprudence, or hygiene. Soldiers can converse upon other topics than tactics of assault and defense, and politicians are not hopelessly chained down to discussions of ballot reform; but we have found it quite the opposite with the golf fiend. His immediate endeavor is to direct the conversation toward the links, and to discover whether you, too, ply the driver and the lofter. Do what you will, the subject of golf is sooner or later introduced. Do you play? Of course you do not, otherwise you would have been as eager to pursue the question as he. Therefore, whatever your learning and accomplishments, you are a stranger and an outcast, unfit to talk with civilized men.

Golf protrudes from its devotee like spines upon a sea urchin. He is unapproachable, save by other fiends, and he regards the non playing public as a little lower than lunatics. What is life for if not to play golf, or, if weather and circumstances debar one from the links, to talk about it?

The golf fiend's scarf pin is a miniature ball, his walking stick a driver, and his mouth is full of strange words from the banks and braes. He judges a summer resort by its possession or lack of links, and divides all men into two widely sundered classes—those who play golf and those who do not.

Considering that the game which has been described as "knocking a marble over the landscape" is comparatively a newcomer to American shores, it is hard to imagine what the golf fiend did with himself before he heard of golf. Now he has no other interest in life, and expects, apparently, never to have another. Perhaps he spent the days of his youth hibernating, awaiting the millennium which has now come.

The heads of several London banking houses have recognized that golf is a dangerous and contagious disease, and have refused to employ men who play it. "They will neglect business systematically," said one financial magnate, "to talk over their hobby, and they will invent endless excuses to steal days in the country to pursue it. We are obliged to find out if a man drinks or plays golf, and either practice is sufficient to debar him from our employ."

It now remains for some bacteriologist to discover the microbe that is doing so much damage, and the close of the nineteenth century will have yet another scientific triumph to its credit.

A HIRSUTE FAD.

This is an age of invention. Much that nature formerly managed according to her own sweet will has now been removed from her control, and is regulated by the ingenuity of man. It used to be said that there was no such thing as interference with natural laws; but old maxims lose their force as the star of civilization rises higher, and not only has interference become possible, but even absolute defiance. A daily paper has reported that "red hair is fashionable," and a glance at the passing throng demonstrates that such indeed is the fact.

For five years past it has been the prime ambition of the women of the burlesque stage to possess blond ringlets—an ambition, be it noted, that has often reached the fruition of success. *Rebecca's* raven locks and *Rowena's* ashen tresses have alike undergone magic changes and become as yellow as gold, greatly to the satisfaction of the brains beneath them. Broadway has blazed with the shimmer of blond hair, and the melancholy joke writer has fed his children in peace by dilating more or less humorously upon the fact. And now all is changed, and, allowing a reasonable time for the necessary treatment, we may yet hope for a nation of auburn haired women. Such is evolution.

Now, too, the maker of the guaranteed

"lotion"—never say dye—is rejoicing, and sealing up his concoctions in quart bottles with artistic labels, for while fashion makes the law he makes the profits. And Mrs. Leslie Carter is rendering up a great pæan of thanksgiving, for that the jest of the white horse is laid away to rest and she leads the fashion. Truly, everything comes to her who waits.

There is no longer the slightest excuse for any one to be ugly. We have *coiffeurs* who will change our hair to a fashionable hue, and "professors of dermatology" who will transform a *retroussé* nose to a Roman, and put dimples where before was a barren facial waste. If one does not take advantage of these opportunities, one need not expect commiseration. Possess an infinite lack of beauty if you will, but curse not fate. Until Cuba is at peace and Laura Jean Libbey forswears literature, we have no pity to spare for those who are not in the fashion. He who runs may read, and she who reads may be red.

Strange indeed it is when fads have to do with physical beauty. It may yet be the craze to have small hands or gray eyes. All things are possible, and most things are probable, at the close of this nineteenth century.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF LOUD COLOR.

"The best dressed man is he whose clothes one is unable to remember" was the standard by which, a few years ago, we judged of our neighbor's good taste, or of his lack thereof. Then, to be unassuming in dress was to be utterly swagger, and modesty was as good policy as honesty. But standards change. Today fashion sets her seal of approval upon masculine garb that is like Joseph's coat. An epidemic of gaudy apparel has broken out which renders an unassumingly dressed man a veritable jackdaw among peacocks.

It is possible that that arbiter of our sartorial destinies, the Prince of Wales, may be responsible for this sudden popularity of loud colors, but more probably it is a new device of the autocratic haberdasher and the tyrant tailor to lure our hard earned shekels from our pockets into theirs. With their fiendish ingenuity in accomplishing this transfer we are all too familiar. There is no rest for the weary, no haven for the economical, in the world of fashion; no such thing as making one supply of collars serve for two seasons, or one hat defy the criticism of two summers. Last year's crowns were low and brims broad; this year crowns are high and brims narrow, and all years the hatter smiles, for he knows that whoever would keep up with the procession must come to him for a new top hat, a new straw, and a new derby once in every twelve months, at the very least.

And now, when hard times are upon us and the wolf is growling at the door, and when some of us have been hugging the delicious delusion that perhaps last year's modest tweeds and serges "would do," comes this inundation of glaring plaids, of rainbow shirts, of tartan ties and socks. It is a whole new outfit or nothing, with the odds against the latter, for is not fashion czar of the world?

In the bygone days of early youth, when we abhorred red stockings and velveteen suits, but had to wear them, nevertheless, we used to look forward to the time when nurses should be no more, and when our own sweet wills and nothing else should dictate what our apparel was to be. But we learn, as we grow older, how truly "men are but children of a larger growth." We never are free entirely from our nurses. These last are transformed somewhat, to be sure. They develop smug faces and stand behind counters and say, "Ah, sir, but this is the latest. You really can't take anything else, you know." And we wear the rainbow shirts, although we abhor them as we abhorred the red stockings, and are slaves to our nurses still.

THE GENEALOGICAL FAD.

Since the first woman who had a great grandfather of the slightest importance took it into her head to find some means of advertising the fact, the country has been overrun with associations of "Daughters" and "Dames" of various descriptions.

Most women whose families are not immigrants can claim "Revolutionary descent." Almost every able bodied American male shouldered a musket in the struggles that heralded the birth of the republic, and it is almost impossible to have four great grandfathers, none of whom took up the ordinary duty of his time.

If these "Dames" and "Daughters" were all women of pure American descent, there might be some reason for their gathering themselves into a society for the preservation of American relics and historical documents; but the sons and daughters of our early heroes married whom they pleased, and we have the spectacle of a Revolutionary society led by a woman who had only one American ancestor. Moreover, an association formed upon such lines can hardly be entirely congenial to those of exclusive tastes, and the "Daughters" and the "Dames" have discovered it. Consequently, they allow themselves the privilege of declining to receive any applicant whom they dislike. The descendants of Benjamin Franklin were rigidly barred out of one such body, because, we were told, Franklin was a self made man.

These organizations—or most of them—are, after all, not much more than gatherings of the usual sort of faddish American women who find it necessary to call attention to the fact that they had great grandfathers. There has been a tremendous multiplication of genealogies, and to prove that no wind can be so erratic that it does not blow good to somebody, an army of people to whom the history of this country and its families is not a new study, are earning their living by hunting up records for ambitious clients. A great grandfather can be skilfully "faked up" by one of these professionals almost as easily as old family portraits can be manufactured.

ETCHINGS

IN THE APPLE ORCHARD.

As I went down the laneway
  Between the crimson haw,
Beyond the winding wain way,
  Fair Margery I saw.
Behind the orchard gateway
  She caught my peering eye,
And called unto me straightway,
  "You are a *Northern Spy!*"

"A *Spy* who seeks a *Sweeting*,"
  I gallantly replied,
And at my merry greeting
  Her cheeks with rose were dyed.
She laughed a light "How could you?"
  Then added roguishly,
"If you should find it, would you
  A *Seek-No-Farther* be?"

Clinton Scollard.

GOLDENROD.

When the frost of the autumn was white on the grass,
  And the leaves of the forest were red,
A lover went wooing a sweet little lass
  Whose father forbade her to wed.
But he wrapped her about in the cloak that he wore,
  And bore her away on his steed,
From the cabin of logs with its ivy hung door,
  And its marigolds going to seed.

The branches were low in the path that they went;
  Through the heart of the wood it was worn;
And though down to the horn of the saddle she bent
  The plume from her bonnet was torn.
The brightest of yellow, behind them 'twas blown,
  And fluttered, a clue, on the trail,
For the father who followed o'er stubble and stone
  In his eagerness, breathless and pale.

But whether the thrush was a wizard in brown,
  Or the squirrel a fairy in fur,
When he came to the path turning into the town
  There was only a cricket astir.
Where the feather had fallen a blossom arose
  Like gold from the bushes and briers,
And still in the haunts of the aster it blows
  When the sumac has kindled its fires.

Minna Irving.

HAPPY.

Two laughing eyes of azure blue
  Have come into my life;
Two velvet cheeks of primrose hue—
  My friend, I have a wife.

A little, fair, confiding head
  Is nestled at my side
Asleep, with tender words half said
  In dreaming—'t is my bride.

A wisp of girl, clad daintily,
  Well booted and well gloved,
Is waiting at the door for me—
  Dear reader, I am loved.

Tom Hall.

FIN DE SIÈCLE.

In crimson rain the roses shower
The velvet lawn. In Sylvia's bower,
At Sylvia's side, I watch the sweet
Red petals falling at her feet.
"See, dear," I say, "they too would greet
Thee with a kiss, and homage pay,
As to their queen. Why not this day
Reward their love, and give to me
Thy little hand to lead through life?"—
Becoming bolder—"Be my wife,
Dear Sylvia!" but she turned away
Her head, and all the world seemed gray
Just for an instant. Then her eyes
Met mine; I saw in them surprise
That quickly turned to radiant joy,
And then, what I shall ne'er forget,
These words from her sweet lips: "You bet.
Why, here are both my hands, dear boy!"

Charles Williams Barnes.

THE BOOKS OF THOMAS HARDY.

They of sad hearts, the toil worn and the poor,
  Knowing themselves the buffets of rude fate,
  The scorn of wealth, the proud wrongdoer's hate,
Find here set forth the hardships they endure,
Not native on his English heath or moor
  More than in other lands, for, soon or late,
  In every zone and land, woe finds the gate
To human hearts, and loss and grief are sure.

True, tear begetting pictures! not the less
  Of lofty motive, though they strip life nude;
  For who of us, not being saint or prude,
But, reading, longs to lighten life's sad stress
For that "pure woman" he portrayed in *Tess*
  Or reach a hand out to some real *Jude?*

Frank Roe Batchelder.

MUTABILITY.

To change her mind! From earliest dawn
Of fair creation's rosy morn,
  Howso her pert caprice incline,
  She wields this ruthless right divine,
Nor cause nor reason rests it on.

  What recks she that a heart is torn,
  Or fair faced Fides grieves forlorn,
If hers the whim or fancy fine
  To change her mind?

A name my lips no more may con,
A hope that fed my heart is gone,
O'er vanished visions still I pine;
Untold the joy that would be mine
Could she but be prevailed upon
To change her mind!

Samuel N. Pond.

TO LITTLE MISS COLUMBIA.

DEAR little maid with chestnut tresses,
'Tis not for jeweled toys you care;
'Tis not for gay Parisian dresses,
Nor bonnets small and debonair;
But, smiling shyly at me there,
You charm as older maidens do,
And bid me notice in your hair
A knot of red and white and blue.
Oh, little Miss Columbia,
So young and so despotic,
Where did you learn men's hearts to snare
With ribbons patriotic?

Dear little maid with curls a-tangle,
I'm grieved (as any man might be)
To find you sly enough to angle
For homage at the age of three;
For ah, the trouble we shall see,
And tears and broken hearts a-plenty,
If you pursue such coquetry
When you have reached the age of twenty.
Oh, little Miss Columbia,
So young and so despotic,
You know not all that men will do
For ribbons patriotic!

But when you have escaped the chains
Of spelling books and bibs and nurses,
When you are old enough for swains,
And I too old to write you verses;
I pray the ribbon that coerces
The vassalage of all to you,
And sleep and peace of mind disperses,
May still be red and white and blue.
Oh, little Miss Columbia,
So young and so despotic,
The best of men is he who yields
To ribbons patriotic!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

THE ILL REGULATED HEART.

My lover asked me for my heart
In words correct and choice;
I thanked him for his courtesy
With cool and tranquil voice.

But first I took it all to bits—
That fond, unruly heart;
I made it beat in perfect time,
And polished every part.

And when it was in order set,
I said to him, "You must,
If you would satisfaction get
From it, be kind and just;

"And do not treat it with neglect,
So shall you know no lack
While it maintains within your home
Its cheerful *clock, click, clack.*"

My lover's friend knocked at the door,
And ah, how indiscreet!
My foolish heart stopped beating,
And fell down at his feet.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

THE POSTER FIEND.

"WHERE are you going, my pretty maid?"
"To ask for a poster, sir," she said.
"What do you want it for?" queried he.
"Why, I am a poster fiend, you see."
"How did you get to be one, my dear?"
"Oh, I used to scoff and laugh and sneer,
At those who begged or borrowed or stole
The posters they craved with all their soul.
But I chanced to get one, then two, and then three—
It's catching, like measles, sir, you see—
And now—ah, I never laugh nor sneer,
But gather in posters far and near!
Shall I give you this one, sir?" she said.
The skeptic took it and bowed his head
In gratitude, and the maiden smiled
As she his skeptical soul beguiled.
She knew, as his head on his hand he leaned,
She had made of him, too, a poster fiend.

Mary F. M. Nixon.

THERE'S A LITTLE LANE I KNOW.

THERE'S a little lane I know,
That leads and leads and leads
Down through the dipping meads
Where the golden oxeyes grow;
This little lane I know.

There's a little stile I know,
And there's one who stands and stands,
Watching the pasture lands,
In the fading afterglow,
By the little stile I know.

There's a little kiss, I know,
When I come to the little stile,
And a smile—oh, such a smile!—
To brighten the dusk. Then ho!
For the stile and the lane I know!

Clinton Scollard.

TO A PORTRAIT.

Mistress Dorothy, gowned so quaintly,
Fashioned sweet and fresh and saintly,
Spinning damask spotless pure
That for ages will endure,
How your gentle soul were shocked,
As your foot the treadle rocked,
Had your sight sped far ahead
Till a century lay dead,
And beheld your cherished wheel
Vanquished by a steed of steel!

Mistress Dorothy, gowned so quaintly,
Fashioned sweet and fresh and saintly,
How your maiden cheek were stained
With hot blushes till it pained,
Had you viewed the bloomer maiden,
Recking not of chests ill laden
With scant store of linen snowy,
Since 'twere fashionable and showy
To spin—not damask pale and sleek--
But warm, rich damask—on the cheek.

Nellie Clare Carroll.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

THE TIDE OF IMMIGRATION.

Among the government reports for the official year ending with last June, that of foreign immigration is perhaps the most interesting. The total shows a considerable increase over the unusually low figures of last year, but it is well below the average for the past fifteen years—a fact which few will regret. Unfortunately, the bulk of it continues to come from eastern and southern Europe, from countries that send us the distinctly less desirable type of immigrant. Ellis Island reports 158,389 arrivals from Italy, Russia, and Austria-Hungary, against only 85,434 from Great Britain, Ireland, Germany, Norway, and Sweden.

It is satisfactory to know that some, at least, of the most objectionable applicants are denied admission to the United States. But of some three thousand immigrants returned during the year, a large proportion were debarred by the contract labor law, a statute which, though perhaps necessary, operates to exclude the best rather than the worst of the newcomers. Only about one half of one per cent of the total number were refused as paupers. As the average cash possessions of the fifty thousand Hungarians was $5.89 apiece—which implies that many thousands of them had less than that amount of capital to support them until they found employment—it will be seen that an immigrant must be very poor indeed to be classed as a pauper.

Of twenty four thousand Germans, only four hundred were unable to read and write, but of seventy thousand Italians nearly half were illiterate. To exclude these ignorant and undesirable people a bill was introduced during the last session of Congress, debarring all those over fourteen years of age who cannot read or write some language, except the parents or grandparents of admissible immigrants or of persons already resident here. The bill passed the House, and will come up in the Senate at the next session. It should be sure of enactment into law.

AN OVERPRODUCTION OF IGNORANCE.

One of the political bards of the Populist party declares that excessive production is the secret of all the evils of the day, and tells us that we have

> An overproduction of ignorance,
> A sight too many schools,
> Too many poor, too many rich,
> And lots too many fools.

There seems to be some sense in this peculiar philosophy. The multiplication of educational agencies is one of the familiar characteristics of the age, and yet the "overproduction of ignorance" seems to continue. The other day, the daily press reported the examination of two hundred and ten citizens who desired appointment to the metropolitan police force. These applicants, of course, were not the intellectual leaders of the community, but they were at least fair average specimens of the rank and file. Yet just three fifths of them could not name the lawmaking body of the United States. Forty five did not know what the chief executive officer of a State is called. Ninety could not mention any of the Confederate States, while one said that they were "New York, Pennsylvania, Maine, Massachusetts, and Vermont." Forty could not name any New England State, while one declared that New England consists of "Inglen, Irelan, Scotling, Wales, and Cork." Another test was the writing of a brief letter on "The Causes of Crime," and the results are described as surprising. One limited his essay to the incontrovertible though ungrammatical assertion that "Crimes does be done." Another produced more words but less sense, to this effect: "The most of the principles has been drunk, crasy and almost dead from the endurance."

Quotations might be multiplied, but these are enough to show that mere statistics of illiteracy give little idea of the intellectual condition of the mass of the people. The common schools may fill their scholars' heads with facts to little purpose while they fail to impart the training that enables them to understand and retain those facts. We may have, as the Populist poet declares, "a sight too many schools," but it is evident that we also have too many of the article whose name rhymes with schools.

MAKING BOY CITIZENS.

Talk as we will of the selfishness of modern society, there is no lack of men who are willing to give time and money to benefit their fellows. The greatest obstacle that promoters of charitable enterprises have to meet is not the absence of money for charity; it is the distrust of many of the established methods of distributing it. The experienced philanthropist has so often discovered defective methods and disappointing results that he has learned to discriminate carefully, and to judge of new projects with the keen eye of the business man rather than with the enthusiasm of the benevolent optimist. Yet it is safe to say, speaking generally, that any philanthropic scheme that really deserves support is sure to find it. Take the Salvation Army, for instance. The movement met with an incurious ridicule, at first; but when it became clear that its founder was really doing a good work, abundance of financial backing was placed at his command.

The George Junior Republic is another new idea in philanthropy which is attracting favorable attention. A gentleman who had few Uto-

pian theories, but plenty of common sense, took some New York tenement house boys into the country, and gave them a farm to colonize. He made absolutely no rules, but soon showed the boys that, like any other community, they would need protection from each other, and that the way to get it was to make laws of their own and compel their enforcement. A legislature was elected, and life began to be carried on exactly as in the outside world. If a boy would eat, he must work. He might do anything he chose, and be paid in the Republic money by the boy for whom he worked. Some of the boys farm, some keep hotels, some raise chickens.

The scheme has been found to be a success. These tenement children are young enough to learn quickly, and they are receiving a practical training in citizenship which comes to few men of their class. Their little republic is so small that, as in our early colonial days, each one can see the entire machinery of the state, and have a voice in its working. Such a community, where each man depends upon his neighbor, creates a strong and ready race of men, as America can testify.

For this very reason, the effort to increase this colony of boys appears to be a mistake. If there is money to spend, let it be given to form other colonies. There are plenty of farms, all over the country, where they can be established. In a community of fifty or sixty, each boy has a chance of being elected to official station, if he makes himself worthy; he may have any honor that he earns. In a community of a thousand or two, he would be lost. The machine would become so large that the childish mind could not grasp its workings, and the education in citizenship would disappear. The newspapers that are calling for funds for the undertaking would do well to modify their plans.

THE MARRIED GIRL.

ONCE upon a time matrimony meant almost as complete social oblivion to a young American woman as death. She did not blacken her teeth, like the Javanese matron; but old fashion plates show us that she put on a cap as a sign of her withdrawal from girlish gaieties. Old novels tell how wicked and fascinating a life was led, or was supposed to be led, by the French married women, who were actually eligible for dancing and visiting, and as dinner companions. In rural communities, husbands and wives have been sent down to dinner together by decorous hosts within the recollection of the man who is not the oldest inhabitant.

America, whose society Mme. Jerome Bonaparte described as being made up of children, and men who were hunting wives, has been through several stages since that day, but has never reached any so characteristic, and so likely to remain permanent, as that which exhibits the "married girl." This modern type has all the privileges and all the dignity of both estates. She must be young and pretty, and must have entered matrimony with hosts of friends. Then she has a new way of keeping them. She is so entirely above the reach of small gossip, being a frank, wholesome, clever girl, that she can be the friend and confidant of all the men she might have married. They can, upon occasion, have a ready, clever companion who never is going to misunderstand their attentions. "She is pretty to walk with, and witty to talk with." She is chaperon, adviser, and peacemaker for all her unmarried girl friends. She has all the gaieties of life without any fears of growing passé and becoming a wallflower. The "married girl" has come very near performing the feat of eating her cake and having it too.

CHAMPIONS OF PERSONAL LIBERTY.

RECENTLY, when a well known New York millionaire was lying dangerously ill, and his physicians declared that absolute quiet was the medicine he most needed, two policemen were stationed near his residence to request drivers of wagons to pass slowly. Ninety nine per cent, probably, had sufficient humanity and courtesy to accede to the suggestion. There were a few wise and gentle individuals, however, who resented this attempted interference with personal liberty by whipping up their teams and clanking past as noisily as possible. It was a glorious vindication of the public's right to a public roadway. If we knew the names of these metropolitan Hampdens, these latter day sons of freedom, we should exalt them with those of the patriots who revolted against the tyranny of George III. Fortunately —or possibly, from their point of view, unfortunately—it appears at the time of writing that they did not succeed in preventing the sick man's recovery.

If crimes have been committed in the name of liberty, so too have despicable follies.

AN "X" RAY REFORM.

THE newspapers report that the Queen of Portugal, who is celebrated as a pursuer of the various fads of the hour, has been experimenting with the so called "X" rays. She has detailed the ladies of her court to serve as subjects, and has been making pictures of their skeletons. It seems that these gave such an alarming insight into the distortion wrought by tight lacing that the female nobility of Portugal rushed to order gowns six or eight inches wider in their belt measure.

It should be remembered that the European correspondents have to earn their salaries, even in the dull season, when news is scarce; and that the alleged eccentricities of royalty provide a boundless stimulus to their imaginations. Yet sometimes their narratives are true. It would be a curious instance of the unexpected turns of human affairs if tight lacing, denounced in vain by medicos and moralists, should finally be suppressed by Dr. Roentgen's invention, and fashion should turn to the Venus de Milo as her ideal of a woman's figure.